

Female Monologue 3

From: *King Henry VI Part 1*

The Scene: In the middle of a civil war, Queen Margaret finally captures her principle enemy the Duke of York. Overjoyed, she gloats and taunts York as he stands alone, producing bloody relics of his son Rutland who she has earlier murdered, offering him a bloody handkerchief with which to dry his eyes.

QUEEN MARGARET

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with his blood
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! And, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

Putting a paper crown on his head

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.