

If this inducement move her not to love,
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
 Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
 Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
 Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
 To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way;
 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
 And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
 Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended:
 Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
 Which afterhours give leisure to repent of.
 If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:
 If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
 To quicken your increase I will beget
 Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter:
 A grandam's name is little less in love,
 Than is the doting title of a mother;
 They are as children but one step below,
 Even of your metal, of your very blood:
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow,
 Your children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss you have is but a son being king,
 And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home

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To