

Hawkwind

"Now Is The Winter Of Our Discontent"

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Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures
Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled front
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them
Why I in this weak piping time of peace
Have no delight to pass away the time
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity
And therefore since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days
I am determin'd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams
[opening speech in Richard III]
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down
[Gloster (later Richard III) in
Henry VI Part III act iii scene 2]

