



3 1761 01769021 5







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SHAKSPERE'S
KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
PART I:

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1598,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH FOREWORDS BY

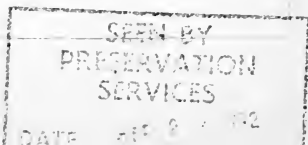
HERBERT A. EVANS, M.A.,

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

58676
18/2/13

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY W. GRIGGS, HANOVER STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.



DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF

Edward Capell.

PR
2750
B10
1881

[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 8.]

FOREWORDS TO 1 HENRY THE FOURTH,

QUARTO 1598.

- | | |
|---|---|
| § 1. 1 & 2 Henry IV. <i>members of a series of historical plays</i> , p. iii.
§ 2. 1 Henry IV., <i>when written</i> , p. iv.
§ 3. <i>Editions</i> , p. v. | § 4. <i>The Q. of 1598 the standard text</i> , p. viii.
§ 5. <i>Faulty stage directions</i> , p. ix.
§ 6. <i>This Facsimile</i> , p. x. |
|---|---|

§ 1. In the First and Second Parts of *Henry IV.*, Shakspeare again takes up the thread of his story where he had dropped it three or four years before, at the end of *Richard II.* At the end of that play Bolingbroke (for he has not yet been crowned king) declares it is his purpose to make a crusade to the Holy Land, and expiate his crimes, and, at the opening of the First Part of *Henry IV.*, although "the furious clofe of ciuill butcherie" has compelled him to put it off for twelve months, his purpose is still unchanged, and he is making busy preparations for "forwarding this deere expedience." We find a similar link between the Second Part of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, when, at the end of the former play, Prince John of Lancaster sounds the note of the coming invasion of France:

"I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
 We beare our ciuill fwords and natieue fier,
 As farre as France, I heard a bird fo ling,
 Whose musique, to my thinking, pleásde the King;"

and thus, as Johnson long ago remarked, these four plays (*Richard II.*, *Henry IV.* Parts I. & II., and *Henry V.*) seem to have been designed to form a connected historical series. But though so closely following each other in historical order, artistically a wide interval separates *Richard II.* from the three plays that follow. During this interval Shakspeare has rapidly become more and more

conscious of his power. He has emancipated himself from the traditionary rules of his art; he has, in *King John*, already ventured to introduce an element of humour into the grave and stately march of an historical drama, and now at last, in *Henry IV.*, he puts forth the full strength of a ripened genius, and wins for himself immediate renown as the author of a masterpiece, that in its kind has never since been surpassed.

§ 2. The first mention which we have of the First Part of *Henry IV.* is the entry in the *Stationers' Registers*, which is as follows:

[1597-8] xxv^{to} die Februarij

Andrew Wyse./ Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of Master **Dix** : and master Warden **man** a book intituled The historye of Henry the iiijth with his battaile of Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe with the conceived mirthe of Sir John Falstoff. vj^d./

Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 105.

In the same year (1598), probably immediately after the above entry had been made with the Stationers' Company, the play was printed for the first time, and of this edition the present volume is a facsimile. In this year too, Francis Meres published his *Palladis Tamia*, in the often-quoted passage of which treatise *Henry IV.* is one of the plays mentioned as evidence of Shakspeare's excellence in Tragedy.¹ Both parts of the play are here intended by Meres in all probability, for it can be demonstrated, as I shall have occasion to show in the Forewords to Part II., that both parts had been already written.² Next year (1599) we have an allusion to Falstaff in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humor*, which I give here, not as throwing any additional light upon the date of *Henry IV.*, but as evidence how early one of its leading characters had become well-known and popular:

¹ Shakspeare's *Centurie of Prayse*, ed. 2, p. 21. Meres, in another passage of the same work adopts Falstaff's "there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man" (1 *Hen. IV.* II. iv. 138). *Ibid.* p. 24.

² See Forewords to Part II., p. iii.

" Marie, I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this, (*Summi Iovis causa Plaudite* ;) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake : but if you (out of the bountie of your good-liking) will bestow it, why, you may (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir John Fall-staffe*." ¹

But, however interesting such allusions as those of Meres and Jonson may be, the entry in the *Stationers' Registers* remains our most important guide to the date at which the play was written, proving as it does that it cannot have been later than February, 1598 ; and if, as will be shown, the Second Part had also been produced by this date, we may be fairly safe in asserting that it cannot have been later than some time in 1597. Very possibly it may have been written in the summer of that year, and followed by the Second Part in the winter of 1597-8.

§ 3. No less than six Quarto editions of Part I. were brought out before the publication of the First Folio in 1623, a fact which compared with the single (known) Quarto of Part II. is somewhat remarkable, viz., in 1598 (the ed. here facsimiled), 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, and 1622. After the publication of the Folio we have two editions, one printed in 1632, the other in 1639. Thus the play went through eight editions in a separate form before the middle of the 17th century, a number equalled by no other play except *Richard III.* ; and this is quite in harmony with what we know of the popularity of the play, and particularly of the character of Falstaff, from the number of "allusions" (I use the word to include *mentions*) to it which occur throughout the 17th century, and are collected in Dr Ingleby's and Miss Smith's *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*. The title-pages of the first five of these editions will be found in the Cambridge Shakespeare, or in Lowndes. I need only mention here that on the title-page of the 2nd ed. first appears the addition, "Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare." This must be taken, it is hardly necessary to say, at its own value, namely that of a bookseller's puff.

Capell, who was the first editor who made a careful examination

¹ *Centurie of Prayse*, p. 31.

of the Shaksperian Quartos, points out that each succeeding edition was generally printed from the one next preceding it;¹ and the successive editions of the play before us are no exception to this rule. In the opinion of Malone,² the play as it stands in the first Folio was printed from the fifth Quarto of 1613; and in this he is followed by the Cambridge editors, who are also of opinion that the copy sent to press for the Folio had been partly corrected from a consultation of the earlier editions. Allowing therefore for such changes as are due to the editions from 1599 to 1613, it follows that we have in the Folio what is substantially a reprint of the present edition; and a comparison of the two confirms this result. Where the Folio differs from the Quarto, it generally differs for the worse; and although in less than a score of instances it supplies a preferable reading, these are almost all only corrections of obvious mistakes; *e. g.* two or three defective metres are mended, dropped letters are supplied, or redundant ones cancelled, and misspellings are corrected.³ Really difficult and defective passages, of which

¹ *Works of Shakespeare*, vol. i. *Introduction*, p. 13.

² *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. xvi. p. 274, note 8.

³ Take a few specimens:

- (a) Instances in which *the Folio* corrects the Quarto. (The Quotations are from the Folio. The notes as to the Quartos and Foliös after Q1, F1, are from the *Cambridge Shakespeare*)

II. iv. 442. For though / the Camo-
mille, the more it is troden, the
faster it growes; / *yet* youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it
weares. p. 58b

Quarto 1, 2, *so*.

IV. i. 126-7. I learned in Worcester,
as I rode along,

He *cannot* draw his Power this
fourtene dayes.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings
that I heare of / *yet*. p. 66b

Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, *can* and *it*.

IV. iii. 21. Your Vncle *Worcesters*
horse came but to day, p. 67b

Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, *horses*.

V. ii. 3. Then we are all *vndone*.
p. 70a

Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, are we all
vnder one. Quarto 5, 6, 7, 8,
are we all vndone.

V. iv. 34. But seeing thou fall'st on
me so luckily,

I will assay thee: *so* defend thy
selfe. p. 72a

Quartos (*all*) and.

V. iv. 68. *Nor* shall it *Harry* [brook a
double reign], for the houre is
come

To end the one of vs; p. 72a

Quarto *Now*. [Mr. Aldis
Wright informs me that Capell's
copy of Q1 has *Nor*, like the
Folio.—F.]

- (b) Instances in which the reading of the Folio is inferior to that of the Quarto.
(But where the passage is starr'd (*), the bad reading is due to a later

there are, however, but three in the play and all in the same scene (IV. i. 31, IV. i. 52, and IV. i. 98)¹ are left unaltered; and of the

Quarto than Q1. The Cambridge editors say that "The version in the first Folio seems to have been printed from a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto," 1613.)

- I. iii. 66. This bald, vnioynted Chat
of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I
said.) p. 51a
Quartos (*all*) *I answered.*
- II. iii. 65. When men restraine
their breath
On some great sodaine *hast.*
p. 55a
Quarto, *hest.* Q2, 3, 4, 7, 8,
F3, 4, *haste.* Q4, 5, 6, F1, 2,
hast.
- II. iv. 127. Ile sowe nether stockes,
and mend / them [Quartos, and
foote them] too. p. 56b
All the Folios leave out 'and
foote them.'
- II. iv. 215. Thou knowest my olde /
ward; here I lay, and thus I bore
my point; p. 57a
Quarto 1, 2, 4, *warde.* Q3
ward.
- II. iv. 598. Ile procure this fat Rogue
a Charge of Foot, / and I know his
death will be a *Match* of Twelue-
score p. 60a
Quarto 1, 2, 3, 8, F3, 4, *March*,
but *Match* Q4 [1608 A.D.], Q5
[1613], Q6 [1622]; F1, Q7, F2.
- III. i. 32. [the imprisoned wind] for
enlargement striuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth,
and *tumbles* downe / Steeples, and
mosse-growne Towers. p. 60a b
Quartos (*toples* Q5, 6), *topples.*
- III. i. 66. thrice from the Banks
of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue
I *hent* him
- ¹ IV. i. 31. He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne : p. 66a
- IV i. 52. *Dowg.* Faith, and so wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuersion.
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is [Q. tis] to come in :
A comfort of retyrement liues in this. p. 66a
- Bootlesse home. p. 60b
Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, *sent.* Q5
[1613], F1, 2, *hent.*
- IV. i. 119. Come, let me take my
Horse, p. 66b
Quarto 1, *tast*; Quarto 2, *taste* :
the rest, *take.*
- IV. i. 122. *Harry to Harry*, shall not
Horse to Horse
Meete, p. 66b
Quarto 1, 2, *het* : the rest, *not.*
- IV. iv. 17. And what with *Owen*
Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was *rated* firmly
too, p. 68b.
Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, *a rated* *since*.
rated firmly, Q5 [1613], Q6
[1622], Folios, Q7, 8.
- V. i. 71. Sworne to vs in [Q your]
yonger enterprize. p. 69b
Both F1 and F2 leave out the Q
your.
- V. ii. 51. How shew'd his *Talking*?
Seem'd it in contempt? p. 70b
Quarto 1, *tasking*; the rest,
talking.
- V. ii. 88-9. Now for our Consciencies,
the Armes is faire,
When the intent *for* bearing them
is iust. p. 71a
Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, *are* and *of*;
the rest, *is* and *for.*
- V. iv. 84. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the *Earth*, and the cold
hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue : p. 72a.
Quarto 1, *earthy* and *cold*; the
other Quartos, *earth* and *cold*;
the Folios, *earth*, and the *cold.*

omissions, the largest number by far are made in obedience to the Act of Parliament (3 James I. ch. 21) for restraining the abuses of Players; the rest, which,—except in V. v. 32, 33, where two lines have been dropped,—never extend beyond a word or two, are apparently due to errors of the compositor.

§ 4. There can therefore be no hesitation in pronouncing the Quarto of 1598 the standard text of the play. It is not an incorrect, garbled, or fragmentary version, as some of the early Quartos of other plays are, but, with a limited number of exceptions, a faithful reproduction of the author's manuscript. That it was printed from that manuscript itself is indeed unlikely. The jealousy with which the original MS. would be guarded by its proprietors, especially in the case of so popular a play, forbids such a supposition. But the "copy" employed had been for the most part correctly transcribed, though it is possible from the two or three lacunæ in Act IV. sc. i., that this scene at least may have been obtained from an inferior source. At any rate, Andrew Wise was more fortunate in his "copy" for Part I., however obtained, than he and his partner, William Aspley, were in that for Part II. How he obtained it, whether by bribing some actor, or servant of the theatre, or from the MS. of an attentive short-hand writer,¹ can only be matter of

IV. i. 97. *Vern.* All furnisht, all in Armes,
 All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
 Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd, p. 66b

¹ On the business done by these short-hand writers at the theatres Mr J. Payne Collier (*History of English Dramatic Poetry*, ed. 1879, vol. iii. p. 192) quotes Thomas Heywood's complaint "that some of his pieces had 'accidentally' got into the printer's hands and 'therefore so corrupt and mangled, *copied only by the ear*, that I have been unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them.'" T. Heywood, address to the Reader prefixed to the *Rape of Lucrece*, first published 1608.

Again, "In his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, Heywood explains in what way plays were 'copied by the ear': he is adverting to his *Queen Elizabeth* (so he there calls his *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, first published in 1606), and 'taxeth the most corrupted copy, now imprinted,' observing;

"Some by *stenography* drew
 The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true."

