

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war:
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd:
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:
 All murder'd. — For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court; and there the antick fits
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walls, and farewell king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
 Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail:
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe;
 And so your follies fight against yourself.^a

K. Ric. Thou chid'st me well: — proud *Bolingbroke*, I come. —^b

^a ----- against yourself.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come from fight:
 And fight and die, is death destroying death;
 Where fearing, dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a pow'r, inquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Ric. Thou -----

^b ----- I come

To change blows with thee, for our day of doom:
 Thisague fit of fear is over-blown;
 An easy task it is to win our own. -----
 Say, *Scroop*, -----

Say,