

Threw many a northward look, to see his father
 Bring up his pow'rs: but he did look in vain!
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 There were two honours lost; yours and your son's.
 For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the gray vault of heav'n: and, by his light,
 Did all the chivalry of *England* move
 To do brave acts. He was, indeed, the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant:
 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,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him, wondrous him!
 O miracle of men! him did you leave,
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur'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
 With others, than with him. Let them alone:
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong.
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on *Hot-spur's* neck,
 Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go and meet with danger there;