

PISTOL

The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of fame,  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring  
I love the lovely bully.

(IV, i : 44-48)

KING

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distill it out ;  
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all, admonishing  
That we should dress us fairly for our end.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter Erpingham.*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERPINGHAM

Not so, my liege. This lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'

KING

'Tis good for men to love their present pains  
Upon example : so the spirit is eased ;  
And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

(IV, i : 4-23)

WILLIAMS But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died at such a place,' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument ?

(IV, i : 127-136)

KING

Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God.

(IV, i : 149-159)