

# Henry IV, Part One

Act III, sc. 2 (line 96)

**PRINCE HENRY**

*I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.*

**KING HENRY IV**

For all the world

As thou art to this hour was Richard then

When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,

And even as I was then is Percy now.

Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the state

Than thou the shadow of succession;

For of no right, nor colour like to right,

He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,

Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,

And, being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on

To bloody battles and to bruising arms.

What never-dying honour hath he got

Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,

Whose hot incursions and great name in arms

Holds from all soldiers chief majority

And military title capital

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination and the start of spleen  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.