

CONTANCE – KING JOHN – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

“No, I defy all council, all redress
But that which ends all council, true redress.
Death, death, oh beautiful amiable death
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rotteness.
Arise forth from the couch of everlasting night
Thus hate and terror to prosperity
And I will kiss they bones,
And put my fingers in they vaulty brows
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dusts
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come grin on me and I will be thinkst thou smilest
And buss thee as a wife.
Oh misery’s love, come to me,
O that my tongue were in thy thunder’s mouth
Then with a passion would I shake the world and recuse from sleep
That fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a ladies voice... feeble which scorns a mad: invocation.
I am not mad, this hair I tear is mine
My name is Contance, I was Geoffrey’s wife
Young Arthur is my son and he is list...
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were
For then tis like I should forget myself
O if I could what Greives should I forget
Preach some philosophy to make me make
And thou shalt be canonised, Cardinal.
For being not mad but sensible of grief
My reasonable part produces reason how I may be delivered of these woes
And teaches me to kill or hang myself
If I were mad I should forget my son or madly think a babe of clouts were he
I am not mad
Too well too well I feel the different plagues of each calamity.”