

# Henry VI, Part 2

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 1 (line 64 - Verse)

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## Gloucester

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin and people, in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?  
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,  
Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
Early and late, debating to and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,  
And had his highness in his infancy  
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?  
And shall these labours and these honours die?  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?

O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,  
Blotting your names from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown,  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as all had never been!