

2 Henry IV

5.2

*Enter the Earl of Warwick [at one door], and the
Lord Chief Justice [at another door]*

WARWICK

How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE How doth the King?

WARWICK

Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

I hope not dead.

WARWICK He's walked the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

I would his majesty had called me with him.
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WARWICK

Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

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*Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and the Dukes of
Clarence and Gloucester*

WARWICK

Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry.
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of he the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

O God, I fear all will be overturned.

PRINCE JOHN

Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

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GLOUCESTER AND CLARENCE Good morrow, cousin.

PRINCE JOHN

We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WARWICK

We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

PRINCE JOHN

Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy! 25

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

GLOUCESTER

O good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow±±it is sure your own.

PRINCE JOHN *(to Lord Chief Justice)*

Though no man be assured what grace to find, 30
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

CLARENCE *(to Lord Chief Justice)*

Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour, 35
Led by th'impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A raggeÁd and forestalled remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master, that is dead, 40
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Enter Prince Harry, as King

WARWICK Here comes the Prince.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

PRINCE HARRY

This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. 45
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.
This is the English not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you. 50
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,	
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.	55
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured	
I'll be your father and your brother too.	
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.	
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;	
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears	60
By number into hours of happiness.	
PRINCE JOHN, GLOUCESTER, AND CLARENCE	
We hope no other from your majesty.	
PRINCE HARRY	
You all look strangely on me, <i>(to Lord Chief Justice)</i>	
and you most.	
You are, I think, assured I love you not.	
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE	
I am assured, if I be measured rightly,	65
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.	
PRINCE HARRY	
No? How might a prince of my great hopes forget	
So great indignities you laid upon me?	
What rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison	
Th'immediate heir of England? Was this easy?	70
May this be washed in Lethe and forgotten?	
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE	
I then did use the person of your father.	
The image of his power lay then in me;	
And in th'administration of his law,	
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,	75
Your highness pleaseÁd to forget my place,	
The majesty and power of law and justice,	
The image of the King whom I presented,	
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;	
Whereon, as an offender to your father,	80
I gave bold way to my authority	
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,	
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,	
To have a son set your decrees at naught±±	
To pluck down justice from your awe-full bench,	85
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword	
That guards the peace and safety of your person,	

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body?
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours, 90
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part, 95
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty. 100

PRINCE HARRY

You are right Justice, and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you as I did. 105
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son,
And not less happy having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so 110
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me,
For which I do commit into your hand
Th'unstain'd sword that you have used to bear,
With this remembrance: that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit 115
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth;
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.±± 120
And princes all, believe me, I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirits sadly I survive
To mock the expectation of the world, 125
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now.
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea, 130
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of Parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel
That the great body of our state may go 135
In equal rank with the best-governed nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
(*To Lord Chief Justice*)
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
(*To all*) Our coronation done, we will accite, 140
As I before remembered, all our state;
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
'God shorten Harry's happy life one day.'
Exeunt