**1. Richard III Act IV Scene 4**   Queen Margaret: Sydney Ward   Queen Elizabeth: Gillian Rosier

Duchess of York: Karen Shamo

### SCENE IV. Before the palace.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

So, now prosperity begins to mellow

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine adversaries.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK*

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings

And hear your mother's lamentation!

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

So many miseries have crazed my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb,

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

*Sitting down*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

*Sitting down by her*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

*Sitting down with them*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him;

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward:

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;

Young York he is but boot, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss:

Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray.

To have him suddenly convey'd away.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I prey,

That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad

**QUEEN MARGARET**

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where are thy children? wherein dost thou, joy?

Who sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen'?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

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 not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;

From which even here I slip my weary neck,

And leave the burthen of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:

These English woes will make me smile in France.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;

Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is:

Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:

Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

**QUEEN MARGARET**

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

*Exit*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me.

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.

I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.