

# **The First Part of Henry the Fourth,**

**with the Life and Death of HENRY**

**Sumamed HOT-SPVRRRE**

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

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## The First Part of Henry the Fourth

with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-Spvrred5v

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### *Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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2     *Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle*  
3     *of Westmerland, with others.*  
4         *King.*  
5     So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
6     Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,  
7     And breath shortwinded accents of new broils  
8     To be commenc'd in Stronds a- farre remote:  
9     No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,  
10    Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:  
11    No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,  
12    Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes  
13    Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,  
14    Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,  
15    All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,  
16    Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,  
17    And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,  
18    Shall now in mutuall well- beseeming rankes  
19    March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
20    Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.  
21    The edge of Warre, like an ill- sheathed knife,  
22    No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,  
23    As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,  
24    Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse  
25    We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
26    Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,  
27    Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,  
28    To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields,  
29    Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete  
30    Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd  
31    For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.  
32    But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,  
33    And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:  
34    Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare  
35    Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,  
36    What yesternight our Councell did decree,  
37    In forwarding this deere expedience.  
38         *West.* My Liege: This haste was hot in question,  
39    And many limits of the Charge set downe

40 But yesternight: when all athwart there came  
 41 A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;  
 42 Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,  
 43 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 44 Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,  
 45 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 46 And a thousand of his people butchered:  
 47 Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,  
 48 Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,  
 49 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 50 (Without much shame) re- told or spoken of.  
 51 *King*. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,  
 52 Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.  
 53 *West*. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,  
 54 Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes  
 55 Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
 56 On Holy- roode day, the gallant *Hotspurre* there,  
 57 Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,  
 58 That euer- valiant and approoued Scot,  
 59 At *Holmeden* met, where they did spend  
 60 A sad and bloody houre:  
 61 As by discharge of their Artillerie,  
 62 And shape of likely- hood the newes was told:  
 63 For he that brought them, in the very heate  
 64 And pride of their contention, did take horse,  
 65 Vncertaine of the issue any way.  
 66 *King*. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,  
 67 Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,  
 68 Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,  
 69 Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:  
 70 And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes.  
 71 The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,  
 72 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights  
 73 Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see  
 74 On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspurre* tooke  
 75 *Mordake* Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne  
 76 To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,  
 77 Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.  
 78 And is not this an honourable spoyle?  
 79 A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.  
 80 *West*. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.  
 81 *King*. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,  
 82 In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
 83 Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:  
 84 A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;  
 85 Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,

86 Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:  
 87 Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,  
 88 See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow  
 89 Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,  
 90 That some Night- tripping- Faiery, had exchang'd  
 91 In Cradle- clothes, our Children where they lay,  
 92 And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*: [d6  
 93 Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine:  
 94 But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze  
 95 Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners  
 96 Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,  
 97 To his owne vse he keeps, and sends me word  
 98 I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.  
 99 *West*. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester  
 100 Maleuolent to you in all Aspects:  
 101 Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
 102 The crest of Youth against your Dignity.  
 103 *King*. But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
 104 And for this cause a- while we must neglect  
 105 Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.  
 106 Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold  
 107 At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:  
 108 But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
 109 For more is to be saide, and to be done,  
 110 Then out of anger can be vttered.  
 111 *West*. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

---

### *Scaena Secunda.*

---

113 *Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Fal-staffe,*  
 114 *and Pointz.*  
 115 *Fal*. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?  
 116 *Prince*. Thou art so fat- witted with drinking of olde  
 117 Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping  
 118 vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten  
 119 to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know.  
 120 What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day?  
 121 vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,  
 122 and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes  
 123 of Leaping- houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire  
 124 hot Wench in Flame- coloured Taffata; I see no reason,  
 125 why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the  
 126 time of the day.  
 127 *Fal*. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that

128 take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not  
 129 by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I  
 130 prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue  
 131 thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt  
 132 haue none.  
 133 *Prin.* What, none?  
 134 *Fal.* No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to  
 135 an Egge and Butter.  
 136 *Prin.* Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.  
 137 *Fal.* Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,  
 138 let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd  
 139 Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianaes* Forre-sters,  
 140 Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;  
 141 and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being  
 142 gouerned as the Sea, by our noble and chast mistris the  
 143 Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.  
 144 *Prin.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the  
 145 fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and  
 146 flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the  
 147 Moone: as for prooffe. Now a Purse of Gold most reso-lutely  
 148 snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely  
 149 spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by:  
 150 and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe  
 151 as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow  
 152 as the ridge of the Gallowes.  
 153 *Fal.* Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of  
 154 the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?  
 155 *Prin.* As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is  
 156 not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?  
 157 *Fal.* How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy  
 158 quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe  
 159 with a Buffe- Ierkin?  
 160 *Prin.* Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-ssesse  
 161 of the Tauerne?  
 162 *Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a  
 163 time and oft.  
 164 *Prin.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?  
 165 *Fal.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.  
 166 *Prin.* Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would  
 167 stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.  
 168 *Fal.* Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant,  
 169 that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,  
 170 shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou  
 171 art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ru-stie  
 172 curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou  
 173 when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.



174 *Prin.* No, thou shalt.  
 175 *Fal.* Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.  
 176 *Prin.* Thou iudget false already. I meane, thou shalt  
 177 haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare  
 178 Hangman.  
 179 *Fal.* Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it iumpes with  
 180 my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell  
 181 you.  
 182 *Prin.* For obtaining of suites?  
 183 *Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-man  
 184 hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a  
 185 Gyb- Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.  
 186 *Prin.* Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.  
 187 *Fal.* Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.  
 188 *Prin.* What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly  
 189 of Moore Ditch?  
 190 *Fal.* Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art in-deed  
 191 the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet yong Prince.  
 192 But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold  
 193 thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names  
 194 were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated  
 195 me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd  
 196 him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded  
 197 him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.  
 198 *Prin.* Thou didst well: for no man regards it.  
 199 *Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede  
 200 able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vn-to  
 201 me *Hall*, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee  
 202 *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake  
 203 truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue o-uer  
 204 this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a  
 205 Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Chri-stendome.  
 207 *Prin.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?  
 208 *Fal.* Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe  
 209 not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.  
 210 *Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee: From  
 211 Praying, to Purse- taking.  
 212 *Fal.* Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no sin for a  
 213 man to labour in his Vocation.  
 214 *Pointz.* Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a  
 215 Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole  
 216 in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-potent  
 217 Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.  
 218 *Prin.* Good morrow *Ned*. [d6v  
 219 *Poincs.* Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Mon-sieur  
 220 remorse? What saies Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar:

221 Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule,  
 222 that thou soldest him on Good- Friday last, for a Cup of  
 223 Madera, and a cold Capons legge?  
 224 *Prin.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuel shall haue  
 225 his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs:  
 226 *He will giue the diuell his due.*  
 227 *Poin.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with  
 228 the diuell.  
 229 *Prin.* Else he had damn'd cozening the diuell.  
 230 *Poy.* But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by  
 231 foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes go-ing  
 232 to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders ri-ding  
 233 to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you  
 234 all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads- hill lyes to  
 235 night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in  
 236 Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will  
 237 go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will  
 238 not, tarry at home and be hang'd.  
 239 *Fal.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not,  
 240 Ile hang you for going.  
 241 *Poy.* You will chops.  
 242 *Fal.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?  
 243 *Prin.* Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.  
 244 *Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fel-lowship  
 245 in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood- royall,  
 246 if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.  
 247 *Prin.* Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad- cap.  
 248 *Fal.* Why, that's well said.  
 249 *Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.  
 250 *Fal.* Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.  
 251 *Prin.* I care not.  
 252 *Poy.* Sir *Iohn*, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone,  
 253 I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that  
 254 he shall go.  
 255 *Fal.* Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion;  
 256 and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest,  
 257 may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the  
 258 true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe;  
 259 for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Far-well,  
 260 you shall finde me in Eastcheape.  
 261 *Prin.* Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown  
 262 Summer.  
 263 *Poy.* Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs  
 264 to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot man-nage  
 265 alone. *Falstaffe*, *Haruey*, *Rossill*, and *Gads- hill*, shall  
 266 robbe those men that wee haue already way- layde, your

267 selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the boo-ty,  
 268 if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my  
 269 shoulders.

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

271 *Poyn.* Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and  
 272 appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our plea-sure  
 273 to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the ex-ploit  
 274 themselues, which they shall haue no sooner atchie-ued,  
 275 but wee'l set vpon them.

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

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

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

284 *Poin.* Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as  
 285 true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third  
 286 if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes.  
 287 The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes  
 288 that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper:  
 289 how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what  
 290 blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe  
 291 of this, lyes the iest.