Collier, *ibid.*

conjecture; but we may feel fairly certain that Shakspeare himself was in no way connected with the publication. Mr Ebsworth, indeed, in his Introduction to the Roberts Quarto of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the present series of Facsimiles, suggests that the Fisher Quarto of the same play may have been an accredited publication, favoured by Shakspeare. But this would hardly be likely, if we consider the fact that Shakspeare was himself a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and that his interest would be identified with theirs. Now the interest of the players and the bookseller were diametrically opposite. The latter would be anxious to make as much money out of a popular play as he could, by the sale of printed copies, if he could succeed in getting an edition into print, while the former would regard with jealousy any such attempt to interfere with their vested interests. After they had once purchased a play from the author, they justly regarded it as their private property, and any attempt at giving it publicity outside the walls of their theatre might not only tend to diminish their audiences, but would certainly facilitate its production by a rival company.¹

§ 5. In the present edition there is no division into Acts and Scenes: this was first made in the Folio. The Localities and the Dramatis Personæ were first added by Rowe, in 1709. The stage-directions are generally completely given, but in I. ii. 181, the names of two of the actors, "Haruey" and "Rossil," have crept into the text instead of Bardolph and Peto, an error repeated in the Folio; while in II. iv. 193, 195, and 199, "*Roff*," appears in the margin where the Folio has *Gad*. Neither of these names appears in the list of the actors belonging to the Lord Chamberlain's company: their connection with it was, therefore, probably a temporary one. Again, in V. i. (stage direction) the Earl of Westmoreland is

¹ From the following entry in Henslowe's Diary it appears that the players sometimes even bribed a printer to 'stay the printing' of one of their plays: 'Lent unto Robert Shaw, the 18 of March 1599, to geve unto the printer to stay the printing of *Patient Grissell*, 40s.' Quoted by Mr Collier, *History, &c.*, vol. iii. p. 193, note.

included in the list of persons present on the stage, and his name has been retained by the Cambridge editors. Malone omitted it, and I think rightly, for he was clearly at the time indicated a hostage in the rebel camp, and not with the king. Compare IV. iii. 108 ff:

“Go to the king, and let there be impawnde
Some surety for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shall mine vnkle
Bring him our purposes”

with V. ii. 28

“My vnkle is return’d,
Deliver vp my Lord of Westmerland;”

and it follows that Westmoreland was the surety required by Hotspur, and that he must have gone to the rebel camp as such before the interview of Hotspur’s uncle with the king in Act V. sc. i. at which he is represented as present.

§ 6. In the Duke of Devonshire’s copy of the Quarto, here facsimiled, the head-lines have often been cut into, or cut away altogether, by the mounter; and, in one instance (III. 1, 2), the following line of the text has also disappeared:

[Head-line] *The Historie*
“And our induction full of prosperous hope.”

Mr Griggs has accordingly facsimiled this page from the British Museum copy of the Quarto, and put it in an Appendix. The marginal division into Acts and Scenes is that of the *Globe Shakespeare*, and the lines are numbered by fours to correspond with the line-numbers in that edition. This system will facilitate reference, and make this facsimile easy to use with such books as Schmidt’s *Shakespeare Lexicon*. Lines which seem to require emendation have been daggered (†), and the two lines in Act V. sc. v., wanting in the Folio, have been starred (*).

HERBERT A. EVANS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

		<i>Enters</i>
KING HENRY THE FOURTH		p. 2, 10, 46, 65, 73, 78.
PRINCE OF WALES	} Sons to the King.	p. 5, 20, 22, 26, 46, 52, 60, 65, 73, 74, 77, 78.
LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER		p. 2, 65, 73, 77.
EARLE OF WESTMER-	} Of the Kings Party.	p. 2, 60, 65 ¹ , 73, 78.
LAND		
SIR WALTER BLUNT	} Irregular Humorists.	p. 2, 10, 50, 62, 65, 72.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFFE		p. 5, 20, 22, 28, 33, 50, 59, 65, 72, 75.
POINES		p. 7, 20, 22, 26, 28.
GADSHILL		p. 19, 21, 22, 28 ² .
PETO	}	p. 20 (<i>in error</i>), 21 ² , 22, 28 ² , 52 ² .
BARDOLL		p. 21 ² , 22, 28 ² , 37, 50, 59.
EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND	} Opposites against the King.	p. 10.
EARLE OF WORCESTER		p. 10, 13, 38, 55 ³ , 61, 65, 69, 78.
HARRY PERCIE (Hotspur)		p. 10, 23, 38, 55 ³ , 61, 70, 72, 75.
LORD MORTIMER		p. 38.
OWEN GLENDOWER		p. 38, 43.
EARL OF DOUGLAS		p. 55 ³ , 61, 70 ⁴ , 72, 74 ³ , 75.
SIR RICHARD VERNON		p. 57, 61, 65 ² , 69, 78.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORKE		p. 64.
SIR MIGHELL		p. 64.
LADY PERCIE		p. 24, 43.
LADY MORTIMER		p. 43.
HOSTESSE QUICKLY		p. 32, 37, 52.

Two Carriers, p. 18, 37 (*one only*); Ostler, p. 18 (*does not enter*); Chamberlaine, p. 19; Trauailers, p. 22; Seruant, p. 24³; Drawer, p. 26, 28³; Vintner, p. 27; Sheriffe, p. 37; Lords, p. 46; Messengers, p. 55, 71.

¹ A mistake; see p. ix.

² Omitted in Stage Direction.

³ No Stage Direction.

⁴ Omitted in Stage Direction on first entrance.

P.S. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps possesses a fragment of an edition of this play differing from that of any known edition. In ii, 2, 119, this has "How the fat rogue roared!" whereas all other editions omit the word *fat*; and, omissions being commoner than insertions in early reprints, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps believes that the reading of the fragment tends to show that it belongs to an edition earlier than the one at present known as Quarto 1. Both editions were, he thinks, published by Andrew Wise in 1598, and may be further distinguished by the fact that the fragment has *hystorie* in the head-line where the other prints *historie*. This precious relic consists of four leaves only, and was found many years since at Bristol hidden in the recesses of an old book-cover.—(*Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare*, p. 131.)

H. A. E.

June 14, 1881.

Note to p. iv. *EARLY POPULARITY OF THE PLAY.*

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare*, p. 132) quotes a private familiar letter from Toby Matthew to Dudley Carleton, written in September, 1598, wherein he observes, speaking of some military officers, and with the evident notion that the quotation would be recognized,—“Well, honour prickes them on, and the world thinckes that honour will quickly prick them of againe.” (V, 1, 130.)

THE
HISTORY OF
HENRIE THE
FOURTH;

With the battell at Shrewsburie,
betweene the King and Lord
Henry Percy, surnamed
Henrie Hotspur of
the North.

With the humorous conceits of Sir
Iohn Falstaffe.



AT LONDON,
Printed by P. S. for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of
the Angell. 1598.






THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of
Westmerland, with others.*

King.

 O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new broiles
To be commencte in stronds a far remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile
Shal dawbe her lips with her own childrens bloud,
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her floureis with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces: those opposed eies,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
Al of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming rankes,
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 maister: therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,
Whose soldiour now, vnder whose blessed crosse
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leauy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chase these pagans in those holy fields,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,

A. 2

Which

Act I. S.

1

4

8

12

16

20

24

Which 1400. yeares ago were naild,
 For our aduantage on the bitter crosse.
 But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
 And bootelesse tis to tell you we wil go.
 Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
 Of you my gentle Cosen Westmerland,
 What yesternight our counsell did decree
 In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight, when all adwart there came
 A post from Wales, loden with heauy newes,
 Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight
 Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 A thousand of his people butchered.
 Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
 Such beastly shamelesse transformation
 By those Welch-women done, as may not be
 Without much shame, retould, or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
 Brake off our businesse for the holy land.

West. This matcht with other did, my gracious L,
 For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
 Came from the North, and thus it did import,
 On holly rode day the gallant Hotspur there,
 Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
 That euer valiant and approued Scot,
 At Holmedon met, where they did spend
 A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
 For he that brought them in the very heat
 And pride of their contention, did take horse
 Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is decre, a true industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt new lighted from his horse,

of Henrie the fourth.

Straind with the variation of each soile,
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smothe and welcom newes,
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bould Scots, two and twenty knights
Balkt in their own bloud. Did sir Walter see
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable spoile?

A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makst me sad, and makst me sinne
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:

A sonne, who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongst a groue, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him

See ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prou'd
That some night tripping fairy had exchang'd,

In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And cald mine Percy, his Plantagenet,

Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you coole
Of this young Percies pride? The prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surprizd

To his own vse, he keepes and sends me word
I shal haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his vncles teaching. This is Worcester,
Maleuolent to you in all aspects,

Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

I.i.

A HE MISTAKE

Coosen on wednesday next our councel we wil hold
 At Windfore, so informe the Lords:
 But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
 For more is to be said and to be done,
 Then out of anger can be vttered.
West. I will my liege.

Exeunt.

I.ii.

Enter prince of Wales, and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Falst. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde sacke,
 and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches
 after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaunde that truelie
 which thou wouldest trulie knowe. What a diuell hast thou to
 do with the time of the daie? vnles houres were cups of sacke,
 and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and
 Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne
 himselfe a faire hot wench in flarne-couloured taffata; I see no
 reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demaunde the
 time of the day.

Falst. Indcede you come neere me nowe *Hal*, for wee that
 take purfes go by the moone and the seuen stars, and not by
Phœbus, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethe sweet
 wag when thou art a king as God saue thy grace: maiestic I
 should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falst. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
 logue to an egge and butter.

Prin. Wel, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falst. Marry then sweet wag, when thou art king let not vs
 that are squicks of the nights bodie, bee called theeues of the
 daies beauty: let vs be *Dianæs* Forresters, gentlemen of the
 shade, minions of the moone, and let men say wee be men of
 good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
 and chast mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance
 we steale.

Prince. Thou saiest well, and it holds wel to, for the fortune
 of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
 being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now
 a purse

of Henric the fourth.

a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Munday night and most dissolutely spent on tuesday morning, got with swearing, lay by, and spent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallowes.

Falst. By the Lord thou saist true lad, and is not my hostesse of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla* my old lad of the castle, and is not a buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falst. How now, how now mad wag, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hostesse of the tauerne?

Falst. Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft,

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

Falst. No, ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

Falst. Yea, and so vs'd it that were it not here apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethe sweet wag, shall there be gallowes standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus subd as it is with the rusty curbe of olde father Anticke the law, do not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Falst. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord ile be a braue iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeth false already, I meane thou shalt haue the hanging of the theeuers, and so become a rare hangman.

Falst. Well *Hall* well, and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waighting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Falst. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrob. Zbloud I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd beare.

Prin. Or an old lyon, or a louers Lute.

Falst. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What saiest thou to a Hare - or the melancholy of Mooreditch?

A ne Historie

Mooreditch?

Falst. Thou hast the most vnsauory smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascalliest sweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I woulde to God thou and I knewe where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely and in the street to.

Prin. Thou didst well, for wisdome cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

Falst. O thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast done much harme vpon me *Hal*, God forgieue thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal* I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake trulie, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings sonne in Chriistendom.

Prin. Where shal we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

Falst. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why *Hall*, tis my vocation *Hall*, tis no sinne for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter Poines.

Poynes nowe shall we knowe if Gad shall haue set a match. O if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cried, stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow sweete *Hal*. What saies Monsieur remorse? what saies sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule that thou souldst him on good friday last, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge.

Prince. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines

OF CLARENCE THE JOURN.

Poyes. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy worde with the diuell.

Prince. Else hee had bin damnd for coofening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gadshill, there are pilgrims going to Canturburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you al you haue horses for your selues, Gadshill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in Eastcheape: we may do it as secure as sleepe, if you will go I will stufte your purses full of crownes: if you will not tarie at home and be hangd.

Falst. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, ile hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falst. *Hal* wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who I rob, I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

Falst. Theres neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camst not of the bloud roiall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my dayes ile be a madcap.

Falst. Why thats well said.

Prince. Well, come what wil, ile tarrie at home.

Falst. By the lord, ile be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I preethe leaue the prince and mee alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture that he shall go.

Falst. Well God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what he heares, may be beleued, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false thiefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shal find me in Eastcheap

Prin Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhallowne summer.

Poin. Now my good sweete hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstalfse, Haruey, Rofsill, and Gadshil, shal rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders:

B.i.

Prin.

130

140

144

148

152

156

160

164

168

172

176

180

†

184

Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then wil they aduenture vpo the exploit themselues, which they shal haue no sooner atchieued but weele set vpon them.

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

Po. Tut, our horses they shal not see, ile tie them in the wood, our vizards wee wil change after wee leaue them: and sirha, I haue cales of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Po. Wel, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, ile forswear armes. The vertue of this ieast wil be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue wil tel vs when we meet at supper, how thirtie at least he fought with, what wardes, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this liues the iest.

