



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

**HENRY IV**

SECOND PART

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The Second Part of Henry the Fourth

Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares: For which of you will stop  
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumor speakes?  
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West  
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still vnfold  
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.  
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,  
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,  
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:  
I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie  
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:  
And who but Rumour, who but onely I  
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,  
Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,  
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,  
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe  
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;  
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,  
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,  
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,  
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus  
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize  
Among my houshold? Why is Rumour heere?  
I run before King Harries victory,  
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie  
Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes,  
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,  
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I  
To speake so true at first? My Office is  
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:  
And that the King, before the Dowglas Rage  
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.  
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,  
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,  
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,  
Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,

Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tyring on,  
And not a man of them brings other newes  
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,  
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-wrongs.  
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere ho?  
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle  
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,  
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,  
And he himselfe will answer.  
Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eu'ry minute now  
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;  
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse  
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,  
And beares downe all before him

L.Bar. Noble Earle,  
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury

Nor. Good, and heauen will

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish:  
The King is almost wounded to the death:  
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,  
Prince Harrie slaine out-right: and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Dowglas. Yong Prince Iohn,  
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.  
And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn)  
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,  
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)  
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times  
Since Cæsars Fortunes

Nor. How is this deriu'd?  
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?  
L.Bar. I spake with one (my L[ord].) that came fro[m] thence,  
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these newes for true

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Trauers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.  
Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More then he (haply) may retaile from me

Nor. Now Trauers, what good tidings comes fro[m] you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir Iohn Vmfreuill turn'd me backe  
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)  
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head  
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)  
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him  
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:  
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,  
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.  
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,  
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles  
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade  
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,  
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,  
Staying no longer question

North. Ha? Againe:  
Said he yong Harrie Percyes Spurre was cold?  
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,  
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,  
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,  
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point  
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers  
Giue then such instances of Losse?

L.Bar. Who, he?  
He was some holding Fellow, that had stolne  
The Horse he rode-on: and vpon my life  
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.  
Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leave,  
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:  
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood  
Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.

Say Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?  
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)  
Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske  
To fright our party

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?  
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke  
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.  
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,  
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,  
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,  
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.  
But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:  
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.  
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:

Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Dowglas,  
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.  
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)  
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,  
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead

Mor. Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:  
But for my Lord, your Sonne

North. Why, he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:  
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,  
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,  
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)  
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,  
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,  
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:  
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine

North. Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead.  
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,  
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:  
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:  
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:  
Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliue:  
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes  
Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,  
Sounds euer after as a sullen Bell  
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleeeue  
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.  
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,  
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)  
To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe  
The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth,  
From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.  
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,  
Euen to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)  
Being bruided once, tooke fire and heate away  
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.  
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;  
Which once, in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselues, like dull and heauy Lead:  
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,  
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,  
So did our Men, heauy in Hotspurres losse,  
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,  
That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,  
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)  
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester  
Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,

(The bloody Dowglas) whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slaine th' appearance of the King,  
Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,  
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,  
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out  
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,  
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster  
And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full

North. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.  
In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes  
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me sicke,  
Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.  
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,  
Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,  
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire  
Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes  
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,  
Are thrice themselues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,  
A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele  
Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.  
Now binde my Browes with Iron and approach  
The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring  
To frowne vpon th' enrag'd Northumberland.  
Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand  
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:  
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine  
Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set  
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,  
And darknesse be the burier of the dead

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisdom from your Honor

Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices  
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're  
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast th' euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)  
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said  
Let vs make head: It was your presumize,  
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.  
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge  
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:  
You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable  
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit  
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,  
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this  
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine  
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befallne?  
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,  
More then that Being, which was like to be?  
L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,

That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:  
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,  
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,  
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.  
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,  
Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)  
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:  
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp  
With well appointed Powres: he is a man  
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.  
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,  
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.  
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide  
The action of their bodies, from their soules,  
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd  
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only  
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,  
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,  
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop  
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,  
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:  
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:  
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood  
Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,  
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:  
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,  
Gasping for life, vnder great Bullingbrooke,  
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,  
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.  
Go in with me, and counsell euery man  
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:  
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,  
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct[or]. to my water?

Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy  
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more  
diseases then he knew for

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the  
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able  
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I  
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my  
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere  
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all  
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice  
for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I  
haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art

fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The Iuuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.

He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M[aster]. Dombledon, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then Bardolfe: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson Achitophel; a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.

Where's Bardolfe?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'll buy mee a horse in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about Bardolfe

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him

Ch.Iust. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord Iohn of Lancaster

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe



Ser. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe

Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.  
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him

Ser. Sir Iohn

Fal. What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K[ing]. lack subiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it

Ser. You mistake me Sir

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that which growes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you

Iust. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rellish of the saltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health

Iust. Sir Iohn, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales

Iust. I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie

Iust. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speak with you

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie,  
a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling

Iust. What tell you me of it? be it as it is

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study  
and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of  
his effects in Galen. It is a kinde of deafenesse

Iust. I thinke you are false into the disease: For you  
heare not what I say to you

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please  
you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not  
Marking, that I am troubled withall

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the  
attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physitian

Fal. I am as poore as Iob, my Lord; but not so Patient:  
your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment  
to me, in respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your  
Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make  
some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe

Iust. I sent for you (when there were matters against  
you for your life) to come speake with me

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Councel, in  
the lawes of this Land-seruice, I did not come

Iust. Wel, the truth is (sir Iohn) you liue in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, ca[n]not liue in lesse

Iust. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes  
were greater, and my waste slenderer

Iust. You haue misled the youthfull Prince

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fellow  
with the great belly, and he my Dogge

Iust. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your  
daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer  
your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the  
vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action

Fal. My Lord?

Iust. But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolfe

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approue the truth

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold haue his effect of grauity

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy

Iust. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costormongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagges too

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an incresing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, sir Iohn

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & somthing a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th' eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke

Iust. Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion

Fal. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him

Iust. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord Iohn of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily:

if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing  
but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:  
There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head,  
but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer

Iust. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your  
Expedition

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,  
to furnish me forth?

