

# Henry V

Act IV, sc. 1 (line 230)

## KING HENRY V

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children and our sins lay on the king!  
We must bear all. O hard condition,  
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath  
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease  
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!  
And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee, and I know  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.