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

295 *Poyn.* Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Pointz*

296 *Prin.* I know you all, and will a- while vphold  
 297 The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:  
 298 Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,  
 299 Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes  
 300 To smother vp his Beauty from the world,  
 301 That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
 302 Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,  
 303 By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
 304 Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.  
 305 If all the yeare were playing holidaiies,  
 306 To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;  
 307 But when they seldome come, they wisht- for come,  
 308 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 309 So when this loose behaiour I throw off,  
 310 And pay the debt I neuer promised;  
 311 By how much better then my word I am,  
 312 By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,

313 And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground:  
 314 My reformation glittering o're my fault,  
 315 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
 316 Then that which hath no foyle to set it off.  
 317 Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,  
 318 Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

---

***Scoena Tertia.***

---

320 *Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre,*  
 321 *Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*  
 322 *King.* My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,  
 323 Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,  
 324 And you haue found me; for accordingly,  
 325 You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,  
 326 I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,  
 327 Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition  
 328 Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,  
 329 And therefore lost that Title of respect,  
 330 Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.  
 331 *Wor.* Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues  
 332 The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,  
 333 And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands  
 334 Haue holpe to make so portly.  
 335 *Nor.* My Lord.  
 336 *King.* Worcester get thee gone: for I do see  
 337 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.  
 338 O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 339 And Maiestie might neuer yet endure  
 340 The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,  
 341 You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need  
 342 Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.  
 343 You were about to speake.  
 344 *North.* Yea, my good Lord. [e1  
 345 Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,  
 346 Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke,  
 347 Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied  
 348 As was deliuered to your Maiesty:  
 349 Who either through enuy, or misprision,  
 350 Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.  
 351 *Hot.* My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.  
 352 But, I remember when the fight was done,  
 353 When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,  
 354 Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,

355 Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;  
 356 Fresh as a Bride- groome, and his Chin new reapt,  
 357 Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.  
 358 He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
 359 And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held  
 360 A Pouncet- box: which euer and anon  
 361 He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe:  
 362 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 363 Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd:  
 364 And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 365 He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,  
 366 To bring a slouenly vnhandsome Coarse  
 367 Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.  
 368 With many Holiday and Lady tearme  
 369 He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded  
 370 My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.  
 371 I then, all- smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 372 (To be so pestered with a Poppingay)  
 373 Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,  
 374 Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,  
 375 He should, or should not: For he made me mad,  
 376 To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,  
 377 And talke so like a Waiting- Gentlewoman,  
 378 Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke;  
 379 And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth  
 380 Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:  
 381 And that it was great pittie, so it was,  
 382 That villanous Salt- peter should be digg'd  
 383 Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,  
 384 Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd  
 385 So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,  
 386 He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier.  
 387 This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)  
 388 Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)  
 389 And I beseech you, let not this report  
 390 Come currant for an Accusation,  
 391 Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.  
 392 *Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my Lord,  
 393 What euer *Harry Percie* then had said,  
 394 To such a person, and in such a place,  
 395 At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
 396 May reasonably dye, and neuer rise  
 397 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 398 What then he said, so he vnsay it now.  
 399 *King.* Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,  
 400 But with Prouiso and Exception,

401 That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight  
 402 His Brother- in- Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,  
 403 Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid  
 404 The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,  
 405 Against the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower*:  
 406 Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March  
 407 Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,  
 408 Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?  
 409 Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,  
 410 When they haue lost and forfeited themselues.  
 411 No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue:  
 412 For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,  
 413 Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost  
 414 To ransome home reuolted *Mortimer*.  
 415 *Hot*. Reuolted *Mortimer*?  
 416 He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,  
 417 But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,  
 418 Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,  
 419 Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,  
 420 When on the gentle Seuernes siedgie banke,  
 421 In single Opposition hand to hand,  
 422 He did confound the best part of an houre  
 423 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:  
 424 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink  
 425 Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood;  
 426 Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,  
 427 Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,  
 428 And hid his criske- head in the hollow banke,  
 429 Blood- stained with these Valiant Combatants.  
 430 Neuer did base and rotten Policy  
 431 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 432 Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*  
 433 Receiue so many, and all willingly:  
 434 Then let him not be sland' red with Reuolt.  
 435 *King*. Thou do'st bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him;  
 436 He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*:  
 437 I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,  
 438 As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.  
 439 Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth  
 440 Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*.  
 441 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
 442 Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me  
 443 As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,  
 444 We License your departure with your sonne,  
 445 Send vs your Prisoners, or you'l heare of it. *Exit King*.  
 446 *Hot*. And if the diuell come and roare for them

447 I will not send them. I will after straight  
 448 And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,  
 449 Although it be with hazard of my head.  
 450 *Nor.* What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,  
 451 Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worcester.*  
 452 *Hot.* Speake of *Mortimer*?  
 453 Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule  
 454 Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.  
 455 In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,  
 456 And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,  
 457 But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*  
 458 As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,  
 459 As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke.*  
 460 *Nor.* Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad  
 461 *Wor.* Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?  
 462 *Hot.* He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners:  
 463 And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe  
 464 Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,  
 465 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 466 Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer.*  
 467 *Wor.* I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd  
 468 By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?  
 469 *Nor.* He was: I heard the Proclamation,  
 470 And then it was, when the vnhappy King  
 471 (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
 472 Vpon his Irish Expedition:  
 473 From whence he intercepted, did returne  
 474 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.  
 475 *Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth  
 476 Liue scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [e1v  
 477 *Hot.* But soft I pray you; did King *Richard* then  
 478 Proclaime my brother *Mortimer,*  
 479 Heyre to the Crowne?  
 480 *Nor.* He did, my selfe did heare it.  
 481 *Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,  
 482 That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.  
 483 But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne  
 484 Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
 485 And for his sake, wore the detested blot  
 486 Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,  
 487 That you a world of curses vndergoe,  
 488 Being the Agents, or base second meanes,  
 489 The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?  
 490 O pardon, if that I descend so low,  
 491 To shew the Line, and the Predicament  
 492 Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.

493 Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,  
 494 Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,  
 495 That men of your Nobility and Power,  
 496 Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe  
 497 (As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)  
 498 To put downe *Richard*, that sweet louely Rose,  
 499 And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?  
 500 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
 501 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
 502 By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?  
 503 No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
 504 Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues  
 505 Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.  
 506 Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt  
 507 Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
 508 To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,  
 509 Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:  
 510 Therefore I say—  
 511 *Wor.* Peace Cousin, say no more.  
 512 And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,  
 513 And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,  
 514 Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,  
 515 As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,  
 516 As to o're- walke a Current, roaring loud  
 517 On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.  
 518 *Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:  
 519 Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
 520 So Honor crosse it from the North to South,  
 521 And let them grapple: The blood more stirres  
 522 To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.  
 523 *Nor.* Imagination of some great exploit,  
 524 Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.  
 525 *Hot.* By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,  
 526 To plucke bright Honor from the pale- fac'd Moone,  
 527 Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
 528 Where Fadome- line could neuer touch the ground,  
 529 And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:  
 530 So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare  
 531 Without Co- riuall, all her Dignities:  
 532 But out vpon this halfe- fac'd Fellowship.  
 533 *Wor.* He apprehends a World of Figures here,  
 534 But not the forme of what he should attend:  
 535 Good Cousin giue me audience for a- while,  
 536 And list to me.  
 537 *Hot.* I cry you mercy.  
 538 *Wor.* Those same Noble Scottes



539 That are your Prisoners.  
 540 *Hot.* Ile keepe them all.  
 541 By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:  
 542 No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.  
 543 Ile keepe them, by this Hand.  
 544 *Wor.* You start away,  
 545 And lend no eare vnto my purposes.  
 546 Those Prisoners you shall keepe.  
 547 *Hot.* Nay, I will: that's flat:  
 548 He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer*:  
 549 Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*.  
 550 But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,  
 551 And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer*.  
 552 Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake  
 553 Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,  
 554 To keepe his anger still in motion.  
 555 *Wor.* Heare you Cousin: a word.  
 556 *Hot.* All studies heere I solemnly defie,  
 557 Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,  
 558 And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.  
 559 But that I thinke his Father loues him not,  
 560 And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
 561 I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.  
 562 *Wor.* Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you  
 563 When you are better temper'd to attend.  
 564 *Nor.* Why what a Waspe- tongu'd & impatient foole  
 565 Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,  
 566 Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?  
 567 *Hot.* Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,  
 568 Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare  
 569 Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.  
 570 In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?  
 571 A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershire:  
 572 'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,  
 573 His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee  
 574 Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:  
 575 When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.  
 576 *Nor.* At Barkley Castle.  
 577 *Hot.* You say true:  
 578 Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,  
 579 This fawning Grey- hound then did proffer me,  
 580 Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,  
 581 And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin:  
 582 O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me,  
 583 Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.  
 584 *Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,

585 Wee'l stay your leysure.  
 586 *Hot.* I haue done insooth.  
 587 *Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.  
 588 Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight,  
 589 And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane  
 590 For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons  
 591 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd  
 592 Will easily be granted you, my Lord.  
 593 Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,  
 594 Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
 595 Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,  
 596 The Archbishop.  
 597 *Hot.* Of Yorke, is't not?  
 598 *Wor.* True, who beares hard  
 599 His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroope*.  
 600 I speake not this in estimation,  
 601 As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
 602 Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
 603 And onely staves but to behold the face  
 604 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.  
 605 *Hot.* I smell it:  
 606 Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.  
 607 *Nor.* Before the game's a- foot, thou still let'st slip.  
 608 *Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot, [e2  
 609 And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke  
 610 To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.  
 611 *Wor.* And so they shall.  
 612 *Hot.* Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.  
 613 *Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,  
 614 To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:  
 615 For, beare our selues as euen as we can,  
 616 The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
 617 And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,  
 618 Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
 619 And see already, how he doth beginne  
 620 To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.  
 621 *Hot.* He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.  
 622 *Wor.* Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,  
 623 Then I by Letters shall direct your course  
 624 When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:  
 625 Ile steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,  
 626 Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powres at once,  
 627 As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,  
 628 To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
 629 Which now we hold at much vncertainty.  
 630 *Nor.* Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.

