

# Henry VIII, Part Two

Act II, sc. 4 (line 20)

## ELEANOR

Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!  
For whilst I think I am thy married wife  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
Methinks I should not thus be led along,  
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
And followed with a rabble that rejoice  
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.  
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,  
And when I start, the envious people laugh  
And bid me be advised how I tread.  
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?  
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,  
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?  
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;  
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.  
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,  
And he a prince and ruler of the land:  
Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was  
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,  
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death  
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;  
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all  
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,  
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.