

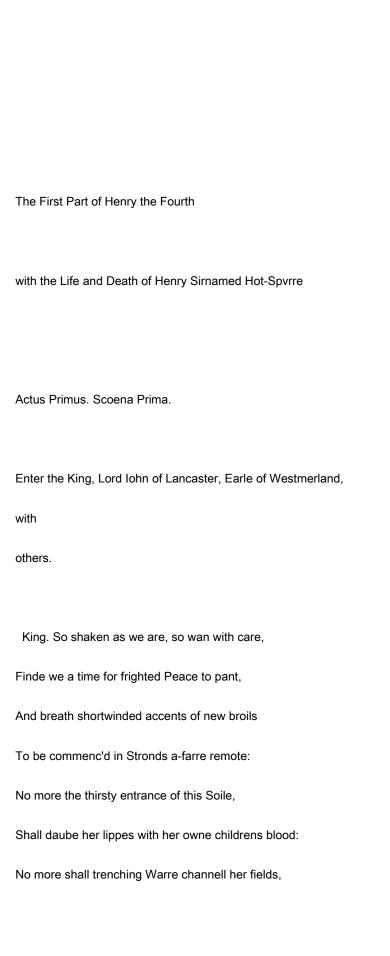
## **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

## **HENRY IV**

Part I

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Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes

Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,

Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,

All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,

Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,

And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,

Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes

March all one way, and be no more oppos'd

Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.

The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,

No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,

As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,

Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse

We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,

Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,

Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,

To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields,

Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete

Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd

For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.

But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,

And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:

Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare

Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,

What yesternight our Councell did decree,

In forwarding this deere expedience

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,

And many limits of the Charge set downe

But yesternight: when all athwart there came

A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;

Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,

Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,

By those Welshwomen done, as may not be

(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,

Brake off our businesse for the Holy land

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,

Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes

Came from the North, and thus it did report:

On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there,

Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald, That euer-valiant and approoued Scot, At Holmeden met, where they did spend A sad and bloody houre: As by discharge of their Artillerie, And shape of likely-hood the newes was told: For he that brought them, in the very heate And pride of their contention, did take horse, Vncertaine of the issue any way King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse, Strain'd with the variation of each soyle, Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours: And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes. The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited, Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Atholl, Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith. And is not this an honourable spoyle?

A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,

In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:

A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;

Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,

Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:

Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,

See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow

Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,

That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd

In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:

Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:

But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze

Of this young Percies pride? The Prisoners

Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,

To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word

I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester

Maleuolent to you in all Aspects:

Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity
King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to lerusalem.
Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be saide, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered
West. I will my Liege.
Exeunt.
Scaena Secunda.
Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Pointz.
Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?
Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten

to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know.

What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day?

vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,

and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes

of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire

hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason,

why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the

time of the day

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilte haue none

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd

Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dianaes Forresters,
Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being
gouerned as the Sea, by our noble and chast mistris the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe lerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy

quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe

with a Buffe-lerkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse

of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe

Prin. No, thou shalt

Fal. Shall I? O rare! lle be a braue ludge

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparative rascallest sweet yong Prince.

But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me Hall, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, lacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, lle make one: and I doe

not, call me Villaine, and baffle me

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a

Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole
in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent

Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man

Prin. Good morrow Ned

remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar:

lacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule,
that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of
Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuel shall haue
his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs:
He will giue the diuell his due

Poines. Good morrow sweet Hal. What saies Monsieur

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell

Prin. Else he had damn'd cozening the diuell

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by
foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going
to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding
to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you
all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to
night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in

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Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will
go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will
not, tarry at home and be hang'd
 Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not,
Ile hang you for going
 Poy. You will chops
 Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?
 Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I
 Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship
in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall,
if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings
 Prin. Well then, once in my dayes lle be a mad-cap
 Fal. Why, that's well said
 Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home
 Fal. lle be a Traitor then, when thou art King
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Prin. I care not

Poyn. Sir lohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone,
I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that
he shall go

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstaffe, Haruey, Rossill, and Gads-hill, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poyn. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit themselues, which they shall have no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, lle tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes.

The vertue of this lest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what

blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the iest

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Pointz

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold

The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:

Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,

Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes

To smother vp his Beauty from the world,

That when he please againe to be himselfe,

Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,

By breaking through the foule and vgly mists

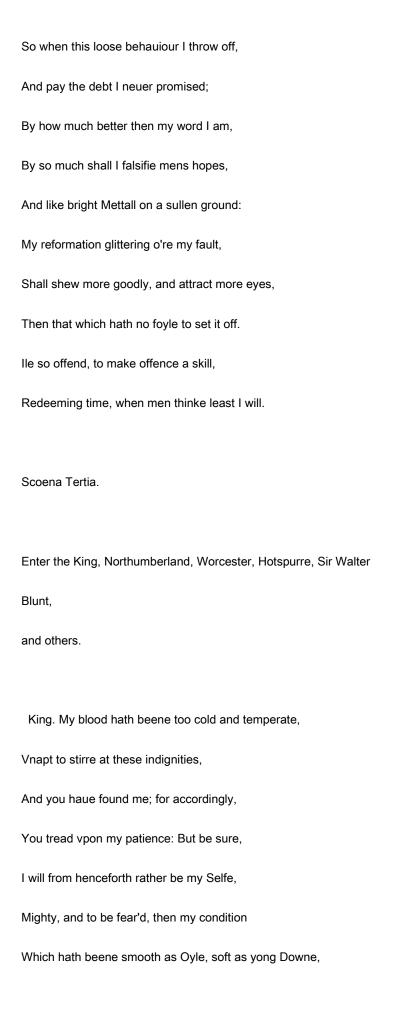
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.

If all the yeare were playing holidaies,

To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;

But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.



And therefore lost that Title of respect,

Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues

The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,

And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands

Haue holpe to make so portly

Nor. My Lord

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And Maiestie might neuer yet endure

The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,

You have good leave to leave vs. When we need

Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.

You were about to speake

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,

Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,

Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied

As was deliuered to your Maiesty:

Who either through enuy, or misprision,

Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.

But, I remember when the fight was done,

When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,

Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,

Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;

Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,

Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.

He was perfumed like a Milliner,

And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held

A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon

He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe:

Who therewith angry, when it next came there,

Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd:

And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,

He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,

To bring a slouenly vnhandsome Coarse

Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.

With many Holiday and Lady tearme

He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded

My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.

I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,

(To be so pestered with a Popingay) Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience, Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what, He should, or should not: For he made me mad, To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet, And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman, Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise: And that it was great pitty, so it was, That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth, Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes, He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier. This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord) Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.) And I beseech you, let not this report Come currant for an Accusation, Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,

What euer Harry Percie then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably dye, and neuer rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he vnsay it now

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,

But with Prouiso and Exception,

That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight

His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer,

Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid

The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,

Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower:

Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March

Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,

Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?

Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,

When they have lost and forfeyted themselues.

No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue:

For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,

Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost

To ransome home reuolted Mortimer

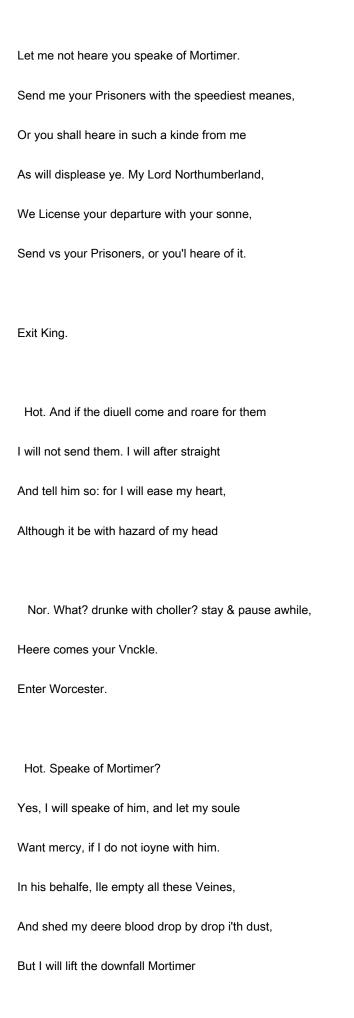
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,

But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true, Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds, Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke, When on the gentle Seuernes siedgie banke, In single Opposition hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an houre In changing hardiment with great Glendower: Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood; Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes, Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds, And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke, Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants. Neuer did base and rotten Policy Colour her working with such deadly wounds; Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer Receiue so many, and all willingly: Then let him not be sland'red with Reuolt King. Thou do'st bely him Percy, thou dost bely him; He neuer did encounter with Glendower: I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth



As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,

As this Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooke

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners:

And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe

Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,

And then it was, when the vnhappy King

(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth

Vpon his Irish Expedition:

From whence he intercepted, did returne

To be depos'd, and shortly murthered

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth

Liue scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then

Proclaime my brother Mortimer,

Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,

That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.