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

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***Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.***

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634 *Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.*

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

638 *Ost.* Anon, anon.

639 1.*Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few  
 640 Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the wi-thers,  
 641 out of all cesse.

642 *Enter another Carrier.*

643 2.*Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,  
 644 and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes:  
 645 This house is turned vpside downe since *Robin* the Ostler  
 646 dyed.

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

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

651 1.*Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri-stendome,  
 652 could be better bit, then I haue beene since the  
 653 first Cocke.

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

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

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

661 1.*Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.  
 662 What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in  
 663 thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a  
 664 deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Vil-laine.  
 665 Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

666 *Enter Gads- hill.*

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

668 *Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

669 *Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-ding  
 670 in the stable.

671 1.*Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two  
 672 of that.

673 *Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.  
674 *2.Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne  
675 (quoth- a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.  
676 *Gad.* Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come  
677 to London?  
678 *2.Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I  
679 warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call vp  
680 the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they  
681 haue great charge. *Exeunt*  
682 *Enter Chamberlaine.*  
683 *Gad.* What ho, Chamberlaine?  
684 *Cham.* At hand quoth Pick- purse.  
685 *Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Cham-berlaine:  
686 For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-ses,  
687 then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou  
688 lay'st the plot, how.  
689 *Cham.* Good morrow Master *Gads- Hill*, it holds cur-rant  
690 that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the  
691 wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with  
692 him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last  
693 night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abun-dance  
694 of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp al-ready,  
695 and call for Egges and Butter. They will away  
696 presently.  
697 *Gad.* Sirra, if they meete not with S[aint]. Nicholas Clarks,  
698 Ile giue thee this necke.  
699 *Cham.* No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the  
700 Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S[aint]. Nicholas as tru-ly  
701 as a man of falshood may.  
702 *Gad.* What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I  
703 hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang,  
704 old Sir *Iohn* hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no  
705 Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y dream'st  
706 not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the  
707 Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee  
708 look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole.  
709 I am ioyned with no Foot- land- Rakers, No Long- staffe  
710 six- penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio- purple- hu'd- Maltwormes,  
711 but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie;  
712 Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in,  
713 such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner  
714 then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye,  
715 for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Common-wealth;  
716 or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for  
717 they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.  
718 *Cham.* What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will

719 she hold out water in foule way?  
 720 *Gad.* She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We  
 721 steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receipt of Fern-seede,  
 722 we walke inuisible.  
 723 *Cham.* Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding  
 724 to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking in-uisible.  
 726 *Gad.* Giue me thy hand.  
 727 Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,  
 728 As I am a true man.  
 729 *Cham.* Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false  
 730 Theefe.  
 731 *Gad.* Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men.  
 732 Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-well,  
 733 ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt.* [e2v

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### *Scaena Secunda.*

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735 *Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.*  
 736 *Poynes.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued *Falstafs*  
 737 Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.  
 738 *Prin.* Stand close.  
 739 *Enter Falstaffe.*  
 740 *Fal.* *Poynes, Poynes,* and be hang'd *Poynes.*  
 741 *Prin.* Peace ye fat- kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling  
 742 dost thou keepe.  
 743 *Fal.* What *Poynes.* *Hal?*  
 744 *Prin.* He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek  
 745 him.  
 746 *Fal.* I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that  
 747 Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not  
 748 where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a  
 749 foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but  
 750 to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for kil-ling  
 751 that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly  
 752 any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewicht  
 753 with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen  
 754 me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could  
 755 not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poynes, Hal,* a  
 756 Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto:* Ile starue ere I  
 757 rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to  
 758 drinke, to turne True- man, and to leaue these Rogues, I  
 759 am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth.  
 760 Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles  
 761 afoot with me: and the stony- hearted Villaines knowe it

762 well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be  
 763 true one to another. *They Whistle.*

764 Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you  
 765 Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

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

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

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

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

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

777 *Fal.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire- apparant- Garters:  
 778 If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not  
 779 Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of  
 780 Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote  
 781 too, I hate it.

782 *Enter Gads- hill.*

783 *Gad.* Stand.

784 *Fal.* So I do against my will.

785 *Poin.* O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:  
 786 *Bardolfe*, what newes?

787 *Bar.* Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's  
 788 mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going  
 789 to the Kings Exchequer.

790 *Fal.* You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

791 *Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

792 *Fal.* To be hang'd.

793 *Prin.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane:  
 794 *Ned* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your en-counter,  
 795 then they light on vs.

796 *Peto.* But how many be of them?

797 *Gad.* Some eight or ten.

798 *Fal.* Will they not rob vs?

799 *Prin.* What, a Coward Sir *Iohn Paunch*?

800 *Fal.* Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gaunt* your Grandfather;  
 801 but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

802 *Prin.* Wee'l leaue that to the prooffe.

803 *Poin.* Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedg,  
 804 when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Fare-well,  
 805 and stand fast.

806 *Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

807 *Prin.* *Ned*, where are our disguises?

808 *Poin.* Heere hard by: Stand close.  
 809 *Fal.* Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I:  
 810 euery man to his businesse.  
 811 *Enter Trauellers.*  
 812 *Tra.* Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses  
 813 downe the hill: Wee'l walke a- foot a while, and ease our  
 814 Legges.  
 815 *Theeues.* Stay.  
 816 *Tra.* Iesu blesse vs.  
 817 *Fal.* Strike down with them, cut the villains throats;  
 818 a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon- fed Knaues, they hate vs  
 819 youth; downe with them, fleece them.  
 820 *Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.  
 821 *Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No  
 822 ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Ba-cons,  
 823 on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are  
 824 Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.  
 825 *Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the*  
 826 *Prince and Poines.*  
 827 *Prin.* The Theeues haue bound the True- men: Now  
 828 could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to Lon-don,  
 829 it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a  
 830 Moneth, and a good iest for euer.  
 831 *Poynes.* Stand close, I heare them comming.  
 832 *Enter Theeues againe.*  
 833 *Fal.* Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse  
 834 before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two ar-rand  
 835 Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe  
 836 valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.  
 837 *Prin.* Your money.  
 838 *Poin.* Villaines.  
 839 *As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them.*  
 840 *They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.*  
 841 *Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse:  
 842 The Theeues are scattred, and possest with fear so strong-ly,  
 843 that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fel-low  
 844 for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweates to  
 845 death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't  
 846 not for laughing, I should pittie him.  
 847 *Poin.* How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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849 *Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.*  
 850 *But for mine owne part, my Lord. I could bee well contented to*  
 851 *be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house. [e3*  
 852 He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of  
 853 the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues  
 854 his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me  
 855 see some more. *The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.*  
 856 Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to  
 857 sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of  
 858 this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The*  
 859 *purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue na-med*  
 860 *vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole*  
 861 *Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.*  
 862 Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a  
 863 shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine  
 864 is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer  
 865 was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte,  
 866 good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot,  
 867 very good Friends. What a Frosty- spirited rogue is this?  
 868 Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the  
 869 generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now  
 870 by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan.  
 871 Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord  
 872 *Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour?*  
 873 Is there not besides, the *Dowglas?* Haue I not all their let-ters,  
 874 to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mo-neth?  
 875 and are they not some of them set forward already?  
 876 What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall  
 877 see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he  
 878 to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could  
 879 diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish  
 880 of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him,  
 881 let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards  
 882 to night.  
 883 *Enter his Lady.*  
 884 How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.  
 885 *La.* O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?  
 886 For what offence haue I this fortnight bin  
 887 A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed?  
 888 Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee  
 889 Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?  
 890 Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?  
 891 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 892 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?



