

Henry IV, Part 1

by William Shakespeare

Act V, sc. 4. Line 94 – Verse

Prince Hal

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:

But let my favours hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

He spieth FALSTAFF on the ground

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.