

Thy schooldays frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;
 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever grac'd me in thy company?^a

K. Rich. If I be so disgracious in your sight,
 Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dutch. O hear me speak, for I shall never see thee.

K. Rich. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by god's just ordinance,
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
 And never look upon thy face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
 My prayers on the adverse party fight,
 And there the little souls of *Edward's* children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
 Abides in me; I say amen to her. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you. [going.]

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
 For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, *Richard*,
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,

^a ----- in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none but *Humphry Hume*, that call'd your grace
 To breakfast once, forth of my company.
 If I be so &c.