But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne

Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,

And for his sake, wore the detested blot

Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,

That you a world of curses vndergoe,

Being the Agents, or base second meanes,

The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?

O pardon, if that I descend so low,

To shew the Line, and the Predicament

Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.

Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,

Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,

That men of your Nobility and Power,

Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe

(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)

To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose,

And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off

By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme

Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues

Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.

Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt

Of this proud King, who studies day and night

To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,

Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:

Therefore I say-

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,

And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,

Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,

As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,

As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud

On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare

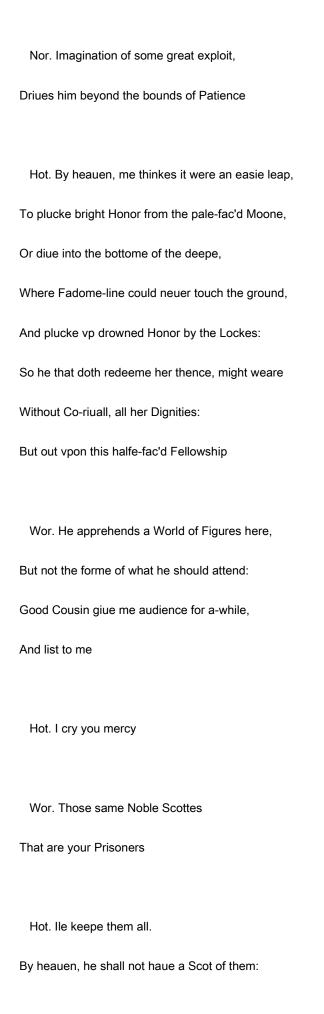
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:

Send danger from the East vnto the West,

So Honor crosse it from the North to South,

And let them grapple: The blood more stirres

To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare



No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not. Ile keepe them, by this Hand Wor. You start away, And lend no eare vnto my purposes. Those Prisoners you shall keepe Hot. Nay, I will: that's flat: He said, he would not ransome Mortimer: Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer. But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe, And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer. Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him, To keepe his anger still in motion Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie, Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke, And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales. But that I thinke his Father loues him not, And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you

When you are better temper'd to attend

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole

Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,

Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,

Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare

Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?

A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershire:

'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,

His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee

Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:

When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh

Nor. At Barkley Castle

Hot. You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,

This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,

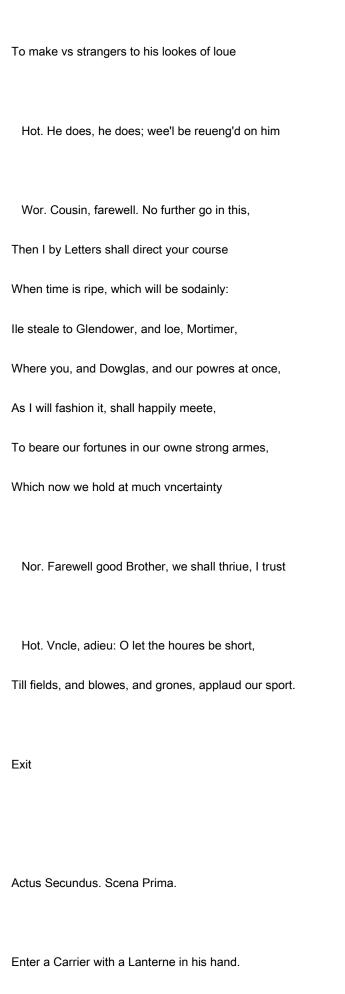
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,

And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:

O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me, Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe, Wee'l stay your leysure Hot. I haue done insooth Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners. Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight, And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons Which I shall send you written, be assur'd Will easily be granted you, my Lord. Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd, Shall secretly into the bosome creepe Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd, The Archbishop Hot. Of Yorke, is't not? Wor. True, who beares hard His Brothers death at Bristow, the Lord Scroope. I speake not this in estimation,

As what I thinke might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe, And onely stayes but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on Hot. I smell it: Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot, And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha Wor. And so they shall Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed, To saue our heads, by raising of a Head: For, beare our selues as euen as we can, The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt, And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay vs home. And see already, how he doth beginne



1.Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, lle be hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon

1.Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few
Flockes in the point: the poore lade is wrung in the withers,
out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

dyed

2.Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore lades the Bottes:
This house is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler

1.Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him

2.Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench

1.Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the

2.Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a lourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach

1.Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come away

2.Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse

1.Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.

What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine.

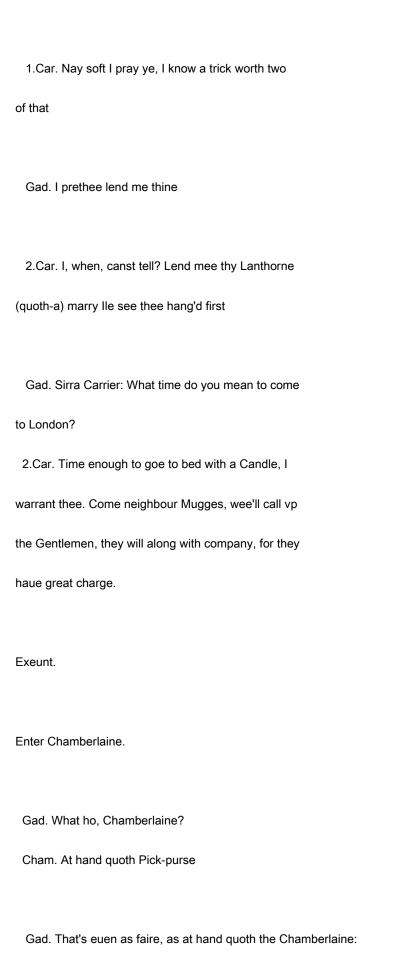
Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding in the stable



For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-Hill, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S[aint]. Nicholas Clarks,  $\label{eq:simple} \mbox{Ile giue thee this necke}$ 

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S[aint]. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Iohn hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y dream'st

not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the

Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee
look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole.

I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, No Long-staffe
six-penny strikers, none of these mad

Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes,

but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie;

Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; lustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we have the receit of Fernseede, we walke inuisible

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking inuisible

Gad. Giue me thy hand.

Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man
Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false
Theefe
Gad. Goe too: Homo is a common name to all men.
Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell,
ye muddy Knaue.
Exeunt.
Scaena Secunda.
Godona Godanaa.
Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.
Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstafs
Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet
Prin. Stand close.
Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd Poines

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe

Fal. What Poines. Hal?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, lle go seek him

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, lle be hang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. Poines, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Peto: Ile starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles

afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.

They Whistle.

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you

Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers

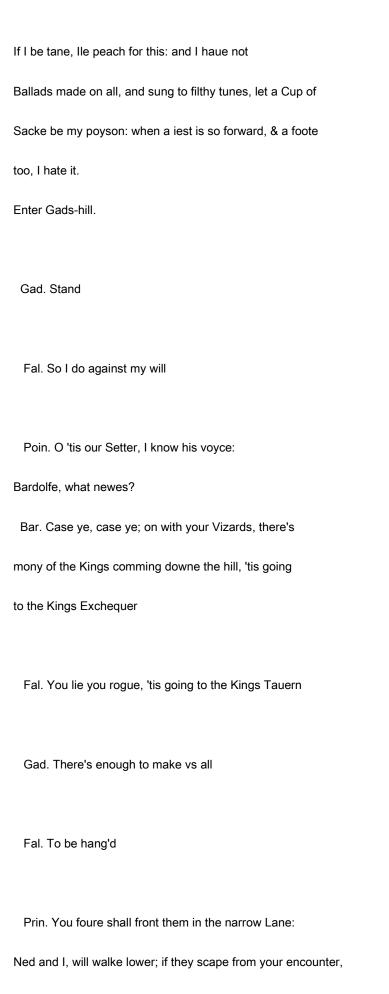
Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

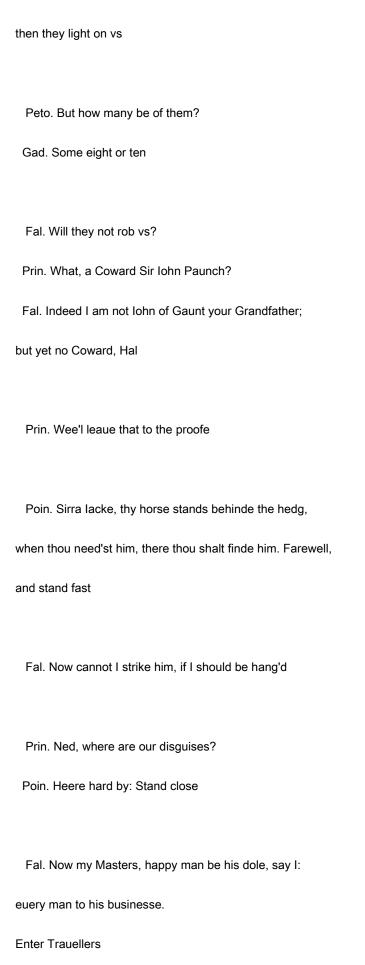
Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted

Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters:





Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges Theeues. Stay Tra. Iesu blesse vs Fal. Strike down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand lurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London,

it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming. Enter Theeues againe. Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke Prin. Your money Poin. Villaines. As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them. Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeues are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't

not for laughing, I should pitty him Poin. How the Rogue roar'd. Exeunt. Scoena Tertia. Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter. But for mine owne part, my Lord. I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house. He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me

the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.

Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.

Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a

shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lackebraine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the Dowglas? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin

A banish'd woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?

And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,

To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?

In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,

And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:

Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,

Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd

Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,

Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,

Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,

Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,

And all the current of a headdy fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;

And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,

Such as we see when men restraine their breath On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these? Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loues me not Hot. What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone? Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses fro[m] the Sheriffe? Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not Ser. It is my Lord Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the Parke La. But heare you, my lord Hot. What say'st thou my Lady? La. What is it carries you away? Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile know your businesse Harry, that I will. I feare my Brother Mortimer doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go-

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede lle breake thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,

I care not for thee Kate: this is no world

To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.

We must have bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,

And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.

What say'st thou Kate? what wold'st thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then Harry Percies wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know,
And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate
La. How so farre?
Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you Kate,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you Kate?
La. It must of force.
Exeunt.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little

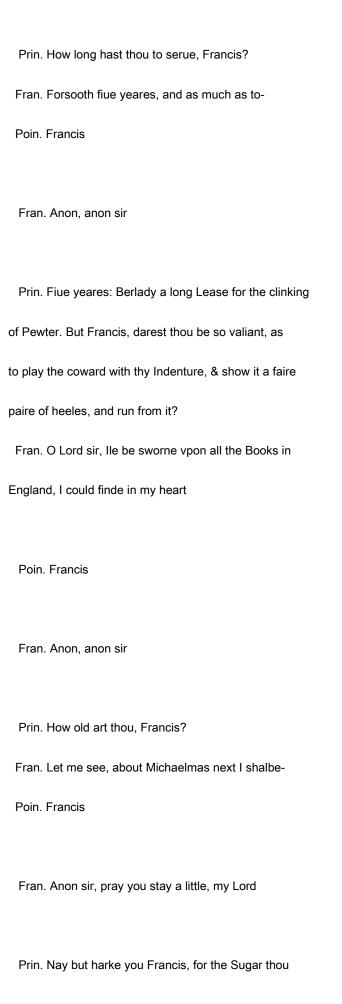
Poines. Where hast bene Hall?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheads. I have sounded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud lack like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker,

one that neuer spake other English in his life, then Eight
shillings and six pence, and, You are welcome: with this shril
addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the
Halfe Moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away time till Falstaffe
come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome,
while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue
me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling Francis, that his
Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile
shew thee a President
Poines. Francis
Prin. Thou art perfect
Poin. Francis.
Enter Drawer.
Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet,
Ralfe

Fran. My Lord

Prince. Come hither Francis



gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it

Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon

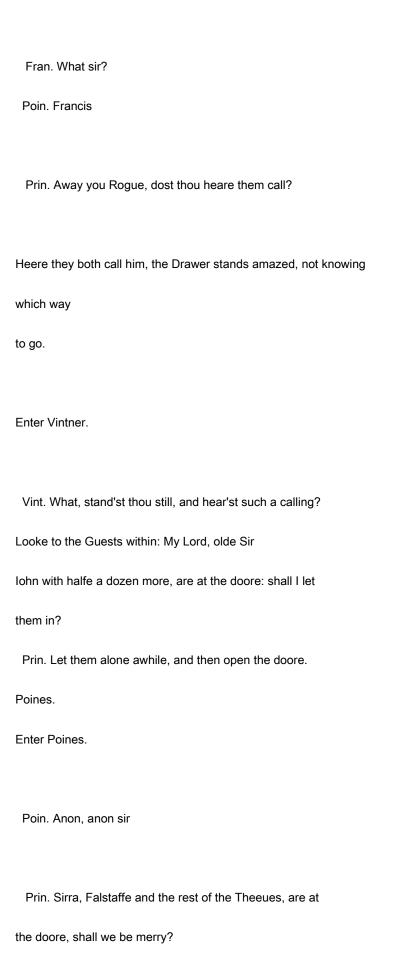
Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis

Fran. My Lord

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much



Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee,
What cunning match haue you made this iest of the
Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors, since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight.

What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon sir

Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo, sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome lacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still

Prin. How now Woolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy

Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subjects

afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, lle neuer

weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and

Poines there?

Prin. Ye fat paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile

stab thee

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call

the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could

run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the

shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing:

giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup

of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since

thou drunk'st last

Falst. All's one for that.

He drinkes.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue

ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning

Prince. Where is it, lack? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred

vpon poore foure of vs

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with

a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by

miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet,

foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and

through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, ecce signum.

I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe.

A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake

more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes

of darknesse

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord

Gad. And bound them Peto. No, no, they were not bound Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew else, an Ebrew lew Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other Prince. What, fought yee with them all? Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde lack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature Poin. Pray Heauen, you have not murthered some of them

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd

two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, HaI, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now

Falst. Foure Hal, I told thee foure

Poin. I, I, he said foure

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now

Falst. In buckrom

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon Falst. Doest thou heare me, Hal? Prin. I, and marke thee too, lack Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of Prin. So, two more alreadie Falst. Their Points being broken Poin. Downe fell his Hose Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two? Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st

not see thy Hand

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them,
grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybrayn'd
Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene
greasie Tallow Catch

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in

Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not
see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou
to this?

Poin. Come, your reason lack, your reason

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I

Prin. lle be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine

Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker,

this huge Hill of Flesh

Falst. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried

Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth
to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath
you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus

Poin. Marke lacke

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And Falstaffe, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare lacke: What tricke hast

thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare

ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant?

Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest

I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Instinct, the Lion

will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter.

I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of

my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion,

and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue

the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night,

pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold,

all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What,

shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing

away

Fal. A, no more of that Hall, and thou louest me.

Enter Hostesse

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st

thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man

Falst. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight?

Shall I giue him his answere?

Prin. Prethee doe lacke

Falst. 'Faith, and Ile send him packing.

Enter.

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you

Peto, so did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ranne

away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince;

no, fie

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaffes

Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purses

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane lacke, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, lacke, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad; heere was Sir Iohn Braby from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the Bastinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, Glendower

Falst. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Sonne in Law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Dowglas, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a

Hill perpendicular

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll

kills a Sparrow flying

Falst. You have hit it

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him,

hee will not runne

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him

so for running?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will

not budge a foot

Prin. Yes lacke, vpon instinct

Falst. I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too,

and one Mordake, and a thousand blew-Cappes more.

Worcester is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is

turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now

as cheape as stinking Mackrell

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes againe, as that Fiend Dowglas, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuill Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answere

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my

State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my

Crowne

Prin. Thy State is taken for a loyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden
Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich
Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyses vaine

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen,

For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy

companie, but I know not his Name

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent,

of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble

Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady)

inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his

Name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen,

hee deceiues mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Lookes.

If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit

by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue

in that Falstaffe: him keepe with, the rest banish. And

tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast

thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand

for mee, and Ile play my Father

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so

maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the

heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare

Prin. Well, heere I am set

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloakebagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you:

whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of

Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Sathan

Falst. My Lord, the man I know

Prince. I know thou do'st

banish all the World

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharaohs leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poines: but for sweete lacke Falstaffe, kinde lacke Falstaffe, true lacke Falstaffe, valiant lacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde lack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish plumpe lacke, and

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous Watch, is at the doore

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddlesticke:

what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the

doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let

them in?

Falst. Do'st thou heare Hal, neuer call a true peece of

Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without

seeming so

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct

Falst. I deny your Maior: if you will deny the Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore lle hide me. Enter. Prince. Call in the Sherife. Enter Sherife and the Carrier. Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee? She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house Prince. What men? She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man

Car. As fat as Butter

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,

For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:

And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will by to morrow Dinner time,

Send him to answere thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:

And so let me entreat you, leaue the house

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen

Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable: and so farewell

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

Enter.

