

The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.
 You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy ;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters ! But O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature ?
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practiced on me for thy use ?
 May it be possible that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause
 That admiration did not whoop at them ;
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder ;
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.
 All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched
 From glist'ring semblances of piety ;
 But he that tempered thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back
 And tell the legions, 'I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnished and decked in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purgèd judgment trusting neither ?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem ;
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.