

Henry VI Part 3 abbreviated

Act 5, Scene 2

Acceptance

Situation: A seriously wounded Warwick is captured by Edward IV. Warwick and Edward IV had earlier agreed to fight another day at Barnet.

KING EDWARD: So lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear.

He exits.

WARWICK: Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe, and tell me who is victor, York or Warwick? But why ask that?

Warwick to himself

My sick heart's want of strength shows its own worth
That I must yield my body to the earth
And by my fall the disputed conquest
To my foe. Thus yields the cedar to the
Ax's edge, under whose shade the fiercest
Creature's slept, whose arms were shelter to a
Princely eagle and have kept low shrubs from
Winter's powerful wind. Who might become
King that I could not dig his grave? Lo he
Who dares smile when Warwick bent his brow.
All my glory even now forsakes me;
Nothing left me that nature doth allow.
What was pomp, rule and reign is now but dust.
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

The Earl of Oxford and the Duke of Somerset enter.

SOMERSET: Ah, Warwick, Warwick --- wert thou as we are, we might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a strong power. Ah, couldst thou fly!

WARWICK: Ah, Montague, if thou be here, take my hand.

SOMERSET: Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last, and to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick, "O, farewell, Warwick."

WARWICK: Sweet rest his soul. Fly, lords, and save yourselves. Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

He dies.