893 And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,  
 894 To thicke- ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?  
 895 In my faint- slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,  
 896 And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:  
 897 Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,  
 898 Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd  
 899 Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,  
 900 Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,  
 901 Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,  
 902 Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,  
 903 And all the current of a headdy fight.  
 904 Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,  
 905 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,  
 906 That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,  
 907 Like bubbles in a late- disturbed Streame;  
 908 And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,  
 909 Such as we see when men restraine their breath  
 910 On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?  
 911 Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,  
 912 And I must know it: else he loues me not.  
 913 *Hot.* What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?  
 914 *Ser.* He is my Lord, an houre agone.  
 915 *Hot.* Hath *Butler* brought those horses fro[m] the Sheriffe?  
 916 *Ser.* One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.  
 917 *Hot.* What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.  
 918 *Ser.* It is my Lord.  
 919 *Hot.* That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will  
 920 backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth  
 921 into the Parke.  
 922 *La.* But heare you, my lord.  
 923 *Hot.* What say'st thou my Lady?  
 924 *La.* What is it carries you away?  
 925 *Hot.* Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.  
 926 *La.* Out you mad- headed Ape, a Weazell hath not  
 927 such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile  
 928 know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Bro-ther  
 929 *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent  
 930 for you to line his enterprize. But if you go—  
 931 *Hot.* So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.  
 932 *La.* Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly  
 933 vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake  
 934 thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.  
 935 *Hot.* Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,  
 936 I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world  
 937 To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.  
 938 We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,

939 And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.  
 940 What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou haue with me?  
 941 *La.* Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?  
 942 Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,  
 943 I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?  
 944 Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no.  
 945 *Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
 946 And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare  
 947 I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*,  
 948 I must not haue you henceforth, question me,  
 949 Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.  
 950 Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,  
 951 This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.  
 952 I know you wise, but yet no further wise  
 953 Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,  
 954 But yet a woman: and for secrecie,  
 955 No Lady closer. For I will beleuee  
 956 Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know,  
 957 And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.  
 958 *La.* How so farre?  
 959 *Hot.* Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,  
 960 Whither I go, thither shall you go too:  
 961 To day will I set forth, to morrow you.  
 962 Will this content you *Kate*?  
 963 *La.* It must of force. *Exeunt*

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### *Scena Quarta.*

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965 *Enter Prince and Poincs.*  
 966 *Prin.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend  
 967 me thy hand to laugh a little.  
 968 *Poincs.* Where hast bene *Hall*?  
 969 *Prin.* With three or foure Logger- heads, amongst 3.  
 970 or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue sounded the verie base  
 971 string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of  
 972 Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*,  
 973 and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence,  
 974 that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King  
 975 of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Fal-staffe*,  
 976 but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and  
 977 when I am King of England, I shall command al the good  
 978 Laddes in East- cheape. They call drinking deepe, dy-ing  
 979 Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then [e3v  
 980 they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am

981 so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can  
 982 drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my  
 983 life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou  
 984 wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to swee-ten  
 985 which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Su-gar,  
 986 clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker,  
 987 one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight*  
 988 *shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shril  
 989 addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the*  
 990 *Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Fal-staffe*  
 991 come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by- roome,  
 992 while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue  
 993 me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his  
 994 Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and Ile  
 995 shew thee a President.  
 996 *Poines. Francis.*  
 997 *Prin.* Thou art perfect.  
 998 *Poin. Francis.*  
 999 *Enter Drawer.*  
 1000 *Fran.* *Anon, anon sir*; looke downe into the Pomgar-net,  
 1001 *Ralfe.*  
 1002 *Prince.* Come hither *Francis*.  
 1003 *Fran.* My Lord.  
 1004 *Prin.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis*?  
 1005 *Fran.* Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to—  
 1006 *Poin.* *Francis.*  
 1007 *Fran.* *Anon, anon sir.*  
 1008 *Prin.* Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clin-king  
 1009 of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as  
 1010 to play the coward with thy Indenture, & show it a faire  
 1011 paire of heeles, and run from it?  
 1012 *Fran.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in  
 1013 England, I could finde in my heart.  
 1014 *Poin.* *Francis.*  
 1015 *Fran.* *Anon, anon sir.*  
 1016 *Prin.* How old art thou, *Francis*?  
 1017 *Fran.* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—  
 1018 *Poin.* *Francis.*  
 1019 *Fran.* *Anon sir*, pray you stay a little, my Lord.  
 1020 *Prin.* Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou  
 1021 gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?  
 1022 *Fran.* O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.  
 1023 *Prin.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske  
 1024 me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.  
 1025 *Poin.* *Francis.*  
 1026 *Fran.* *Anon, anon.*

1027 *Prin.* Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Fran-cis:  
 1028 or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou  
 1029 wilt. But Francis.  
 1030 *Fran.* My Lord.  
 1031 *Prin.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall  
 1032 button, Not- pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice  
 1033 garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.  
 1034 *Fran.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?  
 1035 *Prin.* Why then your browne Bastard is your onely  
 1036 drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doub-let  
 1037 will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.  
 1038 *Fran.* What sir?  
 1039 *Poin.* Francis.  
 1040 *Prin.* Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?  
 1041 *Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed,*  
 1042 *not knowing which way to go.*  
 1043 *Enter Vintner.*  
 1044 *Vint.* What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-ling?  
 1045 Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir  
 1046 *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let  
 1047 them in?  
 1048 *Prin.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.  
 1049 *Poines.*  
 1050 *Enter Poines.*  
 1051 *Poin.* Anon, anon sir.  
 1052 *Prin.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at  
 1053 the doore, shall we be merry?  
 1054 *Poin.* As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee,  
 1055 What cunning match haue you made this iest of the  
 1056 Drawer? Come, what's the issue?  
 1057 *Prin.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed them-selues  
 1058 humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to  
 1059 the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight.  
 1060 What's a clocke Francis?  
 1061 *Fran.* Anon, anon sir.  
 1062 *Prin.* That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words  
 1063 then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His indu-stry  
 1064 is vp- staires and down- staires, his eloquence the par-cell  
 1065 of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hot-spurre  
 1066 of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen  
 1067 dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies  
 1068 to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my  
 1069 sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day?  
 1070 Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres,  
 1071 some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee  
 1072 call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne

1073 shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, sayes the drun-kard.

1074 Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

1075 *Enter Falstaffe.*

1076 *Poin.* Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

1077 *Fal.* A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance  
1078 too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere  
1079 I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend  
1080 them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of  
1081 Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

1082 *Prin.* Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter,  
1083 pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of  
1084 the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

1085 *Fal.* You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there  
1086 is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet  
1087 a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A vil-lanous  
1088 Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou  
1089 wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the  
1090 face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues  
1091 not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them  
1092 is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I  
1093 say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of  
1094 songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

1095 *Prin.* How now Woolsacke, what mutter you?

1096 *Fal.* A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy  
1097 Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Sub-iects  
1098 afore thee like a flocke of Wilde- geese, Ile neuer  
1099 weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

1100 *Prin.* Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

1101 *Fal.* Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and  
1102 *Poines* there?

1103 *Prin.* Ye fat paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile  
1104 stab thee.

1105 *Fal.* I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call  
1106 the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could  
1107 run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the  
1108 shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you [e4  
1109 that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such bac-king:  
1110 giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup  
1111 of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

1112 *Prin.* O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since  
1113 thou drunk'st last.

1114 *Falst.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*

1115 A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

1116 *Prince.* What's the matter?

1117 *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue  
1118 ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

1119 *Prince.* Where is it, *Iack?* where is it?  
 1120 *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred  
 1121 vpon poore foure of vs.  
 1122 *Prince.* What, a hundred, man?  
 1123 *Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with  
 1124 a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by  
 1125 miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet,  
 1126 foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and  
 1127 through, my Sword hackt like a Hand- saw, *ecce signum.*  
 1128 I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe.  
 1129 A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake  
 1130 more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes  
 1131 of darknesse.  
 1132 *Prince.* Speake sirs, how was it?  
 1133 *Gad.* We foure set vpon some dozen.  
 1134 *Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.  
 1135 *Gad.* And bound them.  
 1136 *Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.  
 1137 *Falst.* You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of  
 1138 them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.  
 1139 *Gad.* As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men  
 1140 set vpon vs.  
 1141 *Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the  
 1142 other.  
 1143 *Prince.* What, fought yee with them all?  
 1144 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I  
 1145 fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish:  
 1146 if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde  
 1147 *Iack,* then am I no two- legg'd Creature.  
 1148 *Poin.* Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered some of  
 1149 them.  
 1150 *Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd  
 1151 two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues  
 1152 in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal,* if I tell thee a  
 1153 Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde  
 1154 word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues  
 1155 in Buckrom let driue at me.  
 1156 *Prince.* What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.  
 1157 *Falst.* Foure *Hal,* I told thee foure.  
 1158 *Poin.* I, I, he said foure.  
 1159 *Falst.* These foure came all a- front, and mainly thrust  
 1160 at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen  
 1161 points in my Targuet, thus.  
 1162 *Prince.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.  
 1163 *Falst.* In buckrom.  
 1164 *Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

