

# *Richard III*

Act II, sc. 4 (line 61)

## DUCHESS OF YORK

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,  
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:  
And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors.  
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,  
Self against self: O, preposterous  
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more!