

RICHARD III, ACT I, SCENE 2

LADY ANNE

Set down, set down your honorable load,
if honor may be shrouded in a hearse,
whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
the untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
to hear the lamentations of Poor Anne,
wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Curs'd the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
that makes us wretched by the death of thee,
than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
and that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
as miserable by the death of him
as I am made by my poor lord and thee!