

Henry VI, part 2

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 2 (line 73 - Verse)

Queen Margaret

Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

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;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!