

Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject now.

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.^a)

Now by my george, my garter, and my crown —

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath:

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour,

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue,

The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world; —

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death; —

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself; —

Queen. Thyself thyself misuseth.

K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n: —

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all:

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,

The unity the king my husband made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.

^a ----- too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave,

Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Now by my george, &c.