

With vile participation : not an eye,  
But is a-weary of thy common fight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;  
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Henry.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Henry.* *Harry*, for all the world,  
As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then,  
When I from *France* set foot at *Ravenespurg* ;  
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.  
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession :  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend bishops on,  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ !  
Thrice hath this *Hot-spur Mars* in swathing-cloths,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this ? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,  
Th' archbishop's grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, and *Mortimer*,  
Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee ?

Why,