

## Henry VI Part 2 abbreviated

Act 1, Scene 1

### Pride

**Situation:** Saying “her sight did ravish” as he gushes over his queen, Henry VI is interrupted by his uncle Humphrey, the duke of Gloucester, frustrated with the duke of Suffolk, controlling as he did much of the king’s marriage negotiations, having ceded the French duchies Anjou and Maine to Reignier, Queen Margaret’s father, as part of the deal.

GLOUCESTER: Brave peers of England, pillars of the state, to you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief, your grief, the common grief of all the land.

#### Gloucester to King’s Council

What of my brother Henry in the wars,  
There lodged in open fields, as he conquers  
France, his inheritance. Did my brother  
John to th’ end toil to keep what Henry  
Got? And those deep scars received when you were  
In France and Normandy? And did not we,  
Uncle Beaufort with the Council of the  
Realm, work long, debating how France might be  
Kept in awe? Shall these labors and honors  
End? Shall Henry’s win, Bedford’s o’erseeing,  
Our counsel die, ‘long with your deeds of wars  
Gone by? Fatal this marriage, canceling  
Your fame, defacing monuments within,  
Undoing all, as all had never been?

CARDINAL: Nephew, what means this passionate discourse? France, ‘tis ours, and we will keep it still.

GLOUCESTER: Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast, hath given the Duchy of Anjou and Maine unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SALISBURY: But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

WARWICK: Anjou and Maine! Myself did win them both. Are the cities that I got with wounds delivered up again with peaceful words?

YORK: France should have torn and rent my very heart before I would have yielded to this league.

GLOUCESTER: She should have stayed in France and starved in France.

CARDINAL: My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot.

GLOUCESTER: My lord of Winchester, I know your mind: ‘tis not my speeches that you do dislike, but ‘tis my presence that doth trouble ye. Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone, I prophesied France will be lost ere long.