Henry VI, Part 2

by William Shakespeare

Act 4, sc. 1 (line 76 - Verse)

Captain

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth

For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;

And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans thorough thee

Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York, thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king

And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'

The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king.

And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.