

As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd:
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake god's gentle sleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor *Marg'ret* was a prophetess. —
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to god's!

[*Exit.*

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder, she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by god's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

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