Iust. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient  
to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my  
Cosin Westmerland

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man  
can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can  
part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the  
one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees  
preuent my curses. Boy?  
Page. Sir

Fal. What money is in my purse?  
Page. Seuen groats, and two pence

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of  
the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out,  
but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my  
Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of  
Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Vrsula, whome I  
haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first  
white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to  
finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe:  
for the one or th' other playes the rogue with my great  
toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my  
colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable.  
A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases  
to commodity.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means:  
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all  
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,  
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?  
Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,  
But gladly would be better satisfied,  
How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues  
To looke with forehead bold and big enough  
Vpon the Power and puisance of the King

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File  
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:  
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes  
With an incensed Fire of Iniuries

L.Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus  
Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand  
May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland:  
Hast. With him, we may

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point:  
But if without him we be thought to feeble,  
My iudgement is, we should not step too farre  
Till we had his Assistance by the hand.  
For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,  
Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise  
Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed  
It was yong Hotspurres case, at Shrewsbury

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,  
Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power,  
Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,  
And so with great imagination  
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,  
And (winking) leap'd into destruction

Hast. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,  
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope

L.Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,  
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,  
Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,  
We see th' appearing buds, which to proue fruite,  
Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire  
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,  
We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the Ereccion,  
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,  
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell  
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist  
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,  
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,  
And set another vp) should we suruey  
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;  
Consent vpon a sure Foundation:  
Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,  
How able such a Worke to vndergo,  
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,  
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,  
Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:  
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house  
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)  
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost  
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,  
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)  
Should be still-borne: and that we now possest  
The vtmost man of expectation:  
I thinke we are a Body strong enough  
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King

L.Bar. What is the King but fiue & twenty thousand?  
Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolf.  
ForOhis diuisions (as the Times do braul)  
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,  
And one against Glendower: Perforce a third  
Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King  
In three diuided: and his Coffers sound  
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse

Ar. That he should draw his seuerall strengths together  
And come against vs in full puissance  
Need not be dreaded

Hast. If he should do so,  
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch  
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that

L.Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?  
Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:  
Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth.  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I haue no certaine notice

Arch. Let vs on:  
And publish the occasion of our Armes.  
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,  
Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:  
An habitation giddy, and vnshure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause  
Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing Bullingbrooke,  
Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?  
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,  
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,  
That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.  
So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge  
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,  
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,  
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?  
They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,  
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.  
Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head  
When through proud London he came sighing on,  
After th' admired heeles of Bullingbrooke,  
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,  
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)  
Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?  
Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?  
Fang. It is enter'd

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?  
Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hostesse. I, I, good M[aster]. Snare

Snare. Heere, heere

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Host. I good M[aster]. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all

Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab

Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me  
in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not  
what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will  
foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,  
nor childe

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my  
Vice

Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an  
infinitiuie thing vpon my score. Good M[aster]. Fang hold him  
sure: good M[aster]. Snare let him not scape, he comes  
continuantly

to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle,  
and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in  
Lombardstreet, to M[aster]. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra' ye, since  
my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the  
world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke  
is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue  
borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and  
fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to  
be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles  
a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery  
Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bardolfe  
with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M[aster]. Fang, &  
M[aster].

Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir Iohn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly

Falst. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.  
Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder,  
O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers,  
and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art  
a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller

Falst. Keep them off, Bardolfe

Fang. A rescu, a rescu

Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou  
wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian:  
Ile tucke your Catastrophe.  
Enter Ch. Iustice.

Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa

Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you  
stand to me

Ch.Iust. How now sir Iohn? What are you brauling here?  
Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?  
You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.

Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your  
Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested  
at my suit

Ch.Iust. For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all  
I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath  
put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will  
haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights,  
like the Mare

Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue  
any vantage of ground, to get vp

Ch.Iust. How comes this, Sir Iohn? Fy, what a man of  
good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?  
Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so  
rough a course, to come by her owne?

Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &  
the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell  
gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round  
table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,  
when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing  
man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I  
was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my



Lady thy wife. Canst y deny it? Did not goodwife Keech the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip Quickly? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby y didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st y not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may haue redresse against them

Iust. Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman

Host. Yes in troth my Lord

Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty reme[m]bred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires

Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman

Falst. Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M[aster]. Gower]

Ch.Iust. Now Master Gower; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles

Falst. As I am a Gentleman

Host. Nay, you said so before

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it

Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning Chambers

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the

Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is  
worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Flybitten  
Tapestries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.)  
Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better  
Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy  
Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with  
me, come, I know thou was't set on to this

Host. Prethee (Sir Iohn) let it be but twenty Nobles,  
I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool  
still

Host. Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my  
Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?  
Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on,  
hooke-on

Host. Will you haue Doll Teare-sheet meet you at supper?  
Fal. No more words. Let's haue her

Ch.Iust. I haue heard bitter newes

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch.Iu. Where lay the King last night?

Mes. At Basingstoke my Lord

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes  
my Lord?

Ch.Iust. Come all his Forces backe?

Mes. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horse  
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L[ord]?

Ch.Iust. You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M[aster]. Gowre

Fal. My Lord

Ch.Iust. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entreate you with mee to  
dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.  
I thanke you, good Sir Iohn

Ch.Iust. Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long being you  
are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch.Iust. What foolish Master taught you these manners,  
Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become mee not, hee was a  
Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing  
grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire

Ch.Iust. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great  
Foole.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst  
not haue attach'd one of so high blood

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion  
of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew  
vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,  
as to remember so weake a Composition

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely  
got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature,  
Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations  
make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a  
disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know  
thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of  
Silk stockings y hast? (Viz. these, and those that were thy  
peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy  
shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But  
that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for  
it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st  
not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because  
the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to  
eate vp thy Holland

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so  
hard, you should talke so idley? Tell me how many good  
yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as  
yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding  
then thine

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that  
you'l tell

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be  
sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as  
to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend)  
I could be sad, and sad indeed too

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as  
thou, and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the

end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly,  
that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company  
as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation  
of sorrow

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art  
a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a  
mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better  
then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede.

And what accites your most worshipful thought  
to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so  
much ingrafted to Falstaffe

Prin. And to thee

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with  
mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that  
I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of  
my hands: and those two things I confesse I canot helpe.  
Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfe

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue Falstaffe, he had him  
from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not transform'd  
him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolfe

Poin. Come you pernicious Asse, you bashfull Foole,  
must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what  
a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a  
matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red  
Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the  
window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had  
made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped  
through

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away

Page. Away, you rascally Altheas dreame, away

Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) Althea dream'd, she was deliuer'd  
of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation:  
There it is, Boy

Poin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from  
Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you,  
the gallowes shall be wrong'd

Prince. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?  
Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces  
comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you

Poin. Deliuier'd with good respect: And how doth the  
Martlemas, your Master?  
Bard. In bodily health Sir

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needs a Physitian:  
but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes  
not

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with  
me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you  
he writes

Poin.

