

2 Henry IV

2.3

*Enter the Earl of Northumberland, Lady
Northumberland, and Lady Percy*

NORTHUMBERLAND

I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND

I have given over; I will speak no more. 5
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

LADY PERCY

O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word 10
When you were more endeared to it than now±±
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home? 15
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move 20
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant; 25
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse
To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood, 30

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him±±O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!±±him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war 35
In disadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible; so you left him.
Never, O never do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice 40
With others than with him. Let them alone.
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
Today might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

NORTHUMBERLAND Beshrew your heart, 45

Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND O fly to Scotland, 50
Till that the nobles and the armeÁd commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

LADY PERCY
If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves, 55
First let them try themselves. So did your son.
He was so suffered. So came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven 60
For recordation to my noble husband.

NORTHUMBERLAND
Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swelled up unto his height,
That makes a still stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop, 65
But many thousand reasons hold me back.

I will resolve for Scotland. There am I
Till time and vantage crave my company.
Exeunt