Prince. This oyly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules:

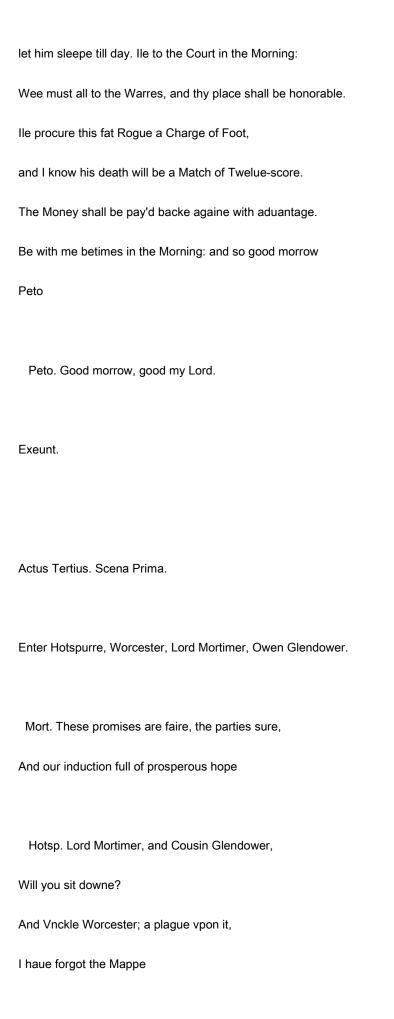
Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets. He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers. Prince. What hast thou found? Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d. Item, Sawce iiii.d. Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d. Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d. Item, Bread. ob

goe call him forth

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of

Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is

else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there



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Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspurre:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heauen
 Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of
 Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward
 Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same season,
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe
had neuer beene borne
 Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne
 Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
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If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke

Glend. The heauens were all on fire, the Earth did

tremble

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke

To see the Heauens on fire,

And not in feare of your Natiuitie.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth

In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth

Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,

By the imprisoning of vnruly Winde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striuing,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,

Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,

In passion shooke

Glend. Cousin: of many men

I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,

And all the courses of my Life doe shew, I am not in the Roll of common men. Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea, That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne, Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art, And hold me pace in deepe experiments Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh: Ile to Dinner Mort. Peace cousin Percy, you will make him mad Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man: But will they come, when you doe call for them? Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuill Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil, By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable

Chat

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head

Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him

Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,

And in foule Weather too,

How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,

According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it

Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne. hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent. And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne: Which being sealed enterchangeably, (A Businesse that this Night may execute) To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I, And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power, As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury. My Father Glendower is not readie yet, Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes: Within that space, you may have drawne together Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords: And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue, For there will be a World of Water shed. Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here, In quantitie equals not one of yours: See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in, And cuts me from the best of all my Land, A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.

Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp, And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne, In a new Channell, faire and euenly: It shall not winde with such a deepe indent, To rob me of so rich a Bottome here Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side, Gelding the opposed Continent as much, As on the other side it takes from you Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here, And on this North side winne this Cape of Land, And then he runnes straight and euen Hotsp. Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd Hotsp. Will not you? Glend. No, nor you shall not

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay? Glend. Why, that will I Hotsp. let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you: For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court; Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe Many an English Dittie, louely well, And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament; A Vertue that was neuer seene in you Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart, I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew, Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers: I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd, Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree, And that would set my teeth nothing an edge, Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie; 'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land To any well-deseruing friend; But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me, Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre. Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone? Glend. The Moone shines faire, You may away by Night: Ile haste the Writer; and withall, Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence: I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde, So much she doteth on her Mortimer. Enter. Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Father Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me, With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant, Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies; And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish, A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen, A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat, And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe, As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what, He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,

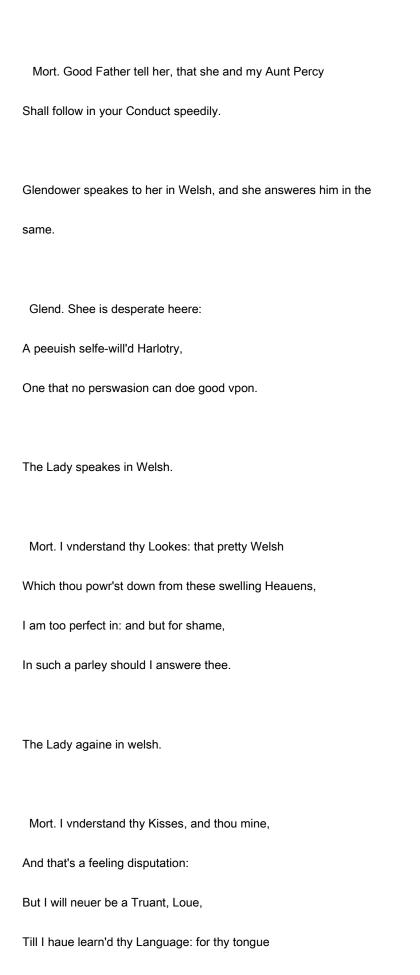
In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names, That were his Lacqueyes: I cry'd hum, and well, goe too, But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife, Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre, Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me, In any Summer-House in Christendome Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman, Exceeding well read, and profited, In strange Concealements: Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable, And as Bountifull, as Mynes of India. Shall I tell you, Cousin, He holds your temper in a high respect, And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope, When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does. I warrant you, that man is not aliue, Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done, Without the taste of danger, and reproofe: But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you

And since your comming hither, haue done enough, To put him quite besides his patience. You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault: Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood, And that's the dearest grace it renders you; Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage, Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment, Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine: The least of which, haunting a Nobleman, Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne Vpon the beautie of all parts besides, Beguiling them of commendation Hotsp. Well, I am school'd: Good-manners be your speede; Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue. Enter Glendower, with the Ladies. Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me, My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,

Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,



Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

With rauishing Diuision to her Lute

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this

Glend. She bids you,

On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,

And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,

And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,

And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,

Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;

Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,

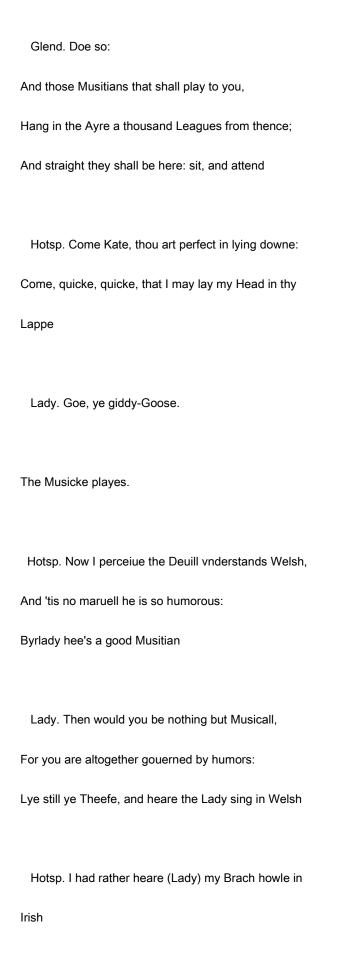
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,

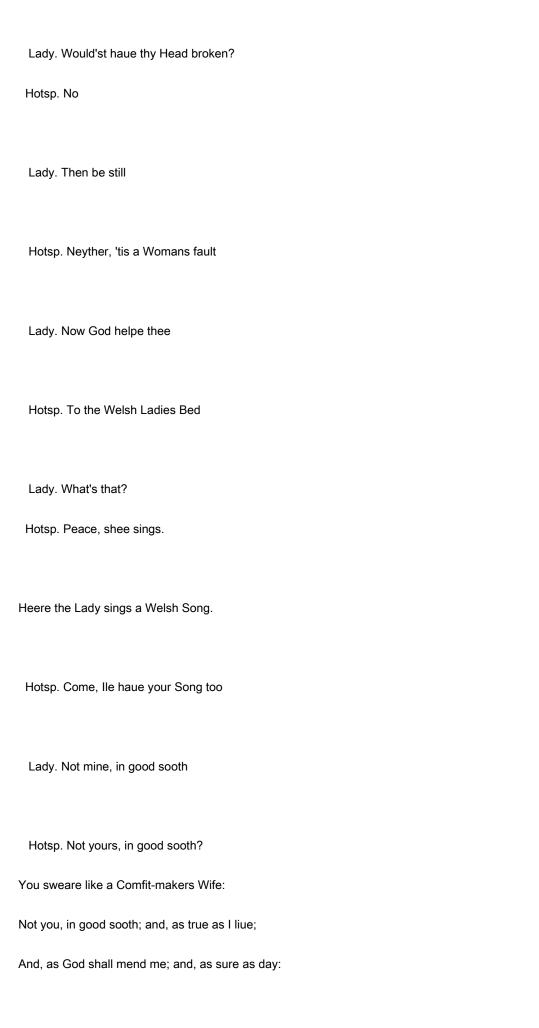
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme

Begins his Golden Progresse in the East

Mort. With all my heart lle sit, and heare her sing:

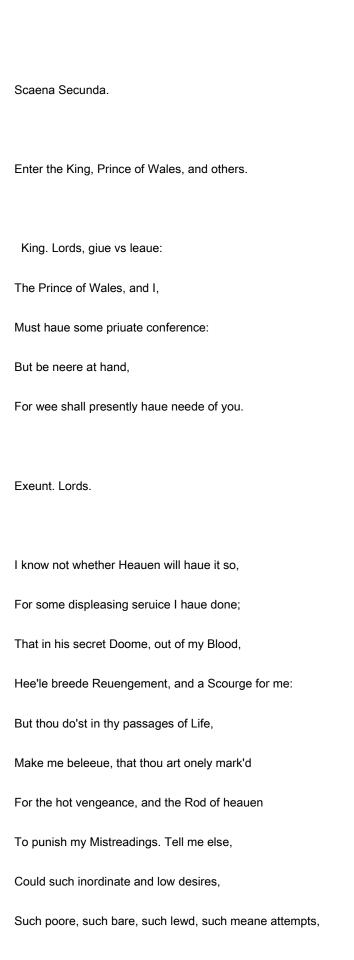
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne





And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing
Lady. I will not sing
Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbrest
teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, lle away
within these two howres: and so come in, when yee
will.
Enter.
Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately
Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt.