1165 *Falst.* Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.  
 1166 *Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.  
 1167 *Falst.* Doest thou heare me, *Hal*?  
 1168 *Prin.* I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.  
 1169 *Falst.* Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these  
 1170 nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.  
 1171 *Prin.* So, two more alreadie.  
 1172 *Falst.* Their Points being broken.  
 1173 *Poin.* Downe fell his Hose.  
 1174 *Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me  
 1175 close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of  
 1176 the eleuen I pay'd.  
 1177 *Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne  
 1178 out of two?  
 1179 *Falst.* But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis- be-gotten  
 1180 Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and  
 1181 let driue at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st  
 1182 not see thy Hand.  
 1183 *Prin.* These Lyes are like the Father that begets them,  
 1184 grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd  
 1185 Guts, thou Knotty- pated Foole, thou Horson ob-scene  
 1186 greasie Tallow Catch.  
 1187 *Falst.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the  
 1188 truth, the truth?  
 1189 *Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in  
 1190 Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not  
 1191 see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou  
 1192 to this?  
 1193 *Poin.* Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.  
 1194 *Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the  
 1195 Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not  
 1196 tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsi-on?  
 1197 If Reasons were as plentie as Black- berries, I would  
 1198 giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.  
 1199 *Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This san-guine  
 1200 Coward, this Bed- presser, this Hors- back- breaker,  
 1201 this huge Hill of Flesh.  
 1202 *Falst.* Away you Starueling, you Elfe- skin, you dried  
 1203 Neats tongue, Bulles- pissell, you stocke- fish: O for breth  
 1204 to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath  
 1205 you Bow- case, you vile standing tucke.  
 1206 *Prin.* Well, breath a- while, and then to't againe: and  
 1207 when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare  
 1208 me speake but thus.  
 1209 *Poin.* Marke *Iacke*.  
 1210 *Prin.* We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound

1211 them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how  
 1212 a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set  
 1213 on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your  
 1214 prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House.  
 1215 And *Falstaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with  
 1216 as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne  
 1217 and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull- Calfe. What a Slaue art  
 1218 thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say  
 1219 it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting  
 1220 hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open  
 1221 and apparant shame?

1222 *Poines*. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast  
 1223 thou now?

1224 *Fal*. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare  
 1225 ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant?  
 1226 Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest  
 1227 I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion  
 1228 will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter.  
 1229 I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of  
 1230 my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion,  
 1231 and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue  
 1232 the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night,  
 1233 pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold,  
 1234 all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What,  
 1235 shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.

1236 *Prin*. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing  
 1237 away.

1238 *Fal*. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou louest me.

1239 *Enter Hostesse*

1240 *Host*. My Lord, the Prince? [e4v

1241 *Prin*. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st  
 1242 thou to me?

1243 *Hostesse*. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the  
 1244 Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee  
 1245 comes from your Father.

1246 *Prin*. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall  
 1247 man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

1248 *Falst*. What manner of man is hee?

1249 *Hostesse*. An old man.

1250 *Falst*. What doth Grautie out of his Bed at Midnight?  
 1251 Shall I giue him his answere?

1252 *Prin*. Prethee doe Iacke.

1253 *Falst*. 'Faith, and Ile send him packing. *Exit*.

1254 *Prince*. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you  
 1255 *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne  
 1256 away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince;



1257 no, fie.  
 1258 *Bard.* 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.  
 1259 *Prin.* Tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes*  
 1260 Sword so hackt?  
 1261 *Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee  
 1262 would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make  
 1263 you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe  
 1264 the like.  
 1265 *Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear- grasse,  
 1266 to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments  
 1267 with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did  
 1268 that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare  
 1269 his monstrous deuices.  
 1270 *Prin.* O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eigh-teene  
 1271 yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and  
 1272 euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire  
 1273 and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what  
 1274 instinct hadst thou for it?  
 1275 *Bard.* My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you  
 1276 behold these Exhalations?  
 1277 *Prin.* I doe  
 1278 *Bard.* What thinke you they portend?  
 1279 *Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purses.  
 1280 *Bard.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.  
 1281 *Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter.  
 1282 *Enter Falstaffe.*  
 1283 Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare- bone. How  
 1284 now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe,  
 1285 *Iacke*, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?  
 1286 *Falst.* My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres  
 1287 (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could  
 1288 haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe- Ring: a plague  
 1289 of sighing and grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder.  
 1290 There's villanous Newes abroad; heere was Sir *Iohn*  
 1291 *Braby* from your Father; you must goe to the Court in  
 1292 the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*;  
 1293 and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado,  
 1294 and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true  
 1295 Liege- man vpon the Crosse of a Welch- hooke; what a  
 1296 plague call you him?  
 1297 *Poin.* O, *Glendower.*  
 1298 *Falst.* *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his Sonne in Law  
 1299 *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly  
 1300 Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runnes a Horse- backe vp a  
 1301 Hill perpendicular.  
 1302 *Prin.* Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll

1303 kills a Sparrow flying.

1304 *Falst.* You haue hit it.

1305 *Prin.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

1306 *Falst.* Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him,  
1307 hee will not runne.

1308 *Prin.* Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him  
1309 so for running?

1310 *Falst.* A Horse- backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will  
1311 not budge a foot.

1312 *Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

1313 *Falst.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too,  
1314 and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew- Cappes more.  
1315 *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is  
1316 turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now  
1317 as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

1318 *Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this  
1319 ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden- heads as  
1320 they buy Hob- nayles, by the Hundreds.

1321 *Falst.* By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee  
1322 shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art  
1323 not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant,  
1324 could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes a-gaine,  
1325 as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that  
1326 Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth  
1327 not thy blood thrill at it?

1328 *Prin.* Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.

1329 *Falst.* Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow,  
1330 when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me,  
1331 practise an answere.

1332 *Prin.* Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee  
1333 vpon the particulars of my Life.

1334 *Falst.* Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my  
1335 State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my  
1336 Crowne.

1337 *Prin.* Thy State is taken for a Ioynd- Stoole, thy Gol-den  
1338 Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich  
1339 Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

1340 *Falst.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of  
1341 thee now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke  
1342 to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I  
1343 haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it  
1344 in King *Cambyses* vaine.

1345 *Prin.* Well, heere is my Legge.

1346 *Falst.* And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

1347 *Hostesse.* This is excellent sport, yfaith.

1348 *Falst.* Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares

1349 are vaine.

1350 *Hostesse.* O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

1352 *Falst.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen,  
1353 For teares doe stop the floud- gates of her eyes.

1354 *Hostesse.* O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry  
1355 Players, as euer I see.

1356 *Falst.* Peace good Pint- pot, peace good Tickle- braine.

1357 *Harry,* I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy  
1358 time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though  
1359 the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes;  
1360 yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares.

1361 Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word,  
1362 partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of  
1363 thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that  
1364 doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere  
1365 lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so  
1366 poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a  
1367 Micher, and eate Black- berries? a question not to bee  
1368 askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and  
1369 take Purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
1370 *Harry,* which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to [e5  
1371 many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as  
1372 ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the com-panie  
1373 thou keepest: for *Harry,* now I doe not speake to  
1374 thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Pas-sion;  
1375 not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet  
1376 there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy  
1377 companie, but I know not his Name.

1378 *Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Ma-iestie?

1380 *Falst.* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent,  
1381 of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble  
1382 Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady)  
1383 inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his  
1384 Name is *Falstaffe:* if that man should be lewdly giuen,  
1385 hee deceiues mee; for *Harry,* I see Vertue in his Lookes.  
1386 If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit  
1387 by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue  
1388 in that *Falstaffe:* him keepe with, the rest banish. And  
1389 tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast  
1390 thou beene this moneth?

1391 *Prin.* Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand  
1392 for mee, and Ile play my Father.

1393 *Falst.* Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so  
1394 maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the  
1395 heeles for a Rabbet- sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

1396 *Prin.* Well, heere I am set.

1397 *Falst.* And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.  
 1398 *Prin.* Now *Harry*, whence come you?  
 1399 *Falst.* My Noble Lord, from East- cheape.  
 1400 *Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.  
 1401 *Falst.* Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle  
 1402 ye for a young Prince.  
 1403 *Prin.* Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth  
 1404 ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from  
 1405 Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a  
 1406 fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why  
 1407 do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that  
 1408 Boulting- Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of  
 1409 Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stufte Cloake-bagge  
 1410 of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the  
 1411 Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey ini-quitie,  
 1412 that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? where-in  
 1413 is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein  
 1414 neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? where-in  
 1415 Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villa-nie?  
 1416 wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-thy,  
 1417 but in nothing?  
 1418 *Falst.* I would your Grace would take me with you:  
 1419 whom meanes your Grace?  
 1420 *Prince.* That villanous abhominable mis- leader of  
 1421 Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white- bearded Sathan.  
 1422 *Falst.* My Lord, the man I know.  
 1423 *Prince.* I know thou do'st.  
 1424 *Falst.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in  
 1425 my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde  
 1426 (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it:  
 1427 but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore- ma-ster,  
 1428 that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault,  
 1429 Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a  
 1430 sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd:  
 1431 if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are  
 1432 to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish  
 1433 *Bardolph*, banish *Poines*: but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*,  
 1434 kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Fal-staffe*,  
 1435 and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack*  
 1436 *Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish  
 1437 not him thy *Harryes* companie; banish plumpe *Iacke*, and  
 1438 banish all the World.  
 1439 *Prince.* I doe, I will.  
 1440 *Enter Bardolph running.*  
 1441 *Bard.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most  
 1442 monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

