

## Richard III

RICHARD: Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this son of York;  
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,  
And now, instead of mounting barbèd steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them--  
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to see my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity.  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determinèd to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunk prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence and the king  
In deadly hate the one against the other;  
And if King Edward be as true and just

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up  
About a prophecy which says that "G"  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul -- here Clarence comes!