

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou now
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewel, *York's* wife, and queen of sad mischance,
 These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
 Compare dead happiness with living wo;
 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:
 Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse,
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, o, quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries,
 Let them have scope: though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tonguety'd: go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*drum within.*]

I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

SCENE