

### **Henry VI Part 3 Act 1 Scene 3 Edited**

#### **CLIFFORD**

How now! is he dead already? or is it fear  
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

#### **RUTLAND**

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threatening look.  
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:  
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

#### **CLIFFORD**

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood  
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

#### **RUTLAND**

Then let my father's blood open it again:  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

#### **CLIFFORD**

The sight of any of the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And till I root out their accursed line  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore--

*Lifting his hand*

#### **RUTLAND**

O, let me pray before I take my death!  
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

#### **CLIFFORD**

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

#### **RUTLAND**

I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

#### **CLIFFORD**

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

*Stabs him.*

Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!  
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.