

She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? she may, — ay, marry, may she, —

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at.
Small joy have I in being *England's* queen.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, god, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband *Henry* in the tower,
And *Edward*, my poor son, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a packhorse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband *Gray*

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