

Have you yourselves, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
 Receiv'd 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 was 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,
 Rasing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 This peroration with such circumstances?
 For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
 Unto the poor king *Reignier*, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
 These counties were the keys of *Normandy*: —
 But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! myself did win them both:
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.

And