

# Henry 4<sup>th</sup>, Part Two

Act IV, sc. 2 (line 1)

## LANCASTER

You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;

And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.

My Lord of York, it better show'd with you

When that your flock, assembled by the bell,

Encircled you to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text

Than now to see you here an iron man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword and life to death.

That man that sits within a monarch's heart,

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,

Alack, what mischiefs might he set abrooch

In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken

How deep you were within the books of God?

To us the speaker in his parliament;

To us the imagined voice of God himself;

The very opener and intelligencer

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven

And our dull workings. O, who shall believe  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father,  
And both against the peace of heaven and him  
Have here up-swarm'd them.