Such barren pleasures, rude societie, As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too, Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood, And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart? Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could Quit all offences with as cleare excuse, As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge My selfe of many I am charg'd withall: Yet such extenuation let me begge, As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd, Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare, By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers; I may for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faultie wandred, and irregular, Finde pardon on my true submission King. Heauen pardon thee: Yet let me wonder, Harry, At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.

The hope and expectation of thy time

Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man

Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.

Had I so lauish of my presence beene,

So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,

So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;

Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,

Had still kept loyall to possession,

And left me in reputelesse banishment,

A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.

By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,

But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:

Others would say; Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.

And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,

And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,

That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,

Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,

Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.

Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,

My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,

Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,

Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,

And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.

The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,

With shallow lesters, and rash Bauin Wits,

Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,

Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,

Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,

And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,

To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push

Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;

Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,

Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:

That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,

They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe

The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.

So when he had occasion to be seene,

He was but as the Cuckow is in lune,

Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,

As sicke and blunted with Communitie,

Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,

Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie.

When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:

But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,

Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect

As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,

Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou:

For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,

With vile participation. Not an Eye

But is awearie of thy common sight,

Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:

Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,

Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,

Be more my selfe

King. For all the World,

As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,

When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;

And euen as I was then, is Percy now:

Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the State

Then thou, the shadow of Succession;

For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.

He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,

Turnes head against the Lyons armed lawes;

And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,

Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on

To bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armes.

What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,

Against renowned Dowglas? whose high Deedes,

Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,

Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,

And Militarie Title Capitall.

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,

Discomfited great Dowglas, ta'ne him once,

Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,

Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,

To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,

And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate against vs, and are vp.

But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?

Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,

Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?

Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,

Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,

To fight against me vnder Percies pay,

To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,

To shew how much thou art degenerate

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:

And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd

Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:

I will redeeme all this on Percies head,

And in the closing of some glorious day,

Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,

When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,

And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:

Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,

That this same Child of Honor and Renowne.

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praysed Knight.

And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet:

For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head

My shames redoubled. For the time will come,

That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange

His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:

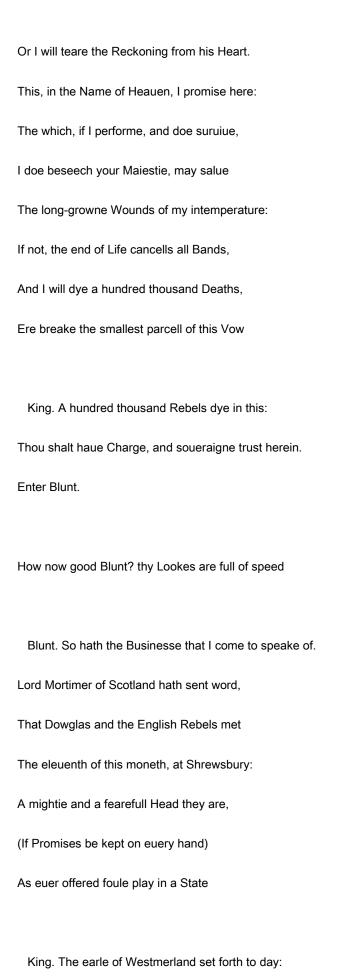
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,

To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:

And I will call him to so strict account,

That he shall render euery Glory vp,

Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,



With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old. On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward: On thursday, wee our selues will march. Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march Through Glocestershire: by which account, Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence, Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete. Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away, Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. Exeunt. Scena Tertia. Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph. Falst. Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why

my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose

Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple Iohn. Well,

Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking:

I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no

strength to repent. And i haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me

Bard. Sir lohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry; I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir lohn, that you must needes bee out of of all compasse; out all reasonable compasse, Sir lohn

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe

Bard. Why, Sir lohn, my Face does you no harme

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame Partlet the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir Iohn, what doe you thinke, Sir Iohn?
doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue
search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by
Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a
hayre was neuer lost in my house before

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: Bardolph was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and lle be sworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so in mine owne house before

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough

Hostesse. No, sir lohn, you doe not know me, Sir lohn:
I know you, Sir lohn: you owe me Money, Sir lohn, and
now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought

you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of them

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir Iohn, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, lle not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie marke

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper

Falst. How? the Prince is a lacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so. Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife. Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march? Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse Quickly? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee Prince. What say'st thou, lacke? Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the

Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd

Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets

Prince. What didst thou lose, lacke?

Falst. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on

Host. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter

Prin. An Otter, sir Iohn? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her

Host. Thou art vniust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound Hal? A Million. Thy loue is

worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue

Host. Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and said hee would cudgell you

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed Sir Iohn, you said so

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper

Prince. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as

thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I

dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the

roaring of the Lyons Whelpe

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon:

Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay

if I do, let my Girdle breake

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about

thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houses, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Do'st thou heare Hal? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore lacke Falstaffe do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story

Fal. Hostesse, I forgiue thee:

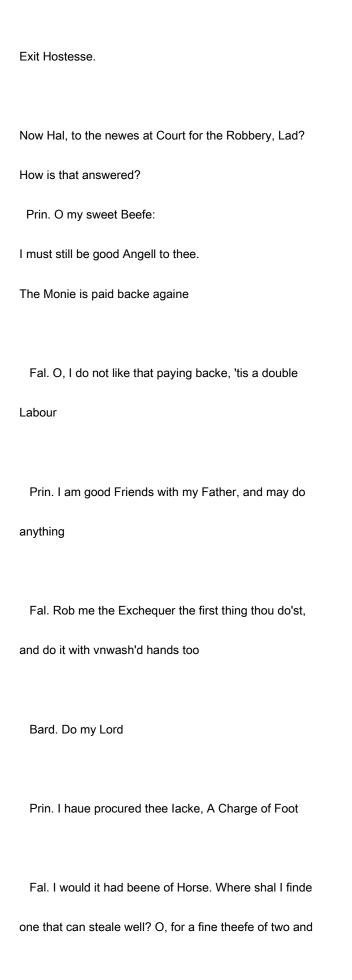
Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,

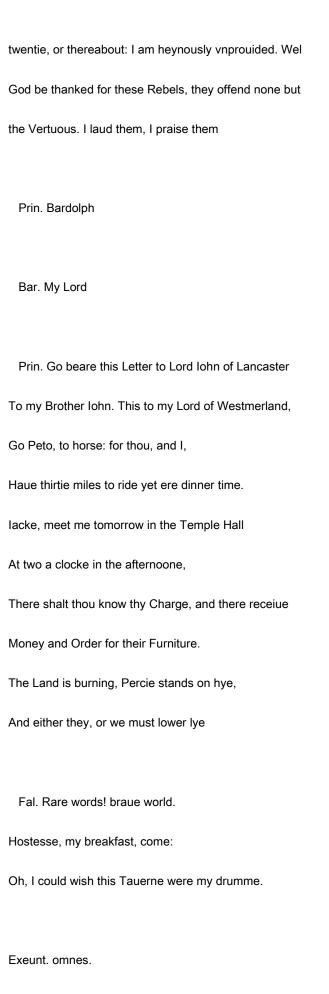
Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:

Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason:

Thou seest, I am pacified still.

Nay, I prethee be gone.





Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima. Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Dowglas. Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Dowglas haue, As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe, Should go so generall currant through the world. By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe. Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord Dow. Thou art the King of Honor: No man so potent breathes vpon the ground, But I will Beard him. Enter a Messenger. Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What letters hast there? I can but thanke you

Mess. These Letters come from your Father Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himselfe? Mes. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greeuous sicke Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now, In such a iustling time? Who leades his power? Vnder whose Gouernment come they along? Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed? Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth: And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his Physician Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole, Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited: His health was neuer better worth then now

The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,

'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.

