

Henry VI Part 3 Act 2 Scene 5 Edited

KING HENRY

O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

Woe above woe! Grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the King, and not be satisfied!
Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.