

Henry VI, Part 1

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 5 (line 118 - Verse)

Richard Plantagenet

And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself

Will see his burial better than his life.

Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of MORTIMER

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:

And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house:

I doubt not but with honour to redress;

And therefore haste I to the parliament,

Either to be restored to my blood,

Or make my ill the advantage of my good.