

# Henry V, Part Three

Act V, sc. 2 (line 7)

## WARWICK

Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows.  
That I must yield my body to the earth  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
To search the secret treasons of the world:  
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst mine when Warwick bent his brow?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had.  
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands

Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.