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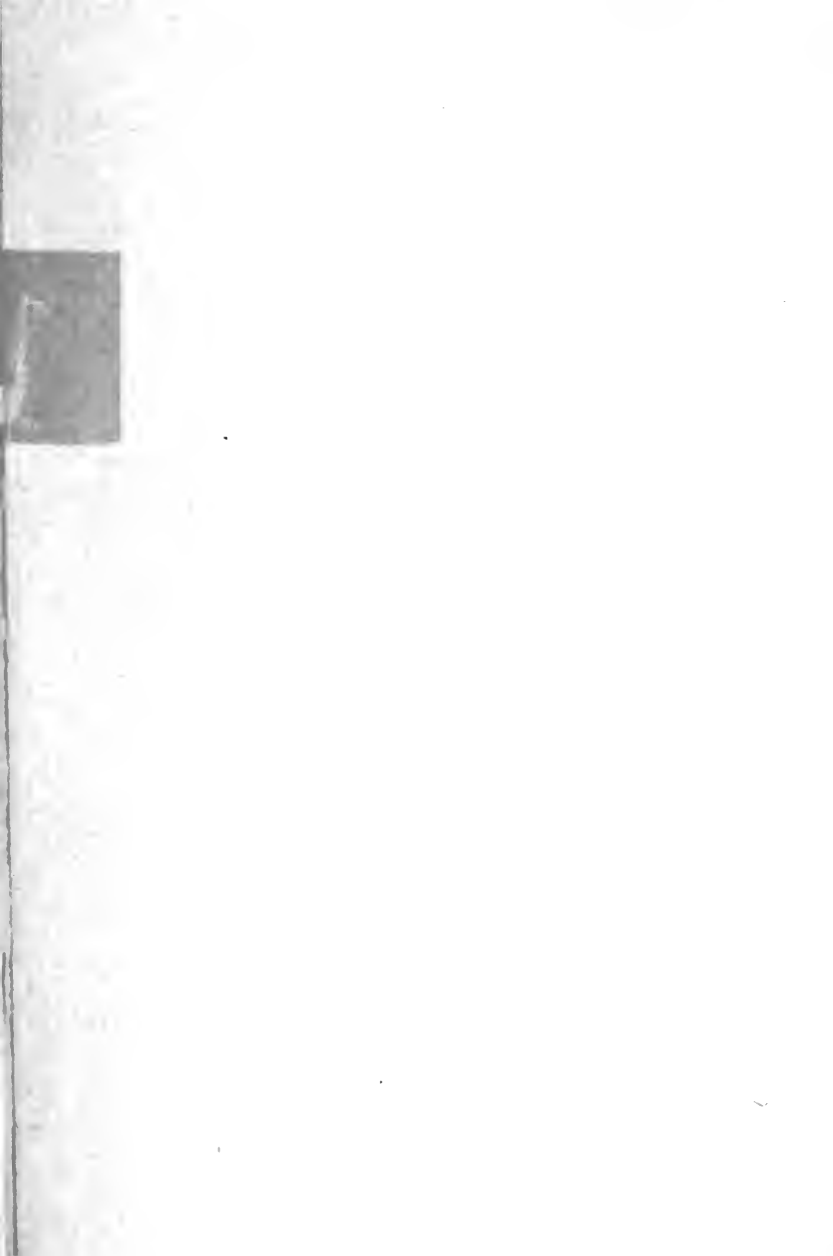






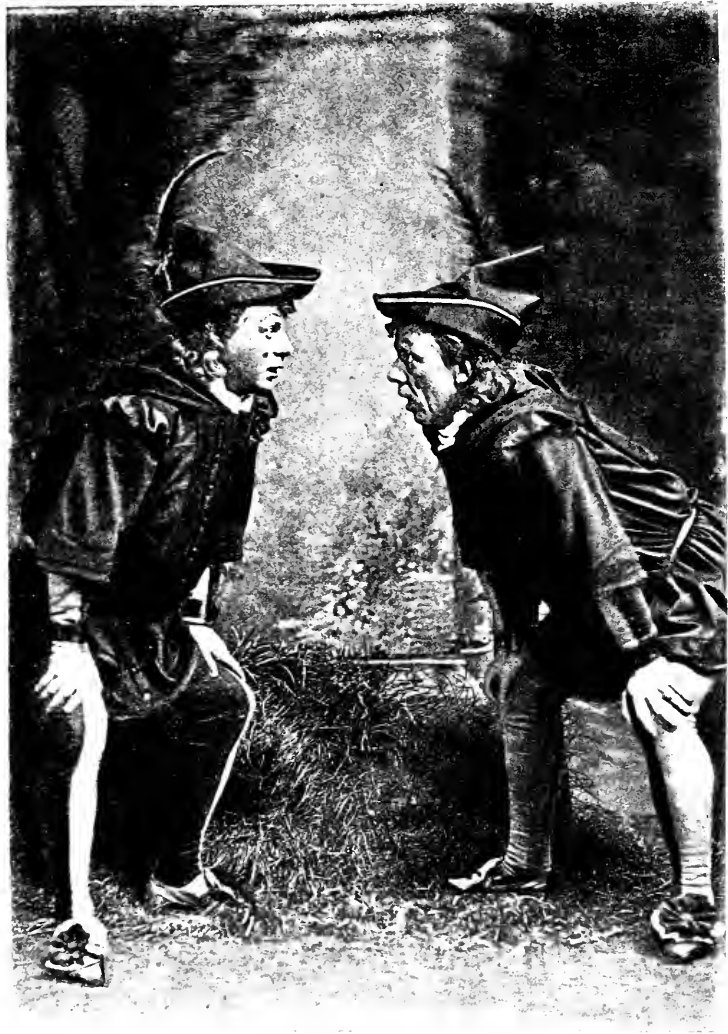
THE DR. JOHNSON EDITION.

The Complete Works of Shakespeare.



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A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. CAROBY

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT V, SCENE I

THE DR. JOHNSON EDITION.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

WITH LIFE, COMPENDIUM, AND
CONCORDANCE.

Illustrated with Fifty Photogravures.



VOL. III.

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, } *Twin Brothers, and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, } *ÆGEON and ÆMILIA, but*
unknown to each other.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, } *on the two ANTIPHOLUSES*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to ÆGEON, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—EPHEBUS.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the DUKE'S Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twi'xt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,—
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.—
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks:
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort,—when your words are done.
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause

Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou can'st to Ephesus.

Ege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable!
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And he,—great care of goods at random left,—
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself,—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arriv'd where I was.
There she had not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.

And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd
Two ships from far making amain to us,—
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!—
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and impórtun'd me
That his attendant,—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.—

There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.—
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit DROMIO S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you until bed-time :
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, failing there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell—

My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
 She is so hot because the meat is cold ;
 The meat is cold because you come not home ;
 You come not home because you have no stomach ;
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop—in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray ;
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence that I had o' Wednesday last
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;—
 The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now :
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :
 I from my mistress come to you in post :
 If I return, I shall be post indeed ;
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of sea-
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this. [son ;
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. E. To me, sir ? why, you gave no gold to me !

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave ; have done your foolishness
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
 Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner :
 My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
 In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;
 Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
 That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :
 Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
 Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
 But not a thousand marks between you both.—
 If I should pay your worship those again,
 Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave, hast
 thou ?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix ;
 She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
 And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [hands

[*Exit DROMIO E.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords:
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause:

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:—
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my
 two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his
 mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his
 meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel
 his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce
 understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
 It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark-
 When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, [mad.
 He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd;* *My gold,* quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress:*
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again! and be new beaten home?
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
 That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
 If I last in this service you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That 's not my fault, he's master of my state:
 What ruins are in me that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures: my decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair;
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
 I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
 Or else what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
 That others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what 's left away, and, weeping, die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
 By computation and mine host's report
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half-an-hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is
 earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
 And make a common of my serious hours.
 When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beans.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering,
I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I
must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else
I shall seek my wit in my shoulders.—But, I pray sir, why
am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why
hath a wherefore,—

Ant. S. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor
reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me
for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing
for something.—But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me an-
other dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time:
There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that before you were so
choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald
pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair,
that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the
lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and, therefore, to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was, once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and, therefore, see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with
 you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner;—Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, DROMIO OF EPHEBUS,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down.
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I knew:
That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass. [*cheer*]

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God, our
May answer my good-will and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome
dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish.
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest. But though my cates be mean, take them in good part; Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. But, soft; my door is lock'd: go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen!

Dro. S. [*within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch: Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio. [my name;

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place, Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name; or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold: It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee: I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so:

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife,—but, I protest, without desert,—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home
And fetch the chain: by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinatè?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
 Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
 Shame hath a bastard-fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us:
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know
 Nor by what wonder do you hit on mine,— [not,
 Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show not
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe :

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears :

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death that hath such means to die :—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee :

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife ;

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O soft, sir, hold you still ;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit LUCIANA.*]

*Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS,
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ? where run'st thou so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ? am I your man ? am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man ? and how beside thyself ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse: and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean?—a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe; but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America—the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia,—the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low.—To conclude, this drudge or diviner laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [Exit

Ant. S. What I should think of this I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage;
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of doors by day.—
But, soft; I see the goldsmith: get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[Exit DROMIO.

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;

But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chained together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which does amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me: the chain,—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now:
Either send the chain or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half-an-hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:

Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer:—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Mer., ANG., Off., and ANT. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had him in no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still:

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away:

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse: sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
 A wolf—nay worse, a fellow all in buff;
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;
 One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter? [case.

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
 But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell:
 Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in
 the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at, [Exit LUC.
 That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
 A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.
 It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns
 back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou
 reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than
 he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say
 That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
 If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
 Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
 And bring thy master home immediately.—
 Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;
 Conceit my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me, some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
 Some offer me commodities to buy:
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.

What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir,—the sergeant of the band: he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;

And here we wander in illusions:
 Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.

Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse—she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, *God damn me*—that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail, A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain: I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats.

And for the same he promis'd me a chain;

Both one and other he denies me now:

The reason that I gather he is mad,—

Besides this present instance of his rage,—

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Relike his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
 My ring away: this course I fittest choose,
 For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
 And will not lightly trust the messenger
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.
 How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I
 return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not
 feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is
 an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed: you may prove it by my
 long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity
 to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my ser-
 vice but blows: when I am cold he heats me with beating;
 when I am warm he cools me with beating. I am waked
 with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven
 out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed
 home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders

as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH, and others.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did: the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dronio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might,
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to—
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [day?—

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[PINCH and Assistants bind ANT. E. and DRO. E.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, [mad?

Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E. and DRO. E.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now, —

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, with his rapier drawn,
and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords: let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Off., ADR., and LUC.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do
us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold:
methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the
mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could
find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town:

Therefore away to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had: I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
T'o walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad:
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing,
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing:
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions
Thereof the raging fire of fever brew;

And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
 But moody and dull melancholy,—
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,—
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast:
 The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of's wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but myself;
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
 Till I have used the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again:
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order;
 Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here;
 And ill it doth beseem your holiness
 To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.

[Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
 And never rise until my tears and prayers
 Have won his grace to come in person hither,
 And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
 Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
 Comes this way to the melancholy vale;

The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou did'st make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abness come to me:
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true:
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him; mistress, fly; be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing. Guard with
halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke; oh, grant me
justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life: even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch;
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man both bound together;
 Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
 That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
 And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
 I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
 You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither:
 I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
 Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
 And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
 Now am I Dromio and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up,

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—

Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so:

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS SYRACUSAN and
DROMIO SYRACUSAN.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:

If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:

But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnum:

What then became of them I cannot tell;

I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:

These two Antipholus's, these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother.—What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir: I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir: I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor till this present hour
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Abb.*, *ÆGE.*, *Cour.*, *Mer.*, *ANG.*,
and Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd!

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* *ANT. S.* and *E.*, *ADR.*, and *LUC.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[Exeunt.]

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *Son to BANQUO.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on MACBETH.*

BOY, *Son to MACDUFF.*

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor. A Soldier.
A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman *attending on LADY MACBETH.*

HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, *and Messengers.*

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE,—*in the end of the Fourth Act, in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND; and chiefly at MACBETH'S Castle.*

MACBETH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALD BAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his pligh, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,—
Worthy to be a rebel—for to that

The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him,—from the Western isles
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,
 Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
 But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell:—
 But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
 They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should
 he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Enter Ross.

Ross.

God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norway banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes-inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd:—*Give*
quoth I:

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.
 I will drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary seven-nights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
 Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine:—
 Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her chappy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow, and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang.

We are sent

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress
me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind [*aside*].—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme [*aside*].—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [*Aside*.
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function

Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance
Without my stir. [may crown me,

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENNOX and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now

Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a
step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed.
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :

It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—INVERNESS. *A Room in MACBETH'S Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be

What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;

Art not without ambition; but without

The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it:*

And that which rather thou dost fear to do

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

And chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M.

Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,

Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. *[Exit Attendant.]*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX,
MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Lobby in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter

MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the
chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—INVERNESS. *Court within the Cast'e.*

Enter BANQUO, preceded by FLEANCE with a torch.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in
heaven;

Their candles are all out:—take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,
Restrain me in the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.
Who's there?

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that business,
 If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
 It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir ; the like to you !

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant*]
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee :—
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still ;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—
Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
Murder!

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen,* the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen*?
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more*:
Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd s'leep: and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
You do unbend your noble strength to think [thane,
So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber,
 A little water clears us of this deed:
 How easy is it then! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking within.*] **Hark!**
 more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
 And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
 [*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand

to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I requited him for his life ; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir !

Macb. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. *[Exit MACDUFF]*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death ;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee !

Macb., Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt MACB. and LEN.*]

Awake! awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell:—murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! [*Alarum-bell rings*]

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Re-enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't?
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal.

O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious.
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Dov. To Ireland I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mai. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp;
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses,—a thing most strange and
certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu!—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FORRES. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on the made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King: Lady MACBETH as Queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous, —
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. —

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[*Exeunt Lady MACB., Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.]

To be thus is nothing;
 But to be safely thus:—our fears in Banquo
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
 Who wrought them, and all things else that might
 To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
 Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

1 Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd.

To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1 *Mur.*

We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs : the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it ;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.*

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.*

And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life, on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb.

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur.

True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love ;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.*

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.*

Though our lives--

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't ; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought
That I require a clearness : and with him,—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight : abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making ;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on ? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard : what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it ;
She'll close and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;

Gently my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
 Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
 Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
 Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
 The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck.
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood:
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.—
 Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
 So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the 'lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies. FLEANCE escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.
A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords,
and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts
thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's
good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. *[Exit Murderer.]*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making.
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len.

May't please your highness sit?
 [*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
 MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
 Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
 To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves
 your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake
 Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
 And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
 The fit is momentary; upon a thought
 He will again be well: if much you note him
 You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
 Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one that dare look on that
 Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
 This is the very painting of your fear:
 This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,—
 Impostors to true fear,—would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool. [you?—

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
 If charnel-houses and our graves must send
 Those that we bury back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end; but now they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools: this is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Mach. I do forget:—
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
 Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—
 I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Ghost rises again.

Mach. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide
 thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Mach. What man dare, I dare:
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost disappears.*]

Why, so;—being gone,
 I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
 meeting,
 With most admir'd disorder.

Mach. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and
Question enrages him: at once, good-night:— [worse;
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good-night; and better health
 Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good-night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have
 blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
 Augurs, and understood relations, have
 By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
 There's not a one of them but in his house
 I keep a servant fed. I will to-morrow
 (And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
 More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
 By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
 All causes shall give way: I am in blood
 Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
 Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
 We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting **HECATE.**

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth
 In riddles and affairs of death;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son.
 Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning: thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside.
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprites,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

[*Music and song within: Come away, come away, &c.*

Hark! I'm call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit.*

I *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back
 again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—FORRES. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
 And the right-valiant walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well: and I do think,
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
 As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
 fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
 That, by the help of these,—with Him above
 To ratify the work,—we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,—
 All which we pine for now: and this report
 Hath so exasperate the king that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him !
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron Boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
 2 *Witch.* Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
 3 *Witch.* Harpier cries :—'tis time, 'tis time.
 1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go ;
 In the poison'd entrails throw.—
 Toad, that under the cold stone,
 Days and nights hast thirty-one
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !
All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
 Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.
 2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the caldron boil and bake ;
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,—
 For a charm of powerful trouble :
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble,
All. Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.
 3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangl'd babe
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron.
 For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

[Exit HECATE.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—but one word more,—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in
his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art

Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show!

2 *Witch.* Show!

3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a
glass in his hand; BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!— [hour
Come in, without there.

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—FIFE. *A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS.

Lady Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the
land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
 Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
 I take my leave at once.

[*Exit.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
 The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
 My father is not dead, for all your saying. [set for.]

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet,
 i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must
 be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are
 liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang
 up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But
 how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where to do harm Is often laudable; to do good, sometime Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

1 Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified Where such as thou mayst find him.

1 Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.

1 Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kil'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying Murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III.—ENGLAND. *Before the KING'S Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men, Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,—
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legion
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust; and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'erbear,
 That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
 Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
 We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
 That vulture in you, to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been

The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own: all these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
 No, not to live!—O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare-thee-well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste: but God above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight

No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth:
 Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls [you?
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country, —

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;

Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
 Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
 Of many worthy fellows that were out;
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
 Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort

We are coming thither: gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
 An older and a better soldier none
 That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like! But I have words
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
 Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
 Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe; though the main part
 Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
 That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day

[*Exeunt.*]



W VON KAULBACH, PINX.

HEP-WALKING SCENE.

Macbeth, Act V, Scene 1



ACT V.

SCENE I.—DUNSINANE. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes!

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet

who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good-night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good-night, good doctor.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it need,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—DUNSINANE. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter* MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,—
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—*Macb.*

Geese, villain?

Serv.

Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.*Macb.* Take thy face hence.[*Exit* Servant.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?*Macb.*

What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey.

'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armour. —
How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, — I'll none of it. —
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff : —
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from me. —
Come, sir, despatch. — If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ? Hear'st thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt all except Doctor.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. — *Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate:
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—DUNSINANE. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,
and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane*;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarm-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call 'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune!
 And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarums.

SCENE VIII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,—
 My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
 And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.

Macd. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*
[Exeunt, fighting.]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go of; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:

They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]



KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son: afterwards* KING HENRY III.

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son to* GEFREY, *late Duke of Bretagne, the Elder Brother to* KING JOHN.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the* KING.

ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, *Son to* SIR ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE.

PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to*
KING RICHARD I.

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to* LADY FALCONBRIDGE.

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LOUIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to* KING JOHN.

ELINOR, *Widow of* KING HENRY II., *and Mother to* KING JOHN.

CONSTANCE, *Mother to* ARTHUR.

BLANCH, *Daughter to* ALPHONSO, *King of Castile, and Niece to* KING JOHN.

LADY FALCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the* BASTARD *and* ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* ENGLAND, *and sometimes in* FRANCE.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX,
SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth.
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen prosage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
That might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.
Our abbays and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP,
his bastard Brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge,—
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,—
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:—
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it,—
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? [born,

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whê'r I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a-year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the meantime sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,—
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Falconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say, *Look, where three-farthings goes!*
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother: take you my land, I'll take my chance,
Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bear'st :

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand :
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away !

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !—
I am thy grandam, Richard ; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch ;
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night ;

And have is have, however men do catch ;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Falconbridge ; now hast thou thy desire ;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam,—and come, Richard ; we must speed
For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu : good fortune come to thee !
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all except the BASTARD.*]

A foot of honour better than I was ;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—
Good den, Sir Richard:—God-a-mercy, fellow:—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
For new-made honour doth forget men's names,
'Tis too respective and too sociable

For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess ;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of countries :—*My dear sir,—*

Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—
I shall beseech you—that is question now ;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book :—

O sir, says answer, *at your best command ;*
At your employment ; at your service, sir:—
No sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours :*

And so, ere answer knows what question would,—
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,—

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation,—
 And so am I, whether I smack or no;
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste in riding-robres?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FALCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy
 Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
 He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
 There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit* GUR.
 Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
 Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
 Could not get me; Sir Robert could not do it,—
 We know his handiwork:—therefore, good mother,
 To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:
 What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
 But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land ;
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone :
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father,—
 Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother ?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge ?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father :
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed :—
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !—
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly :
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand :
 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin :

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :

Who says it was, he lies ; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA and Forces ;
 on the other, PHILIP, King of France, LOUIS, CONSTANCE,
 ARTHUR, and Forces.*

Lou. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave :

And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
 The rather that you give his offspring life.
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love,—
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lou. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love,—
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,—
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,—
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
 To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages:
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchman's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
 My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd!

Enter CHATILLON.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
 We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
 England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I;
 His marches are expedient to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drums beat within.*]

The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
 To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* BASTARD, Lords,
 and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace!
 England we love; and for that England's sake

With burden of our armour here we sweat.
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
 This little abstract doth contain that large
 Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
 And this is Geoffrey's: in the name of God,
 How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ernasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
 France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
 That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
 As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
 Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
 Than thou and John in manners,—being as like
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think

His father never was so true begot:

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot

Aust. Peace! [thee.

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Louis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lou. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur, do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now, shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const.

I have but this to say,—

That he is not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague
 On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
 And with her plague, her sin ; his injury
 Her injury,—the beadle to her sin ;
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her : a plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
 A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

K. Phi. Peace, lady ! pause, or be more temperate :
 It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers : let us hear them speak
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John.

England, for itself :—

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage ; therefore hear us first.
 These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamage ;
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
 And ready mounted are they to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
 All preparation for a bloody siege
 And merciless proceeding by these French
 Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordinance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parole;
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears:
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
 For this down-trodden equity we tread
 In war-like march these greens before your town;
 Being no further enemy to you
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
 In the relief of this oppressed child
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
 To pay that duty which you truly owe
 To him that owes it, namely, this young prince:
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the rondure of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war,
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time

Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George, that swung the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence!—Sirrah [*to AUSTRIA*], were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*to LOUIS*] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*After Excursions, enter a French Herald, with
trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play

Upon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day:
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest
 That is removed by a staff of France;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

I Cit. Heralds, from off our towers, we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured:
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 Both are alike; and both alike we like. [power:
 One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even
 We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Re-erter, on one side, KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the
 BASTARD, and Forces; at the other, KING PHILIP, LOUIS,
 AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Ph. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead,

Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potentates, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1 Cit. The King of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fear, until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:—
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem.

Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charg'd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again:
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell!

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south,—
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. [*Aside.*—Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England:—look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete,—
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed mau,
Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance; but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion; no, not Death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon,—fire and smoke and bounce;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
 But buffets better than a fist of France:
 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
 Since I first called my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;
 Mark how they whisper: urge them while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition,
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

I Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
 To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, "I love,"
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,—
Except this city now by us besieg'd,—
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lou. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never lov'd myself
Till now infix'd I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*]

Bast. [*aside.*] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor! This is pity now,
That, hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further, I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
That I can find should merit any hate. [judge,—

K. John. What say these young ones?—What say you,
my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this

Lou. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; lady?
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd
 That I did so when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made;
 For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
 Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
 I know she is not; for this match made up
 Her presence would have interrupted much:
 Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lou. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
 Will give her sadness very little cure.—
 Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow lady? In her right we came;
 Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
 To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
 And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
 We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance:
 Some speedy messenger bid her repair
 To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so
 That we shall stop her exclamation.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the BASTARD. The Citizens retire
 from the Walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part;
 And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
 As God's own soldier,—rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith:
 That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—

Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
 Commodity, the bias of the world;
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say, There is no sin but to be rich;
 And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say, There is no vice but beggary:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord!—for I will worship thee.

[*Exit.*]

 ACT III.

 SCENE I.—FRANCE. *The French King's Tent.*
Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
 Shall Louis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
 I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears ;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
 A woman, naturally born to fears ;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds ?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
 And let belief and life encounter so
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which in the very meeting fall and die!—
 Louis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
 Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight ;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content ;
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose : but Fortune, O

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,—
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
 For grief is proud, and makes his honour stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Sets herself on the ground.*]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,
the BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival:
 To solemnize this day the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
 The yearly course that brings this day about
 Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*]
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the calendar?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
 No bargains break that are not this day made:
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,—
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn:
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!—thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon my stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs!

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Enter PANDULPH.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canónized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses: for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lou. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Louis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need!
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
 And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
 And even before this truce, but new before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
 With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so!
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
 A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,—
 That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself:
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
 Is not amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion,
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore thy later vows against thy first
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
 And better conquest never canst thou make
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them; but if not, then know
 The peril of our curses light on thee,
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lou. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,—

Clanours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ay, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour:—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!

Lou. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lou. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit BASTARD*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,—

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's
hie!

[*Exeunt severa ly.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with
AUSTRIA'S head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.—Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR,
ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[To ELINOR.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: *[To ARTHUR.*
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. Cousin *[to the BASTARD]*, away for England;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags *[haste before:*
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray,—
If ever I remember to be holy,—
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. *[Exit BASTARD.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTHUR aside.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,—
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment—
A passion hateful to my purposes;—
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,—
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John.

A grave.

Hub.

He shall not live.

K. John.

Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee:
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lou. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.—
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

Enter CONSTANCE.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
O, come to me !

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace !

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven I were !
For then 'tis like I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
If I were mad I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
 For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more !

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.—
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

[Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. *[Exit.*

Lou. There's nothing in this world can make me
 joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil :

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lou. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no ; when Fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won :
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lou. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lou. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lou. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world !
John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you ;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lou. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies ; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you
 Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity: if but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king:—'tis wonderful
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 Now that their souls are topful of offence:
 For England go:—I will whet on the king.

Lou. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
 If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

I Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
 To be more prince, as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
 Methinks no body should be sad but I:
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him:
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you:
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
 Turning despiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth.

And will you?

Hub.

And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,—
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
 And I did never ask it you again;
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
 Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
 Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning:—do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it!
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angerly:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
 He hath a stern look but a gentle heart:—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

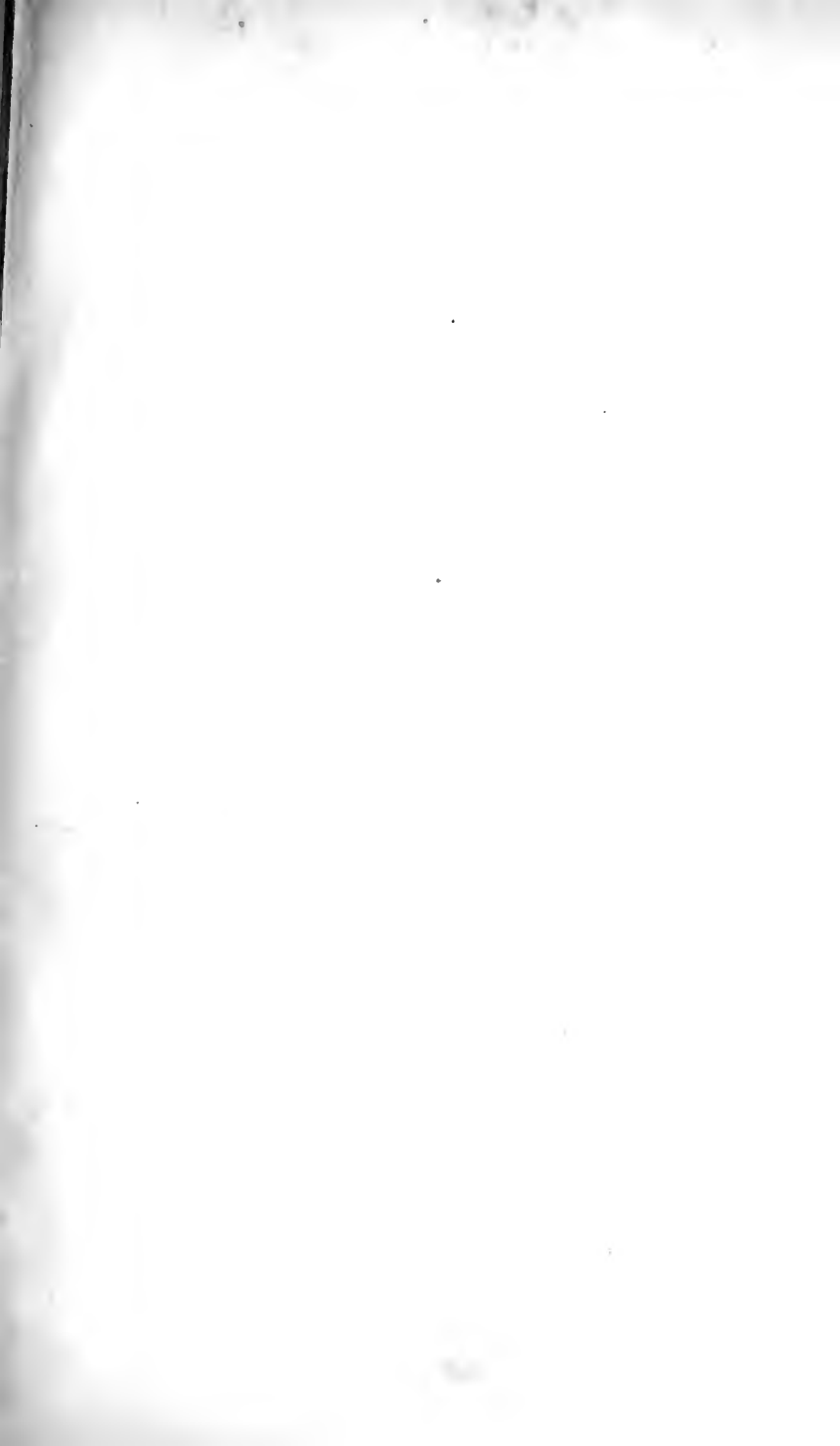
Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues





PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

King John, Act IV. Scene 1.

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
 Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert!
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use but still to look on you!—
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
 There is no malice in this burning coal;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
 And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office: only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu!
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The KING takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
 And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I,—as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,—

Both for myself and them,—but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them
 Bend their best studies,—heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument,—
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,
 Why, then, your fears,—which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise?
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;
 Which for our goods we do no further ask
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
 To your direction.

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
 Doth show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
 His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
 He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
 Before the child himself felt he was sick:
 This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me!

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold:—bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by other's death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard,—if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [Exit HUBERT with PETER.]

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury, —
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire, —
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
 And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

K. John. Spoke like a spiteful noble gentleman.

[*Exit* BASTARD.]

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
 And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
 Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear;
 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
 Told of a many thousand warlike French
 That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life;
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law; to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause,

When I spake darkly what I purpos'd,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,—

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*]
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison:—what is he lies here?

[*Seeing* ARTHUR.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
 Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say;
 By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

Yet I am none: whose tongue so'er speaks false,
 Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
 If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
 Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron
 That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Falconbridge?
 Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
 I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
 My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum ;
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
 Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
 The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
 For I am stilted with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair work ?
 Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
 Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
 Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
 Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer :
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair ;
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
 A beam to hang thee on ; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
 I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up !
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
 The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest.

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now powers from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed : I'll to the king :
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

Pand.

Take again

[*Giving KING JOHN the crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the French ;
 And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
 Our discontented counties do revolt ;
 Our people quarrel with obedience ;
 Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
 This inundation of mistemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualified.
 Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick
 That present medicine must be minister'd,
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
 But since you are a gentle convertite,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Sc I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire:
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or, if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Near ST. EDMUND'S-BURY. *The
 French Camp.*

*Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,
 BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lou. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker! O, and there
 Where honourable rescue and defence
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physic of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a stranger-march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause—
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lou. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
 Between compulsion and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As Louis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.—
 And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd

Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome:
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show.

Lou. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
 I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man and instrument
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this châstis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? Is't not I
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lou. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown

Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,—
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets chang'd,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lou. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lou. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,—
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,—
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lou. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me;—O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—

Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight ;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French :
If they miscarry we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet ;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads : thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ? may this be true ?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night, — whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, —
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;

Paying the fine of rated treachery
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Louis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee:—and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,
 And happy newness, that intends old right.
 [Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

SCENE V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LOUIS and his Train.

Lou. The sun of heaven methought was loth to set,
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own ground
 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good-night;
 And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lou. Here:—what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off;

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lou. Ah, foul shrewd news!—beshrew thy very heart!—
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lou. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swin-
stead Abbey.*

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,—
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,—
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage?