Prin. Well, ile goe with thee, prouide vs all thinges necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there ile sup: farewell.

Po. Farewel my Lord.

Exit Poinet.

Prin. I know you all, and wil a while vphold
The vnyokt humour of your idlenes,
Yet herein wil I imitate the sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and ougly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holly-dayes,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

of Henrie the fourth.

By how much better then my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
 And like bright mettall on a fullcin ground,
 My reformation glittering ore my fault,
 Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eyes
 Then that which hath no soile to set it off.
 Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
 Redeeming time when men thinke least I wil. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
 sir Walter blunt, with others.*

King. My blood hath bin too colde and temperate,
 Vnapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you haue found me, for accordingly
 You tread vpon my patience, but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
 Mightie, and to be searde, then my condition
 Which hath bin smooth as oile, soft as yong downe,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soule neare payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne liege) little descrueth
 The scourge of greatnes to be vsd on it,
 And that same greatnesse to, which our owne hands
 Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger, and disobedience in thine eie:
 O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptorie,
 And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
 The moodie frontier of a seruant browe,
 You haue good leaue to leaue vs, when we need
 Your vse and counsel we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
 You were about to speake.

North. Yea my good Lord.
 Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded.
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke;
 Were as he saies, not with such strength denied
 As is deliuered to your maiestie,
 Either enuie therefore, or misprision,
 Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.

B.ii.

Hotsp.

236

240

Liii.

1

4

8

12

16

20

24

28

A NEW REPERTORY

Hotsp. My liege, I did denie no prisoners,
 But I remember when the fight was done,
 When I was drie with rage, and extreame toile,
 Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
 Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reft,
 Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home,
 He was perfumed like a Milliner,
 And twixt his finger and his thumbe he helde
 A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
 He gaue his nose, and tooke away againe,
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there
 Tooke it in snuffe, and still hee smild and talkt:
 And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,
 He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerlie,
 To bring a shouenly vnhandsome coarse
 Betwixt the winde and his nobilitie:
 With many holly-day and ladie termes
 He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded
 My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestred with a Poppingay,
 Out of my grieve and my impacience
 Answerd neglectingly, I know not what
 He should, or he should not, for he made me mad
 To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
 And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the mark:
 And telling me the soueraignest thing on earth
 Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruise,
 And that it was great pittie, so it was,
 This villanous saltpeeter, should be digd
 Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly, and but for these vile guns
 He would himselfe haue beene a souldior.
 This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
 I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

of Henrie the fourth.

And I beseech you, let not his report
Come currant for an accusation
Betwixt my loue and your high maiestie.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
What ere Lord *Harry Percie* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and neuer rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnsay it now.

King. Why yet he doth denie his prisoners,
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who on my soule, hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight
Against that great Magician, damnd Glendower,
Whose daughter as we heare, that Earle of March
Hath lately married: shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues:
No, on the barren mountaines let him starue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost
To ransome home reuolted Mortimer,

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer:
He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne liege
But by the chance of war, to proue that true
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuerns siedgie banke,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,
Three times they breathd & three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement off swift Seuerns floud,
Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

THE EMPRESS.

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten pollicy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:

I tel thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirrha, henceforth

Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,

Or you shal heare in such a kind from me

As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland:

Welicence your departure with your sonne,

Send vs your prisoners, or you wil heare of it. *Exit King*

Hot. And if the diuel come and rore for them

I wil not send them: I will after straight

And tel him so, for I will ease my hart,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? dronk with choler, stay, & pause a while,

Here comes your vncl.

Enter Wor.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?

Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule

Want mercy if I do not ioine with him:

Yea on his part, ile empty all these vaines,

And shed my deere bloud, drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high in the aire as this vnthankfull king,

As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad,

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

Hot. He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,

And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe

Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

of Henry the seventh
 And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
 Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

Worſt. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
 By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
 And then it was, when the vnhappy king,
 (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
 Vpon his Irish expedition;
 From whence he intercepted, did returne
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Worſt. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
 Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you did king Richard then
 Proclaime my brother Edmund Mortimer
 Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coosen king,
 That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue,
 But shal it be that you that set the crowne
 Vpon the head of this forgetful man,
 And for his sake weare the detested blot
 Of murtherous subornation? shal it be
 That you a world of curses vndergo,
 Being the agents, or base second meanes,
 The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather,
 O pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To shew the line and the predicament,
 Wherein you range vnder this subtil king!
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,
 Or fil vp Chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
 (As both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
 To put down Richard, that sweet louely Rose,
 And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
 And shal it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are foold, discarded, and shooke off
 By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,

I.iii.

180 No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
 Your banisht honors, and restore your selues
 Into the good thoughts of the world againe :
 184 Reuenge the ieering and disdained contempt
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night
 To answere all the debt he owes to you,
 Euen with the bloudie paiment of your deaths :
 Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace coosen, say no more.

188 And now I will vnclaspe a secret booke,
 And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
 Ile reade you matter deepe and daungerous,
 As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
 192 As to orewalke a Current roling lowd,
 On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, god-night, or sinke, or swim,
 Send danger from the East vnto the West.
 196 So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
 And let them grapple : O the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lyon than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 200 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
 By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,
 To plucke bright honour from the pale fac'd moone,
 Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
 204 Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
 And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
 So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
 Without coniuall all her dignities,
 208 But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
 But not the forme of what he should attend,
 Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I crie you mercie.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
 By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,
 No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shall not.

Ile

Hee keepethem by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay I will: thats flat:
He said he would not ransome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleepe,
And in his eare ile hollow Mortimer:
Nay, ile haue a starling shalbe taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him
To keepe his anger still in motion,

Wor. Heare you cosen a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullenbrooke,
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel kinsman, ile talke to you
When you are better temperd to attend.

Nor. Why what a waspe-stung and impatient foole
Art thou? to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tounge but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Netled and stung with pismires, when I heare
Of this vile polititian Bullingbrooke,
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vncke kept
His vncke Yorke, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bullenbrooke:

Zbloud, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

North. At Barkly castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a candy deale of curtesie,
This fawning greyhound then did profer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind cosen:

O the diuill take such coofoners, god forgiue me,
 Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
 We wil stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done I faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,
 Deliuer them vp without their ranfome ftraight,
 And make the Douglas fonne your only meane
 For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reafons
 Which I fhall fend you written, be affur'd
 Wil eafely be granted you my Lord.
 Your fonne in Scotland being thus employed,
 Shal fecretly into the bofome creepe
 Of that fame noble prelat wel belou'd,
 The Archbifhop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
 His brothers death at Bristow the lord Scroop,
 I fpeake not this in eftimation,
 As what I thinke might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
 And onely ftayes but to behold the face
 Of that occafion that fhall bring it on.

Hot. I finell it, Vpon my life it will do well.

Norr. Before the game is afoote thou ftill letft flipe.

Hot. Why, it cannot chufe but be a noble plot,
 And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
 To ioine with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And fo they fhall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And tis no little reafon bids vs fpeed,
 To fave our heads by raifing of a head,
 For beare our felues as euen as we can,
 The king will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
 And thinke we thinke our felues vnsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
 And fee already how he doth begin
 To make vs ftrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

of Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.

Worst. Cooſen farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
He ſteale to Glendower, and Lo: Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powres at once,
As I will faſhion it ſhall happily meeete,
To beare our fortunes in our own ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we ſhall thriue I truſt.

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand

1 Car. Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day ile be hangd,
Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not
packt. What Oſtler.

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pree the Tom beat Cuts ſaddle, put a few flockes in
the point, poore iade is wroong in the withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peaſe and beanes are as danke here as a dog and that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houſe is turned
vpſide downe ſince Robin Oſtler died.

1 Car. Poore fellow neuer ioied ſince the priſe of Oates roſe,
it was the death of him.

2 Car. I thinke this be the moſt villainous houſe in al London
road for fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench, by the Maſſe there is nere a King chriſten
could be better bit then I haue bin ſince the firſt cocke.

2 Car. Why they will allowe vs nere a Iordane, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like
a loach.

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

2 Car. I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of GINGER,
to be deliuered as far as Charing croſſe.

1 Car. Gods bodie, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ſtar-
ued: what Oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eie in thy
head? canſt not heare, and twere not as good deede as drinke to

break the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come and be hangd,
haft no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

36 *Gadshill.* Good morrow Cariers, whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the
stable.

40 1 *Car.* Nay by God soft, I knowe a tricke worth two of that
I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

44 2 *Car.* I when canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) mar-
ry ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirrha Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to
London?

48 2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant
thee, come neighbour Mugs, weele call vp the Gentlemen,
they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

52 *Gad.* What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pickepurse.

56 *Gad.* Thats euen as faire as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine:
for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing di-
rection doth from labouring: thou laiest the plot how.

60 *Cham.* Good morrow maister Gadshill, it holdes currant that
I tolde you yesternight, ther's a Frankelin in the wilde of Kent
hath brought three hundred Markes with him in golde, I heard
him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of
64 Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes
what, they are vp already, and cal for Egges and butter, they wil
away presently.

68 *Gad.* Sirrha, if they meete not with Saint Nicholas clarkes,
ile giue thee this necke.

72 *Cham.* No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hang-
man, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas, as trulie as
a man offalshood may.

76 *Ga.* What talkest thou to me of the hāgman? if I hang, ile make
a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, olde sir Iohn hangs with
me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other
Troians

of FERNISEEDES.

Troians that thou dreamst nor of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great Oneyres, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continuallie to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their booties? will shee hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castell cocksure: wee haue the receyte of Ferneseede, wee walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue mee thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Ostler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell you muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Po. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstalles horse, and he frets like a gumd Veluer.

Prin. Stand close. *Enter Falstaffe.*

Falst. Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Falst. Wheres Poynes Hall?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, He go seeke him.

Falst. I am accurst to rob in that theeves companie. the rascal hath remooued my horse, and tied him I knowe not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forsworne his companie hourly any time this xxii. yeares, and yet I am be-

C.iii.

witch.

II.ii.

20 witcht with the rogues companie . If the rascall haue not gi-
 uen me medicines to make mee loue him, ile be hangd. It could
 24 not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hall, a plague
 vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile starue ere ile rob a foote
 28 further, and twere not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-
 man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer
 chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vncuen ground is three-
 score and ten myles a foote with mee, and the stonie hearted
 villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues
 can not be true one to another:

They whistle,

32 Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse you rogues,
 giue me my horse and be hangd:

36 *Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, laie thine eare close to the
 ground, and list if thou canst heare the treade of trauellers.

40 *Falst.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being down,
 zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre a foote againe for
 all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane
 ye to colt me thus?

44 *Prin.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

Falst. I preethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good
 kings sonne.

Prin. Out ye rogue shall I be your Ostler?

48 *Falst.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters,
 if I be tane, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on
 you all, and sung to filthie tunes, let a cuppe of sacke bee my
 poyson, when a ieast is so for ward, and a foote too I hate it.

Enter Gadhill.

52 *Gad.* Stand. *Falst.* So I do against my will.

Po. O tis our setter, I know his voice, Bardoll, what newes.

56 *Bar.* Cae yee, cae yee on with your vizards, theres money
 of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings
 Exchequer.

Falst. You lie ye rogue. tis going to the kings Tauerne.

60 *Gad.* Theres inough to make vs all:

Falst. To be hangd.

64 *Prin.* Sirs you foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned
 Poynes, and I wil walke lower, if they scape from your encoun-

ter

OF THEM BE THE JOURNALS.

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal Zounds will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a coward fir Iohn paunch.

Fal. In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hall,

Prin. Well, we leaue that to the prooffe.

Po. Sirrha Iacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell & stand fast.

Fal. Now can not I strike him if I should be hangd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Po. Here, hard by, stand close.

Fal. Now my maisters, happie man bee his dole, say I, euerie man to his businesse.

Enter the trauailers.

Trael. Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses down the hill, wee le walke a foote a while and ease our legs.

Theeues. Stand. *Trael.* Iesus bleffe vs.

Falst. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates, a horeson Caterpillars, bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone, no yee fatte chuffes, I would your store were here; on bacons on, what yee knaues yong men must liue, you are grand iurers, are ye, wee le iure ye faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Enter the prince and Poynes.

Prin. The theeues haue bound the true men, nowe coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merilie to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

Po. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fal. Come my maisters, let vs share and then to horse before day, and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowardes theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes, then in a wilde ducke,

Prin.

II.ii.

*As they are sharing the Prince & Poins
Prin. Your money. Set upon them, they all runne away, and
Poins. Villaines. Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away
too, leaving the bootie behind them.*

*Prin. Got with much ease, Now merrily to horse: the thecues
are all scattered, and possesst with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, awaie
good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along, wert not for laughing I should pittie him.*

Poynes. How the rogue roard. Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus reading a letter.