1443 *Falst.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much  
 1444 to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.  
 1445 *Enter the Hostesse.*  
 1446 *Hostesse.* O, my Lord, my Lord.  
 1447 *Falst.* Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke:  
 1448 what's the matter?  
 1449 *Hostesse.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the  
 1450 doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let  
 1451 them in?  
 1452 *Falst.* Do'st thou heare *Hal*, neuer call a true peece of  
 1453 Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without  
 1454 seeming so.  
 1455 *Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without in-stinct.  
 1457 *Falst.* I deny your *Maier*: if you will deny the  
 1458 Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart  
 1459 as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I  
 1460 hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as ano-ther.  
 1462 *Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest  
 1463 walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and  
 1464 good Conscience.  
 1465 *Falst.* Both which I haue had: but their date is out,  
 1466 and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*  
 1467 *Prince.* Call in the Sherife.  
 1468 *Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*  
 1469 *Prince.* Now Master Sherife, what is your will with  
 1470 mee?  
 1471 *She.* First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath  
 1472 followed certaine men vnto this house.  
 1473 *Prince.* What men?  
 1474 *She.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord,  
 1475 a grosse fat man.  
 1476 *Car.* As fat as Butter.  
 1477 *Prince.* The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,  
 1478 For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:  
 1479 And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,  
 1480 That I will by to morrow Dinner time,  
 1481 Send him to answeere thee, or any man,  
 1482 For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:  
 1483 And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.  
 1484 *She.* I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen  
 1485 Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.  
 1486 *Prince.* It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men,  
 1487 He shall be answerable: and so farewell.  
 1488 *She.* Good Night, my Noble Lord.  
 1489 *Prince.* I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?  
 1490 *She.* Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

1491 *Exit.*  
 1492 *Prince.* This oyle Rascall is knowne as well as Poules:  
 1493 goe call him forth.  
 1494 *Peto.* *Falstaffe?* fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and  
 1495 snorting like a Horse.  
 1496 *Prince.* Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his  
 1497 Pockets. [e5v  
 1498 *He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth*  
 1499 *certaine Papers.*  
 1500 *Prince.* What hast thou found?  
 1501 *Peto.* Nothing but Papers, my Lord.  
 1502 *Prince.* Let's see, what be they? reade them.  
 1503 *Peto.* Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.  
 1504 Item, Sawce iiiii.d.  
 1505 Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.  
 1506 Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.  
 1507 Item, Bread. ob.  
 1508 *Prince.* O monstrous, but one halfe penny- worth of  
 1509 Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is  
 1510 else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there  
 1511 let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning:  
 1512 Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be hono-  
 1513 rable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot,  
 1514 and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-  
 1515 score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage.  
 1516 Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good mor-  
 1517 row  
 1517 *Peto.*  
 1518 *Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.***

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1520 *Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,*  
 1521 *Owen Glendower.*  
 1522 *Mort.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,  
 1523 And our induction full of prosperous hope.  
 1524 *Hotsp.* Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,  
 1525 Will you sit downe?  
 1526 And Vnckle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it,  
 1527 I haue forgot the Mapped.  
 1528 *Glend.* No, here it is:  
 1529 Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspurre*:  
 1530 For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you,  
 1531 His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,  
 1532 He wisheth you in Heauen.

1533 *Hotsp.* And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glen-dower*  
 1534 spoke of.  
 1535 *Glend.* I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,  
 1536 The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
 1537 Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,  
 1538 The frame and foundation of the Earth  
 1539 Shak'd like a Coward.  
 1540 *Hotsp.* Why so it would haue done at the same season,  
 1541 if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe  
 1542 had neuer beene borne.  
 1543 *Glend.* I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.  
 1544 *Hotsp.* And I say the Earth was not of my minde,  
 1545 If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.  
 1546 *Glend.* The heauens were all on fire, the Earth did  
 1547 tremble.  
 1548 *Hotsp.* Oh, then the Earth shooke  
 1549 To see the Heauens on fire,  
 1550 And not in feare of your Natiuitie.  
 1551 Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth  
 1552 In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth  
 1553 Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,  
 1554 By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde  
 1555 Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striuing,  
 1556 Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe  
 1557 Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,  
 1558 Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,  
 1559 In passion shooke.  
 1560 *Glend.* Cousin: of many men  
 1561 I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue  
 1562 To tell you once againe, that at my Birth  
 1563 The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
 1564 The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heardes  
 1565 Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:  
 1566 These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,  
 1567 And all the courses of my Life doe shew,  
 1568 I am not in the Roll of common men.  
 1569 Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,  
 1570 That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,  
 1571 Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?  
 1572 And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,  
 1573 Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,  
 1574 And hold me pace in deepe experiments.  
 1575 *Hotsp.* I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:  
 1576 Ile to Dinner.  
 1577 *Mort.* Peace cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.  
 1578 *Glend.* I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

1579 *Hotsp.* Why so can I, or so can any man:  
 1580 But will they come, when you doe call for them?  
 1581 *Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the  
 1582 Deuill.  
 1583 *Hotsp.* And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil,  
 1584 By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.*  
 1585 If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,  
 1586 And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.  
 1587 Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.  
 1588 *Mort.* Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable  
 1589 Chat.  
 1590 *Glend.* Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head  
 1591 Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,  
 1592 And sandy- bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him  
 1593 Bootlesse home, and Weather- beaten backe.  
 1594 *Hotsp.* Home without Bootes,  
 1595 And in foule Weather too,  
 1596 How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?  
 1597 *Glend.* Come, heere's the Mapped:  
 1598 Shall wee diuide our Right,  
 1599 According to our three- fold order ta'ne?  
 1600 *Mort.* The Arch- Deacon hath diuided it  
 1601 Into three Limits, very equally:  
 1602 England, from Trent, and Seuerne. hitherto,  
 1603 By South and East, is to my part assign'd:  
 1604 All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,  
 1605 And all the fertile Land within that bound,  
 1606 To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze, to you  
 1607 The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.  
 1608 And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:  
 1609 Which being sealed enterchangeably,  
 1610 (A Businesse that this Night may execute)  
 1611 To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,  
 1612 And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
 1613 To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,  
 1614 As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.  
 1615 My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,  
 1616 Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:  
 1617 Within that space, you may haue drawne together  
 1618 Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.  
 1619 *Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:  
 1620 And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,  
 1621 From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,  
 1622 For there will be a World of Water shed, [e6  
 1623 Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.  
 1624 *Hotsp.* Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,



1625 In quantitie equals not one of yours:  
 1626 See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,  
 1627 And cuts me from the best of all my Land,  
 1628 A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cattle out.  
 1629 Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,  
 1630 And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,  
 1631 In a new Channell, faire and euenly:  
 1632 It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,  
 1633 To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.  
 1634 *Glend.* Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.  
 1635 *Mort.* Yea, but marke how he beares his course,  
 1636 And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,  
 1637 Gelding the opposed Continent as much,  
 1638 As on the other side it takes from you.  
 1639 *Worc.* Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,  
 1640 And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,  
 1641 And then he runnes straight and euen.  
 1642 *Hosp.* Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.  
 1643 *Glend.* Ile not haue it alter'd.  
 1644 *Hosp.* Will not you?  
 1645 *Glend.* No, nor you shall not.  
 1646 *Hosp.* Who shall say me nay?  
 1647 *Glend.* Why, that will I.  
 1648 *Hosp.* let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in  
 1649 Welsh.  
 1650 *Glend.* I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:  
 1651 For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;  
 1652 Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe  
 1653 Many an English Dittie, louely well,  
 1654 And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;  
 1655 A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.  
 1656 *Hosp.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,  
 1657 I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,  
 1658 Then one of these same Meeter Ballad- mongers:  
 1659 I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,  
 1660 Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle- tree,  
 1661 And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
 1662 Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;  
 1663 'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.  
 1664 *Glend.* Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.  
 1665 *Hosp.* I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land  
 1666 To any well- deseruing friend;  
 1667 But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,  
 1668 Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.  
 1669 Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?  
 1670 *Glend.* The Moone shines faire,

1671 You may away by Night:  
 1672 Ile haste the Writer; and withall,  
 1673 Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:  
 1674 I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,  
 1675 So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit*.  
 1676 *Mort*. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Fa-ther.  
 1677 *Hotsp*. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,  
 1678 With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,  
 1679 Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;  
 1680 And of a Dragon, and a finne- lesse Fish,  
 1681 A clip- wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Rauen,  
 1682 A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,  
 1683 And such a deale of skimble- skamble Stuffe,  
 1684 As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,  
 1685 He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,  
 1686 In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,  
 1687 That were his Lacqueyes:  
 1688 I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,  
 1689 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
 1690 As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
 1691 Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue  
 1692 With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,  
 1693 Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,  
 1694 In any Summer- House in Christendome.  
 1695 *Mort*. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,  
 1696 Exceeding well read, and profited,  
 1697 In strange Concealements:  
 1698 Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,  
 1699 And as Bountifull, as Mynes of India.  
 1700 Shall I tell you, Cousin,  
 1701 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 1702 And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
 1703 When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.  
 1704 I warrant you, that man is not aliue,  
 1705 Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
 1706 Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:  
 1707 But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.  
 1708 *Worc*. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
 1709 And since your comming hither, haue done enough,  
 1710 To put him quite besides his patience.  
 1711 You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:  
 1712 Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,  
 1713 And that's the dearest grace it renders you;  
 1714 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,  
 1715 Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment,  
 1716 Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:

