

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and laylors.

MORTIMER Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himselfe.
 Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
 So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
 And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
 Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
 Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
 And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
 That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
 But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

KEEPER Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
 We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber.

MORTIMER Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
 Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

Enter York.

KEEPER My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

MORTIMER Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
 And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.

YORK Good Mortimer --

MORTIMER *And now declare sweet Stem from Yorkes great Stock,
 Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?*

YORK This day in argument vpon my Case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
 And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;
 Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,
 In honor of a true Plantagenet, declare the cause
 My Father did lose his Head.

MORTIMER That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
 And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
 Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
 Was cursed Instrument of his decease.
 Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
 Depos'd his Nephew Richard, lawfull Heire