

Sides for women 1

**GLOUCESTER**

Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

**LADY ANNE**

Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

**GLOUCESTER**

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

**LADY ANNE**

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

**GLOUCESTER**

More wonderful, when angels are so angry.  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed-evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

**LADY ANNE**

Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

**GLOUCESTER**

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

**LADY ANNE**

Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

**GLOUCESTER**

By such despair, I should accuse myself.

**LADY ANNE**

And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

**GLOUCESTER**

Say that I slew them not?

**LADY ANNE**

Why, then they are not dead:  
But dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.

**GLOUCESTER**

I did not kill your husband.

**LADY ANNE**

Why, then he is alive.

**GLOUCESTER**

Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

**LADY ANNE**

In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw  
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

**GLOUCESTER**

I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

**LADY ANNE**

Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind.  
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?

**GLOUCESTER**

I grant ye, yea.

**LADY ANNE**

Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

**GLOUCESTER**

The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

**LADY ANNE**

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

**GLOUCESTER**

Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

**LADY ANNE**

And thou unfit for any place but hell.

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

**LADY ANNE**

Some dungeon?

**GLOUCESTER**  
Your bed-chamber.