[*Exit* BIGOT.]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN
in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much;
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And model of confounded royal y

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The KING dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

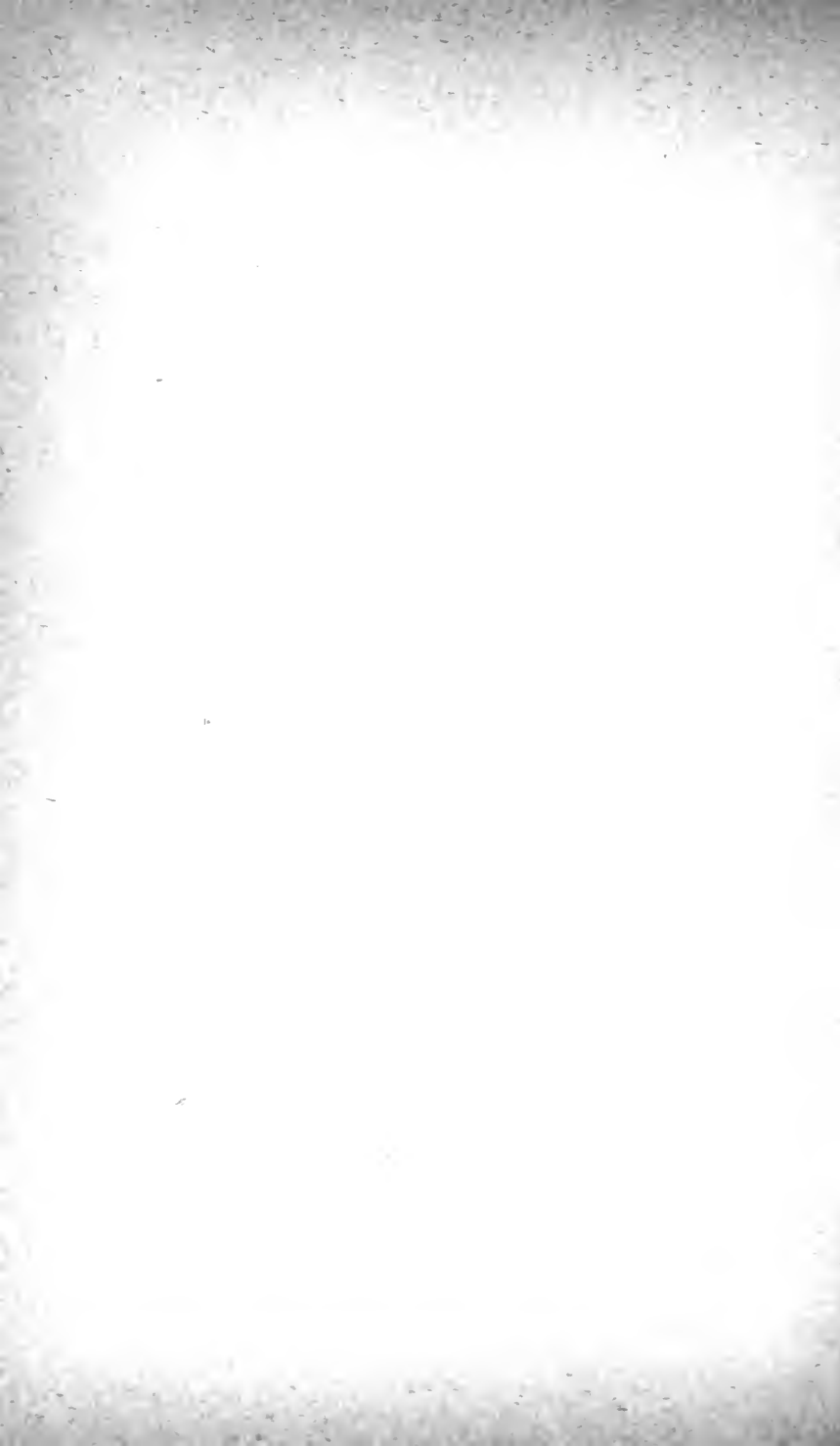
Bast. Thither shall it, then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,

I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sul. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *[Exeunt.]*



THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York*, } *Uncles to the King.*
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster*, }

HENRY, *surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford*, *Son*
to JOHN OF GAUNT, *afterwards KING HENRY IV.*

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of York.*

THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL BERKLEY.

BUSHY,

BAGOT, } *Creatures to KING RICHARD.*

GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, *his Son.*

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

Lord Marshal.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to KING RICHARD.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Lady attending on the QUEEN.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, — *Dispersedly in ENGLAND and WALES.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *attended*; JOHN OF GAUNT,
and other Nobles.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness:

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown !

K. Rich. We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Boling. First,—heaven be the record to my speech !—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appelland to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee ;
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine sou answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live ;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this :
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say :
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement ;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar !

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
 As he is but my father's brother's son,—
 Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
 Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
 Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers ;
 The other part reserv'd I by consent,
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
 Upon remainder of a dear account,
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
 Now swallow down that lie !—For Gloster's death,—
 I slew him not ; but, to mine own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case. —
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
 But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it ; and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by
 me ;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed. -
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,—
Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,—
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:—
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face!

[*Exit GAUNT.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;—
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:

Since we can not atone you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
 Lord marshal, command our officers-at-arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the DUKE OF
 LANCASTER'S Palace.*

Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Gloster's blood
 Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lieth in those hands
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
 Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ;
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
 One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
 Is hack'd down, and his summer-leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! that bed, that womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt,—it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more:—grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

Lists set out, and a throne; Heralds, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine arms,
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour.

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

Boling. We will descend and fold him in our arms.—

Boling. Ford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy faith in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood, which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I re greet
The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet:—
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [To GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
O thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

Nor. However God or fortune cast my lot,
 There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
 As gentle and as jocund as to jest
 Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas,
 Duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
 Courageously, and with a free desire,
 Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
 And both return back to their chairs again:—
 Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound
 While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near,

[*To the combatants.*]

And list what with our council we have done.
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival-hating envy, set on you
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
 Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
 With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
 Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boing. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,—
 That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
 And those his golden beams to you here lent
 Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
 The sly-slow hours shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
 The hopeless word of—never to return
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd-for from your highness' mouth:
 A dearer merit, not so deep a main
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego:
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now:
 What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To BOLING.*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons and bring their times about,
 My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
 Thy word is current with him for my death,
 But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
 Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
 You would have bid me argue like a father.
 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
 A partial slander sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
 Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
 I was too strict to make mine own away;
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
 Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt K. RICH. and Train.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
 From where you do remain let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
 As far as land will let me by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
 Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil,
adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Court.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN;
AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With, *Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
 And, for our coffers,—with too great a court
 And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch*; the DUKE OF YORK and others standing
by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony:
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
 He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Wit in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom-sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,--
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,--
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,--
For Christian service and true chivalry,--
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;--
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY,
 GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged
 Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
 Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
 Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
 And yet, encaged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease ;
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law ;
 And—

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;—
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul—
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !—
 May be a precedent and witness good
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullen have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him :
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
 His charters and his customary rights;
 Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
 Be not thyself,—for how art thou a king
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters-patents that he hath
 By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage.
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
 But by bad courses may be understood
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
 Bid him repair to us to Ely House
 To see this business. To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord governor of England;
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, AUMERLE,
 BUSHY, GREEN, and BAGOT.]

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
 Ere t be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,—
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman:—most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind set sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Quint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet, again, methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so ;
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
 Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;
 Which, look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not,—more 's not seen ;
 Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
 Persuaues me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
 As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think,—
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
 From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,
 For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
 But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
 I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen :—

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope he is ;
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
 At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. O madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,
 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
 The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

And all the rest of the revolted faction,
Traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope,—he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O, full of careful business are his looks!

Enter YORK.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,—
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow [*to the Servant*], get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other, again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit:—all is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their
love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol Castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly
Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bugot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.—But who comes here?

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.

Enter HARRY PERCY.

Harry, how fares your uncle? [*of you.*]

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspur.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour,—
None else of name and noble estimate.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty.—But who comes here?

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Enter BERKLEY.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.

Enter YORK, attended.

My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*]
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But, then, more why, —why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
 You are my father, for methinks in you
 I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemu'd
 A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am denied to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
 My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
 And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do? I am a subject,
 And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right:
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
 And you that do abet him in this kind
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
 But for his own; and for the right of that
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
 And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms,—
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my power is weak and all ill left:
 But if I could, by him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
 But since I cannot, be it known to you
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—

Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*]

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—BOLINGBROKE's *Camp at Bris'ol.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls, —
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies, —
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:
 You have in manner with your sinful hours
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself,—a prince by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the king in blood, and near in love
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest-woods,
 From mine own windows torn my household coat,
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,
 To show the world I am a gentleman.
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—*Lords, farewell.*

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTH. and others, with Prisoners.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:

Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices :
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of WALES. A Castle in view.*

Flourish; drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense ;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet

Which with usurping steps do trample thee :

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms !

Car. Fear not, my lord ; that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd

And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak man must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And, till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
 All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
 Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
 Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn.—But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:
 The worst is worldly loss thou can'st unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care,
 And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:
 Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
 The worst is death, and death will have his day!

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
 White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
 Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
 Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 What is become of Bushy, where is Green?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
 I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
 Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
 Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
 And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where;—of comfort no man speak:
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
 How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
 Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
 All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends:—subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
 And fight and die is death destroying death;
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—proud Bolingbroke, I
 come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
 An easy task it is to win our own.—
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day:
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
 Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which did'st lead me forth
 [To AUMERLE.]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
 What say you now? what comfort have we now?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—WALES. *Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say, King Richard:—alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond line and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To NORTHUMBERLAND.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:—

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTH. *advances to the Castle, with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters,—on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.

Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP
OF CARLISLE, AUWERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty:—alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God

That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from us,

And we are barren and bereft of friends;

Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,

Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,

Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

Your children yet unborn and unbegot,

That lift your vassal hands against my head,

And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he is,—

That every stride he makes upon my land

Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope

The purple testament of bleeding war;

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face,

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms

Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;

And by the honourable tomb he swears,

That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods,—

Currents that spring from one most gracious head,—

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,

And by the worth and honour of himself,

Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—

His coming hither hath no further scope

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg

Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns :—
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To AUMERLE.*]
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words
 Till time leud friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yond proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth ! O that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !
 Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? must he submit ?
 The king shall do it : must he be depos'd ?
 The king shall be contented : must he lose
 The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
 My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave ;—
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live ;
 And buried once, why not upon my head ?—

Aumerle, thou weep'st,—my tender-hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you;—may it please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistening Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*]

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
 For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
 Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—
 My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
 Up, cousin, up;—your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your
 knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London :—cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich.

Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—LANGLEY. *The DUKE OF YORK'S Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think

The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs against the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy ?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have, I need not to repeat ;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.—
But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pines,

They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
Against a change : woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*]

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,—
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh ! what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest, being over proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What, think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd 'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!—

Thou, old Adam's likeness [*coming forward with Ladies*], set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound these unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth, Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I To breathe these news; yet what I say is true. King Richard, he is in the mighty hold Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd: In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, And some few vanities that make him light; But in the balance of great Bolingbroke, Besides himself, are all the English peers, And with that odds he weighs King Richard down. Post you to London, and you'll find it so; I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassage belong to me, And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st To serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go, To meet at London London's king in woe.— What, was I born to this, that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? Gardener, for telling me this news of woe, I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse, I would my skill were subject to thy curse.— Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place, I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace: Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *Westminster Hall. The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English Court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:

By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
 If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
 In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point
 Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful steel
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
 And spur thee on with full as many lies
 As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
 The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
 And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
 That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
 That it shall render vengeance and revenge
 Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
 In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
 In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
 And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
 To tie thee to my strong correction.—
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lie: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories: when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbend it, God,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you raise this house against this house,
 It will the woofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Least child, child's children, cry against you woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.—

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*]

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
 Little are we beholden to your love, [*To CARLISLE.*]
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing
 the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:

Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king!—Will no man say amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good-will
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the
 crown;

On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well
 That owes two buckets, filling one another;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is, loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care is, gain of care, by new care won:
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself:—
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

My manors, rents, revenues I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !—
 What more remains ?

North.