Hotsp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,

To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainely possest

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne

On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good: for therein should we reade

The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,

The very List, the very vtmost Bound

Of all our fortunes

Dowg. Faith, and so wee should, Where now remaines a sweet reuersion. We may boldly spend, vpon the hope Of what is to come in: A comfort of retyrement liues in this Hotsp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto, If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here: The qualitie and Heire of our Attempt Brookes no diuision: It will be thought By some, that know not why he is away, That wisedome, loyaltie, and meere dislike Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence. And thinke, how such an apprehension May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction, And breede a kinde of question in our cause: For well you know, wee of the offring side, Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement, And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs: This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,

That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare, Before not dreamt of Hotsp. You strayne too farre. I rather of his absence make this vse: It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion, A larger Dare to your great Enterprize, Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke, If we without his helpe, can make a Head To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe, We shall o're-turne it topsie-turuy downe: Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole Dowg. As heart can thinke: There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland, At this Dreame of Feare. Enter Sir Richard Vernon. Hotsp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord. The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong, Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn

Hotsp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,

The King himselfe in person hath set forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,

With strong and mightie preparation

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,

The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,

And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,

And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,

All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde

Bayted like Eagles, having lately bath'd,

Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,

As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,

Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.

I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,

His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,

As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,

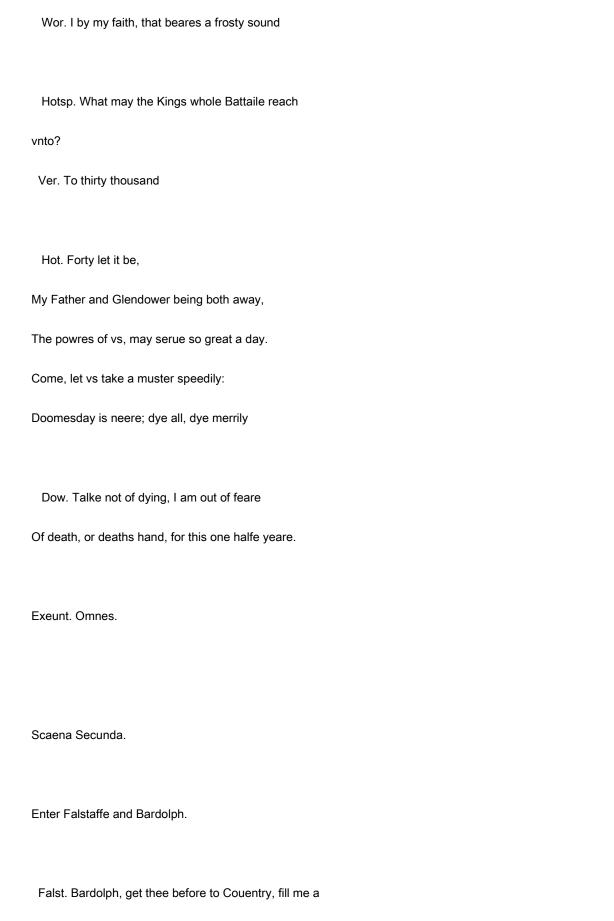
To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,

And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship

Hotsp. No more, no more, Worse then the Sunne in March: This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come. They come like Sacrifices in their trimme, And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre, All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them: The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire, To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh, And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse, Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt, Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales. Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse? Oh, that Glendower were come Ver. There is more newes: I learned in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes

Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of

yet



Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, lle answere the Coynage.

Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell.

Enter.

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sowc't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a struck-Foole,

or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their seruices: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged a Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded vniust Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that have bought out their services: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds

Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S[aint]. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne lack? how now Quilt?

Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland,

I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already

beene at Shrewsbury

West. 'Faith, Sir Iohn, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie.

The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, lack, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, Hal, mine

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals

tush man, mortall men, mortall men

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better:

Westm. I, but Sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learn'd that of me

Prince. No, lle be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field

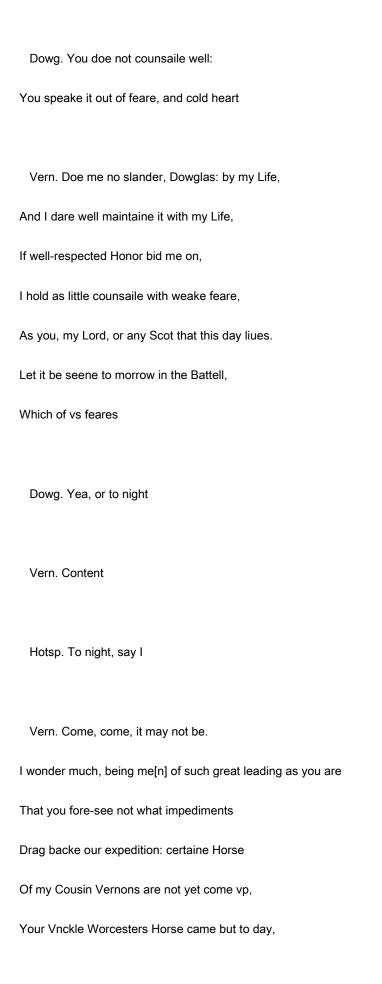
Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

Westm. Hee is, Sir lohn, I feare wee shall stay too

long

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.





And now their pride and mettall is asleepe, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie In generall iourney bated, and brought low: The better part of ours are full of rest Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours: For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in. The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt. Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King, If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect Hotsp. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt: And would to God you were of our determination. Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some Enuie your great deseruings, and good name, Because you are not of our qualitie, But stand against vs like an Enemie

So long as out of Limit, and true Rule, You stand against anoynted Maiestie. But to my Charge. The King hath sent to know The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace, Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land Audacious Crueltie. If that the King Haue any way your good Deserts forgot, Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed You shall haue your desires, with interest; And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these, Herein mis-led, by your suggestion Hotsp. The King is kinde: And well wee know, the King Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay. My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe, Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares: And when he was not sixe and twentie strong, Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low, A poore vnminded Out-law, sneaking home,

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,

My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:

And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,

To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,

With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;

My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme

Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,

The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,

Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,

Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,

Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,

Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,

Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.

He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,

Step me a little higher then his Vow

Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,

Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:

And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme

Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,

That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;

Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe

Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,

This seeming Brow of lustice, did he winne

The hearts of all that hee did angle for.

Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads

Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King

In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this

Hotsp. Then to the point.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King.

Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:

And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.

To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman March,

Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,

Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,

There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:

Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,

Sought to intrap me by intelligence,

Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,

In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,

Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,

And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out

This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie

Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance
Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?
Hotsp. Not so, Sir Walter.
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue
Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe.
Exeunt.
Scena Quarta.
Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this sealed Briefe With winged haste to the Lord Marshall, This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest To whom they are directed. If you knew how much they doe import, You would make haste Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor Arch. Like enough you doe. To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day, Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury, As I am truly giuen to vnderstand, The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power, Meetes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell, What with the sicknesse of Northumberland, Whose Power was in the first proportion; And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence, Who with them was rated firmely too, And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,

I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,

To wage an instant tryall with the King

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare, There is Dowglas, and Lord Mortimer Arch. No, Mortimer is not there Sir Mic. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, And there is my Lord of Worcester, And a Head of gallant Warriors, Noble Gentlemen Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath Drawne The speciall head of all the Land together: The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, The Noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt; And many moe Corriuals, and deare men Of estimation, and command in Armes Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare, And to preuent the worst, Sir Michell speed;

Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,

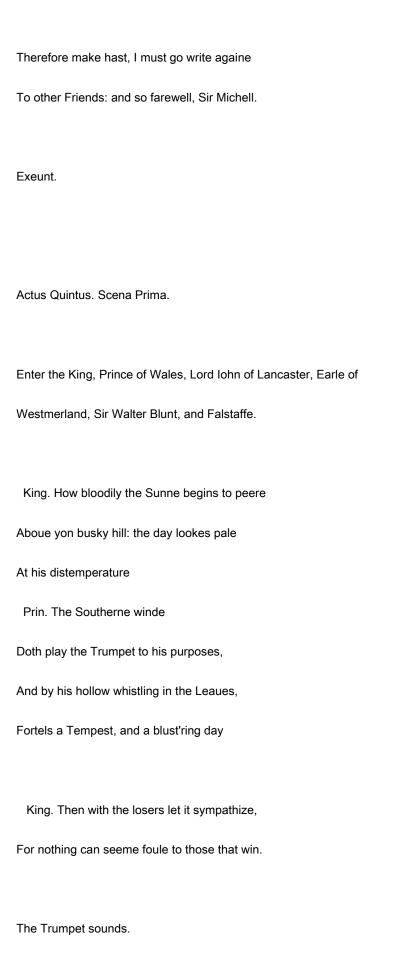
And to preuent the worst, Sir Michell speed;

For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the King

Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs:

For he hath heard of our Confederacie,

And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:



Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well

That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,

As now we meet. You have deceiu'd our trust,

And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,

To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:

This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.

