

Henry IV, Part Two

Act III, sc. 1 (line 45)

KING HENRY IV

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not 'ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by--

You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember--

To WARWICK

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

Then cheque'd and rated by Northumberland,

Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?

'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which

My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'

Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,

But that necessity so bow'd the state

That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:

'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,

'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption:' so went on,

Foretelling this same time's condition

And the division of our amity.