

Henry V, Part Two

Act V, sc. 1 (line 91)

YORK

How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.