

KING HENRY Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth ; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

BURGUNDY Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle ; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

KING HENRY Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

BURGUNDY They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

KING HENRY Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

BURGUNDY I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning ; for maids well summered and warm kept are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes ; and then they will endure handling which before would not abide looking on.

KING HENRY This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer ; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

BURGUNDY As love is, my lord, before it loves.

KING HENRY It is so ; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

FRANCE Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

KING HENRY Shall Kate be my wife ?

FRANCE So please you.

KING HENRY I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her. So the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

(V, ii : 277-314)

FRANCE

Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

(V, ii : 332-339)

Enter Chorus [as Epilogue].

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time ; but in that small most greatly lived
This Star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

(Epilogue)