

## Henry VI Part 3 abbreviated

Act 1, Scene 4

### Anger

**Situation:** The queen in particular roughly taunts York when York is captured on the battlefield at Wakefield by the queen, Lord Clifford, Northumberland and Prince Edward. In turn, York lashes out at her. Young Clifford (now Lord Clifford), having killed York's son Rutland on the battlefield at Wakefield, taunts York further, finally saying "here's for my father's death." He kills him. York had killed Old Clifford in the last play.

QUEEN MARGARET: Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland, come make him stand upon this molehill here.

QUEEN MARGARET TO YORK: What ---- was it you that would be England's king? Look, York, I stained this napkin with the blood that valiant Clifford with his rapier's point made issue from the bosom of thy boy. 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.

QUEEN MARGARET TO HER MEN: A crown for York, and, lords, bow low to him. Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

She puts a paper crown on York's head.

QUEEN MARGARET: Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair. As I bethink me, you should not be king till our King Henry had shook hands with death. Off with the crown.

She knocks the paper crown from his head.

QUEEN MARGARET: And with the crown his head, and whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

CLIFFORD: That is my office for my father's sake.

QUEEN MARGARET: Nay, stay, let's hear the prayers he makes.

### York to Queen Margaret

French she-wolf, so ill-beseeming it shows  
In thy sex to triumph upon the woes  
When fortune subdues. Wert thou without shame,  
I should make thee blush that thy poor father,  
The poor-as-a-yeoman king, was to blame  
For teaching insults. You act as you were  
Here wanting beauty, virtue and a soul,  
And the want makes thee abominable.  
How could thou drain the lifeblood of the child  
To bid the father wipe his eyes, and yet  
To seem to bear a woman's face, a wild  
Beast's heart wrapped in a woman's hide? I'll let  
Thee have thy wish. These raging tears do weep  
As Rutland's rites and 'gainst thee vengeance keep.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK: Hardhearted Clifford, take me from the world. My soul to heaven,  
my blood upon your heads.