

But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*  
 Is crown'd so soon, hath broke his solemn oath?  
 As I bethink me, you should not be king  
 Till our king *Henry* had shook hands with death.  
 And will you pale your head in *Henry's* glory,  
 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
 O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable! —  
 Off with the crown, and with the crown his head;  
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*Clif.* That is my office, for my father's sake.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

*York.* She-wolf of *France*, but worse than wolves of *France*,  
 Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!  
 How ill beseeming is it in thy sex  
 To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,  
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?  
 But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.  
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless:  
 Thy father bears the type of king of *Naples*,  
 Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,  
 Yet not so wealty as an *English* yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  
 Unless the adage must be verify'd,  
*That beggars mounted run their horse to death.*  
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
 But, god he knows, thy share thereof is small:  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;  
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
 Thou art as opposite to every good,