

ANNE

No, why?--When he that is my husband now  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands  
Which issued from my other angel husband,  
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd;  
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish,--"Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd  
For making me, so young, so old a widow!  
And when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife,--if any be so mad,--  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,--  
Which hitherto hath held my eyes from rest;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.