Richard III Act IV Scene 4 Duchess of York: Emily Gidney

Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

O, let me speak!

I will be mild and gentle in my speech

No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subdued, bloody,

treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever graced me in thy company?

Either thou wilt 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.