

Henry IV, Part Two

Act IV, sc. 4 (line 19)

KING HENRY IV

Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren:

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace

By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious, if he be observed:

He hath a tear for pity and a hand

Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,

As humorous as winter and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observed:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When thou perceive his blood inclined to mirth;

But, being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion--
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in--
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.