No more, but that you read

[Offering a paper.]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes
 Committed by your person and your followers
 Against the state and profit of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest ;
 For I have given here my soul's consent
 To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
 Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
 Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 'tis usurp'd:—alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O that I were a mockery-king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—
 Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,—
 And if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not, then, be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
 And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! Why, I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* K. RICH., some Lords, and a Guard.]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER,
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, and AUMERLE.]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.—
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:

Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
 As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages long ago betid;
 And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
 For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
 And in compassion weep the fire out;
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
 You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all;
 And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
 That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
 To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate
 A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and me,
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
 Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
 My wife to France, from whence, set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. [*They kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the DUKE OF YORK'S Palace.*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad step, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried *God save thee, Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls

With painted imagery had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen:*
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, *God save him!*
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
 I am in Parliament pledge for his truth
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
 God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs!

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
 Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who sees it.
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel against the triumph-day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.]

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is 't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. *[Exit Servant.]*

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots:—I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. *[To the Servant.]*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*]

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—WINDSOR. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stewa,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Exeunt PERCY and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, *[Kneels.]*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. *[AUMERLE locks the door.]*

York. *[within.]* My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. *[Drawing.]*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. *[within.]* Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLING. opens the door and locks it again.]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:

I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let
me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[AUMERLE un'locks the door.]

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.

[*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
 For ever will I walk upon my knees,
 And never see day that the happy sees
 Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
 By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
 His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
 His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
 He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
 We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
 His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
 Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
 His prayers are full of false hypocrisy
 Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
 Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
 That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say *stand up*;
 But *pardon* first, and afterwards *stand up*.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;
 Say *pardon*, king; let pity teach thee how:
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
 No word like *pardon*, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say *pardonnez moi*.

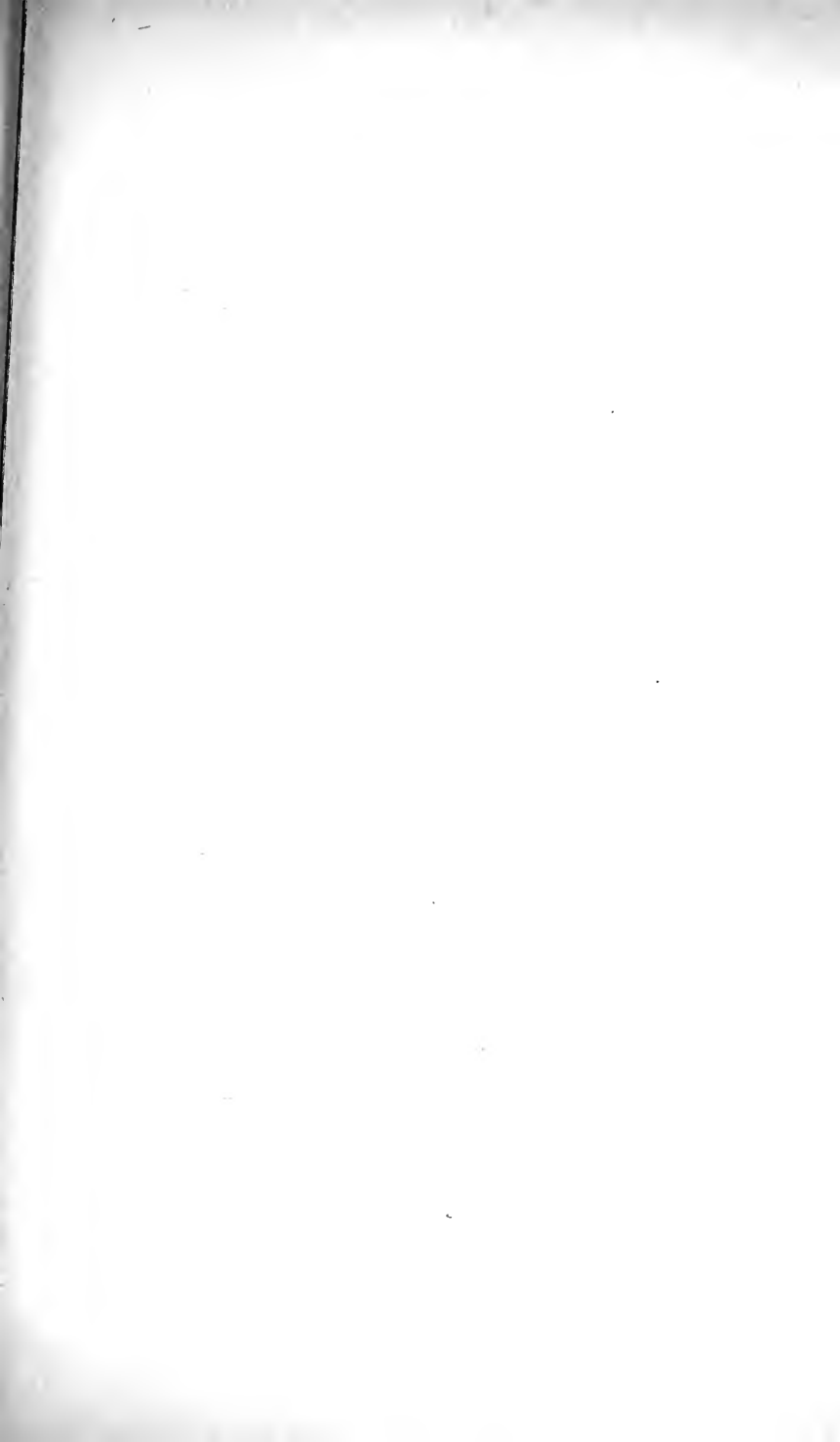
Duch. Dost thou teach *pardon* to destroy?
 Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
 That sett'st the word itself against the word!—
 Speak *pardon* as 'tis current in our land;
 The chopping French we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
 That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee *pardon* to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

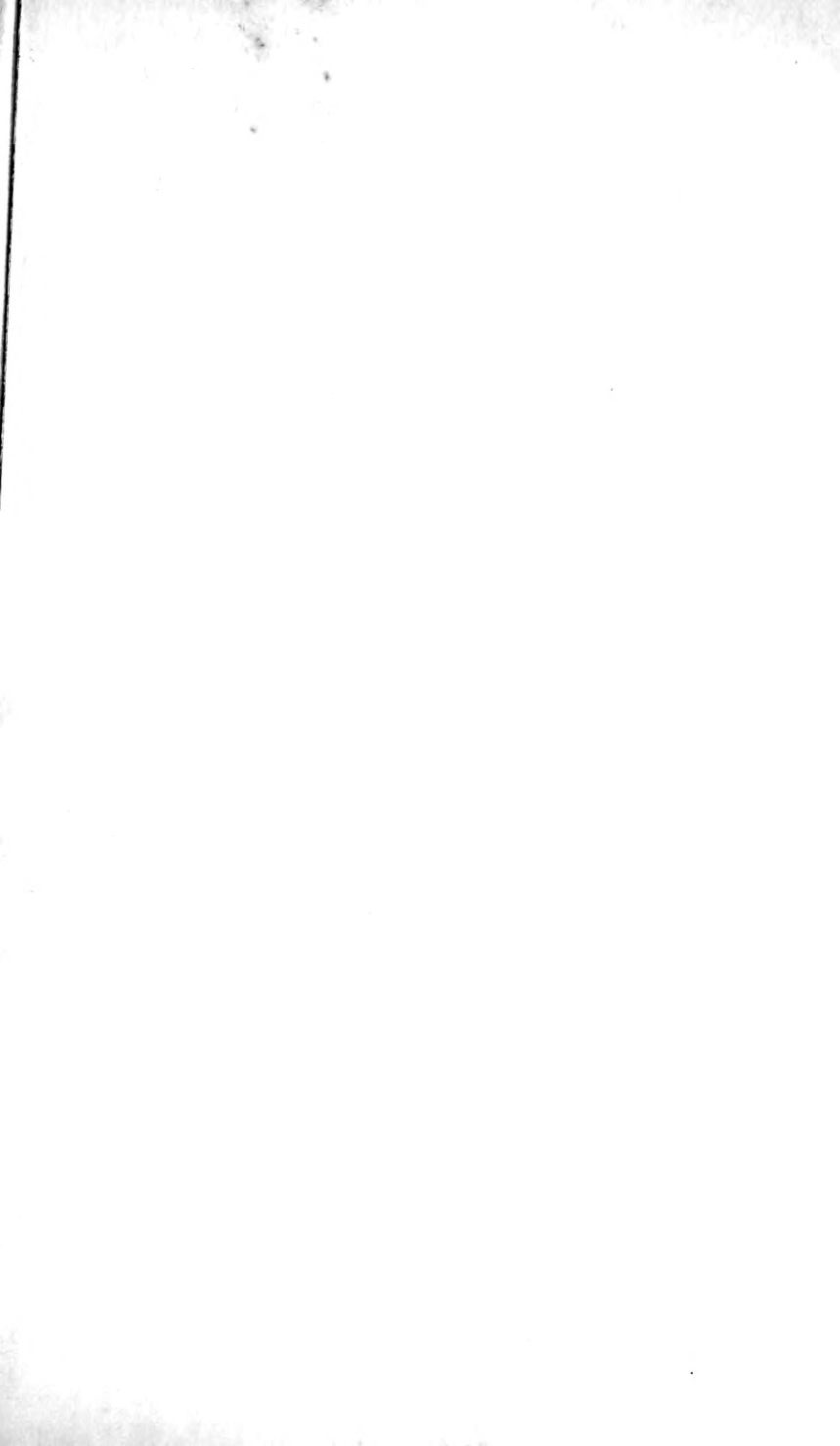
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
 Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again:





MR. MACFREADY AS RICHARD II.

King Richard II., Act V., Scene V.



Twice saying *pardon* doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell:—and, cousin mine, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son:—I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter SIR PIERCE OF EXTON *and* a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear? [spake?—
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together,—did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,—
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—POMFRET. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,

In humours like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word:
 As thus,—*Come, little ones; and then again,—*
It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refute their shame,
 That many have, and others must sit there;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented: sometimes am I king;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king;
 Then am I king'd again: and by and by
 'Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing:—but whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—*Music do I hear?*
 Ha, ha! keep time:—how sour sweet music is
 When time is broke and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is,

[*Music*]

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more:
For though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,—
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down.—
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keep. My lord, wilt please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another, then EXTON *strikes him down.]*

That hand shall burn in never-*quen*ching fire

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt;—O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear:—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—WINDSOR. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. *Enter* BOLINGBROKE *as* King, YORK, LORDS, *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;

But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
 The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely ;
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
 With clog of conscience and sour melancoiſy,
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
 But here is Carlisle living, to abide
 Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants, bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
 Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
 Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
 A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
 Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
 Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
 But neither my good word nor princely favour :
 With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
 And never show thy head by day nor light.—
 Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
 That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[Exeunt.]

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, }
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, } *Sons to the KING.*

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, }
SIR WALTER BLUNT, } *Friends to the KING.*

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

SIR MICHAEL, *a Friend to the Archbishop.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *Wife to HOTSPUR, and Sister to MORTIMER.*

LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to GLENDOWER, and Wife to
MORTIMER.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers.
Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER
BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those oppos'd eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
 Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 A thousand of his people butchered ;
 Upon whose dead corpse' there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord ;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import :
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 Oh Holmedon's plains : of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake, Earl of Fife and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas ; and the Earls of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
sin,

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,—
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant:
Who is sweet fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack,
and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches
after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly
which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou

to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*. And, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing *lay by*, and spent with crying *bring in*; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent,—but, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest,—sweet young prince,—but, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—*Poins!*—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *stand* to a true man.