*But for mine own part my Lord I could be well contented to bee
here, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

*He could be contented; why is hee not then? in the respect of
the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.*

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous,
Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord soole) out of this neule danger, we
plucke this flower safetie.*

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue na-
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too
light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

*Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-
low cowardly hind, and you lie: what a lacke braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and ful of expectation: an
excellent plot, verie good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is
this? why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the generall
course of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rascall
I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my
father, my vncl, and my selfe; Lord Edmond Mortimer, my
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower: is there not besides the
Dowglas, haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-
ward already? What a pagan rascall is this, an infidell; Ha, you
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will hee to
the King, and lay open all our proceedings? O I could deuide my*

my

II.iii.

of Henrie the fourth.

my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke
with so honorable an action. Hang him. let him tell the king, we
are prepared : I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?
Tel me sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy goulden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sittest alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee haue watcht,
And heard the murmur, tales of yron wars,
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires of trenches tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of soldiours slaine,
And all the currents of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beads of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraîne their breath,
On some great suddain heft. O what portents are these?
Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse my Lord he brought euen now.

Hot. What horse. Roane? a cropeare is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord,

D 1

Hot.

Hot. That roane shall be my throne. Wel, I will backe him straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saist thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene as you are toft with. In faith ile knowe your businesse Harry that I will, I feare my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go.

Hot. So far a foot I shal be weary loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, answere me directly vnto this question that I aske, in faith ile breake thy little finger Harry and if thou wilt not tel me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifier, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudy noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse: What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed? Wel, do not then, for since you loue me not I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay tel me if you speake in iest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horsebacke I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth question me Whither I go, nor reason where about, Whither I must, I must, and to conclude This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate, I know you wise, but yet no farther wise Then Harry Percies wife, constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy No Lady closer, for I well beleue Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know, And so far wil I trust thee gentle Kate.

La. How, so far.

Hot.

The Historie

Hot. Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,
Whither I go, thither shal you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you,
Will this content you Kate?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, preethe come out of that fat roome, and lende me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi Where hast bin Hal?

Prin. With three or foure loggerheades, amongest three or fourescore hogheades. I haue sounded the verie base string of humilitie. Sirha, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis, they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, and tel me flatly I am no proud Iacke like Falstalffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of metall, 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 East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breath in your watering they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficiēt in one quarter of an houre that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language, during my life. I tell thee Ned thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweete Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vndersinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life then eight shillings and sixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon fir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue awaie the time till Falstalffe come: I preethe doe thou stande in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gaue me the sugar, and do thou neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may be nothing but anon, step aside and ile shew thee a present.

Po. Frances.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Prin. Frances.

Enter Drawer.

Frans. Anon, anon fir. Looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Ralphe.

II. iv.

The Historie

44 *Prin.* Come hether Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue Frances?

Fran. Forsooth, fīue yeeres, and as much as to,

48 *Poi.* Frances.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

52 *Prin.* Fīue yeare, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, dar’st thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shewe it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

56 *Fran.* O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my hart,

Poin. Frances.

Fran. Anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou Frances?

60 *Fran.* Let me see, about Michelmas next I shalbe.

Poin. Frances.

Fran. Anon sir, pray stay a little my Lord.

64 *Prin.* Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest me, twas a peniworth, wast not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.

68 *Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it,

72 *Poin.* Frances.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thursday; or indeede Fraunces when thou wilt. But Fraunces,

76 *Fran.* My Lord.

80 *Prin.* Wilt thou rob this leathern Ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smothe tongue, spanish pouch?

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

84 *Prin.* Why then your brown bastard is your only drinke: for looke you Fraunces, your whire canuas doublet will fulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Frances.

88 *Prin.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them cal.

Here they both cal him, the Drawer stands amazed not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What standst thou stil and hearst such a calling: oke

of Henrie the fourth.

to the guests within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen more are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Pri Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: *Poines.*

Poi. Anon, anon sir. *Enter Poinet.*

Prince. Sirrha, Falstaffe and the rest of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merrie?

Po. As merry as Crickets my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer: come whats the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors since the oulde dayes of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. Whats a clocke Frances?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Pr. That euer this fellowe should haue fewer wordes then a Parrat, and yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires and down staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percyes minde, the Horspur of the North, he that kils mee some fixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast: washes his handes, and saies to his wife, fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry saies she! how manie hast thou kild to day? Giue my roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres some foureteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I preethe call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* saies the drunkarde: call in Ribs, cal in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poies. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bin?

Falst. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Eare I lead this life long ile sow neatherstocks and mrend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke rogue, is there no vertue extant?

he drinketh.

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pittifull harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes, if thou didst, then behold that compound.

OF FLENTIE THE JOURNE.

Falst. You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too : there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a cowarde is worle then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous cowarde. Go thy waies old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring : there liues not three good men vnhangde in England, and one of them is far, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world *I* say, I would I were a weauer. I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards *I* say still.

Prin. How now Wolfacke, what mutter you?

Falst. A kings sonne, if *I* do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horeson round-man, whats the matter?

Falst. Are not you a cowarde? aunswere mee to that, and Poinces there.

Poin. Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me cowarde by the Lord ile stab thee.

Falst. *I* call thee cowarde, ile see thee damnde ere *I* call thee coward, but *I* woulde giue a thousand pound *I* coulde runne as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe : call you that backing of your friends, a plague vpon such backing, giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villain, thy lips are scarfe wipt since thou drunkst last,

Falst. All is one for that.

He drinketh.

A plague of all cowards still say *I*.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Falst. Whats the matter, there be foure of vs here haue tane a thousand pound this day morning

Prin. Where is it Iacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is : a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a rogue if *I* were not at halfe sword with a douzen of them two houres together. *I* haue scapt by myracle. *I* am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose, my

THE DISGUISE.

my buckler cut through and through, my sworde hackt like a hand saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, al would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villains, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad Speake sirs, how was it?

Ross. We foure set vpon some douzen.

Falst. Sixteene at least my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You rogue they were bounde euerie man of them, or I am a Iew else: an Ebrew Iew.

Ross. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prim. What, fought you with them all?

Falst. Al, I know not what you cal al, but if I fought not with fiftie of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde lacke, then am I no two legd Creature.

Prim. Pray God you haue not mured some of them.

Falst. Nay, thats past praying for, I haue pepperd two of them. Two I am sure I haue paied, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tel thee what Hall, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse, thou knowest my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my poynt, foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prim. What foure? thou saidst but two euen now.

Falst. Foure Hal, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

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

Prim. Seuen, why there were but foure euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Po. I foure in Buckrom suites.

Falst. Seuen by these hilts, or I am a villaine else.

Pr. Preethe let him alone we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Doeſt thou heare me Hal?

Prim.

II. iv.

Prince. I, and marke thee to iacke.

Falst. Do so for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

Prince. So, two more alreadie,

Falst. Their points being broken.

Poy Downe fell their hose.

Falst. Began to giue me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot, and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two.

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was so darke Hal, that thou couldest not see thy hand.

Prin. These lies are like their father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeson obscene greasie tallow-catch.

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

Pr. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal greene when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand, come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?

Po. Come your reason, Iacke, your reason.

Falst. What, vppon compulsion: Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the worlde, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentifull as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vppon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fa. Zbloud you starueling, you elskin you dried neatstong, you bulspizzle, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee, you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, and when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons heare mee speake but this,

Po. Marke iacke,

Prin. We two saw you foure set on foure, and bound them and were maisters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a worde,

worde, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea & can shew it you here in the house : and Falstafle you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and stil run and roard, as euer I heard bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sworde as thou hast done ? and then say it was in fight. What tricke ? what deuice ? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame ?

Pa. Come, lets heare iacke, what tricke hast thou now ?

Falst. By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made ye. Why heare you my maisters, was it for me to kill the heire apparant ? should I turne vpon the true prince ? why thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince, instinct is a great matter. I was now a cowarde on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince : but by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money, Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrowe, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of golde, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What shall wee bee merrie, shall wee haue a play extempore ?

Prin. Content, and the argument shall bee thy running away.

Falst. A, no more of that Hal and thou louest me: *Enter hostesse*

Ho. O Iesu, my Lord the prince !

Prin. How now my lady the hostesse, what saist thou to me ?

Ho. Marry my Lo. there is a noble man of the court at doore would speake with you: he saies he commes from your father.

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

Fal. What maner of man is he ?

Host. An olde man.

Falst. What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight ? Shall I giue him his answer ?

Prin. Precthe do iacke. *Fa.* Faith and ile send him packing.

Exit.

Prin. Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are lions to, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith I ran when I saw others runne,

E

Prin.

Prim. Faith tell me now in earnest, how came Falstalffs sword so hackt?

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

Bar. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spearegrasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prim. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeares ago and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away, what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prim. I do.

Bar. What thinke you they portend.

Prim. Hot liuers, and cold purses.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falstalffe.

Prim. No if rightly taken halter. Here commes leane iacke, here commes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long ist ago iacke since thou sawest thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee, when I was about thy yeares (Hall) I was not an Eagles talent in the walle, I could haue crept into anie Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of fighting and grief it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Thers villainous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North Percie, and he of Wales that gaue Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuel his true liegeman vpo the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poynes. O Glendower.

Falst. Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in lawe Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

Prim. He that rides at high speede, and with his pistoll killes a sparrow flying.

Falst.

of Henry the fourth.

Falst. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye vpon instinct: well hee is there to, and one Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking Mackrel.

Prin. Why then, it is like if there come a hote Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob nailes, by the hundreds.

Falst. By the masse lad thou saiest true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way: but tell mee Hall, art not thou horrible afearde? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe? as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuel Glendower, art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy bloud thril at it?

Prin. Not a whit ifaith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well thou wilt bee horrible chiddeto morrowe when thou comnest to thy father, if thou loue mee practise an answer.

Prin. Do thou stand for my father and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Falst. Shall I; content. This chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

Prin. Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne for a pittifull bald crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee nowe shalt thou be moued. Giue me a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it maie bee thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in king Cambises vaine.

II. iv.

Prince. Well, here is my leg,

Falst. And here is my speech; stand aside Nobilitie.

Hof. O Iesu, this is excellent sport itaith.

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

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,
For teares do stop the floudgates of her eyes.

Hof. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotric plaiers as euer I see.

Falst. Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harrie, I doe not onelic maruaile where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the cam-momill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son I haue partly thy mothers worde, partlie my owne opinion, but chieflie a villainous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lippe, that dooth warrant me. If then thou bee sonne to mee, heere lies the poynt, why beeing sonne to me, art thou so pointed at: shal the blessed sunne of heauen proue a mither, and eat black-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of England proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile, so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harrie, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure but in passion: not in words onely, but in wocs also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man and it like your Maiestic?

Fal. A goodly portly man ifayth, and a corpulent, of a cheerful looke, a pleasing cie, and a most noble cariage, and as I thinke his age some fiftie, or birladie inclining to threescore, and nowe I remember me, his name is *Falstafse*, if that man shoulde bee lewdly giuen, hee deceiueh me. For Harry, I see vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstafse*, him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now thou naughtie varlet, tell me whete hast thou becne this month?

Pr.

of Henrie the fourth.

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king, do thou stand for me, and ile play my father. 476

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rab- 480
bet sucker, or a poulters Hare

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you? 484

Fal. My noble Lord from Eastcheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee are greeuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord they are false: nay ile tickle ye for a yong 484
prince I faith.

Prin. Swarest thou vngracious boy, hence forth nere looke 492
on me, thou art violently carried awaie from grace, there is a di-
uell haunts thee in the likenesse of an olde fat man, a tun of man
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of
humours, that boultinghutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell 496
of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloakebag of
guts, that roasted Mannington Oxe with the pudding in his belly,
that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that va- 500
nity in yeares, wherein is he good, but to tast sacke and drinke it?
wherein neat and clenly, but to carue a capon and eat it? wherein
cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villa- 504
nous, but in al things? where in worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whome 508
meanes your grace?

Prin. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, Fal- 508
stalffe, that olde white bearded Sathan,

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou doest.

Fal. But to say I knowe more harme in him then in my selfe, 512
were to say more then I know: that he is olde the more the pic-
tie, his white haire doe witness it, but that he is sauing your re-
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vterlie denie: if sacke and sugar 516
be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be olde and merry be a sin,
then many an old host that I know is damnd: if to be fat be to be
hated, then Pharaos lane kine are to be loued. No my good lord 520
banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish Poinces, but for sweet Iacke

The Historie

524 Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant
Iacke Falstaffe & therefore more valiant being as he is old Iacke
Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish not
him thy Harries companie, banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all
the world.

528 *Prin.* I do, I will.

Enter Bardoll running.

Bar. O my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe with a most monstrous
watch is at the doore.

532 *Falst.* Out ye rogue, play out the play, I haue much to say in
the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the hostesse,

Host. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prin. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a fiddle sticke, whats
the matter?