Letter.

Iohn Falstaffe Knight: (Euery man must  
know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:)  
Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer  
pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings  
blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon  
him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrowed  
cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch  
it from Iaphet. But to the Letter: - Sir Iohn Falstaffe,  
Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harrie  
Prince of Wales, greeting

Poin. Why this is a Certificate

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded.  
I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee  
not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Fauours so  
much, that he swears thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repent  
at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou  
vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:

Iohn with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir  
Iohn, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him  
eate it

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.

But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marry your Sister?  
Poin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I  
neuer said so

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, &  
the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is  
your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in  
the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and M[istris].  
Doll Teare-sheet

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman  
of my Masters

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the  
Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (Ned) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your  
Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence

Bar. I haue no tongue, sir

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Teare-sheet should be some Rode

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene  
S[aint]. Albans, and London

Prin. How might we see Falstaffe bestow himselfe to  
night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and  
waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It  
was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation,  
that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpose  
must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,  
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:  
Put not you on the visage of the Times,  
And be like them to Percie, troublesome

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more,  
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,  
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;  
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,  
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,  
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere Harry,  
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father  
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.  
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?  
There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.  
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:  
For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne  
In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light  
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue  
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse  
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselues.  
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:  
And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)  
Became the Accents of the Valiant.  
For those that could speake low, and tardily,  
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,  
To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,  
In Diet, in Affections of delight,  
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,  
He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,  
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,  
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue  
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,  
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,  
In dis-advantage, to abide a field,  
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspurs Name  
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.  
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,  
To hold your Honor more precise and nice  
With others, then with him. Let them alone:  
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.  
Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers,  
To day might I (hanging on Hotspurs Necke)  
Haue talk'd of Monmouth's Graue

North. Beshrew your heart,  
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights.  
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,  
Or it will seeke me in another place,

And finde me worse prouided

Wife. O flye to Scotland,  
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,  
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,  
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,  
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,  
First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,  
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:  
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,  
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,  
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,  
For Recordation to my Noble Husband

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde  
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.  
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,  
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.  
I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,  
Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1.Drawer. What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns?  
Thou know'st Sir Iohn cannot endure an Apple-Iohn

2.Draw. Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish  
of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue  
more Sir Iohns: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now  
take my leaue of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd  
Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot  
that

1.Draw. Why then couer, and set them downe: and  
see if thou canst finde out Sneakes Noyse; Mistris Teare-sheet  
would faine haue some Musique

2.Draw. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master  
Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins,  
and Aprons, and Sir Iohn must not know of it: Bardolph  
hath brought word

1.Draw. Then here will be old Vtis: it will be an excellent  
stratagem

2.Draw. Ile see if I can finde out Sneake.  
Enter.

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.



Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent  
good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily,  
as heart would desire; and your Colour  
(I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue  
drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous searching  
Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say  
what's this. How doe you now?  
Dol. Better then I was: Hem

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth  
Gold. Looke, here comes Sir Iohn.  
Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When Arthur first in Court - (emptie the Iordan)  
and was a worthy King: How now Mistris Dol?  
Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme,  
they are sick

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you  
giue me?  
Falst. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris Dol

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make  
them, I make them not

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to  
make the Diseases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch  
of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to  
serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come  
off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie  
brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers  
brauely

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer  
meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in  
good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot  
one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the  
good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you:  
you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier  
Vessell

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge  
full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture  
of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke  
better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee  
Iacke: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I  
shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body  
cares.  
Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Pistoll is below, and would speake with you

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you

Falst. Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

Host. 'Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir Iohn) there comes no Swaggerers heere

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir Iohn) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master Tisick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee;) Master Dombe, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee) receiue those that are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you

Dol. So you doe, Hostesse

Host. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.  
Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Saeue you, Sir Iohn

Falst. Welcome Ancient Pistol. Here (Pistol) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine Hostesse

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two Bullets

Falst. She is Pistoll-prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly offend  
her

Host. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I  
will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans  
pleasure, I

Pist. Then to you (Mistris Dorotheie) I will charge  
you

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scuruie Companion)  
what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate:  
away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for  
your Master

Pist. I know you, Mistris Dorotheie

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung,  
away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie  
Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away  
you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you.  
Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on  
your shoulder? much

Pist. I will murther your Ruffe, for this

Host. No, good Captaine Pistol: not heere, sweete  
Captaine

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater,  
art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines  
were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking  
their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them.  
You a Captaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore  
Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang  
him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and  
dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make  
the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had  
neede looke to it

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Mistris Dol

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I  
could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to Pluto's damn'd Lake,  
to the Infernall Deepe, where Erebus and Tortures vilde  
also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe  
Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captaine Peesel be quiet, it is very late:  
I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall PackHorses,  
and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which cannot  
goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cæsar, and  
with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne  
them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare: shall  
wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter  
words

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a  
Brawle anon

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:  
Hauē we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here.  
What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her?  
I pray be quiet

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis.) Come,  
giue me some Sack, Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.

Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:  
Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there:  
Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's nothing?  
Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue  
seene the seuen Starres

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such  
a Fustian Rascall

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Galloway  
Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a shoue-groat  
shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee  
shall be nothing here

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee embrew?  
then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull  
dayes: why then let grieuous, gastly, gaping Wounds,  
vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come Atropos, I say

Host. Here's good stuffe toward

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy

Dol. I prethee Iack, I prethee doe not draw

Fal. Get you downe stayres

Host. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswearē keeping  
house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Murther  
I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons,  
put vp your naked Weapons

Dol. I prethee Iack be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah,  
you whorson little valiant Villaine, you

Host. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee  
made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt  
him (Sir) in the shoulder

Fal. A Rascall to braue me

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,  
how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come  
on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou  
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth fiue of Agamemnon,  
and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah  
Villaine

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blanket

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st,  
Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.  
Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol.  
A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like  
Quick-siluer

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou  
whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt  
thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and  
begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?  
Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good Dol) doe not speake like a Deathshead:  
doe not bid me remember mine end

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue  
made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread  
well

Dol. They say Poines hath a good Wit

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is  
as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit  
in him, then is in a Mallet

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and  
hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell,  
and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides  
the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioy'n'dstooles,  
and sweares with a good grace, and weares his

Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and  
breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such  
other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake  
Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits  
him; for the Prince himselve is such another: the  
weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their  
Haberdepois

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his  
Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll  
claw'd like a Parrot

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many  
yeeres out-liue performance?