1718 The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,  
 1719 Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne  
 1720 Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
 1721 Beguiling them of commendation.  
 1722 *Hotsps.* Well, I am school'd:  
 1723 Good- manners be your speede;  
 1724 Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.  
 1725 *Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*  
 1726 *Mort.* This is the deadly spight, that angers me,  
 1727 My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.  
 1728 *Glend.* My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,  
 1729 Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.  
 1730 *Mort.* Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*  
 1731 Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.  
 1732 *Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she an-sweres*  
 1733 *him in the same.*  
 1734 *Glend.* Shee is desperate heere:  
 1735 A peeuish selfe- will'd Harlotry,  
 1736 One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.  
 1737 *The Lady speakes in Welsh.*  
 1738 *Mort.* I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh  
 1739 Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens,  
 1740 I am too perfect in: and but for shame,  
 1741 In such a parley should I answere thee.  
 1742 *The Lady againe in welsh.*  
 1743 *Mort.* I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,  
 1744 And that's a feeling disputation:  
 1745 But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,  
 1746 Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue [e6v  
 1747 Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,  
 1748 Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,  
 1749 With rauishing Diuision to her Lute.  
 1750 *Glend.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.  
 1751 *The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.*  
 1752 *Mort.* O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.  
 1753 *Glend.* She bids you,  
 1754 On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,  
 1755 And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,  
 1756 And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,  
 1757 And on your Eye- lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,  
 1758 Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;  
 1759 Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,  
 1760 As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,  
 1761 The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme  
 1762 Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.  
 1763 *Mort.* With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:

1764 By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.  
 1765 *Glend.* Doe so:  
 1766 And those Musitians that shall play to you,  
 1767 Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;  
 1768 And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.  
 1769 *Hosp.* Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:  
 1770 Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy  
 1771 Lappe.  
 1772 *Lady.* Goe, ye giddy- Goose.  
 1773 *The Musicke playes.*  
 1774 *Hosp.* Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,  
 1775 And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:  
 1776 Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.  
 1777 *Lady.* Then would you be nothing but Musicall,  
 1778 For you are altogether gouerned by humors:  
 1779 Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.  
 1780 *Hosp.* I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in  
 1781 Irish.  
 1782 *Lady.* Would'st haue thy Head broken?  
 1783 *Hosp.* No.  
 1784 *Lady.* Then be still.  
 1785 *Hosp.* Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.  
 1786 *Lady.* Now God helpe thee.  
 1787 *Hosp.* To the Welsh Ladies Bed.  
 1788 *Lady.* What's that?  
 1789 *Hosp.* Peace, shee sings.  
 1790 *Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*  
 1791 *Hosp.* Come, Ile haue your Song too.  
 1792 *Lady.* Not mine, in good sooth.  
 1793 *Hosp.* Not yours, in good sooth?  
 1794 You sweare like a Comfit- makers Wife:  
 1795 Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;  
 1796 And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:  
 1797 And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,  
 1798 As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.  
 1799 Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,  
 1800 A good mouth- filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,  
 1801 And such protest of Pepper Ginger- bread,  
 1802 To Veluet- Guards, and Sunday- Citizens.  
 1803 Come, sing.  
 1804 *Lady.* I will not sing.  
 1805 *Hosp.* 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-brest  
 1806 teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away  
 1807 within these two howres: and so come in, when yee  
 1808 will. *Exit.*  
 1809 *Glend.* Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,

1810 As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.  
 1811 By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,  
 1812 And then to Horse immediately.  
 1813 *Mort.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

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*Scaena Secunda.*

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1815 *Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*  
 1816 *King.* Lords, giue vs leaue:  
 1817 The Prince of Wales, and I,  
 1818 Must haue some priuate conference:  
 1819 But be neere at hand,  
 1820 For wee shall presently haue neede of you.  
 1821 *Exeunt Lords.*  
 1822 I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,  
 1823 For some displeasing seruice I haue done;  
 1824 That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,  
 1825 Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:  
 1826 But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,  
 1827 Make me beleeeue, that thou art onely mark'd  
 1828 For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen  
 1829 To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,  
 1830 Could such inordinate and low desires,  
 1831 Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,  
 1832 Such barren pleasures, rude societie,  
 1833 As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,  
 1834 Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,  
 1835 And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?  
 1836 *Prince.* So please your Maiesty, I would I could  
 1837 Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,  
 1838 As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge  
 1839 My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:  
 1840 Yet such extenuation let me begge,  
 1841 As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,  
 1842 Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,  
 1843 By smiling Pick- thankes, and base Newes- mongers;  
 1844 I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
 1845 Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,  
 1846 Finde pardon on my true submission.  
 1847 *King.* Heauen pardon thee:  
 1848 Yet let me wonder, *Harry,*  
 1849 At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing  
 1850 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 1851 Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,

1852 Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;  
1853 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
1854 Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.  
1855 The hope and expectation of thy time  
1856 Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man  
1857 Prophetically doe fore- thinke thy fall.  
1858 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
1859 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
1860 So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;  
1861 Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,  
1862 Had still kept loyall to possession,  
1863 And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
1864 A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.  
1865 By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,  
1866 But like a Comet, I was wondred at, [f1  
1867 That men would tell their Children, This is hee:  
1868 Others would say; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.  
1869 And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,  
1870 And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,  
1871 That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,  
1872 Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,  
1873 Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.  
1874 Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,  
1875 My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,  
1876 Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,  
1877 Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,  
1878 And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.  
1879 The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,  
1880 With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,  
1881 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
1882 Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,  
1883 Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,  
1884 And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,  
1885 To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
1886 Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;  
1887 Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,  
1888 Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:  
1889 That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,  
1890 They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe  
1891 The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little  
1892 More then a little, is by much too much.  
1893 So when he had occasion to be seene,  
1894 He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
1895 Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,  
1896 As sicke and blunted with Communitie,  
1897 Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,

1898 Such as is bent on Sunne- like Maiestie,  
 1899 When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:  
 1900 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye- lids downe,  
 1901 Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect  
 1902 As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,  
 1903 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 1904 And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou:  
 1905 For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,  
 1906 With vile participation. Not an Eye  
 1907 But is awareie of thy common sight,  
 1908 Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:  
 1909 Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,  
 1910 Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.  
 1911 *Prince*. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
 1912 Be more my selfe.  
 1913 *King*. For all the World,  
 1914 As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,  
 1915 When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;  
 1916 And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:  
 1917 Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,  
 1918 He hath more worthy interest to the State  
 1919 Then thou, the shadow of Succession;  
 1920 For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.  
 1921 He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,  
 1922 Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;  
 1923 And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
 1924 Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on  
 1925 To bloody Battailles, and to brusing Armes.  
 1926 What neuer- dying Honor hath he got,  
 1927 Against renowned *Dowglas*? whose high Deedes,  
 1928 Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,  
 1929 Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,  
 1930 And Militarie Title Capitall.  
 1931 Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
 1932 Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars*, in swathing Clothes,  
 1933 This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,  
 1934 Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,  
 1935 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
 1936 To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,  
 1937 And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.  
 1938 And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,  
 1939 The Arch- bishops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,  
 1940 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
 1941 But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?  
 1942 Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,  
 1943 Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?

