

# Henry VI, Part 1

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 5 (line 81 - Verse)

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## King Henry VI

Whether it be through force of your report,  
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that  
My tender youth was never yet attained  
With any passion of inflaming love,  
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,  
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;  
Agree to any covenants, and procure  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge,  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.  
And so, conduct me where, from company,  
I may revolve and ruminatè my grief.