

O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of *Bolingbroke*,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!^a
 An if my word be sterling yet in *England*,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland*.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed,
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself. —

Enter one with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read. —
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds? o flatt'ring glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?^b
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face!

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

^a ----- in water-drops.

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
 An if my, &c.

^b ----- beholders wink?

Is this the face, which fac'd so many follies,

That was at last outfac'd by *Bolingbroke*?

A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory, is the face;

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow, &c.