Fal. Kisse me Dol

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeere in Coniunction?  
What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie Trigon, his Man,  
be not lisping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke,  
his Councill-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Busses

Dol. Nay truely, I kisse thee with a most constant  
heart

Fal. I am olde, I am olde

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young  
Boy of them all

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall  
receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe  
to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,  
wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am  
gone

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so:  
proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne:  
well, hearken the end

Fal. Some Sack, Francis

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not  
thou Poines, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what  
a life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art  
a Drawer

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out  
by the Eares

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome  
to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face  
of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by  
this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge,  
and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the  
heat

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly  
did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous,  
ciuill Gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by  
my troth

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you  
ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back,  
and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast  
within hearing

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull  
abuse, and then I know how to handle you

Fal. No abuse (Hall) on mine Honor, no abuse

Prince. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and  
Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (Hal.)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (Ned) in the World: honest Ned none.  
I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked  
might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue  
done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and  
thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (Hal:)  
none (Ned) none; no Boyes, none

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise,  
doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman,  
to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine  
Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the  
Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burnes in his  
Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answere thou dead Elme, answer

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irrecoverable,  
and his Face is Lucifers Priuy-Kitchin, where hee  
doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy,  
there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids  
him too

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not

Host. No, I warrant you

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle

Host. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against

Host. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, Francis?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Prince. By Heauen (Paines) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.

Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaffe, good night.

Enter.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you

Falst. Pay the Musitians, SIRRHA: farewell Hostesse, farewell Dol. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vnderdeseruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst- Well (sweete lacke) haue a care of thy



selfe

Falst. Farewell, farewell.  
Enter.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee  
these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an  
honester, and truer-hearted man- Well, fare thee  
well

Bard. Mistris Teare-sheet

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris Teare-sheet come to my Master

Host. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:  
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,  
And well consider of them: make good speed.  
Enter.

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects  
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,  
Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,  
And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?  
Why rather (Sleepe) lyst thou in smoakie Cribs,  
Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,  
And huisht with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber,  
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?  
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?  
O thou dull God, why lyst thou with the vilde,  
In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,  
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?  
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,  
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,  
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,  
And in the visitation of the Windes,  
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,  
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?  
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose  
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:  
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,  
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,  
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,  
Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)  
Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,  
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,  
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good aduice, and little Medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,  
And see the reuolution of the Times

Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent  
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe

Into the Sea: and other Times, to see

The beachie Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for Neptunes hippes; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,

This Percie was the man, neerest my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,

And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:

Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard

Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by

(You Cousin Neuil, as I may remember)

When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,

(Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)

Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My Cousin Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne:

(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no such intent,

But that necessitie so bow'd the State,

That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)

The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)

The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,

Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,

Fore-telling this same Times Condition,

And the diuision of our Amitie

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,

Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:

The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie

With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,

As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes

And weake beginnings lye entreaured:

Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;

And by the necessarie forme of this,  
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,  
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,  
Vnlesse on you

King. Are these things then Necessities?  
Then let vs meete them like Necessities;  
And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:  
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland  
Are fiftie thousand strong

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)  
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,  
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace  
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)  
The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue sent forth,  
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd  
A certaine instance, that Glendour is dead.  
Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill,  
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde  
Vnto your Sicknesse

King. I will take your counsaile:  
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,  
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

#### Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble,  
Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your  
Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by  
the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?  
Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?  
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter  
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)  
Shal. By yea and nay, Sir. I dare say my Cousin William  
is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee  
not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I  
was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will  
talke of mad Shallow yet

Sil. You were call'd lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)  
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done

any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little Iohn Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bare, and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squele a Cotsal-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Bona-Roba's were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was Iacke Falstaffe (now Sir Iohn) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolke

Sil. This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir Iohn, the very same: I saw him breake Scoggan's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne.

Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shoote. Iohn of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds

Shal. And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir Iohn Falstaffes Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:

What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir Iohn Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,  
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is  
it: good phrases are surely, and euery where very commendable.  
Accommodated, it comes of Accommodo:  
very good, a good Phrase

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase  
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but  
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a  
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good  
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is  
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being  
whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an  
excellent thing.  
Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir  
Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good  
hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares  
very well. Welcome, good Sir Iohn

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M[aster]. Robert Shallow:  
Master Sure-card as I thinke?

Shal. No sir Iohn, it is my Cosin Silence: in Commission  
with mee

Fal. Good M[aster]. Silence, it well befits you should be of  
the peace

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you  
prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's  
the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so:  
yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appeare as I call:  
let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is  
Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you

Shal. What thinke you (Sir Iohn) a good limb'd fellow:  
yong, strong, and of good friends

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, if it please you

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie,  
lacke vse: very singular good. Well saide Sir Iohn,  
very well said

Fal. Pricke him

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I

Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie, it is time you were spent

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir Iohn: Let me see: Simon Shadow

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to be a cold souldier

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Heere sir

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir

Falst. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance

Shal. Do you like him, sir Iohn?

Falst. Shadow will serue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-Booke

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir

Falst. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea sir

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,  
Sir Iohn?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick him no more

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble

Feeble. Heere sir

Shal. What Trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had been a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can haue no more

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master Shallow, deepe Maister Shallow

Feeble. I would Wart might haue gone sir

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible Feeble

Feeble. It shall suffice

Falst. I am bound to thee, reuerend Feeble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene

Falst. Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalfe

Bul. Heere sir

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, prick me Bulcalfe till he roare againe

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine

Fal. What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, sir

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master Shallow

Shal. O sir Iohn, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S[aint]. Georges Field

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master Shallow: No more of that

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is Iane Nightworke aliue?