What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit

This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?

And moue in the obedient Orbe againe,

Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,

And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,

A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent

Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content

To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life

With quiet houres: For I do protest,

I haue not sought the day of this dislike

King. You have not sought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes

Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;

And yet I must remember you my Lord,

We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:

For you, my staffe of Office did I breake

In Richards time, and poasted day and night

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;

It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,

That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare

The danger of the time. You swore to vs,

And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,

That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,

Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,

The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,

To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,

It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,

And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,

What with our helpe, what with the absent King.

What with the iniuries of wanton time,

The seeming sufferances that you had borne,

And the contrarious Windes that held the King

So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,

That all in England did repute him dead:

And from this swarme of faire aduantages,

You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,

To gripe the generall sway into your hand,

Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,

And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,

As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,

Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest

Grew by our Feeding, to so great a builke,

That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight

For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing

We were infor'd for safety sake, to flye

Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,

Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes

As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,

By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,

And violation of all faith and troth

Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize

Kin. These things indeed you have articulated,

Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,

To face the Garment of Rebellion

With some fine colour, that may please the eye

Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,

Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes

Of hurly burly Innouation:

And neuer yet did Insurrection want

Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:

Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time

Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule

Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,

If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,

The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world

In praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes,

This present enterprize set off his head,

I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,

More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,

More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,

To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.

For my part, I may speake it to my shame,

I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,

And so I heare, he doth account me too:

Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,

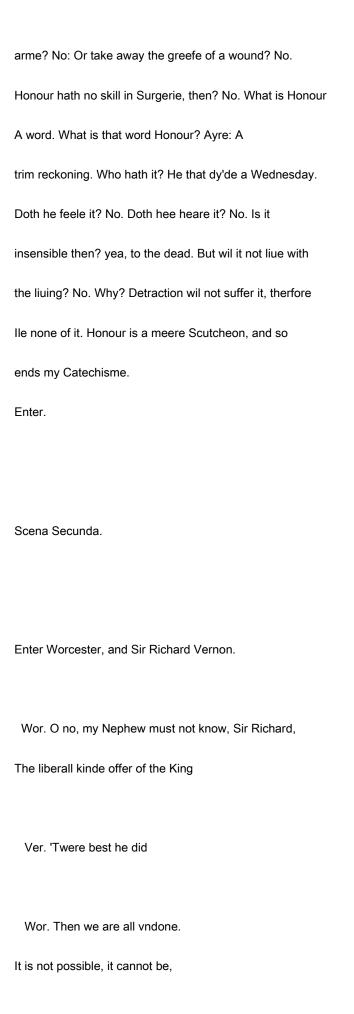
I am content that he shall take the oddes

Of his great name and estimation, And will, to saue the blood on either side, Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee, Albeit, considerations infinite Do make against it: No good Worster, no, We loue our people well; euen those we loue That are misled vpon your Cousins part: And will they take the offer of our Grace: Both he, and they, and you; yea euery man Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his. So tell your Cousin, and bring me word, What he will do. But if he will not yeeld, Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs, And they shall do their Office. So bee gone, We will not now be troubled with reply, We offer faire, take it aduisedly. Exit Worcester. Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life, The Dowglas and the Hotspurre both together, Are confident against the world in Armes

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge, For on their answer will we set on them; And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. Exeunt. Manet Prince and Falstaffe. Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell, And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship Say thy prayers, and farewell Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes

me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come

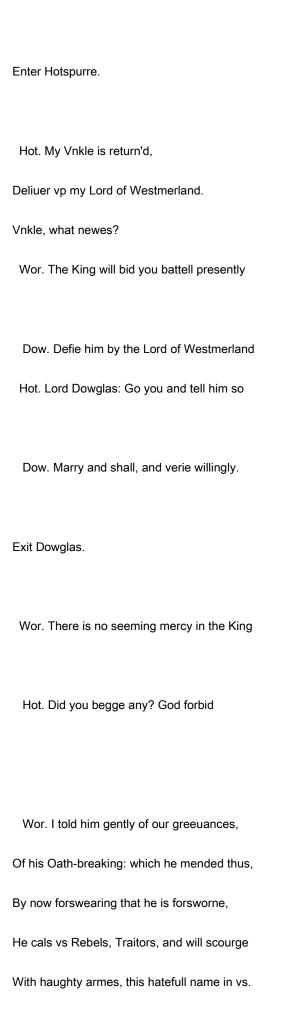
on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an



The King would keepe his word in louing vs, He will suspect vs still, and finde a time To punish this offence in others faults: Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes; For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe, Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp, Will haue a wilde tricke of his Ancestors: Looke how he can, or sad or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our lookes, And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall, The better cherisht, still the nearer death. My Nephewes Trespasse may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood, And an adopted name of Priuiledge, A haire-brain'd Hotspurre, gouern'd by a Spleene: All his offences liue vpon my head, And on his Fathers. We did traine him on, And his corruption being tane from vs, We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all: Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know In any case, the offer of the King

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so.

Heere comes your Cosin.



Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown

A braue defiance in King Henries teeth:

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,

And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee,

How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life

Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,

Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare

To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes.

He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,

Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,

Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,

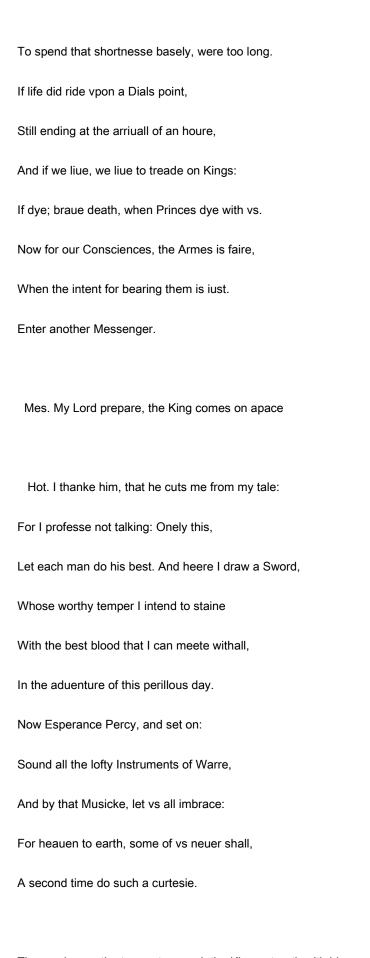
Making you euer better then his praise,

By still dispraising praise, valew'd with you:

And which became him like a Prince indeed.

He made a blushing citall of himselfe, And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace, As if he mastred there a double spirit Of teaching, and of learning instantly: There did he pause. But let me tell the World, If he out-live the enuie of this day, England did neuer owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse, Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored On his Follies: neuer did I heare Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty. But be he as he will, yet once ere night, I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme, That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie. Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends, Better consider what you haue to do, That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue, Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. Enter a Messenger. Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you Hot. I cannot reade them now.

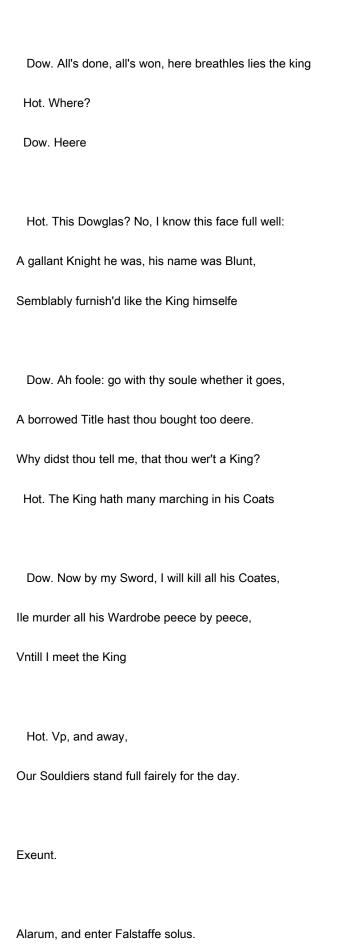
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;



They embrace, the trumpets sound, the King entereth with his

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power, alarum
vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.
 Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y crossest me?
What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?
 Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,
And I do haunt thee in the Battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King
 Blunt. They tell thee true
 Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King Harry,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner
 Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.
Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.
 Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
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I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot



Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,

Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe

Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile:

Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue

done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure

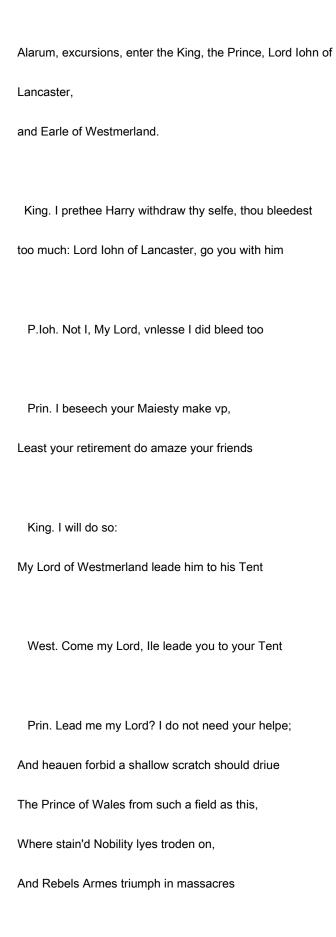
Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:

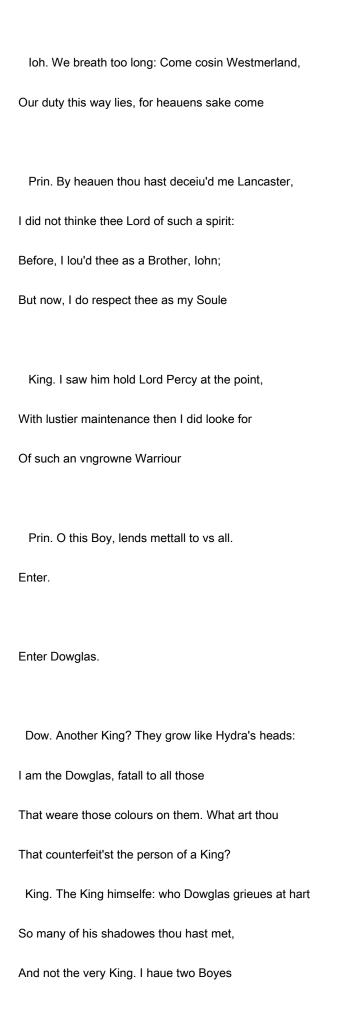
I prethee lend me thy sword

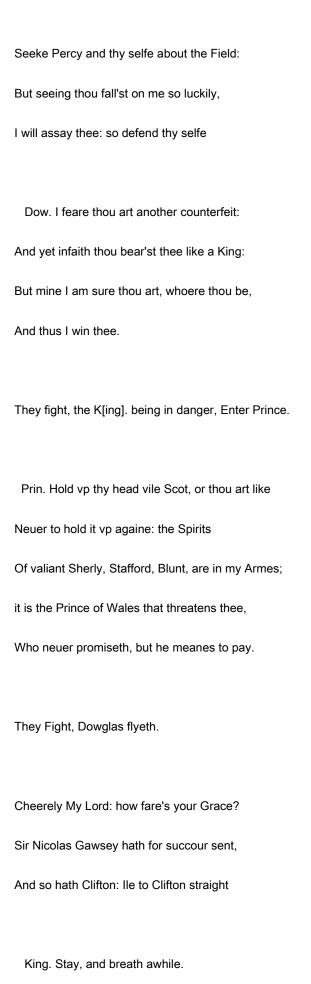
Falst. Nay Hal, is Percy bee aliue, thou getst not my

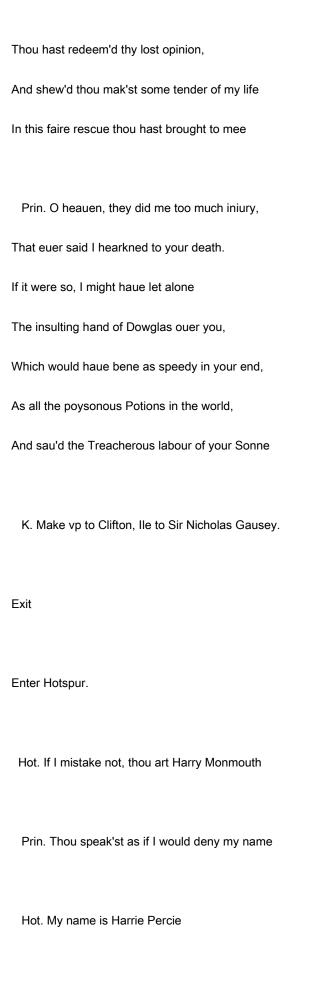
Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt
Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the case?
Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.
The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.
Prin. What, is it a time to iest and dally now.
Enter.
Throwes it at him.
Fal. If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in
my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let
him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
honour as Sir Walter hath: Giue mee life, which if I can
saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an
end.
Exit

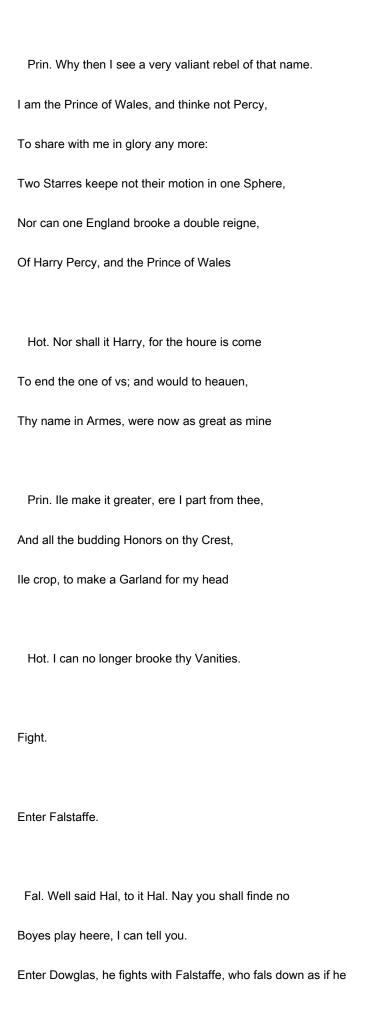
Scena Tertia.











were dead. The Prince killeth Percie. Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth: I better brooke the losse of brittle life, Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me, They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh: But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole; And Time, that takes suruey of all the world, Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophesie, But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death, Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art dust And food for-Prin. For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great heart: Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke? When that this bodie did containe a spirit, A Kingdome for it was too small a bound: But now two paces of the vilest Earth Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead, Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman. If thou wer't sensible of curtesie, I should not make so great a shew of Zeale. But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,

And euen in thy behalfe, lle thanke my selfe

For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse. Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen, Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue, But not remembred in thy Epitaph. What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh Keepe in a little life? Poore lacke, farewell: I could haue better spar'd a better man. O, I should have a heavy misse of thee, If I were much in loue with Vanity. Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day, Though many dearer in this bloody Fray: Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by, Till then, in blood, by Noble Percie lye. Enter. Falstaffe riseth vp. Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, lle giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow. 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be

no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede.

The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me.

Takes Hotspurre on his backe.

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword

Iohn. But soft, who haue we heere?

Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,

Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?

Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes

Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not lacke Falstaffe, then am I a lacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you

Prin. Why, Percy I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were aliue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my sword

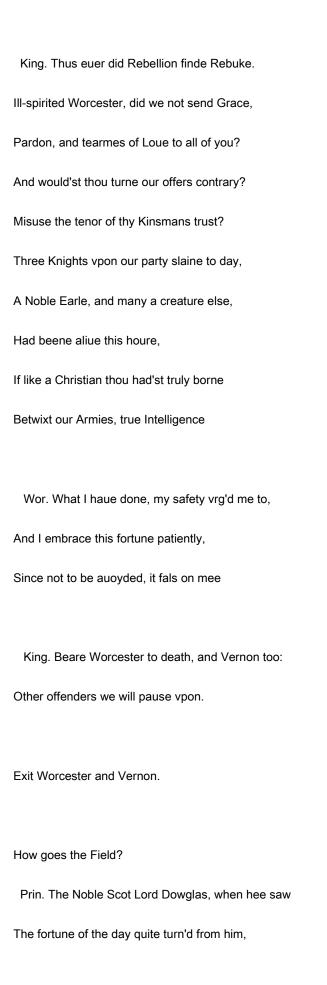
Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother Iohn.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:

For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.
A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead.
Exeunt.
Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards
me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
lle grow lesse? For lle purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.
Exit
Scaena Quarta.
The Trumpets sound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of

Westmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prisoners.



The Noble Percy slaine, and all his men, Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest; And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent The Dowglas is, and I beseech your Grace, I may dispose of him King. With all my heart Prin. Then Brother Iohn of Lancaster, To you this honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Dowglas, and deliuer him Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free: His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day, Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds, Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries King. Then this remaines: that we divide our Power. You Sonne Iohn, and my Cousin Westmerland Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope, Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes. My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.

Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.
Exeunt.
FINIS. The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death
of
HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.
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