

# Henry IV, Part 2

by William Shakespeare

Act IV, sc. 5. Line 91 – Verse

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## King Henry IV

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours

Were thine without offence; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form:  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;  
England shall double gild his treble guilt,  
England shall give him office, honour, might;  
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!