Fal. She liues, M[aster]. Shallow

Shal. She neuer could away with me

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could not abide M[aster]. Shallow

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well

Fal. Old, old, M[aster]. Shallow

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old: certaine shee's old: and had Robin Night-worke, by old Night-worke, before I came to Clements Inne

Sil. That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe

Shal. Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir Iohn, said I well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master Shallow

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir Iohn, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyces. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come

Bul. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much

Bard. Go-too: stand aside

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir

Bard. Go-too: stand aside

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next



Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to  
free Mouldie and Bull-calfe

Falst. Go-too: well

Shal. Come, sir Iohn, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me

Shal. Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calfe, Feeble, and  
Shadow

Falst. Mouldie, and Bull-calfe: for you Mouldie, stay  
at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull-calfe,  
grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you

Shal. Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they  
are your likeliest men, and I would haue you seru'd with  
the best

Falst. Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse  
a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature,  
bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the  
spirit (Master Shallow.) Where's Wart? you see what  
a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and  
discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer:  
come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on  
the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow,  
Shadow, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the  
Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at  
the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly  
will this Feeble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue  
me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a  
Calyuer into Warts hand, Bardolph

Bard. Hold Wart, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so: very well,  
go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes  
a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said Wart, thou  
art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe  
it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay  
at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthurs  
Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would  
manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about,  
and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah,  
tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and  
away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come:

I shall neuer see such a fellow

Falst. These fellowes will doe well, Master Shallow.  
Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many wordes with  
you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you:  
I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, giue the Souldiers  
Coates

Shal. Sir Iohn, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your  
Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit  
my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure  
I will with you to the Court

Falst. I would you would, Master Shallow

Shal. Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you  
well.  
Enter.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph,  
leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off  
these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice Shallow.  
How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying?

This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but  
prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the  
Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and eue-  
ry third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the  
Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne,  
like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When  
hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked  
Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a  
Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to  
any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very  
Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of  
the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a  
Squire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn of Gaunt, as if  
hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne  
hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he  
burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men.

I saw it, and told Iohn of Gaunt, hee beat his owne  
Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Apparrell  
into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoeboy  
was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath  
hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with  
him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make  
him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young  
Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the  
Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape,  
and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland,  
Coleuile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?  
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forrest, and't shall please your  
Grace

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth,  
To know the numbers of our Enemies

Hast. Wee haue sent forth alreadie

Bish. 'Tis well done.  
My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)  
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd  
New-dated Letters from Northumberland:  
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.  
Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers  
As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,  
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon  
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,  
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,  
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,  
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite

Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,  
And dash themselues to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?  
Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:  
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number  
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand

Mow. The iust proportion that we gaue them out.  
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?  
Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,  
The Prince, Lord Iohn, and Duke of Lancaster

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:  
What doth concerne your comming?

West. Then (my Lord)  
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse  
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion  
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,  
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,  
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:  
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,  
In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,  
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)  
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme  
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,  
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,

Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,  
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,  
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,  
Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,  
The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.  
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,  
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,  
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?  
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,  
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine  
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.

Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,  
And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,  
Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,  
And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,  
Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.  
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)  
I take not on me here as a Physician,  
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,  
Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:  
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,  
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,  
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.  
I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,  
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.  
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,  
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,  
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes  
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;  
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,  
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:  
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,  
Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,  
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.  
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,  
Whose memorie is written on the Earth  
With yet appearing blood; and the examples  
Of euery Minutes instance (present now)  
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:  
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,  
But to establish here a Peace indeede,  
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?

Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?  
What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,  
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke  
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,  
I make my Quarrell, in particular

West. There is no neede of any such redresse:

Or if there were, it not belongs to you

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,  
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,  
And suffer the Condition of these Times  
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord Mowbray,  
Construe the Times to their Necessities,  
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,  
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.  
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,  
Either from the King, or in the present Time,  
That you should haue an ynch of any ground  
To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd  
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,  
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?  
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,  
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?  
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,  
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:  
And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee  
Being mounted, and both rowsed in their Seates,  
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,  
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,  
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,  
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:  
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd  
My Father from the Breast of Bullingbrooke;  
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,  
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)  
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,  
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,  
Haue since mis-carried vnder Bullingbrooke

West. You speak (Lord Mowbray) now you know not what.  
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant Gentleman.  
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?  
But if your Father had beene Victor there,  
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.  
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,  
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,  
Were set on Herford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.  
But this is meere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our Princely Generall,  
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,  
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein  
It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,  
You shall enjoy them, euery thing set off,  
That might so much as thinke you Enemies

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,  
And it procedes from Pollicy, not Loue

West. Mowbray, you ouer-weene to take it so:  
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.

For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,  
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident  
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.  
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,  
Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,  
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;  
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.  
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:  
A rotten Case abides no handling

Hast. Hath the Prince Iohn a full Commission,  
In very ample vertue of his Father,  
To heare, and absolutely to determine  
Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

West. That is intended in the Generals Name:  
I muse you make so slight a Question

Bish. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,  
For this containes our generall Grieuances:  
Each seuerall Article herein redress'd,  
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,  
That are insinewed to this Action,  
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,  
And present execution of our wills,  
To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,  
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,  
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,  
In sight of both our Battailes, wee may meete  
At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame,  
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,  
Which must decide it

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,  
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace  
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,  
As our Conditions shall consist vpon,  
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,  
That euey slight, and false-deriued Cause,  
Yea, euey idle, nice, and wanton Reason,  
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:  
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,  
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,  
That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,  
And good from bad finde no partition

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie  
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances:  
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,  
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.  
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,  
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,  
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,  
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,  
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,  
As his mis-doubts present occasion:  
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,  
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,  
Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this Land, like an offensiue wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,  
And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,  
That was vprear'd to execution

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,  
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke  
The very Instruments of Chastisement:  
So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion  
May offer, but not hold

Bish. 'Tis very true:  
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)  
If we do now make our attonement well,  
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)  
Grow stronger, for the breaking

Mow. Be it so:  
Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.  
Enter Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship  
To meet his Grace, iust distance 'tweene our Armies?  
Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then  
forward

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.  
Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are wel encountred here (my cosin Mowbray)  
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,  
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.  
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,  
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)  
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence  
Your exposition on the holy Text,  
Then now to see you heere an Iron man  
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,  
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:  
That man that sits within a Monarches heart,  
And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor,  
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,  
Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroad,

In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,  
It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,  
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?  
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;  
To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:  
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,  
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;  
And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeeue,  
But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,  
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,  
As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name,  
In deedes dis-honorable? You haue taken vp,  
Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,  
The Subjects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,  
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,  
Haue here vp-swarmed them

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:  
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)  
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence  
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,  
To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace  
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,  
The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:  
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,  
With graunt of our most iust and right desires;  
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,  
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,  
To the last man

Hast. And though wee here fall downe,  
Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:  
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.  
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,  
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,  
Whiles England shall haue generation

Iohn. You are too shallow (Hastings)  
Much too shallow,  
To sound the bottome of the after-Times

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,  
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:  
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,  
My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,  
And some, about him, haue too lauishly  
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.  
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:  
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,  
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,



Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,  
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,  
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:  
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie  
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:  
I know, it will well please them.  
High thee Captaine.  
Enter.