536 *Host.* The Sheriffe and al the watch are at the doore, they are
come to search the house, shall I let them in?

540 *Falst.* Doeſt thou heare Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a
counterfet, thou art essentially made without seeming so.

Prin. And thou a naturall coward without instinct.

544 *Falst.* I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sheriffe so, if not,
let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a
plague on my bringing vp, I hope I shall as soone bee strangled
with a halter as another.

548 *Prin.* Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue,
now my masters for a true face, and good conscience.

552 *Falst.* Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and there-
fore I hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sheriffe.

Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.

Prin. Now master Sheriffe, what is your wil with me?

556 *Sher.* First pardon me my Lord. A hue and cric hath followed
certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men?

560 *Sher.* One of them is well known my gracious Lorde, a grosse
fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prin. The man I do assure you is not here,
For I my selfe at this time haue emploid him:

And

And Sheriffe, *I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will oye to morrow dinner time
Send him to answere thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal,
And so let me intreat you leaue the house.*

Sher. I will my Lord: there are two gentlemen
Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he haue robd these men
He shal be answerable, and so farewell.

She. God night my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is god morrow is it not?

She. Indeed my Lord I thinke it betwo a clocke. *Exit*

Prin. This oylie rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call
him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe: fast a sleepe behind the Arras, and snorting
like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets,

He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Pr. What hast thou found?

Pet. Nothing but papers my Lord.

Prin. Lets see what they be, read them.

Item a capon,

2.s,ii,d.

Item sawce,

iii,j,d.

Item sacke two gallons.

v.s,vii,j,d.

Item anchaues and sacke after supper.

2,s,vj,d.

Item bread.

ob.

O monstrous! but one halfepeniworth of bread to this intol-
erable deale of sack? what there is else keepe close, weel read it at
more aduantage; there let him sleepe till day, ile to the court in
the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shal be ho-
norable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know
his death will bee a march of twelue skore, the money shall bee
paid backe againe with aduantage; bee with the betimes in the
morning, and so good morrow Peto.

Peto Good morrow good my Lord.

Exeunt

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,

Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And

3-4 *Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and coosen Glendower wil you sit down?
and Vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it I haue forgot the map.

7-8 *Glendow.* No here it is; sit Coosen Percy, sit good Coosen
Hotspur, for by that name as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in
heauen.

11-12 *Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuity
The front of heauen was full of fiery shapcs
Of burning creffets, and at my birth
16 The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why fo it woulde haue done at the same season if your
20 mothers cat bad but kittend, though your selfe had neuer beene
borne.

Glen. I say the earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shooke.

24 *Glen.* The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble,

Hot. Oh then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuity,
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth,
28 In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collicke pinchd and vext,
By the imprisoning of vruly wind
Within her vombe, vvhich for enlargement struiuing
32 Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple and mosse grovvn towers. At your birth
Out Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosen of many men
36 I do not beare these crosings, giue me leaue
To tell you once againe that at my birth
The front of heauen vvas full of fiery shapcs,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
40 Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

of Henrie the fourth.

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roule of commen men:
Where is he liuing clipt in with the sea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but womans sonne?
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arte,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

11

11

Hot. I thinke theres no man speakes better Welsh
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, you wil make him mad.

Glen. I can cal spirits from the vasty deepe.

52

Hot. Why so can I, or so can any man,

But wil they come when you do cal for them

Glen. Why I can teach you coosen to command the Deuil,

56

Hot. And I can teach thee coose to shame the deuil,

By telling truth. Tel truth and shame the deuil:

If thou haue power to raise him bring him higher,

And ile be sworne I haue power to shame him hence:

60

Oh while you liue tel truth and shame the deuil.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullenbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the bankes of Wye,
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him
Booteles home, and weather beaten backe.

64

Hot. Home without bootes, and in soule weather too,
How scapes he agues in the deuils name?

68

Glen. Come here is the map, shal we diuide our right?
According to our three fold order tane.

Mor. The Archdeacon hath diuided it
Into three limits very equally:

72

England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,

By South and East is to my part assignd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound

To Owen Glendower: and deare coose to you

The remnant Northward lying off from Trent,

74

30 And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 (A businesse that this night may execute)
 40 To morrow cōsen Percy you and I
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
 To meet your father and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 50 Nor shal we need his helpe these fourteen daies,
 Within that space you may haue drawne together
 Your tenants, friend, and neighbouring gentlemen.

60 *Glen.* A shorter time shall send me to you Lords,
 And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
 From whom you now must steale and take no leaue,
 For there will be a world of water shed,
 Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

70 *Hot.* Me thinks my moiety North from Burton here,
 In quantity equals not one of yours,
 See how this riuer comes me cranking in,
 And cuts me from the best of all my land,
 80 A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out,
 Ile haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
 And here the sinug and siluer Trent shall run
 In a new channell faire and euenly,
 90 It shall not wind with such a deepe indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottoime here.

100 *Glen.* Not wind it shal, it must, you see it doth.

107-8 *Mor.* Yea, but marke howe he beares his course, and runs mee
 vp with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
 continent as much as on the other side it takes from you.

112 *Wor.* Yea but a little charge wil trench him here,
 And on this Northside win this cape of land,
 And then he runs straight and euen.

116 *Hot.* Ile haue it so a little charge will do it.

Glen. Ile not haue it altded.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen.

of Henrie the fourth.

Glen. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

120

Glen. I can speake English Lord as well as you,
For I was traird vp in the English court,
Where being but yong I framed to the harpe
Many an English ditty louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpful ornament,
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

125

Hot. Marry and I am glad of it with all my hart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet mongers,
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,
Or a drie wheele grate on the exle tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing poetry,
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

127-8

132

Glen. Come, you shal haue Trent turnd.

136

Hot. I do not care, ile giue thrice so much land
To any well deseruing friend:

But in the way of bargaine marke ye me,
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire,
Are the Indentures drawn, shal we be gone?

140

Glen. The moon shines faire, you may away by night
Ile haste the writer, and withal
Breake with your, wiues of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

144

Exit

Mor. Fie coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime 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 finles fish,
A clipwingd Griffin and a molten rauē,
A couching Leon and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble scamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tel you whar,
He held me last night at least nine houres
In reckoning vp the seuerall Diuels names

148

152

150

III.i.

That were his lackies, I cried hum, and wel go to,
 But mark him not a word O he is astedious
 As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
 Worfe then a smoky house. I had rather liue
 With cheefe and garlike in a Windmil far,
 Then feed on cates and haue him talke to me,
 In any summer house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
 Exceedingly well read and profired
 In strange concealements, valiant as a lion,
 And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
 As mines of India; shal I tell you coosen,
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himselfe euen of his natural scope.
 When you come crosse his humor, faith he does,
 I warrant you that man is not aliue
 Might so haue tempted him as you haue done,
 Without the tast of danger and reproofe,
 But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith my Lord you are too wilfull blame,
 And since your comming hither haue done enough
 To put him quite besides his patience,
 You must needes learne Lord to amend this fault,
 Though sometimes it shew greatnes, courage, bloud,
 And thats the dearest grace it renders you,
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
 Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain,
 The least of which hantring a noble man,
 Looseth mens harts and leaues behind a stain
 Vpon the beaury of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Wel I am schoold good maners be your speed,
 Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
 My wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,

Sheele

Of Henry the 6. June 1400.

Sheele be a fouldior to, sheele to the wars.

Mor. Good father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
Shal follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glondower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. She is desperate here,
A peeuisf selfewild harlotrie, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The Ladie speakes in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that prettie Welsh,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Ladie againe in welsh

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation,
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnt thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,
With rauishing diuision to her Lute.

Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

The Lad e speakes againe in Welsh.

Mor. O I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse,
Making such difference twixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harnest teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the east.

M r. With all my heart ile sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so, & those musitions that shal play to you,
Hang in the aire a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shalbe here, sit and attend.

Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

232

La. Goe ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,
And tis no matuaile he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.

236

La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouern'd by humors,
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

240

Hot. I had rather heare lady my brache howle in Irish.

La. Wouldst thou haue thy head broken?

Hot sp. No.

244

La. Then be still.

Hot sp. Neither, tis a womans fault.

La. Nowe God helpeth thee.

Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

248

La. Whats that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Ladie sings a welsh song.

Hot. Come Kate, ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

252

Hot. Not yours in good sooth. Hart, you sweare like a comfit-
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

256

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsbury.

Sweare me Kate like a ladie as thou art,

A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,

260

And such protest of pepper ginger bread

To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens,

Come sing.

La. I will not sing.

264

Hot. Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher,
and the indentures be drawn ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Exit.

268

Glen. Come come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As Hot, Lord Percy is on fire to go:

By

of Henrie the fourth.

By this our booke is drawne, weele but leale,
And then to horse immediatlie.

Mor. With all my hart.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neare at hand,
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it so
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome out of my blood,
Heele breed reuengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life,
Make me beleue that thou art onely markt
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts.
Such barren pleasures, rude societie
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am chargd withall,
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuilde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needs must heare
By smiling pickthanks, and base newes mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

Kin. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost
Which by thy yonger brother is supplide,
And art almost an allien to the harts

III.ii

Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruind, and the soule of euery man
 Prophetically do forethinke thy fall :
 Had I so lawissh of my presence beene,
 So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,
 Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
 Had still kept loyall to possession,
 And left me in reputelesse banishment,
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
 By being seldome scene, I could not stirre
 But like a Comet I was wondred at;
 That men would tell their children this is he :
 Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke ?
 And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
 And drest my selfe in such humilitie
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,
 Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,
 Euen in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keepe me person fresh and new,
 My presence like a roabe pontificall,
 Nere scene but wondred at and so my state
 Seldome, but sumptuous shewd like a feast,
 And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.
 The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
 With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,
 Soone kindled, and soone hurnt, carded his state,
 Mingled his royaltie with capring fooles,
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
 And gaue his countenance against his name
 To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the push
 Of euery beardedleffe vaine comparatiue,
 Grew a companion to the common streetes,
 Enseofte himselfe to popularitie,
 That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
 They surfetted with honie, and began to loath
 The taste of sweetnesse whereof a little

More

More then a little. is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seene,
 He was but as the Cuckoe is in Iune,
 Heard, not regarded: Seene, but with such eie
 As sicke and blunted with communitie,
 Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
 Such as is bent on sup-like maiestie,
 When it shines seldome in admiring eies,
 But rather drowzd, and hung their eie-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
 As cloudy men vse to their aduerfaries
 Being with his presence glutterd, gordge, and full.
 And in that very line Harry standest thou,
 For thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge
 With vile participation. Not an eye
 But is a weary of thy common sight,
 Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
 Which now doth that I would uot haue it do,
 Make blind it selfe with foolish tendemeffe.

Prim. I shall hereafter my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more my selfe. *King* For all the world,
 As thou art to this houre was Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Rauenspurghe,
 And euen as I was than, is Percy now,
 Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote,
 He hath more worthie interest to the state
 Then thou the shadow of succession.
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harnesse in the realme,
 Turnes head against the lions armed iawes,
 And being no more in debt to yeares, then thou
 Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on
 To bloudie battailes, and to bruising armes,
 What neuer dying honour hath he got
 Against ren owmed Dowglas? Whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in atmes,
 Holds from al fouldiors chiefe maioritie
 And militarie title capitall.

G.I.

Through

III.ii.

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,
 This infant warriour in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great Dowglas, tane him once,
 Enlargd him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne,
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The Archbishops grace of York, Dowglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
 But wherefore do I tel these newes to thee?
 Why Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
 To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
 To dog his heeles, and curstie at his frownes,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shal not find it so,
 And God forgiue them that so much haue swaide
 Your maiesties good thoughts away from me.
 I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day
 Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
 When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
 And stainie my fauors in a bloody maske,
 Which washt away shall scoure my shame with it,
 And that shal be the day when ere it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renowne,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,
 And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
 For euery honor sitting on his helme
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled. For the time will com
 That I shal make this Northren youth exchange
 His glorious deedes for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
 To engrosse vp glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to so strickt account,
 That he shall render euery glory vp,
 Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
 Or I will teare thereckoning from his heart.
 This in the name of God I promise heere,
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe:
 I do beseech your maicesty may salue
 The long grown wounds of my intemprance,
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
 Thou shalt haue charge and soueraine trust herein.
 How now good blunt thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I come to speake of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
 That Dowglas and the English Rebels met
 The eleuenth of this month at Shrewsbury,
 A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
 If promises be kept on euery hand,
 As euer offred foule play in a state.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,
 With him my sonne Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
 For this aduertisement is fīue daies old.
 On Wednesday next, Harry you shall set forward,
 On thursday we our selues will march. Our meeting
 Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march
 Through Glocestershire, by which account
 Our businesse valued some twelue daies hence,
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet:
 Our hands are full of businesse, lets away,
 Aduantage feedes him fat while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not falne away vilely since this last action?
 do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skinne hangs about
 me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an oulde
 apple Iohn, Well, ile repent and that suddainly, while I am in

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper come, a brewers Horfe, the inside of a Church. Company, villainous company, hath been the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come sing me a bawdie song, malle me merry. I was as vertuously giuen as a gentleman need to be, vef-tuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a baudy house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, and in good compasse, and nowe I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No ile be sworn, I make as good vse of it as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning. If thou wert any waie giuen to vertue, I would sweate by thy face: my oath should be by this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen o-uer: and wert indeede but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not thinke thou hadst beene an *ignis fa-tuus*, or a ball of wildfire, theres no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bonfire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes, and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt raueme and rauerne; but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Sallamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty yeares, God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamerey, so should I be sure to be hartburnt,

How

OF THEIR THE JOURN.