P. Hen. Good-morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good-morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you ah, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoken supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer!

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them in the wood; our visards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
 HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me ; for accordingly
 You tread upon my patience : but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I see danger
 And disobedience in thine eye : O, sir,
 Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us : when we need
 Your use and counsel we shall send for you. [*Exit WOR.*]
 You were about to speak. [*To NORTHUMBERLAND*]

North. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As is delivered to your majesty:
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reard
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd and talk'd;
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I, then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the mark!—
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,—
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower :

I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son.—

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,

I will not send them:—I will after straight,

And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile :

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot.

Speak of Mortimer!

Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him :

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high i' the air as this unthankful king,

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To* WORCESTER.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

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

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

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

By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:

And then it was when the unhappy king—

Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted did return

To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,—
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, consin; say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night!—or sink or swim;—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple.—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for awhile.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—*Mortimer!*

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
 In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
 A plague upon't—it is in Glostershire;—
 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—
 His uncle York:—where I first bow'd my knee
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
 When you and he came back from Ravenspurge.

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
 Look, *when his infant fortune came to age,*
 And, *gentle Harry Percy,* and, *kind cousin,*—
 O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
 Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
 We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
 Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well below'd,
 The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is 't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plct:—
 And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
 To save our heads by raising of a head;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The king will always think him in our debt,
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
 And see already how he doth begin
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—no further go in this
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,—
 As I will fashion it,—shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ROCHESTER. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.—What, ostler!

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrong in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged; come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two races of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirran carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. *[within.]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight:—there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the

hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,—we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

[*They retire.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. [*coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—a plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. [*coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:—when a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARD. *and* PETO.]

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. [*aside to POINS.*] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal., Gads., &c. Stand!

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats:—ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:—down with them; fleerce them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FAL., &c., driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close ; I hear them coming.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money! [*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains!

[*GADS., BARD., and PETO run away; and FAL. also, after a blow or two, leaving the booty.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse : The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly that they dare not meet each other ; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along : Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—WARKWORTH. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

Hot. —But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. —He could be contented, —why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house : —he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* —Why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* —Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York,

and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to bullets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

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

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, And given my treasures and my rights of thee To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed, Cry, *Courage!*—*to the field!*—And thou hast talk'd Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight, Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these? Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love,—my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise: but if you go,—

Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly: to this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,

No lady closer; for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—EASTCHEAP. *A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and
lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or
fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string
of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of
drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names,
as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon
their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I
am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud
Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good
boy,—by the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king
of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap.
They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you
breathe in your watering, they cry *hem!* and bid you play
it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quar-
ter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his
own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast
lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this
action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned,
I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now
into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake
other English in his life than, *Eight shillings and sixpence,*
and *You are welcome;* with this shrill addition, *Anon,*
anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so.
But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I
pr'ythee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question
my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do
thou never leave calling *Francis,* that his tale to me may

be nothing but anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

[Exit POINS.]

Poins. [within] Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. [within] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate. Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to,—

Poins. [within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart,—

Poins. [within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be,—

Poins. [within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?
[*Here they both call him; FRANCIS stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling, Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after,—*a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; followed by FRANCIS with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. EARL, N.Y.

CHARLES FISHER AS KING HENRY IV.

First Part of King Henry IV. Act II. Scene II.

miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now in buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pry'thee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid,

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

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

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason : what sayest thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strap-pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee !—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again : and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four ; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four ; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house :—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what

starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear. Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors [*to Hostess within*]:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess!—What sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs:—by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.—Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good metal in him; he will not run;—

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father! and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my spech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only art marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camo-

mile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man,—a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch

of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox, with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old,—the more the pity,—his white hairs do witness it; but that he is,—saving your reverence,—a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company:—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt Host., FRAN., and BARD.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue!—play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord,—

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of

gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and POINS.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withal: And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good-night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!--fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

<i>Poins.</i> [reads.] Item, A capon,	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce,	0s. 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread,	0s. 0½d.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good-morrow, *Poins.*

Poins. Good-morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—BANGOR. *A Room in the ARCH-DEACON'S House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—
And uncle Worcester:—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,—
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done,
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living.—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.—
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;
But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the devil !
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil !

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,—
A business that this night may execute,—
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space [*to GLEND.*] you may have drawn
together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea,
But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side ;
 Gelding the opposed continent as much
 As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
 And on this north side win this cape of land,
 And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot.

Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot.

Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot.

Let me not understand you, then;

Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
 For I was train'd up in the English court;
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
 I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
 I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry:—
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
 I'll haste the writer, and withal
 Break with your wives of your departure hence:
 I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me last night at least nine hours
 In reckoning up the several devils' names
 That were his lackeys: I cried *hum*, and *we'll, go to*,
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
 Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
 Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
 And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope
 When you do cross his humour; faith, he does:
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your
 speed!
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with LADY MORTIMER and
 LADY PERCY.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLEND. speaks to LADY MORT. in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish, self-will'd
One that no persuasion can do good upon. [*harlotry,*

[*LADY MORT. speaks to MORT in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these welling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*LADY MORT. speaks again.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*LADY MORT. speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come,
quick, quick that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for
you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief,
and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh Song sung by* LADY MORT.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! *Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:*

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,

And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some conference; but be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

I know not whether God will have it so, [*Exeunt* Lords.

For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,

Make me believe that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou has rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood:
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
 That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
 Others would say,—*Where, which is Bolingbroke?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
 And won by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burn'd: carded his state:
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns:
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative;
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation: not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,—
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state
 Than thou, the shadow of succession:
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,

He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ :
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?
Thou that art like enough, — through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen, —
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degener. te.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so :
And God forgive them that have so much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it :
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
 That Douglas and the English rebels met
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
 For this advertisement is five days old:—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
 On Thursday we ourselves will march:
 Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business: let's away;
 Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EASTCHEAP. *A Room in the
 Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this
 last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my
 skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am
 withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that

suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times: lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's head or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do

you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras,

and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, i would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea,—if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I

dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine,—it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded,—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket-up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels,—they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.—

[*Exit* POINS.]

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast;
come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick:

Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here that inward sickness,—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd of:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence :
 And think how such an apprehension
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause ;
 For well you know we of the offering side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use :—
 It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom, with his help
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm :—what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
 The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
 And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms ;
 All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind ;
 Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come.
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh.
 And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
 O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily:
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
 Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [Exit

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a
 bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to
 Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make

twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The

king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—

And I dare well maintain it with my life,—

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility; teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father and my uncle and myself
 Did give him that same royalty he wears ;
 And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
 My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
 And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,
 With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
 Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth ;
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for :
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,—
 Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,—to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;

Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and withal to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—YORK. *A Room in the ARCHBISHOP'S House.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and SIR MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
 With winged haste to the lord marshal;
 This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,—
 Whose power was in the first proportion,—
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,—
 Who with them was a rated sinew too,
 And comes not in, o'erruled by prophecies,—
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there is
 And Lord Mortimer. [Douglas,

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:—
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The KING'S Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN OF
LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit

This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
 And move in that obedient orb again
 Where you did give a fair and natural light;
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

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

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
 Of favour from myself and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time: you swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
 To this we swore our aid. But in short space
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help, what with the absent king,
 What with the injuries of a wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 That even our love durst not come near your sight
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety-sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
 This present enterprise set off his head,
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
 More daring or more bold, is now alive
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so I hear he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
 Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love
 That are misled upon your cousin's part;
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he. and they, and you, yea, every man

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do: but if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair; take it advisedly. [*Exeunt WOR. and VER.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and P. JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride
 me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friend-
 ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before
 his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls
 not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on.
 Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how
 then? Can honour set-to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or
 take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill
 in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is
 in that word, honour? What is that honour? air. A trim
 reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday.
 Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible,
 then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the
 living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it:—therefore
 I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends
 my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
 The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The king should keep his word in loving us;
 He will suspect us still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults:
 Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
 For treason is but trusted like the fox,
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,—
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
 And an adopted name of privilege,—
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
 All his offences live upon my head
 And on his father's: we did train him on;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and Soldiers
 behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—deliver up
 My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the
 king,
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on,
 And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight,

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamour'd
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed:—and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is very short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.

Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me?. What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
The sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triúmph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the

Hot. Where? [king.]

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many masking in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Other alarms. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you: here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.—But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gettest not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so.—
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres! [land.

P. John. We breathe too long:—come, cousin Westmore.
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. JOHN and WEST.*

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all.

[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them:—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself!

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the KING being in danger,
re-enter P. HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art
like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death!
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry. for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk! [heart!—
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FAL. on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*

Fal. [*rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot

termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou Thy maiden sword. [*flesh'd*]

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding On the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and P. JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt WOR. and VER., guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains, — that we divide our power. —
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself, — and you, son Harry, — will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards HENRY V.*,
 THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence*,
 PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
 PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER,

} *his Sons.*

EARL OF WARWICK,
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
 EARL OF SURREY,
 GOWER,
 HARCOURT,

} *of the KING's party.*

Lord Chief-Justice *of the King's Bench.*

A Gentleman *attending on the Chief-Justice.*

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
 SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*,
 LORD MOWERAY,
 LORD HASTINGS,
 LORD BARDOLPH,
 SIR JOHN COLEVILE,

} *Enemies to the KING.*

TRAVERS *and* MORTON, *Retainers of NORTHUMBERLAND.*

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Page.

POINS *and* PETO, *Attendants on PRINCE HENRY.*

SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Country Justices.*

DAVY, *Servant to SHALLOW.*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULLCALF, *Recruits.*

FANG *and* SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*

Rumour. A Porter. A Dancer, *Speaker of the Epilogue.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords *and other* Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger,
 Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

WARKWORTH. *Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is

To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
 [Exit]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
 That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[Exit Porter.]

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
 Should be the father of some stratagem:
 The times are wild; contention, like a horse,
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
 And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
 I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
 The king is almost wounded to the death;
 And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
 Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
 Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young Prince John,

And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
 And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
 Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
 So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
 Came not till now to dignify the times,
 Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
 Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
 thence;

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
 That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
 On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
 And he is furnish'd with no certainties
 More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
 With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
 Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
 A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
 He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again:
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
 Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
 Had met ill-luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
 Give, then, such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.—Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus and thus,
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination 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 fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;

Not he which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
 That which I would to God I had not seen;
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.
 In few, his death,—whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp, —
 Being bruted once, took fire and heat away
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
 For from his metal was his party steel'd;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
 Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
 Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster
 And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physic; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoil!
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
 The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a lingering act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your
 honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,
 Let us make head. It was your presumise
 That in the dole o' blows your son might drop:
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars; 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 restrain
 The stiff-borne action. What hath, then, befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up





H. GRUTZNER. PINX.

FALSTAFF AND HIS PAGE

Second Part of King Henry IV. Act I. Scene II.



With well-appointed powers: he is a man
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corpse,
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight:
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the archbishop
 Turns insurrection to religion:
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
 Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
 Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
 And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge:
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—
 Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his sword
 and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy
 water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more
 diseases than he knew of.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain
 of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent
 anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is
 invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the
 cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee
 like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If
 the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than
 to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whore-
 son mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to
 wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till

now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

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

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife, in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and an Attendant.