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland

West. I pledge your Grace:  
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,  
To breede this present Peace,  
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,  
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter

Bish. I doe not doubt you

West. I am glad of it.  
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,  
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,  
But heuinesse fore-runnes the good euent

West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow  
Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow

Bish. Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how  
they showt

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither partie looser

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)  
And let our Army be discharged too:  
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines  
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men  
Enter.

Wee should haue coap'd withall

Bish. Goe, good Lord Hastings:  
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.  
Enter.

Iohn. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.  
Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?  
West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,  
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake

Iohn. They know their duties.  
Enter Hastings.

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:  
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course  
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,  
Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place

West. Good tidings (my Lord Hastings) for the which,  
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:  
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mowbray,  
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redesse of these same Grieuances  
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,  
I will performe, with a most Christian care.

But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due  
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,  
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.  
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,  
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are  
you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale

Falst. Well then, Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is  
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Colleuile shall  
still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon  
your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be  
still Colleuile of the Dale

Col. Are not you Sir Iohn Falstaffe?

Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obseruance to my mercy

Col. I thinke you are Sir Iohn Falstaffe, & in that thought yeeld me

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.  
Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.

Iohn. The heat is past, follow no farther now:  
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.  
Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?  
When euery thing is ended, then you come.  
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)  
One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came

Iohn. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deseruing

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Colleuile kissing my foot:) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount

Iohn. Thine's too heaue to mount

Falst. Let it shine then

Iohn. Thine's too thick to shine

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may  
doe me good, and call it what you will

Iohn. Is thy Name Colleuile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, Colleuile

Falst. And a famous true Subject tooke him

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,  
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,  
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue

Falst. I know not how they sold themselues, but thou  
like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke  
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd

Iohn. Send Colleuile, with his Confederates,  
To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Colleuile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,  
Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:  
And wee with sober speede will follow you

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe  
through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,  
stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report

Iohn. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,  
Shall better speake of you, then you deserue.

Enter.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better  
then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded

Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot  
make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no  
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come  
to any prooffe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole  
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they  
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sickness: and then,  
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally  
Foolles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,  
but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold  
operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes  
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,  
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue,  
full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which  
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the

Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and settled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potations, and to addict themselues to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone

Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd. Our Nauie is addressed, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested, And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish; Onely wee want a little personall Strength: And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot, Come vnderneath the yoake of Government

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall soone enjoy

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?  
Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (Thomas.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,  
Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,  
Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd:

Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,

When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselues with working. Learne this Thomas,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnited Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Pointz, and other his continuall followers

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieffe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) th' vnguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,  
When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;  
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye  
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?  
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:  
The Prince but studies his Companions,  
Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,  
'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word  
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,  
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,  
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,  
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memorie  
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,  
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,  
Turning past-euills to aduantages

King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe  
In the dead Carrion.  
Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? Westmerland?  
West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse  
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.  
Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:  
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and all,  
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.  
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,  
But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where:  
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,  
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,  
With euery course, in his particular

King. O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,  
Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings  
The lifting vp of day.  
Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:  
And when they stand against you, may they fall,  
As those that I am come to tell you of.  
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,  
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne:  
The manner, and true order of the fight,  
This Packet (please it you) containes at large

King. And wherefore should these good newes  
Make me sicke?  
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,  
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?  
Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,  
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,  
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,  
That haue abundance, and enjoy it not.)

I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,  
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.  
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke  
vp

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits  
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.  
Stand from him, giue him ayre:  
Hee'le straight be well

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,  
Th' incessant care, and labour of his Minde,  
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,  
So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue  
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:  
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere  
Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:  
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)  
Say it did so, a little time before  
That our great Grand-sire Edward sick'd, and dy'de

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence  
Into some other Chamber: softly 'pray.  
Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)  
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand  
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.  
Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauienesse

P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none  
abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill



P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?  
Tell it him

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it

P.Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy,  
Hee'le recouer without Physicke

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)  
Sweet Prince speake lowe,  
The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome

War. Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P.Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.  
Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,  
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!  
That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,  
To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,  
Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,  
As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)  
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!  
When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit  
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,  
That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,  
There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:  
Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne  
Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,  
This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,  
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd  
So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is Teares, and heaueie Sorrowes of the Blood,  
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,  
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.  
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,  
Which (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood)  
Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,  
Which Heauen shall guard:  
And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,  
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.  
This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,  
As 'tis left to me.  
Enter.

Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your  
Grace?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)

Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)  
Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee  
see him

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee  
stayd

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my  
Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it  
heere

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:  
Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose  
My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)  
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes  
With my disease, and helps to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:  
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,  
When Gold becomes her Obiect?

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers  
Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,  
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp  
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:  
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inuest  
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:  
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower  
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,  
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;  
And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,  
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,  
Till his Friend Sickness hath determin'd me?  
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,  
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,  
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,  
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,  
Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife  
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?  
Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)  
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.  
Enter.

P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe

King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:  
I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,  
That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,  
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!  
Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee.  
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie  
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,  
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.  
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres  
Were thine, without offence: and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.  
Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,  
And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,  
To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.  
What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?  
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,  
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare  
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse  
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:  
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.  
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:  
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;  
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.  
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,  
Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsailors, hence:  
And to the English Court, assemble now  
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlennesse.  
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:  
Haue you a Ruffian that will sweare? drinke? dance?  
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit  
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.  
England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:  
For the Fift Harry, from curb'd License pluckes  
The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge  
Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.  
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)  
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,  
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?  
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,  
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.)  
Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)  
But for my Teares,  
The most Impediments vnto my Speech,  
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,  
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,  
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,  
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,  
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,  
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,  
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit  
Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending.  
Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,

And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,  
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,  
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,  
And neuer liue, to shew th' incredulous World,  
The Noble change that I haue purposed.  
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)  
I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)  
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,  
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,  
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.  
Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious,  
Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:  
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,  
Hast eate the Bearer vp.  
Thus (my Royall Liege)  
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,  
To try with it (as with an Enemie,  
That had before my face murdred my Father)  
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,  
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,  
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,  
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,  
Giue entertainment to the might of it,  
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,  
And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,  
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it

King. O my Sonne!  
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,  
That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,  
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.  
Come hither Harrie, sit thou by my bedde,  
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell  
That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)  
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes  
I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well  
How troublesome it sate vpon my head.  
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,  
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:  
For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes  
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,  
But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,  
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide  
My gaine of it, by their Assistances,  
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,  
Wounding supposed Peace.  
All these bold Feares,  
Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:  
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene  
Acting that argument. And now my death  
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,  
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayer sort.  
So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuelly.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,  
Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:

And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends  
Hauē but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,  
By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,  
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare  
To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,  
I cut them off: and had a purpose now  
To leade out many to the Holy Land;  
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke  
Too neere vnto my State.