How now dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquired *Enter host.*
yet who pickt my pocket?

Hostesse. Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke sir Iohn, doe you think e I keepe theeuies in my house, I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant, the right of a haire, was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yee lie Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd, and lost manie a haire, and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

Ho. Who I No, I desie thee: Gods light I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goto. I know you well inough.

Ho. No. sir Iohn you do not know me, sir Iohn, I knowe you sir Iohn, you owe me mony sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it, I bought you a douzen of shirts to your backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthie Doulas. I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii s. an ell, you owe mony here, besides sir Iohn, for your diet, and bydrinkings, and money lent you xxiii. pound.

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

Host. He, alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you fisch? let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his cheekes, ile not pay a denyet: what will you make a yonker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine Innc, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers worth fortie marke.

Ho. O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Falst. How? the prince is a iacke, a sneakup, Zbloud and hee were here, I would cudgell him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter the prince marching, and Falstafte meetes him playing vpon his trunchion like a fife.

Falst. How now lad, is the winde in that doore ifaith, must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you heare me,

G.iii.

Prim.

108 *Pr.* What saist thou mistris quickly, how doth thy husband?
I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord heare me?

Falst. Preethe let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou iacke,

112 *Falst.* The other night I fel a sleepe here, behind the Arras, and
had my pocket pickt, this house is turn'd baudy house, they pick
pockets.

Prin. What didst thou loose iacke?

116 *Fal.* Wilt thou beleecue me Hall, three or foure bonds of forty
pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers,

Prin. A trifle, some eight penie matter.

120 *Host.* So I told him my Lord, and I said I heard your grace say
so: & my lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouthd
man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

124 *Prin.* What he did not?

Ho. Theres neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

128 *Fal.* Theres no more faith in thee then in a flued prune, nor
no more truth in thee then in a drawn fox, and for womandood
maid marion may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go
you thing, go.

132 *Host.* Say what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

136 *Ho.* I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst
know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood
aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

140 *Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say o-
therwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

144 *Falst.* What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter sir Iohn, why an Otter?

Falst. Why? shees neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not
where to haue her.

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

Prin. Thou saist true hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most
grossely

152 *Host.* So hee doth you my Lord, and saide this other day you
ought

ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirrha, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound Hall? a million, thy loue is worth a million, thou owest me thy loue.

Hofst. Nay my Lord, he cald you iacke, and saide hee would cudgel you.

Falst. Did I Bardol?

Bar. Indeed sir Iohn you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prin. I say tis copper, darfst thou be as good as thy word now?

Falst. Why Hall? Thou knowest as thou art but man I dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion, doest thou thinke ile feare thee as I feare thy father? nay and I doo, I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, howe would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirrha, theres no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fild vp with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket, why thou horelson impudent imboist rascall, if there were anie thing in thy pocket but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of baudie houses, and one poore peniworth of sugar-candie to make thee long winded, if thy pocket were intricht with any other iniuries but these; I am a villain, and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong, art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doest thou heare Hall, thou knowest in the state of innocencie Adam fell, & what should poore iacke Falstafse do in the daies of villanie? thou seeest I haue more flesh then another man, & therfore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares so by the storie.

Fal. Hofteffe, I forgieue thee, go make ready breakfast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruauents, cherish thy ghesse, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason, thou seeest I am pacified still, nay preethe be gone.

Exit Hofteffe

Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery lad, how is that answered?

Prin.

III. iii.

200 *Prin.* O my sweet beotte, I must still bee good angel to thee,
the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labor.

204 *Prin.* I am good friends with my father and may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and doe
it with vnwasht hands too,

Bar. Do my Lord.

208 *Prin.* I haue procured thee lacke a charge of foot.

212 *Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I finde one that
can steale well, O for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or therea-
bouts: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offende none but the vertuous; I laude them, I
praise them.

216 *Prin.* Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

220 *Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
To my brother Iohn, this to my lord of Westmerland.

Go Peto to horse, to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time,

224 Lacke, meete me to morrow in the temple haule

At two of clocke in the aftermoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue

Money and order for their furniture,

228 The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world hostesse, my breakfast come,
Oh I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

IV. i.

Per. Well said my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue,

4 As not a souldior of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world

By God, I cannot flatter, I do desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

8 In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe,

Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Doug. Thou art the King of honor,

No man so potent breaths vpon the ground,

12 But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Per.

of letters and iunior.

Per. Do so, and tis wel. What letters hast thou there?
I can but thanke you:

Mef. These letters come from your father.

Per. Letters from him, why comes he not himselfe?

Mef. He cannot come my lord, he is gricuous sicke.

Per. Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sicke
In such a iustling time, who leads his power?

Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

Mef. His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.

Wor. I pree the tel me, doth he keepe his bed?

Mef. He did my Lord, foure daies ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fearde by his Physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Eare he by sicknesse had bin visited,
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Per. Sicke now, droupe now, this sicknes doth infect
The very life bloud of our enterprife,
Tis catching hither euen to our campe,
He writes me here that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawn, nor did he thinke it meet
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any soule remoou'd but on his own,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposd to vs,
For as he writes there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly posselt
Of al our purposes, what say you to it?

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

Per. A penillous gash, a very limbe lopt off,
And yet in faith it is not, his present want
Seemes more then we shal find it: were it good
To set the exact wealch of al our states
Al at one cast? to set so rich a maine
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good for therein should we read

H i .

The

IV. i.

52 The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerſion,
4 We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what tis to come in,
56 A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Per. A randeuous, a home to flie vnto
If that the Diuel and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maidenhead of our affaires.

60 *Wor.* But yet *I* would your father had bin heere:
The quality and haire of our attempt
Brookes no deuifion, it will be thought
By ſome that know not why he is away,
64 That wiſedome, loialty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
68 And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For wel you know we of the offing ſide
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop al ſight-holes euery loope from whence
72 The eie of reaſon may prie in vpon vs,
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtain
That ſhewes the ignorant a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Per. You ſtraine too far.
76 I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterpriſe
Then if the Earle were here, for men muſt thinke
80 If we without his helpe can make a head
To puſh againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhal oreturne it to ſie turuy down,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioints are whole.

84 *Doug.* As hart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this tearme of feare.

Enter ſir Ri: Vernon.

Per.

of Henrie the fourth.

Per. My coosen Vernon, welcom by my soule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome lord,
The Earle of Westmerland seuen thousand strong
Is marching hetherwards, with him prince Iohn.

Per. No hanne, what more:

Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himselfe in person is set forth,
Or hetherwards intended speedily
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shal be welcome too: where is his sonne?
The nimble footed madcap prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades that daft the world aside
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht al in Armes:
All plumde like Estridges that with the wind
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bathd,
Glittering in golden coates like images,
As ful of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midsomer:
Wanton as youthful goates, wild as young buls,
I saw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cushes on his thighs gallantly armde,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel drop down from the clouds,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horfemanship.

Hot. No more, no more, worse then the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues, let them come,
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maide of smoky war,
Al hot and bleeding will we offer them,
The mailed Mars shal on his altars sit
Vp to the eares in bloud I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come let me tass my horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales,

H 2.

Harry

IV. i.

Harry to Harry shal hot horse to horse,
Meete and neare part til one drop down a coarfe,
Oh that Glendower were come,

Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worcester as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene daies.

Doug. Thats the worst tidings that I heare of it,

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may serue so great a day,
Come let vs take a muster speedily,
Doomes day is neare, die all, diemerely.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out offeare
Of death or deaths hand for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt

Enter Falstaffe, Bardoll.

Falst. Bardol get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
Sacke, our souldiors shall march through. Weele to Sutton cop-
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottell makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty
take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Liuetenant Peto
meet me at townes end:

Bar. I will captaine, farewell.

Exit

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiours, I am a souer gumer,
I haue misused the kinges presse damnablie. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. soldiours 300. and odde poundes. I presse me
none but good housholders, Yeomans sonnes, inquire me out
contracted batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the banes,
such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the
Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier, worse
then a stricke foule, or a hurt wild ducke: I prest mee none but
such tostes and butter with hearts in their bellies no bigger then
pinnes heades, and they haue bought out their seruices, and
nowe

of Henrie the fourth.

