

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

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Henry the Fourth, Part One *Prince Hal, Hotspur*

Hotspur:

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince Hal:

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hotspur:

My name is Harry Percy.

Prince Hal:

Why then I see a very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.

Hotspur:

Nor shall it Harry; for the hour is come to end one of us; and
would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince Hal:

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hotspur:

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[they fight, Hal gets Hotspur]

O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than they sword my flesh:

O, I could prophesy,

But that earthy and cold hand of death *[continue...]*

Lies on my tongue:
No Percy, thou art dust and food for....

Prince Hal:

For worms, brave Percy:
fare thee well, great heart!
Ill- weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A Kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.