

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Wou'd shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years since *Richard* and *Northumberland*
 Did feast together; and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
 This *Percy* was the man nearest my soul,
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And lay'd his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
 Gave him defiance. Which of you was by?
 (You, cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember,) [to *Warwick*.]
 When *Richard*, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy.
Northumberland, *thou ladder by the which*
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;
 (Though then, heav'n knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:)
The time shall come, (thus did he follow it,)
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Henry.