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemen of companies: slaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores, and such as indeed were neuer souldiours, but discarded, vniust seru-
 28
 32
 36
 40
 44
 48
 52
 56
 60
 64
 68
 72
 76
 80
 84
 88
 92
 96
 100
 104
 108
 112
 116
 120
 124
 128
 132
 136
 140
 144
 148
 152
 156
 160
 164
 168
 172
 176
 180
 184
 188
 192
 196
 200
 204
 208
 212
 216
 220
 224
 228
 232
 236
 240
 244
 248
 252
 256
 260
 264
 268
 272
 276
 280
 284
 288
 292
 296
 300
 304
 308
 312
 316
 320
 324
 328
 332
 336
 340
 344
 348
 352
 356
 360
 364
 368
 372
 376
 380
 384
 388
 392
 396
 400
 404
 408
 412
 416
 420
 424
 428
 432
 436
 440
 444
 448
 452
 456
 460
 464
 468
 472
 476
 480
 484
 488
 492
 496
 500
 504
 508
 512
 516
 520
 524
 528
 532
 536
 540
 544
 548
 552
 556
 560
 564
 568
 572
 576
 580
 584
 588
 592
 596
 600
 604
 608
 612
 616
 620
 624
 628
 632
 636
 640
 644
 648
 652
 656
 660
 664
 668
 672
 676
 680
 684
 688
 692
 696
 700
 704
 708
 712
 716
 720
 724
 728
 732
 736
 740
 744
 748
 752
 756
 760
 764
 768
 772
 776
 780
 784
 788
 792
 796
 800
 804
 808
 812
 816
 820
 824
 828
 832
 836
 840
 844
 848
 852
 856
 860
 864
 868
 872
 876
 880
 884
 888
 892
 896
 900
 904
 908
 912
 916
 920
 924
 928
 932
 936
 940
 944
 948
 952
 956
 960
 964
 968
 972
 976
 980
 984
 988
 992
 996
 1000
 1004
 1008
 1012
 1016
 1020
 1024
 1028
 1032
 1036
 1040
 1044
 1048
 1052
 1056
 1060
 1064
 1068
 1072
 1076
 1080
 1084
 1088
 1092
 1096
 1100
 1104
 1108
 1112
 1116
 1120
 1124
 1128
 1132
 1136
 1140
 1144
 1148
 1152
 1156
 1160
 1164
 1168
 1172
 1176
 1180
 1184
 1188
 1192
 1196
 1200
 1204
 1208
 1212
 1216
 1220
 1224
 1228
 1232
 1236
 1240
 1244
 1248
 1252
 1256
 1260
 1264
 1268
 1272
 1276
 1280
 1284
 1288
 1292
 1296
 1300
 1304
 1308
 1312
 1316
 1320
 1324
 1328
 1332
 1336
 1340
 1344
 1348
 1352
 1356
 1360
 1364
 1368
 1372
 1376
 1380
 1384
 1388
 1392
 1396
 1400
 1404
 1408
 1412
 1416
 1420
 1424
 1428
 1432
 1436
 1440
 1444
 1448
 1452
 1456
 1460
 1464
 1468
 1472
 1476
 1480
 1484
 1488
 1492
 1496
 1500
 1504
 1508
 1512
 1516
 1520
 1524
 1528
 1532
 1536
 1540
 1544
 1548
 1552
 1556
 1560
 1564
 1568
 1572
 1576
 1580
 1584
 1588
 1592
 1596
 1600
 1604
 1608
 1612
 1616
 1620
 1624
 1628
 1632
 1636
 1640
 1644
 1648
 1652
 1656
 1660
 1664
 1668
 1672
 1676
 1680
 1684
 1688
 1692
 1696
 1700
 1704
 1708
 1712
 1716
 1720
 1724
 1728
 1732
 1736
 1740
 1744
 1748
 1752
 1756
 1760
 1764
 1768
 1772
 1776
 1780
 1784
 1788
 1792
 1796
 1800
 1804
 1808
 1812
 1816
 1820
 1824
 1828
 1832
 1836
 1840
 1844
 1848
 1852
 1856
 1860
 1864
 1868
 1872
 1876
 1880
 1884
 1888
 1892
 1896
 1900
 1904
 1908
 1912
 1916
 1920
 1924
 1928
 1932
 1936
 1940
 1944
 1948
 1952
 1956
 1960
 1964
 1968
 1972
 1976
 1980
 1984
 1988
 1992
 1996
 2000
 2004
 2008
 2012
 2016
 2020
 2024
 2028
 2032
 2036
 2040
 2044
 2048
 2052
 2056
 2060
 2064
 2068
 2072
 2076
 2080
 2084
 2088
 2092
 2096
 2100
 2104
 2108
 2112
 2116
 2120
 2124
 2128
 2132
 2136
 2140
 2144
 2148
 2152
 2156
 2160
 2164
 2168
 2172
 2176
 2180
 2184
 2188
 2192
 2196
 2200
 2204
 2208
 2212
 2216
 2220
 2224
 2228
 2232
 2236
 2240
 2244
 2248
 2252
 2256
 2260
 2264
 2268
 2272
 2276
 2280
 2284
 2288
 2292
 2296
 2300
 2304
 2308
 2312
 2316
 2320
 2324
 2328
 2332
 2336
 2340
 2344
 2348
 2352
 2356
 2360
 2364
 2368
 2372
 2376
 2380
 2384
 2388
 2392
 2396
 2400
 2404
 2408
 2412
 2416
 2420
 2424
 2428
 2432
 2436
 2440
 2444
 2448
 2452
 2456
 2460
 2464
 2468
 2472
 2476
 2480
 2484
 2488
 2492
 2496
 2500
 2504
 2508
 2512
 2516
 2520
 2524
 2528
 2532
 2536
 2540
 2544
 2548
 2552
 2556
 2560
 2564
 2568
 2572
 2576
 2580
 2584
 2588
 2592
 2596
 2600
 2604
 2608
 2612
 2616
 2620
 2624
 2628
 2632
 2636
 2640
 2644
 2648
 2652
 2656
 2660
 2664
 2668
 2672
 2676
 2680
 2684
 2688
 2692
 2696
 2700
 2704
 2708
 2712
 2716
 2720
 2724
 2728
 2732
 2736
 2740
 2744
 2748
 2752
 2756
 2760
 2764
 2768
 2772
 2776
 2780
 2784
 2788
 2792
 2796
 2800
 2804
 2808
 2812
 2816
 2820
 2824
 2828
 2832
 2836
 2840
 2844
 2848
 2852
 2856
 2860
 2864
 2868
 2872
 2876
 2880
 2884
 2888
 2892
 2896
 2900
 2904
 2908
 2912
 2916
 2920
 2924
 2928
 2932
 2936
 2940
 2944
 2948
 2952
 2956
 2960
 2964
 2968
 2972
 2976
 2980
 2984
 2988
 2992
 2996
 3000
 3004
 3008
 3012
 3016
 3020
 3024
 3028
 3032
 3036
 3040
 3044
 3048
 3052
 3056
 3060
 3064
 3068
 3072
 3076
 3080
 3084
 3088
 3092
 3096
 3100
 3104
 3108
 3112
 3116
 3120
 3124
 3128
 3132
 3136
 3140
 3144
 3148
 3152
 3156
 3160
 3164
 3168
 3172
 3176
 3180
 3184
 3188
 3192
 3196
 3200
 3204
 3208
 3212
 3216
 3220
 3224
 3228
 3232
 3236
 3240
 3244
 3248
 3252
 3256
 3260
 3264
 3268
 3272
 3276
 3280
 3284
 3288
 3292
 3296
 3300
 3304
 3308
 3312
 3316
 3320
 3324
 3328
 3332
 3336
 3340
 3344
 3348
 3352
 3356
 3360
 3364
 3368
 3372
 3376
 3380
 3384
 3388
 3392
 3396
 3400
 3404
 3408
 3412
 3416
 3420
 3424
 3428
 3432
 3436
 3440
 3444
 3448
 3452
 3456
 3460
 3464
 3468
 3472
 3476
 3480
 3484
 3488
 3492
 3496
 3500
 3504
 3508
 3512
 3516
 3520
 3524
 3528
 3532
 3536
 3540
 3544
 3548
 3552
 3556
 3560
 3564
 3568
 3572
 3576
 3580
 3584
 3588
 3592
 3596
 3600
 3604
 3608
 3612
 3616
 3620
 3624
 3628
 3632
 3636
 3640
 3644
 3648
 3652
 3656
 3660
 3664
 3668
 3672
 3676
 3680
 3684
 3688
 3692
 3696
 3700
 3704
 3708
 3712
 3716
 3720
 3724
 3728
 3732
 3736
 3740
 3744
 3748
 3752
 3756
 3760
 3764
 3768
 3772
 3776
 3780
 3784
 3788
 3792
 3796
 3800
 3804
 3808
 3812
 3816
 3820
 3824
 3828
 3832
 3836
 3840
 3844
 3848
 3852
 3856
 3860
 3864
 3868
 3872
 3876
 3880
 3884
 3888
 3892
 3896
 3900
 3904
 3908
 3912
 3916
 3920
 3924
 3928
 3932
 3936
 3940
 3944
 3948
 3952
 3956
 3960
 3964
 3968
 3972
 3976
 3980
 3984
 3988
 3992
 3996
 4000
 4004
 4008
 4012
 4016
 4020
 4024
 4028
 4032
 4036
 4040
 4044
 4048
 4052
 4056
 4060
 4064
 4068
 4072
 4076
 4080
 4084
 4088
 4092
 4096
 4100
 4104
 4108
 4112
 4116
 4120
 4124
 4128
 4132
 4136
 4140
 4144
 4148
 4152
 4156
 4160
 4164
 4168
 4172
 4176
 4180
 4184
 4188
 4192
 4196
 4200
 4204
 4208
 4212
 4216
 4220
 4224
 4228
 4232
 4236
 4240
 4244
 4248
 4252
 4256
 4260
 4264
 4268
 4272
 4276
 4280
 4284
 4288
 4292
 4296
 4300
 4304
 4308
 4312
 4316
 4320
 4324
 4328
 4332
 4336
 4340
 4344
 4348
 4352
 4356
 4360
 4364
 4368
 4372
 4376
 4380
 4384
 4388
 4392
 4396
 4400
 4404
 4408
 4412
 4416
 4420
 4424
 4428
 4432
 4436
 4440
 4444
 4448
 4452
 4456
 4460
 4464
 4468
 4472
 4476
 4480
 4484
 4488
 4492
 4496
 4500
 4504
 4508
 4512
 4516
 4520
 4524
 4528
 4532
 4536
 4540
 4544
 4548
 4552
 4556
 4560
 4564
 4568
 4572
 4576
 4580
 4584
 4588
 4592
 4596
 4600
 4604
 4608
 4612
 4616
 4620
 4624
 4628
 4632
 4636
 4640
 4644
 4648
 4652
 4656
 4660
 4664
 4668
 4672
 4676
 4680
 4684
 4688
 4692
 4696
 4700
 4704
 4708
 4712
 4716
 4720
 4724
 4728
 4732
 4736
 4740
 4744
 4748
 4752
 4756
 4760
 4764
 4768
 4772
 4776
 4780
 4784
 4788
 4792
 4796
 4800
 4804
 4808
 4812
 4816
 4820
 4824
 4828
 4832
 4836
 4840
 4844
 4848
 4852
 4856
 4860
 4864
 4868
 4872
 4876
 4880
 4884
 4888
 4892
 4896
 4900
 4904
 4908
 4912
 4916
 4920
 4924
 4928
 4932
 4936
 4940
 4944
 4948
 4952
 4956
 4960
 4964
 4968
 4972
 4976
 4980
 4984
 4988
 4992
 4996
 5000
 5004
 5008
 5012
 5016
 5020
 5024
 5028
 5032
 5036
 5040
 5044
 5048
 5052
 5056
 5060
 5064
 5068
 5072
 5076
 5080
 5084
 5088
 5092
 5096
 5100
 5104
 5108
 5112
 5116
 5120
 5124
 5128
 5132
 5136
 5140
 5144
 5148
 5152
 5156
 5160
 5164
 5168
 5172
 5176
 5180
 5184
 5188
 5192
 5196
 5200
 5204
 5208
 5212
 5216
 5220
 5224
 5228
 5232
 5236
 5240
 5244
 5248
 5252
 5256
 5260
 5264
 5268
 5272
 5276
 5280
 5284
 5288
 5292
 5296
 5300
 5304
 5308
 5312
 5316
 5320
 5324
 5328
 5332
 5336
 5340
 5344
 5348
 5352
 5356
 5360
 5364
 5368
 5372
 5376
 5380
 5384
 5388
 5392
 5396
 5400
 5404
 5408
 5412
 5416
 5420
 5424
 5428
 5432
 5436
 5440
 5444
 5448
 5452
 5456
 5460
 5464
 5468
 5472
 5476
 5480
 5484
 5488
 5492
 5496
 5500
 5504
 5508
 5512
 5516
 5520
 5524
 5528
 5532
 5536
 5540
 5544
 5548
 5552

IV.ii.

for powder, thelle fill a pit as well as better; tush man, mortall men, mortal men.

West. I but sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Falst. Faith for their pouerty I know not where they had that, and for their barenesse I am sure they neuer learnd that of me.

Prin. No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers in the ribs bare, but sirtha make haste, Percy is already in the field. *Exit,*

Fal. What is the king incamp?

West. He is sir Iohn, I feare we shal stay too long.

Fal. Wel, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dul fighter and a kene guest. *Exeunt.;*

IV.iii.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Doug: Vernon,

Hot. Weele fight with him to night,

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so, lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So do we,

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good coosen be aduised, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Doug. You do not counsel wel,
You speake it out of feare, and cold hart,

Ver. Do me no slander Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life,

If well respected honor bid me on,

I should as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues,

Let it be seene to morrow in the battell which of vs feares:

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 backe our expedition, certaine horse

Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp.

Your

Your Vncle Worcesters horses came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is a sleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In generall iourney bated and brought low,
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth our,
For Gods sake coosen 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 vs loue you well, and euen those some
Enuy your great deseruings and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs 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 annointed Maiestie.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace
Such bold hostilitie: teaching his dutious land
Audacious crueltie. If that the king
Haue any way your good deserts forgot
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all speede,
You shall haue your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these
Herein mislead by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind, and well we know the king
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:
My father, and my vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the worlds regard: wretched and low

IV.iii.

A poore vnderdug outlaw meaking nome,
 My father gaue him welcome to the shore,
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
 With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
 My father in kinde heart and pitie mou'd,
 Swore him assistance, and performd it too.
 Now when the Lords and Barons of the realme,
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in Borroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attended him on bridges, stode in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, profferd him their oathes,
 Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
 He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father while his blood was poore
 Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees,
 That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Ouer his Countrey wrongs, and by this face
 This seeming brow of iustice did he winne
 The hearts of all that he did angle for:
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the fauourits that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after he deposd the king,
 Soone after that depriu'd him of his life,
 And in the necke of that taskt the whole state,
 To make that woorse, suffred his kinsman March
 (Who is if euerie owner were well plac'd

Indeed

of Henry the fourth.

Indeed his king) to be ingagde in Wales,
 There without raunsome to lie forfeited,
 Disgrac't me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated mine vnkle from the counsell boord,
 In rage dismisd my father from the Court,
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion droue vs to seeke out
 This head of safetie, and withall to prie
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answere to the king?

Hot. Not so sir Walter. Weele withdraw a while,
 Go to the king, and let there be impawnde
 Some surety for a safe returne againe,
 And in the morning early shal mine vnkle
 Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, sir Mighell.

Arch. Hie good sir Mighell, beare this sealed briefe
 With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
 This to my coosen Scroope, 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 gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.

To morrow good sir Mighell is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch. For sir at Shrewsbury
 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
 The king with mighty and quicke raised power
 Meetes with Lord Harry And I feare sir Mighell
 What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,
 Whose power was in the first proportion,
 And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
 Who with them was a rated sinew too,

I r.

And

96

100

104

108

112

IV. iv

1

4

8

12

16

IV. iv.

And comes not in ouerrulde by prophecies,
 I feare the power of Percy is too weake
 To wage an instant triall with the king.

Sir M. Why my good Lord, you need not feare,
 There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

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 warriours, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
 The speciall head of all the land together,
 The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,
 And many mo coriuals and deare men
 Of estimation and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lo: they shalbe wel oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse; yet needfull tis to feare,
 And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell speed:
 For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And tis but wisdom to make strong against him,
 Therefore make haste, I must go write againe
 To other friends, and so farewell sir Mighel. *Exeunt*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of
 Westmerland, sir Walter Blunt, Falstaffe.*

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare
 About yon bulky hill, the day lookes pale
 At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southren winde
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaues
 Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

Kin. Then with the loosers let it sympathize,
 For nothing can seeme soule to those that winne.

