

# Richard III

Act IV, sc. 4 (line 85)

## QUEEN MARGARET

I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

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

The presentation of but what I was;

The flattering index of a direful pageant;

One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;

A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot,

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?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'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 being sued to, one that humbly sues;

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

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.  
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time;  
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.