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

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the quiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord,—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go:—I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not; the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white

again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Atten.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the diseases prevent my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—YORK. *A Room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth
thus;—

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
Aud, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;—
Indeed, the instant action,—a cause on foot,—
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model

In fewer offices, or at least desist
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,—
 Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
 And set another up,—should we survey
 The plot of situation and the model,
 Consent upon a sure foundation,
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,
 We fortify in paper and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men:
 Like one that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes,—yet likely of fair birth,—
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
 The utmost man of expectation;
 I think we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph;
 For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
 Are in three heads: one power against the French,
 And one against Glendower; perforce a third
 Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
 In three divided; and his coffers sound
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
 And come against us in full puissance,
 Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
 He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
 Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
 Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
 But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
 I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
 And publish the occasion of our arms.
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
 Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
 An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud London he came sighing on
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
 Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her, and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
 will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he

will foine like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

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

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—good Master Fang, hold him sure;—good Master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continually to Piecorner,—saving your manhoods,—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head in Lumbert Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his auswer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

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

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! What man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns: whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst!

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she

hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous:—no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Takes her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower,—what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest this paper tells. [*Gives a letter.*]

Fal. 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 heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawu both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an' it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must

not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her [*to BARDOLPH*]; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* *HOST.*, *BARD.*, *Officers*, and *Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here,—I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter *PRINCE HENRY* and *POINS.*

P. Hen. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz., these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: 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.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help.—By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. God save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass [*to the Page*], you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new red petticoat, and so peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation:—there it is, boy.

[*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*reads.*] *John Falstaff, knight*,—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt.*—*How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. [*reads.*] *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. [*reads.*] *I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity*:—sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so, farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) JACK FALSTAFF, *with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters; and SIR JOHN with all Europe.*

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord,—in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord,—of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

[*Gives money.*]

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*—This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly.--Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—WARKWORTH. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND,
and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 There were two honours lost,—yours and your son's.
 For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
 For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
 In the gray vault of heaven: and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of England move
 To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
 He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant;
 For those that could speak low and tardily
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse
 To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
 O miracle of men!—him did you leave,—
 Second to none, unseconded by you,—
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage; to abide a field
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others than with him! let them alone:
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North.

Beshrew your heart,

Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

Lady N.

O, fly to Scotland,

Till that the nobles and the armed commons
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves. So did your son;
 He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
 And never shall have length of life enough

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the Boar's Head
Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there?
apple-johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an
apple-john.

2 Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set
a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were
five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will
now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered
knights.* It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot
that.

1 Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see
if thou canst find out Sneak's noise: Mistress Tearsheet
would fain hear some music. Despatch:—the room where
they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master
Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and
aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath
brought word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be
an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an
excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extra-
ordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I
warrant you, is as red as any rose: but, i' faith, you have
drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous search-
ing wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, What's
this?—How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was:—hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.—Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jorden.
[*Exit* 1 Drawer.]—And was a worthy king.—How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Yea, joy,—our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you [*to* DOLL]: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

I Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol is below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—shut the door;—there comes no swaggers here: I have

not lived all this while to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for*, saith he, *you are in an ill-name*;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions*.—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit* 1 Drawer.]

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mrs. Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light; with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, —I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fators! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

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

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain; there's none such here.

What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for Godsake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give me some sack.

Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here; and are *et-ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would, be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—
[Snatching up his sword.]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PIST. out.]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. *[Exeunt PIST. and BARD.]*

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone.
Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face;—come

on, you whoreson chops:—ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: If thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musicians.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll.—A rascal-bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS disguised as Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a Death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler; he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.







THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou wilt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return:—well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou *Poins*, his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O *Jesu*, are you come from Wales?

Fal. 'Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[Knocking within.]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Pet. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and as I came along
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good-night.

[*Exeunt* P. HEN., POINS, Peto, and BARD.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and
we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*]
More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen
captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah [*to the Page*].—Farewell,
hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how
men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep,
when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good
wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again
ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to
burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* FAL. and BARD.]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these
twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest and
truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within.*] Mistress Tearsheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—WESTMINSTER. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
 And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit Page*]
 How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under high canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good-morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good-morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why, then, good-morrow to you all, my lords.
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near 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 advice and little medicine:—
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,—
Weary of solid firmness,—melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,— [To WARWICK.
When Richard. —with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—*
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering heal,
Shall break into corruption:—*so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deccas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy.
With a near aim, of the main chance of things

As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities;—
 And that same word even now cries out on us:
 They say the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
 To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Court before JUSTICE SHALLOW'S House
 in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW,
 WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your
 hand, sir, give me 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 bedfellow? and
 your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William
 is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must, then, to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-robas* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead!—he drew a good bow; and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd in the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.

Bard. Good-morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this

county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff,—a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good back-sword man: how doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-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 may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you look well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow:—Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have 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. So, so, so, so:—yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[*To SHALLOW.*]

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat!

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir,—a cough, sir,—which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork, by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—come, come.

[*Exeunt* FAL., SHAL., and SIL.]

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf:—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, —grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,—when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about and about, and come you in and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would he say; *bounce* would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! as you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHAL. and SIL.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court:—and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait 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. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming.

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd ;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ;
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end:—we are all diseas'd ;
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, diel.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion ;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,—
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,—and the examples
Of every minute's instance,—present now,—
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms ;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ;
Wherein have you been galled by the king ;

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ;—
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him,
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,—
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,—
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw ;
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
 Here come I from our princely general
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
 That he will give you audience; and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them,—everything set off
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
 For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms.
 Our armour 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.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

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

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
 I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
 For this contains our general grievances:
 Each several article herein redress'd,
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,
 That are insinew'd to this action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial form,
 And present execution of our wills
 To us and to our purposes consign'd,—
 We come within our awful banks again,
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
 In sight of both our battles we may meet;
 And either end in peace,—which God so frame!—

Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch.

My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch.

'Tis very true:

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so,
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's nance, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWERAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:

Good-day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,

And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,—
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
To sound the bottom of the after-times. [shallow,

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord; these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain [to an Officer], and deliver to the
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part: [army
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.]

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains I have bestow'd to breed this present peace, You would drink freely: but my love to you Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season; For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry; But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest; For then both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord, And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit WESTMORELAND.* And, good my lord, so please you let your trains March by us, that we may peruse the men We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings, And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand, Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already: Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up, Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray.—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John.

I pawn'd thee none!

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you,
and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of
the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your
degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your
name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your dale,—
a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the
dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do ye
yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are
the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death;
therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance
to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that
thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of
mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word
but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency,
I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my
womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our
general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deservng.

Fal. I know not:—here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou,

like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.

I hear the king, my father, is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand, my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel; he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice,—the tongue,—which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this 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-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire: and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—WESTMINSTER. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
 How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection
 Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
 And noble offices thou mayst effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
 Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
 By seeming cold or careless of his will;
 For he is gracious if he be observ'd:
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
 But, being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,—
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,—
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
 The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

Wor. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
 The prince but studies his companions
 Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful that the most inmodest word
 Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
 In the dead carrion,—

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
 Added to that that I am to deliver!
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere:
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,
 With every course in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting-up of day. Look, here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of!
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
 The manner and true order of the fight
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me
 sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Swoons.

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla.

O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no: he cannot long hold out these pangs:
 The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
 Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
 The seasons change their manners, as the year
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
 Say it did so a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
 Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*They convey the KING into an inner part of the
 room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
 Unless some dull and favourable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen.

Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
 How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigel hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK and the rest.

Cla.

Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? how fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me
see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where
we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my
pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him
out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit* WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLAR., P. HUMPH., Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form:—

Harry the fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more;

England shall double-gild his treble guilt,—

England shall give him office, honour, might;

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
 [Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
 Which my most inward and true duteous spirit
 Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending!
 God witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable;
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it,—as with an enemy
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride.
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:

Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WARWICK,
Lords, and others.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal
father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son
John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—GLOUCESTERSHIRE. *A Hall in
SHALLOW'S House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.
—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused;
excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall
serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me
see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—
Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy, I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul liuen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy:—about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*].—Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit* SHALLOW.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Reunt* BARDOLPH and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should

make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions,—which is four terms, or two actions,—and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—WESTMINSTER. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, severally, WARWICK and the Lord Chief-Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. Good-morrow, cousin Warwick, good-morrow.

P. Humph., Cla. Good-morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend
And I dare swear you borrow not that face [indeed;
Of seeming sorrow,—it is sure your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Wor. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good-morrow; and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think —
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why, then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too ;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :
 Yet weep that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—and you most ;

[*To the Chief-Justice.*]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me ?
 What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
 The image of his power lay then in me :
 And, in the administration of his law,
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at naught,
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person ;
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son ;
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
 After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words:
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son;
 And not less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me:
 For which I do commit into your hand
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
 With this remembrance,—that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have 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 ear;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.--
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament:
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us:
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
[To the Lord Chief-Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state:
 And,—God consigning to my good intents,—
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—GLOUCESTERSHIRE. *The Garden of
SHALLOW'S House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the Page,*
and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John:—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, *[Singing.*
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit [*seating* BARDOLPH *and the Page at another table*]; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit.—Master Page, good Master Page, sit.—Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all. *[Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; *[Singing.*
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARD.*]

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight [to BARD]—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [Singing.
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [to the Page]; and welcome indeed too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [Exit DAVY.]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[To SIL., who has drunk a bumper.]

Sil. Do me right, [Singing.
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.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pry'thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Singing.]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news
from the court, I take it there is but two ways,—either to
utter them or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king,
in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, bezonian? speak or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle 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 joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O sweet Pistol!—away, Bardolph! [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my Lord Chief-Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led? say they:

Why, here it is;—welcome this pleasant day! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* HOSTESS QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy fanished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might!
Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

Doll. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

1 Beav. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you [*to SHALLOW*]. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage. Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance and contagious prison ;
 Haul'd thither
 By most mechanical and dirty hand :—
 Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
 For Doll is in. Pistol speaks naught but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the KING and his Train, the Chief-Justice
 among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal ; my royal Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp
 of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you
 speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandizing ; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :

Presume not that I am the thing I was ;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self ;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots :

Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil :

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on.

[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great

Shal. I cannot perceive how,—unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five 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 fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner.—Come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the Chief-Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.—Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds that ere this year expire We bear our civil swords and native fire As far as France: I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king. Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.—*Spoken by a Dancer.*

First my fear; then my court'sy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech

now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? 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 gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good-night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

-

KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, }
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } *Brothers to the KING.*

DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the KING.*

DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the KING.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }
LORD SCROOP, }
SIR THOMAS GREY, } *Conspirators against the KING.*

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS,
JAMY, *Officers in KING HENRY'S Army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly Servants to FALSTAFF,*
now Soldiers in the same.

Boy, *Servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*

LOUIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPREE, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *Daughter to CHARLES and ISABEL.*

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the PRINCESS KATHARINE.*

QUICKLY, *PISTOL'S Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,
Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, — *At the beginning of the Play, lies in ENGLAND ;*
but afterwards wholly in FRANCE.

