

Henry IV, Part 1

by William Shakespeare

Act I, sc. 3. Line 96 – Verse

Hotspur

Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war; to prove that true

Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,

In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour

In changing hardiment with great Glendower:

Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;

Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,

And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,

Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.

Never did base and rotten policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds;

Nor could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly:

Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.