Therefore (my Harrie)

Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes  
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former dayes.  
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of Speech it vtterly deni'de mee.  
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:  
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue

Prince. My gracious Liege:

You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,  
Then plaine and right must my possession be;  
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,  
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.  
Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,  
Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster:  
Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,  
To my Royall Father

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace  
(Sonne Iohn:)  
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne  
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight  
My worldly businesse makes a period.  
Where is my Lord of Warwicke?  
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke

King. Doth any name particular, belong  
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?  
War. 'Tis call'd Ierusalem, my Noble Lord

King. Laud be to heauen:  
Euen there my life must end.  
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,  
I should not dye, but in Ierusalem:  
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.  
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:  
In that Ierusalem, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Daue.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.  
What Dauy, I say

Fal. You must excuse me, M[aster]. Robert Shallow

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.  
Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall  
serue: you shall not be excus'd.  
Why Dauie

Dauie. Heere sir

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see (Dauy) let me see:  
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir Iohn, you shall  
not be excus'd

Dauy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee  
seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with  
Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate Dauy. But for William Cook:  
are there no yong Pigeons?

Dauy. Yes Sir.  
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,  
And Plough-Irons

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir Iohn, you shall  
not be excus'd

Dauy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee  
had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of Williams  
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at Hinckley  
Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:  
Some Pigeons Dauy, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a  
ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes,  
tell William Cooke

Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

Shal. Yes Dauy:  
I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a  
penny in purse. Vse his men well Dauy, for they are arrant  
Knaues, and will backe-bite

Dauy. No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they  
haue maruellous fowle linnen

Shallow. Well conceited Dauy: about thy Businesse,  
Dauy

Dauy. I beseech you sir,  
To countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement  
Perkes of the hill

Shal. There are many Complaints Dauy, against that  
Visor, that Visor is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge

Dauy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue (Sir:)

But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshipp truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd

Shal. Go too,  
I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about Dauy.  
Where are you Sir Iohn? Come, off with your Boots.  
Giue me your hand M[aster]. Bardolfe

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master  
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:  
Come Sir Iohn

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.  
Bardolfe, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into  
Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded  
Hermites staues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull  
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,  
and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues  
like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is  
turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are  
so married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society,  
that they flocke together in consent, like so many  
Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster Shallow, I  
would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing  
neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with  
Maister Shallow, that no man could better command his  
Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant  
Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of  
another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie.

I will deuse matter enough out of this Shallow, to  
keepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing  
out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions,  
and he shall laugh with Interuallums. O it is much  
that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde  
brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache  
in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face  
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp

Shal. Sir Iohn

Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whether  
away?

Ch.Iust. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares  
Are now, all ended

Ch.Iust. I hope, not dead

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,  
And to our purposes, he liues no more

Ch.Iust. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,  
The seruice, that I truly did his life,  
Hath left me open to all iniuries

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not

Ch.Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe  
To welcome the condition of the Time,  
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,  
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.  
Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead Harrie:  
O, that the liuing Harrie had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:  
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,  
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?  
Ch.Iust. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd

Iohn. Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cosin

Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake

War. We do remember: but our Argument  
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke

Ioh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy  
Ch.Iust. Peace be with vs, least we be heauier

Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:  
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne

Iohn. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,  
You stand in coldest expectation.  
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise

Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,  
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality

Ch.Iust. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,  
Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,  
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge  
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.



If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,  
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,  
And tell him, who hath sent me after him

War. Heere comes the Prince.  
Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Iust. Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty  
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,  
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.  
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:  
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:  
Not Amurah, an Amurah succeeds,  
But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad (good Brothers)  
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:  
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,  
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,  
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,  
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)  
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.  
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)  
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:  
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;  
But weepe that Harrie's dead, and so will I.  
But Harry liues, that shall conuert those Teares  
By number, into houres of Happinesse

Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Maiesty

Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,  
You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not

Ch.Iust. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)  
Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee

Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget  
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?  
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison  
Th' immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch.Iust. I then did vse the Person of your Father:  
The Image of his power, lay then in me,  
And in th' administration of his Law,  
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,  
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,  
The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,  
The Image of the King, whom I presented,  
And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:  
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)  
I gaue bold way to my Authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,  
To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?  
To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?  
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword  
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?  
Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,

And mocke your workings, in a Second body?  
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:  
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:  
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,  
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;  
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:  
And then imagine me, taking your part,  
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:  
After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,  
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie

Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:  
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:  
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,  
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:  
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,  
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;  
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,  
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,  
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:  
For which, I do commit into your hand,  
Th' vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:  
With this Remembrance; That you vse the same  
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit  
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,  
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:  
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,  
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,  
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.  
And Princes all, beleue me, I beseech you:  
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,  
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)  
And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,  
To mocke the expectation of the World;  
To frustrate Prophetes, and to race out  
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe  
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,  
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.  
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,  
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.  
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,  
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,  
That the great Body of our State may go  
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,  
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,  
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.  
Our Coronation done, we will accite  
(As I before remembred) all our State,  
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)  
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,  
Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come Cosin Silence, and then to bed

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggers all  
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread Dauey, spread Daue:  
Well said Daue

Falst. This Daue serues you for good vses: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet,  
Sir Iohn: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A  
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come  
Cosin

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,  
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie  
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie  
Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among  
so merrily

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M[aster]. Silence, Ile giue  
you a health for that anon

Shal. Good M[aster]. Bardolfe: some wine, Daue

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete  
sir, sit. Master Page, good M[aster]. Page, sit: Proface. What  
you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,  
the heart's all

Shal. Be merry M[aster]. Bardolfe, and my little Souldiour  
there, be merry

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.  
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:  
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;  
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry

Fal. I did not thinke M[aster]. Silence had bin a man of this  
Mettle

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere  
now

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you

Shal. Daue

Dau. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup  
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke  
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a

Fal. Well said, M[aster]. Silence

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of  
the night

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M[aster]. Silence

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a  
mile to the bottome

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want'st any  
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my  
little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to  
M[aster]. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileroes about London

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die

Bar. If I might see you there, Daue

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not  
M[aster]. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I  
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.  
Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo. Is't  
not so?

