

Henry VI Part 2 abbreviated

Act 3, Scene 2

Resentment

Situation: Learning that Gloucester is dead, the king faints, revives and then blames Suffolk for his uncle's death, only to be harshly reprimanded by his wife, the queen, who cries "Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb."

KING: What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me, crying comfort from a hollow breast? Hide not thy poison with such sugared words. Lay not thy hands on me. Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight. Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.

QUEEN: Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus? Although the duke was enemy to him, yet he most Christian-like laments his death. What know I how the world may deem of me? For it is known we were but hollow friends. It may be judged I made the duke away. To be a queen and crowned with infamy!

KING: Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

QUEEN: Be woe for me, more wretched than he is. What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face? I am no loathsome leper. Look on me. Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb? Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy. Erect his statue and worship it, and make my image but an alehouse sign.

Queen to King, No. 2

Upon the harsh sea my ship nearly sank
When twice awkward north wind from England's bank
Drove us backward unto my native clime.
This boding-forewarned wind did seem to say
"Set no foot this shore." Ignoring this sign
I then cursed the gentle gusts and bid they
Blow toward England's blessed shore, or turn our
Stern upon a dreadful rock. Though cower
I, drowning not, the sea aware thou would
Drown me on shore with tears as salt as sea
With thy unkindness. The splitting rocks could
Not dash nor shred me, knowing thy flinty
Heart, being hard, might perish Margaret,
For Henry dost weep that I do live yet.