

## Henry VI Part 3 abbreviated

Act 2, Scene 6

### Resignation

**Situation:** In the fields near York, Lord Clifford finds himself fatally wounded with an arrow in his neck. Lord (or Young) Clifford had served Henry VI and his queen with complete loyalty. But he also was the one who had killed on the battlefield at Wakefield both young Rutland and his father, Richard Plantagenet.

**Clifford to himself**

Here dies my candle, which, while it lasted,  
Gave my king light. My love and fear netted  
Him many good friends. Now my fall strengthens  
Misproud York, drawing swarms of the common  
People like summer flies; their cause beckons,  
As whither fly gnats to the Yorkist sun.  
Henry, hadst thou ruled as kings should do,  
As your father and his father did, you  
Wouldst have denied them your crown to wear,  
And kept thy chair in your serenity.  
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air,  
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?  
Useless are my pleas. Come York and the rest;  
I stabbed your father's bosom; split my breast.

Clifford faints. Edward, George, Richard, Warwick and Montague enter.

EDWARD DUKE OF YORK: Now, breathe we, lords. Good fortune bids us pause. Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen. Think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WARWICK: No, 'tis impossible he should escape. Wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

Clifford groans.

RICHARD: A deadly groan, like life and death's departing. If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Richard goes to Clifford.

RICHARD: Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford.

WARWICK: From off the gates of York fetch down your father's head, which Clifford placed there. Instead, measure for measure must be answered.