

# Henry VI, Part 2

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 2 (line 45 - Verse)

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## King Henry VI

What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?  
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:  
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;  
In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.