

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, o partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude;  
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? then happy low! lie down;  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Warwick, and Surrey.*

*War.* Many good-morrows to your majesty!

*K. Henry.* Is it good-morrow, lords?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*K. Henry.* Why then, good-morrow to you. Well, my lords,  
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*K. Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,  
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd,  
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
 With good advice and little medicine:  
 My lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

*K. Henry.* O heav'n! that one might read the book of fate,  
 And see the revolution of the times  
 Make mountains level, and the continent,  
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
 Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
 The beachy girdle of the ocean  
 Too wide for *Neptune's* hips; how chances mock,  
 And changes fill the cup of alteration  
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,

What