The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester

King. How now my Lord of Worcester, tis not wel,
 That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes

of Henry the fourth.

As now we meete. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
 And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in vngentle Steele,
 This is not well my Lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
 This churlish knot of all abhorred war?
 And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
 Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
 And be no more an exhalde metcor,
 A prodigie offeare, and a portent
 Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times.

Worsh. Heare me my liege:

For mine own part I could be well content,
 To entertaine the lag end of my life
 With quiet houres For I protest
 I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not sought it, how comes it then?

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

Prin. Peace chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your maiesty to turne your lookes
 Off fauor from my selfe, and all our house,
 And yet I must remember you my Lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends,
 For you my staffe of office did I breake
 In Richards time, and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,
 When yet you were in place, and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne,
 That brought you home. and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
 And you did sware that oath at Dancaster,
 That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,
 Nor clame no further then your new false right,
 The seat of Gaunt, Dukedom of Lancaster:
 To this we swore our aide: but in short space
 It rainde downe fortune showing on your head,
 And such a floud of greatnesse fell on you,

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

What with our helpe, what with the absent king,
 What with the iniuries of a wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in his vn lucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead:
 And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
 You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed
 To gripe the general sway into your hand,
 Forgot your oath to vs at Dancaſter,
 And being fed by vs, you vsd vs so
 As that vngentle gull the Cuckoes bird
 Vſeth the ſparrow, did oppreſſe our neaſt,
 Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulke,
 That euen our loue durſt not come neare your ſight,
 For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
 We were inſorſt for ſafety ſake to flie
 Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
 Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes,
 As you your ſelfe haue forgd againſt your ſelfe
 By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth,
 Sworne to vs in your yonger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeed you haue articulate,
 Proclaimd at market Croſſes, read in Churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
 Of fickle changlings and poore diſcontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes
 Of hurly burly innouation,
 And neuer yet did inſurrection want
 Such water colors to impaint his cauſe
 Nor moody beggars ſtaruing for a time,
 Of pell mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your armies there is many a ſoule,
 Shall pay full dearly for this incounter
 If once they ioine in trial, tell your nephew
 The prince of Wales doth ioine with all the world

In praise of Henrie Percy, by my hopes
 This present enterprife set of his head,
 I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
 More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
 More daring, or more bold is now aliue
 To grace this latter age with noble deedes,
 For my part I may speake it to my shame,
 I haue a truant beene to Chiualrie,
 And so I heare he doth account me too;
 Yet this before my fathers maiestie,
 I am content that he shall take the oddes
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will to saue the blood on either side
 Trie fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it: no good Worcester no,
 We loue our people well, euen those we loue
 That are mislead vpon your cosens part,
 And will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea euery man
 Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his,
 So tell your cosen, and bring me word
 What he will do But if he will not yeeld,
 Rebuke and dread correction waight on vs,
 And they shall do their office. So be gone:
 We will not now be troubled with replic,
 We offer faire, take it aduisedly. *Exit Worcester.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
 The Dowglas and the Hotspur both together,
 Are confident against the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,
 For on their answer will we set on them,
 And God befriend vs as our cause is iust.

Exeunt: manent

Falst. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell
 And bestride me, so, tis a poynt of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship,
 Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Cal. I would I were bed time Hal, and all well,

Prin. Why, thou owest God a death.

Falst. Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day, what need I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, tis no matter, honor prickes me on; yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in surgerie then? no, what is honor? a word, what is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire, a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feele it? no, doth he heare it? no, tis insensible the? yea, to the dead, but will not liue with the liuing; no, why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. I were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one,
It is not possible, it cannot be
The king should keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults,
Supposition al our liues shall be stucke full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters,
Looke how we can, or sad or merely,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht still the nearer death,
My nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priueledge,
A hair-braind Hotspur gouerned by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

OF HENRI THE FOURTH.

We as the spring of all shall pay for all :

Therefore good coosen, let not Harry know

In any case the offer of the King. *Enter Percy.*

Per. Deliuier what you will, ite say tis so. Here coms your coosen.

Hot. My vncl is returnd,

Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland,

Vncl, what newes?

Wor. The king will bid you battell presently.

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry and shal, and very willingly. *Exit. Dou.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercie in the king

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I tolde him gently of our greeuances,
Of his oath breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He cals vs rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughtie armes this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Douglas.*

Doug. Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And nephew, chalengd you to single fight.

Hot. O would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day
But I and Harry Monmouth; tell me tell me,
How shewed his tasking? seemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule I neuer in my life
Did heare a chalenge vrgde more modestly,
Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare,
To gentle exercise and prooue of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you,
And which became him like a prince indeed,

He

V. ii.

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace
 64 As if he mastred there a double spirit
 Of teaching and of learning instantly,
 There did he pause, but let metel the world
 If he outliue the enuie of this day,
 68 England did neuer owe so sweete a hope
 So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse,
Hotsp Coosen I thinke thou art enamored
 On his foliies, neuer did I heare
 72 Of any prince so wilde a libertie,
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will imbrace him with a souldiours arme,
 That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie,
 76 Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, soldiours, friends,
 Better consider what you haue to do
 Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
 Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

80 *Mes.* My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now,
 O Gentlemen the time of life is short,
 To spend that shortnes basely were too long
 84 If life did ride vpon a diall point,
 Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
 And if we liue we liue to tread on kings,
 If die, braue death when princes die with vs,
 88 Now for our consciences, the armes are faire
 When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mes. My Lord, prepare the king comes on a pace.

92 *Hot.* I thanke him that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I professe not talking onely this,
 Let each man do his best, and here draw I a sword,
 Whose temper I intend to staine
 With the best blood that I can meet withall.
 96 In the aduenture of this perillous day,
 Now esperance Percy, and set on,
 So and all the lostie instruments of war,
 And by that Musicke let ys all embrace,

of Henrie the fourth.

For heauen to earth some of vs neuer shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the king enters with his power, alarme to the battel, then enter Douglas, and sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name that in battell thus thou crossfest me,
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Doug. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneffe, for in steed of thee king Harry
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder thou proud Scot,
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglaskills Blunt, then enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
Ineuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.

Doug. Als done, als won here, breathles lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.

Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed tittle hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.

Doug. Now by my sword I will kill al his coates,
He murder all his wardrop, peece by peece
Vntill I meete the king.
Hot. Vp and away,
Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day

Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.

Falst. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the
shot here, heres no skoring but vpon the pate, Soft, who are you?
sir Walter Blunt, theres honour for you, heres no vanitie, I am as

V.iii.

The Historie

hot as molten lead,& as heauie too; God keepe leade out of me,
 I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my
 rag of Muffins where they are pepperd, theres not three of my
 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes ende, to beg during
 life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What, stands thou idle here? lend me thy sword,
 Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
 Vnder the hooves of vaunting enemies,
 whose deaths are yet vnreuengd, I preethe lend mee thy sword.

Falst. O Hal, I preethe giue me leaue to breath a while, Turke
 Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes as I haue don this day,
 I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
 I preethe lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God Hal, if Percy be aliue thou gets not my
 sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what? is it in the case?

Falst. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. Exit.

Falst. Well if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him; if hee doe come in
 my way so, if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make
 a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Wal-
 ter hath, giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honor comes
 vnlookt for, and theres an end.

V.iiv.

*Alarme, pxcursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn
 of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland.*

King. I preethe Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too
 Lord Iohn of Lancaster go you with him, (much,

P. Iohn. Not I my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your maiestie make vp,
 Least your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent.

King. I will do so. My Lord of Westmerland lead him to his
West. Come my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
 And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

of Henrie the fourth.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where staine nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumphe in massacres.

Iob. We breath too long, come coosen Westmerland
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit,
Before I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn,
But now I do respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king they grow like Hydraes heads,
I am the Douglas fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfetst the person of a King?

King. The king himself, who Douglas grieues at hart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met
And not the verie king, I haue two boies
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the field,
But seeing thou fallest on me so luckily
I will assay thee and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet,
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a king,
But mine I am sure thou art who ere thou be,
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the king being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits
Of Valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes,
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerly my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton, ile to Clifton straight.

King. Stay and breath a while,

V.iv.

THE ARGUMENT

48 Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewde thou makst some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

52 *Prin.* O God they did me too much iniury,
That euer said I harkned for your death,
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue been as speedy in your end
56 Asal the poisonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

King. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawfey. *Exit Ki:*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

60 *Prin.* Thou speakst as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Pr. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of the name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy
64 To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

68 *Hot.* Now shal it Harry, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater ere I part from thee,
72 And al the budding honors on thy crest
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falstaffe.

76 *Falst.* Well said Hall, to it Hall. Nay you shall find no boyes
play here I can tel you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he fals
down as if he were dead, the Prince
killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry thou hast robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the losse of brittle life
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

of Henrie the fourth.

They wound my thoughts worse then thy sword my flesh,
 But thoughts the slaues of life, and life times foole,
 And time that takes suruey of all the world
 Must haue a stop. O I could prophecy,
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death
 Lies on my tongue : no Percy thou art dust
 And food for.

Pr. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee wel great hart
 Ill weaud ambition, how much art thou shrunk,
 When that this body did containe a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is roome inough, this earth that beares the dead
 Beares not alieue so stout a gentleman,
 If thou wert sensible of curtesie
 I should not make so deare a shew of zeale,
 But let my fauors hide thy mangled face,
 And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,
 For doing these faire rights of tenderesse,
 Adiew and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
 Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
 Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke farewell,
 I could haue better sparde a better man:
 O I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
 If I were much in loue with vanitie:
 Death hath not strooke so fat a Deere to day,
 Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
 Inboweld will I see thee by and by,
 Til then in bloud by noble Percy lie.

*Exit.**Falstaffe riseth vp.*

Fal. Inboweld, if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue
 to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zbloud twas time
 to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paide me scot and
 lot too. Counterfet? *Ilie,* I am no counterfet, to die is to bee a
 counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not

the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liueth,
 is to be no counterfeit, but the true & perfect image of life indeed.
 The better parte of valour is discretion, in the which better part
 I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy,
 though he be dead, how if he should counterfeit too and rise?
 by my faith I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit,
 therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why
 may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eies, and no
 body sees me: therefore firrha, with a new wound in your thigh,
 come you along with me.

*He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince
 Iohn of Lancaster.*

Prin. Come brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesht
 Thy mayden sword.

Iohn of Lan. But soft, whom haue we heere?
 Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
 Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
 Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eiesight?
 I preethe speake, we will not trust our eies
 Without our cares, thou art not what thou seemst.

Fal. No thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee
 not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percy, if your
 father will doe me anie honour, so: if not, let him kill the next
 Percie himselfe: I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can as-
 sure you.

Prin. Why Percy, I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Falst. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, howe this world is giuen to
 lying, I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was
 he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by
 Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleuede so: if not, let them
 that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vppon their owne
 heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the
 thigh, if the man were aliue, and would denie it, zounds I would
 make him eat a peece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,
 Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

of Henrie the fourth.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happiest termes I haue.

A retraite is founded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retrain, the day is out,
Come brother let vs to the higheft of the field,
To fee what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they fay for reward. Hee that rewardes mee
God reward him. If I do growe great, ile growe leffe, for ile
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanlie as a noble man
fhould do. *Exit.*

*The Trumpets found. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord
John of Lancafter, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester,
and Vernon prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we fend grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary?
Mifuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust.
Three knights vpon our party flaine to day,
A noble Earle and many a creature elfe,
Had been alieue this houre,
If like a Chriftian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done my fafety vrg'd me to:
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoided it fals on me.

King. Beare Worcester to the death and Vernon too:
Other Offendors we will pause vpon.
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot Lord Dowglas, when he faw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble Percy flaine and all his men
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reft
And falling from a hill, he was fo bruisd,
That the purfuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is: and I befech your grace
I may difpofe of him.

King.

V.v.

King. With all my hart.

Prin. Then brother Iohn of Lancaster,
To you this honorable bounty shal belong,
Go to the Douglas and deliuer him

Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,
His valours shewne vpon our Crests to daie
Haue taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

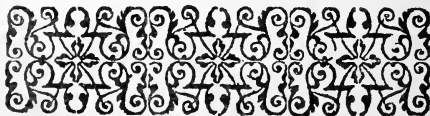
Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curtesie,
Which I shall giue away immediatly.

King. Then this remaines that we deuide our power,
You sonne Iohn, and my coosen Westmerland
Towards York shal bend, you with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who as we heare are busily in armes:

My selfe and you sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March,
Rebellion in this land shall loose his sway,
Meeting the checke of such another day,
And since this businesse so faire is done,

Let vs not leaue till all our owne be won. *Exeunt*

FINIS.



Mr. Griggs finds the leaf of the British Museum Quarto containing the missing line to be defective, and has therefore been unable to facsimile the page as stated in § 6.



PR
2750
B10
1881

Shakespeare, William
King Henry the Fourth

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

