

Glo. No, to *White-Friars*; there attend my coming.

[*Exe. with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; — but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father!
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
With god, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks:
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wise, and valiant, and (no doubt) right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That crop'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals *Edward's* moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow into his grave,

And