

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING

Lives he, good uncle ? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down ; thrice up again and fighting.
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteepèd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, my cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast ;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry !'
Upon these words I came and cheered him up.
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says, 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips ;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopped ;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

KING

I blame you not ;

For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

(IV, vi : 3-34)

BURGUNDY

What rub or what impediment there is
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage.
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies ; her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs ; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery.
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow like savages, as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.

(V, ii : 33-62)