

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me, — [to Gloucester:
And thou, a kingdom; — [to the *Queen.*] all of you, allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father lay'd on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty *Rutland*;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And god, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is god, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York's* dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,
That *Henry's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses. —
If not by war, by surfeit die your king!
As ours by murder to make him a king.

Edward thy son, that now is prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our son, that was prince of *Wales*,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive