

Henry IV, part 2

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 3 (line 9 - Verse)

Lady Percy

O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endeared to it than now;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:

He had no legs that practised not his gait;

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;

For those that could speak low and tardily

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave,

Second to none, unseconded by you,

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide a field

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible: so you left him.

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong

To hold your honour more precise and nice

With others than with him! let them alone:

The marshal and the archbishop are strong:

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.