

# *Henry V, Part Three*

Act III, sc. 1 (line 31)

## KING HENRY VI

My queen and son are gone to France for aid;  
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister  
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,  
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
By this account then Margaret may win him;  
For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.  
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give;  
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,  
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;  
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
And in conclusion wins the king from her,  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!