KING HENRY V.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;—
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate :
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study :
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music :
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter :—that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences ;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoretic :
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain ;
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet cresive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent ;
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation,
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,—
As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,—
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms.
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* A Room of State in the same.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK,
WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many, now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
 We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers,
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
 To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
 Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany called Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France:
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,

King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
 To fine his title with some show of truth,—
 Though, in pure truth; it was corrupt and naught,—
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Louis the emperor, and Louis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Louis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this
 claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp

Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
 You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renowned them
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ere. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and
 might:—

So hath your highness; never king of England
 Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood and sword and fire to win your right:
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
 For you shall read that my great-grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fullness of his force;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege ;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself :—
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,
 The King of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
 And make her chronicle as rich with praise
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin :

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home :
 Yet that is but a curs'd necessity,
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home ;
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent ;
 Congruing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience : for so work the honey-bees :
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts :
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds :
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;

The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concent, may work contrariously:
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Fly to one mark;
 As many several ways meet in one town;
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre:
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,
 Divide your happy England into four;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

1 Amb. May it please your majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 Therefore, my lords, omit no nappy nour
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

—
Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the air;
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England!—model to thy inward greatness,

Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
 Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,—
 If hell and treason hold their promises,—
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on; and well digest
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,—
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *Before the Boar's Head
 Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter, severally, NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends;

and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell:—things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*NYM draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn! now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant,—good corporal,—offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.
[Sheathing his sword.]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I

have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

[PISTOL and NYM draw.]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[Draws.]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.—
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe la gorge!* That's the word.—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:

I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly

For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess:—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.—Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Hostess and Boy]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[PISTOL and NYM draw.]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym and Nym shall live by me — Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—SOUTHAMPTON. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves! As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge,—and my kind Lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And snail forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O. let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch !
 If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
 When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
 Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
 And tender preservation of our person,
 Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
 Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord :

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is
 yours ;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ;—and, sir knight,
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :—
 Read them, and know I know your worthiness.—
 My Lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
 We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen !
 What see you in those papers, that you lose
 So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change !
 Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault.

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge here.—
 You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour ; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton : to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But, O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,—
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose.
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, *I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.*
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiancement! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:

Arrest them to the answer of the law ;—
And God acquit them of their practices !

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;
And I repent my fault more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce ;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof God of his mercy give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences !—Bear them hence.

[Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war :
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now

But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—LONDON. *The Hostess's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Host. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
 Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;—
 Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *How now, Sir John!* quoth I: *what, man! be o' good cheer.* So 'a cried out—*God, God, God!* three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women;

but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels and my movables: Let senses rule; the word is, Pitch and pay; Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And holdfast is the only dog, my duck: Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys, To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—FRANCE. *A Room in the FRENCH KING'S Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, attended; the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, --
And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us, then, to be as provident
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, —
 Though war nor no known quarrel were in question, —
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.
 Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
 And let us do it with no show of fear ;
 No, with no more than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin !
 You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace the late ambassadors, —
 With what great state he heard their embassy
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution, —
 And you shall find his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high-constable ;
 But though we think it so, it is no matter :
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems :
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong ;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar paths :
 Witness our too-much memorable shame

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales;
 Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and
 bring them. *[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short; and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
 By custom and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorab'le line, *[Gives a paper.*
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree:
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors.

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,—
That if requiring fail, he will compel;—
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it
That caves and wombby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shaké for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,—
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,—
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time

Even to the utmost grain:—that you shall read
In your own losses if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner

With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 [Alarum, and chambers go off, within.
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD,
 GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
 more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!—
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:—
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,

Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off, within.]

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield

In bloody field

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

Boy.

As duly, but not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

[Driving them forward.]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH,
followed by FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk.

They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary,—you may discuss unto the duke, look you,—is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman,—a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I pescech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, mary.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation,—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal.

F'u. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parley we will admit:
 Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
 Or like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst: for as I am a soldier,—
 A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,—
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me if impious war,—
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send précepts to the Leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
 If not, why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,

And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls ;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
 Returns us that his powers are not yet ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
 Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
 To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish.* *The KING, &c., enter the Town.*

SCENE III.—ROUEN. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. *Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ?*

Alice. *La main ? elle est appelée de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts ?*

Alice. *Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres.*

Kath. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vite ment. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appelons de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Ecoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglais.*

Kath. *Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.*

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. *Comment appelez-vous le col?*

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.*

Alice. *Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?*

Kath. *Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—*

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. *Il faut de foot et de coun néanmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Com. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,—
Poor we may call them in their native lords!

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him
hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-briet, high-constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpree, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
 And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient; for you shall remain with us.—
 Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt

SCENE V.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter, severally, GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the
 bridge?

Fu. I assure you there is very excellent services committed
 at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon;
 and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart,
 and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost
 power: he is not,—Got be praised and plessed!—any hurt in
 the 'orld; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent
 discipline. There is an auncient there at the bridge,—I think
 in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony;
 and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him
 do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Auncient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Flu. Here is the man.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour, hath by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, Auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls.—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be,—
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak,—the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my prother I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and fico for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit.*

Flu. Very goot.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well;

what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is: if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind. [*Drum within.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a mau, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church,—one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and wheiks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and

cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well, then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,— Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,— My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, for give me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army but a weak and sickly guard:

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle as we are;
 Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
 March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The French Camp near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES, the
 DUKE OF ORLEANS, the DAUPHIN, and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—Would
 it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse
 have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans and my lord high-constable,
 you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in
 the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my
 horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!*
 he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le
 cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When
 I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the
 earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof
 is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for
 Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of
 earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient
 stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse;
 and all other jades, you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world,—familiar to us and unknown,—to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,*—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike she was old and gentle; and you rode like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier:* thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert!—Will it never be day?—I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. *[Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears it will bate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high-constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. *[Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation :
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes and visits all his host ;
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night ;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attain't
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess univer'al like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, meek and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night :
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where,—O for pity !—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. *The English Camp at Agincourt.**Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.—
 Good-morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
 Besides, they are our outward consciences
 And preachers to us all: admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

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

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, Now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present
 pains
 Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them; and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER and BEDFORD.]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
 I and my bosom must debate awhile,
 And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheer-
 fully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully.—What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roi*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *jico* for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer.
It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld when the
true and auncient prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not
kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars
of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that
there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's
camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the
wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the
sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating
coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look

you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, —in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

F'lu. I pray you and pescech you that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck;—and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's

minds: methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company,—his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, We died at such a place; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some making the wars their bulwark that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away; and where they would be safe they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than

he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head,—the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we never the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dardest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dardest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,
 Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
 Our sins lay on the king! We must bear all.
 O hard condition, twin-born with greatness,
 Subject to the breath of every fool,
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
 What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect
 That private men enjoy!
 And what have kings that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony,—save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
 What is thy soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
 I am a king that find thee; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
 Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
 Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interred new,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood:
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval!*—My horse! *varlet, laqua is!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre,*—

Orl. *Rienpuis? l'air et le feu,*—

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse
Do but behold yond poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,—
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,—
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonance and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPREE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal-bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their exécutors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon:—to the field!—
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God b' wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—
My dear Lord Gloster,—and my good Lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered,—
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
 coz ?

West. God's will ! my liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this royal battle !

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
 men ;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
 You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured overthrow :
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
 Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back :
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
 Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast liv'd was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark, then, abounding valour in our English,
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in rélapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly :—tell the constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day ;
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
 And my poor soldiers tell me yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well :
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

K. Hen. I fear thou wilt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march
 away :—
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The field of Battle.*

*Alarums: excursions. Enter French Soldier,
PISTOL, and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes le genti'homme de bonne
qualité.*

Pist. Quality! Callino, castore me! art thou a gentle-
man? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;—
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain-goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez-moi!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. *Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'il fer him, and firk him, and ferret
him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous
prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper
votre gorge.*

Pist. *Oui, coupe la gorge, par ma foi, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.*

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me
pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez
ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-ment.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one,—as he thinks,—the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—Follow me! *[Exit.*

Boy. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* *[Exit French Soldier.]* I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. *Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and others.*

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!*

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O méchante fortune!*—

Do not run away.

[A short alarum.]

Con.

Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and FORCES, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,—
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,—
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd.
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud, *Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble grip, says, *Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
 But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the boys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against
 the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark
 you now, as can be offered; in your conscience, now, is it
 not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the
 cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this
 slaughter: besides, they have burn'd and carried away all
 that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most
 worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's
 throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower.
 What call you the town's name where Alexander the pig
 was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the
 great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous,
 are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon:
 his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born.
 I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world,
 I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon
 and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both
 alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also more-

over a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—Got knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he:—I can tell you there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy:—go, and tell them so.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

Enter MONTJOY.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? [thou not
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
 I come to thee for charitable license,
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field
 To book our dead, and then to bury them;
 To sort our nobles from our common men;
 For many of our princes,—woe the while!—
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;—
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes;—and their wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not if the day be ours or no;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer
 And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
 What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, au't please
 your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack
 Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a
 most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is
 remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a gar-
 den where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth
 caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an hon-
 ourable padge of the service; and I do pelieve your majesty
 takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
 For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's
 Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got
 pless it and preserve it as long as it pleases his grace and
 his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care
 not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need
 not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long
 as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him: Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILL. Exeunt MONT. and others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap,—which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive,—I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, lock your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack sauce as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved

at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him,—as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Before KING HENRY'S Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be Got for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.—Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, — saving your majesty's manhood,—what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—hold, there is twelve pence for you;

and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be to pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald,—are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high-constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures:
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischarl Dauphin;
John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty carls,
Grandpree and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five-and-twenty.—O God, thy arm was here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
 For it is none but thine!

Eze. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
 And be it death proclaimed through our host
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God
 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how
 many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
 That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
 Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*;
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay:
 We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler, 'fore the king
 Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens!
 The mayor and all his brethren, in best sort,—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
 As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress,—
 As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit
 To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;—
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home;
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them;—and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France:
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. *An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower:—the rascally, scald, peggary, lousy, praggng knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks,

Enter PISTOL.

Got pless you, Auncient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave,
Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualnish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my
desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look
you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor
your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions,
does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you
be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave,—when Got's will
is: I will desire you to live in the meantime and eat your
victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*]
You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make
you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if
you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or
I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot
for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question
too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat,
and eke, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to
your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay,
pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your
proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks
hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—hold you, there is a groat to
heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have
another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels: you

shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—TROYES *in Champagne. An Apartment in the FRENCH KING'S Palace.*

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords: at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,

Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—

And,—as a branch and member of this royalty,

By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,—

We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;—

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—

So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting

As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality ; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England ! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face and royal eye to eye
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd !
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies ; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery ;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Cenceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,

That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembl'd: and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenors and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as
 yet

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace
 Which you before so urg'd lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
 O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
 And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
 Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king;
 And take with you free power to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Anything in or out of our demands;
 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good
 When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
 She is our capital demand, compris'd
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but K. HEN., KATH., and ALICE.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Oui*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits,—dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say, Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this,

take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die is true,—but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon,—for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but in loving me you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English,—Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate,



F. PECHT, PINX

KING HENRY, KATHARINE, ETC.

King Henry V. Act V. Scene II.

mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better:—and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say,—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate,—it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France, —I cannot tell vat is *baiser* en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults,—as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.—Here comes your father.

Enter the FRENCH KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he

must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed-over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield; as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids well summered and warm kept are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way of my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:—
His daughter first; and, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher fils Henry, roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ et hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms [up
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

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