LADY PERCY Side 2.3

LADY PERCY
O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banished woman from my Harry’s bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is’t that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth
And start so often when thou sitt’st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That in thy face strange motions have appeared
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand
And I must know it, else he love men not.