

Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*; —
 And, *Rivers*, so were you: — was not your husband,
 In *Marg'ret's* battle, at saint *Alban's* slain?
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 What you have been ere now, and what you are;
 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwick*,
 Ay, and forswore himself, (which *Jesu* pardon!) —

Q. Mar. Which god revenge!

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the crown,
 And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
 I would to god, my heart were flint, like *Edward's*,
 Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine;
 I am too childish, foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
 Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busy days,
 Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
 We follow'd then our lord, our sov'reign king;
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be! — I had rather be a pedlar:
 Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
 You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
 As little joy you may suppose in me,
 That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
 For I am she, and altogether joyless.
 I can no longer hold me patient. —

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
 In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
 Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
 If not that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
 Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —
 Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo.