

Famous Victories: Sickchair Text [Scene 7]

Enter KING HENRY IV with his lords.

KING HENRY IV: Come, my lords, I see it boots me not to take any physic, for all the physicians in the world cannot cure me, no not one. But good my lords, remember my last will and testament concerning my son; for truly, my lords, I do not think but he will prove as valiant and victorious a king as ever reigned in England.

LORDS: Let heaven and earth be witness between us if we accomplish not thy will to the uttermost.

KING HENRY IV: I give you most unfeigned thanks, good my lords. Draw the curtains and depart my chamber awhile and cause some music to rock me asleep.

Exeunt lords.

He sleepeth.

Enter HENRY V.

HENRY V: Ah, Harry, thrice unhappy, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sick father. I will go. Nay, but why do I not go to the chamber of my sick father, to comfort the melancholy soul of his body? His soul, said I; here is his body indeed, but his soul is whereas it needs no body. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I crave pardon for all. Oh, my dying father, cursed be the day wherein I was born, and accursed be the hour wherein I was begotten, but what shall I do? If weeping tears which come too late may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I will weep day and night until the fountain be dry with weeping.

Exit.

Enter Lord of EXETER and OXFORD.

[10] EXETER: Come easily, my lord, for waking of the King.

KING HENRY IV: Now, my lords.

OXFORD: How doth your Grace feel yourself?

KING HENRY IV: Somewhat better after my sleep. But good my lords take off my crown, remove my chair a little back, and set me right.

LORDS: And please your Grace, the crown is taken away.

KING HENRY IV: The crown taken away? Good my lord of Oxford, go see who hath

done this deed. No doubt 'tis some wild traitor that hath done it to deprive my son; they that would do it now would seek to scrape and scrawl for it after my death.

Enter Lord of OXFORD with HENRY V.

OXFORD: Here, and please your Grace, is my Lord the young Prince with the crown.

KING HENRY IV: Why how now, my son? I had thought the last time I had you in schooling I had given you a lesson for all, and do you now begin again? Why tell me, my son, dost thou think the time so long that thou wouldst have it before the breath be out of my mouth?

HENRY V: [20] Most sovereign Lord, and well-beloved father, I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy soul of your body, and finding you at that time past all recovery and dead to my thinking, God is my witness, and what should I do but with weeping tears lament the death of you my father? And after that, seeing the crown, I took it. And tell me, my father, who might better take it than I after your death? But seeing you live, I most humbly render it into your Majesty's hands, and the happiest man alive, that my father live; and live, my lord and father, for ever.

KING HENRY IV: Stand up, my son. Thine answer hath sounded well in mine ears, for I must need confess that I was in a very sound sleep and altogether unmindful of thy coming. But come near my son and let me put thee in possession whilst I live, that none deprive thee of it after my death.

HENRY V: Well may I take it at your Majesty's hands, but it shall never touch my head so long as my father lives.

He taketh the crown.

KING HENRY IV: God give thee joy, my son. God bless thee, and make thee his servant, and send thee a prosperous reign. For God knows, my son, how hardly I came by it and how hardly I have maintained it.

HENRY V: Howsoever you came by it I know not. But now I have it from you, and from you I will keep it. And he that seeks to take the crown from my head, let him look that his armour be thicker than mine or I will pierce him to the heart, were it harder than brass or bullion. [750]

KING HENRY IV: Nobly spoken, and like a king. Now trust me, my lords, I fear not but my son will be as warlike and victorious a prince as ever reigned in England.

LORDS: His former life shows no less.

KING HENRY IV: Well, my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep or drawing near of drowsy summer of death, but I am very much given to sleep. Therefore, good my lords

and my son, draw the curtains, depart my chamber, and cause some music to rock me asleep.

Exeunt omnes. [30]

The King dieth.

Enter the THIEF.

THIEF: Ah, God, I am now much like to a bird which hath escaped out of the cage, for so soon as my Lord Chief Justice heard that the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go for fear of my Lord the young Prince. But here come some of his companions; I will see and I can get anything of them for old acquaintance. [770]
Enter Knights ranging.

TOM: Gog's wounds, the King is dead.

JOCKEY: Dead? Then Gog's blood, we shall be all kings.