Fal. 'Tis so

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat

Dau. If it please your Worshipp, there's one Pistoll  
come from the Court with newes

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.  
Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pist. Sir Iohn, 'saue you sir

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,  
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in  
the Realme

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman Puffe of  
Barson

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward  
base. Sir Iohn, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter  
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and  
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of  
price

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this  
World

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,  
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?  
Let King Couitha know the truth thereof

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn

Pist. Shall dunghill Cures confront the Hellicons?  
And shall good newes be baffel'd?  
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe

Shal. Honest Gentleman,  
I know not your breeding

Pist. Why then Lament therefore

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.  
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there  
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale  
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority

Pist. Vnder which King?  
Bezonian, speake, or dye

Shal. Vnder King Harry

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?  
Shal. Harry the Fourth

Pist. A footra for thine Office.  
Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,  
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.  
When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like  
The bragging Spaniard

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.  
The things I speake, are iust

Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse,

Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt  
In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee  
With Dignities

Bard. O ioyfull day:  
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune

Pist. What? I do bring good newes

Fal. Carrie Master Silence to bed: Master Shallow, my  
Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.  
Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll:  
Away Bardolfe: Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and  
withall deuisse something to do thy selfe good. Boote,  
boote Master Shallow, I know the young King is sick for  
mee. Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of England  
are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which  
haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe  
Iustice

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:  
Where is the life that late I led, say they?  
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,  
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my  
shoulder out of ioynt

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:  
and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant  
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about  
her

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile  
tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the  
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better  
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine

Host. O that Sir Iohn were come, hee would make  
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite  
of her Wombe might miscarry

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions  
again, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you  
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll  
beate among you

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I  
will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blewBottel'd  
Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you  
be not swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come

Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel  
of sufferance, comes ease

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:  
Bring me to a Iustice

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:  
Come you Rascall

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1.Groo. More Rushes, more Rushes

2.Groo. The Trumpets haue sounded twice

1.Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come  
from the Coronation.

Exit Groo.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M[aster]. Robert Shallow, I will  
make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as  
he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee  
will giue me

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight

Falst. Come heere Pistol, stand behind me. O if I had  
had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue bestowed  
the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is  
no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre  
the zeale I had to see him

Shal. It doth so

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection

Pist. It doth so

Fal. My deuotion

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,  
And not to deliberate, not to remember,  
Not to haue patience to shift me

Shal. It is most certaine

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating  
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting  
all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee  
done, but to see him

Pist. 'Tis semper idem: for obsque hoc nihil est. 'Tis all  
in euery part

Shal. 'Tis so indeed

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and  
make thee rage. Thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoghts  
is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither  
by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe  
Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for  
Dol is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth

Fal. I will deliuer her

Pistol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour  
sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord  
Chiefe  
Iustice.

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall

Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall  
Impe of Fame

Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine  
man

Ch.Iust. Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Loue; I speake to thee, my heart

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:  
How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:

But being awake, I do despise my dreame.

Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,  
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape



For thee, thrice wider then for other men.  
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,  
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,  
For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)  
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,  
So will I those that kept me Companie.  
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't  
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:  
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,  
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,  
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.  
For competence of life, I will allow you,  
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:  
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,  
We will according to your strength, and qualities,  
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)  
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound

Shal. I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me  
haue home with me

Fal. That can hardly be, M[aster]. Shallow, do not you grieue  
at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you,  
he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement:  
I will be the man yet, that shall make you great

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should  
giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I  
beseech you, good Sir Iohn, let mee haue fiue hundred of  
my thousand

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you  
heard, was but a colour

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye in, Sir Iohn

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:  
Come Lieutenant Pistol, come Bardolfe,  
I shall be sent for soone at night

Ch.Iust. Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete,  
Take all his Company along with him

Fal. My Lord, my Lord

Ch.Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:  
Take them away

Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

Exit. Manent Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:  
He hath intent his wonted Followers  
Shall all be very well prouided for:  
But all are banisht, till their conuersations  
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world

Ch.Iust. And so they are

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,  
My Lord

Ch.Iust. He hath

Iohn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,  
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire  
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,  
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.  
Come, will you hence?

Exeunt.

FINIS.  
EPILOGVE.

First, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech.  
My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie:  
And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a  
good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is  
of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will  
(I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose,  
and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very  
well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray  
your  
Patien for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to  
pay you with  
thi which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake;  
and you,  
my Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I  
commit my Bodie  
to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as  
most Debtors d  
promise you infinitely.  
If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command  
me to vse  
my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of  
your debt:  
But  
a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so  
will I. All  
the  
heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the  
Gentlemen  
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene  
before, in such an  
As  
One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with  
Fat Meate,

our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and  
make yo

merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I  
know) Fals  
shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard  
Opinions:

For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue  
is wearie  
when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele  
downe before  
yo  
But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Rumour the Presentor.  
King Henry the Fourth.  
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.  
Prince Iohn of Lancaster.  
Humphrey of Gloucester.  
Thomas of Clarence.  
Sonnnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.  
Northumberland.  
The Arch Byshop of Yorke.  
Mowbray.  
Hastings.  
Lord Bardolfe.  
Trauers.  
Morton.  
Coleuile.  
Opposites against King Henrie the  
Fourth.  
Warwicke.  
Westmerland.  
Surrey.  
Gowre.  
Harecourt.  
Lord Chiefe Iustice.  
Of the Kings  
Partie.  
Shallow.  
Silence.  
Both Country  
Iustices.  
Dauiel, Seruant to Shallow.  
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants  
Mouldie.  
Shadow.  
Wart.  
Feeble.  
Bullcalfe.  
Country Soldiers  
Pointz.  
Falstaffe.  
Bardolphe.

Pistoll.  
Peto.  
Page.  
Irregular  
Humorists.  
Drawers  
Beadles.  
Groomes  
Northumberlands Wife.  
Percies Widdow.  
Hostesse Quickly.  
Doll Teare-sheete.

Epilogue. The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his  
Death: and  
the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

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