

# King Henry IV

By William Shakespeare

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O God! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
5 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea; and other times to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
10 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book and sit him down and die.