

As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry So please your majesty, I wish, I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
 By smiling pickthanks and base news-mongers;
 I may, for some things true (wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee! yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputable banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
 That men would tell their children, *This is he*:
 Others would say, *Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,

And