1944 Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,  
 1945 Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,  
 1946 To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,  
 1947 To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,  
 1948 To shew how much thou art degenerate.  
 1949 *Prince*. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:  
 1950 And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd  
 1951 Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
 1952 I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,  
 1953 And in the closing of some glorious day,  
 1954 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,  
 1955 When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,  
 1956 And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:  
 1957 Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.  
 1958 And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,  
 1959 That this same Child of Honor and Renowne.  
 1960 This gallant *Hotspur*, this all- praysed Knight.  
 1961 And your vnthought- of *Harry* chance to meet:  
 1962 For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,  
 1963 Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
 1964 My shames redoubled. For the time will come,  
 1965 That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange  
 1966 His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:  
 1967 *Percy* is but my Factor, good my Lord,  
 1968 To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:  
 1969 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 1970 That he shall render euery Glory vp,  
 1971 Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
 1972 Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.  
 1973 This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:  
 1974 The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,  
 1975 I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue  
 1976 The long- growne Wounds of my intemperature:  
 1977 If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,  
 1978 And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,  
 1979 Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.  
 1980 *King*. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:  
 1981 Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.  
 1982 *Enter Blunt*.  
 1983 How now good *Blunt*? thy Lookes are full of speed.  
 1984 *Blunt*. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.  
 1985 Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,  
 1986 That *Dowglas* and the English Rebels met  
 1987 The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:  
 1988 A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,  
 1989 (If Promises be kept on euery hand)



1990 As euer offered foule play in a State.  
 1991 *King.* The earle of Westmerland set forth to day:  
 1992 With him my sonne, Lord *John* of Lancaster,  
 1993 For this aduertisement is fieve dayes old.  
 1994 On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward:  
 1995 On thursday, wee our selues will march.  
 1996 Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you shall march [f1v  
 1997 Through Glocestershire: by which account,  
 1998 Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,  
 1999 Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.  
 2000 Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,  
 2001 Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Tertia.*

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2003 *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*  
 2004 *Falst.* *Bardolph*, am I not falne away vilely, since this  
 2005 last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why  
 2006 my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose  
 2007 Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *John*. Well,  
 2008 Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking:  
 2009 I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no  
 2010 strength to repent. And i haue not forgotten what the  
 2011 in- side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper- Corne, a  
 2012 Brewers Horse, the in- side of a Church. Company, villa-nous  
 2013 Company hath beene the spoyle of me.  
 2014 *Bard.* Sir *John*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue  
 2015 long.  
 2016 *Falst.* Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song,  
 2017 make me merry; I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentle-man  
 2018 need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not  
 2019 about seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy- house not  
 2020 about once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I  
 2021 borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good  
 2022 compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of com-passe.  
 2024 *Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must  
 2025 needes bee out of of all compasse; out all reasonable  
 2026 compasse, Sir *John*.  
 2027 *Falst.* Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy  
 2028 Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne  
 2029 in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the  
 2030 Knight of the burning Lampe.  
 2031 *Bard.* Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harme.  
 2032 *Falst.* No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as

2033 many a man doth of a Deaths- Head, or a *Memento Mori*.  
 2034 I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Diues*  
 2035 that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning,  
 2036 burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would  
 2037 swear by thy Face; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire*:  
 2038 But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede,  
 2039 but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darke-nesse.  
 2040 When thou ran'st vp Gads- Hill in the Night, to  
 2041 catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene  
 2042 an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild- fire, there's no Purchase  
 2043 in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euer-lasting  
 2044 Bone- fire- Light: thou hast saued me a thousand  
 2045 Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the  
 2046 Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that  
 2047 thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as  
 2048 good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue  
 2049 maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time  
 2050 this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.  
 2051 *Bard*. I would my Face were in your Belly.  
 2052 *Falst*. So should I be sure to be heart- burn'd.  
 2053 *Enter Hostesse*.  
 2054 How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet  
 2055 who pick'd my Pocket?  
 2056 *Hostesse*. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*?  
 2057 doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue  
 2058 search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by  
 2059 Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a  
 2060 hayre was neuer lost in my house before.  
 2061 *Falst*. Ye lye *Hostesse*: *Bardolph* was shau'd, and lost  
 2062 many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd:  
 2063 goe to, you are a Woman, goe.  
 2064 *Hostesse*. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so  
 2065 in mine owne house before.  
 2066 *Falst*. Goe to, I know you well enough.  
 2067 *Hostesse*. No, sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*:  
 2068 I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and  
 2069 now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought  
 2070 you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.  
 2071 *Falst*. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them  
 2072 away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulders of  
 2073 them.  
 2074 *Hostesse*. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight  
 2075 shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *Iohn*,  
 2076 for your Dyet, and by- Drinkings, and Money lent you,  
 2077 foure and twentie pounds.  
 2078 *Falst*. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

2079 *Hostesse.* Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath no-thing.  
 2081 *Falst.* How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call  
 2082 you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his  
 2083 Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a  
 2084 Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne,  
 2085 but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale- Ring  
 2086 of my Grand- fathers, worth fortie marke.  
 2087 *Hostesse.* I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not  
 2088 how oft, that that Ring was Copper.  
 2089 *Falst.* How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake- Cuppe:  
 2090 and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge,  
 2091 if hee would say so.  
 2092 *Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets*  
 2093 *him, playing on his Trunchion*  
 2094 *like a Fife.*  
 2095 *Falst.* How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore?  
 2096 Must we all march?  
 2097 *Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.  
 2098 *Hostesse.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.  
 2099 *Prince.* What say'st thou, Mistresse *Quickly*? How  
 2100 does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest  
 2101 man.  
 2102 *Hostesse.* Good, my Lord, heare mee.  
 2103 *Falst.* Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.  
 2104 *Prince.* What say'st thou, *Iacke*?  
 2105 *Falst.* The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the  
 2106 Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd  
 2107 Bawdy- house, they picke Pockets.  
 2108 *Prince.* What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?  
 2109 *Falst.* Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds  
 2110 of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale- Ring of my Grand- fathers.  
 2112 *Prince.* A Trifle, some eight- penny matter.  
 2113 *Host.* So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your  
 2114 Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of  
 2115 you, like a foule- mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee  
 2116 would cudgell you.  
 2117 *Prince.* What hee did not?  
 2118 *Host.* There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman- hood  
 2119 in me else. [f2  
 2120 *Falst.* There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune;  
 2121 nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for  
 2122 Wooman- hood, Maid- marian may be the Deputies wife  
 2123 of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.  
 2124 *Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?  
 2125 *Falst.* What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.  
 2126 *Host.* I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou

2127 shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting  
 2128 thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.  
 2129 *Falst.* Setting thy woman- hood aside, thou art a beast  
 2130 to say otherwise.  
 2131 *Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?  
 2132 *Fal.* What beast? Why an Otter.  
 2133 *Prin.* An Otter, sir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?  
 2134 *Fal.* Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes  
 2135 not where to haue her.  
 2136 *Host.* Thou art vniust man in saying so; thou, or anie  
 2137 man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.  
 2138 *Prince.* Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee  
 2139 most grossely.  
 2140 *Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other  
 2141 day, You ought him a thousand pound.  
 2142 *Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?  
 2143 *Falst.* A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is  
 2144 worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.  
 2145 *Host.* Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and said hee  
 2146 would cudgell you.  
 2147 *Fal.* Did I, *Bardolph*?  
 2148 *Bar.* Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you said so.  
 2149 *Fal.* Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.  
 2150 *Prince.* I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as  
 2151 thy word now?  
 2152 *Fal.* Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I  
 2153 dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the  
 2154 roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.  
 2155 *Prince.* And why not as the Lyon?  
 2156 *Fal.* The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon:  
 2157 Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay  
 2158 if I do, let my Girdle breake.  
 2159 *Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about  
 2160 thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth,  
 2161 nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe  
 2162 with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman  
 2163 with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent  
 2164 imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but  
 2165 Tauerne Recknings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie- houses,  
 2166 and one poore peny- worth of Sugar- candie to make thee  
 2167 long- winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie o-ther  
 2168 iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will  
 2169 stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not  
 2170 asham'd?  
 2171 *Fal.* Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state  
 2172 of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke*

2173 *Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue  
 2174 more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty.  
 2175 You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?  
 2176 *Prin.* It appeares so by the Story.  
 2177 *Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee:  
 2178 Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,  
 2179 Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:  
 2180 Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason:  
 2181 Thou seest, I am pacified still.  
 2182 Nay, I prethee be gone.  
 2183 *Exit Hostesse.*  
 2184 Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad?  
 2185 How is that answered?  
 2186 *Prin.* O my sweet Beefe:  
 2187 I must still be good Angell to thee.  
 2188 The Monie is paid backe againe.  
 2189 *Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double  
 2190 Labour.  
 2191 *Prin.* I am good Friends with my Father, and may do  
 2192 anything.  
 2193 *Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st,  
 2194 and do it with vnwash'd hands too.  
 2195 *Bard.* Do my Lord.  
 2196 *Prin.* I haue procured thee *Iacke*, A Charge of Foot.  
 2197 *Fal.* I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde  
 2198 one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and  
 2199 twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprouided. Wel  
 2200 God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but  
 2201 the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.  
 2202 *Prin.* *Bardolph.*  
 2203 *Bar.* My Lord.  
 2204 *Prin.* Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster  
 2205 To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Westmerland,  
 2206 Go *Peto*, to horse: for thou, and I,  
 2207 Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.  
 2208 *Iacke*, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall  
 2209 At two a clocke in the afternoone,  
 2210 There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue  
 2211 Money and Order for their Furniture.  
 2212 The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye,  
 2213 And either they, or we must lower lye.  
 2214 *Fal.* Rare words! braue world.  
 2215 Hostesse, my breakfast, come:  
 2216 Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.  
 2217 *Exeunt omnes.*

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*Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.*

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2219 *Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester,*  
 2220 *and Dowglas.*  
 2221 *Hot.* Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth  
 2222 In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,  
 2223 Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue,  
 2224 As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,  
 2225 Should go so generall currant through the world.  
 2226 By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie  
 2227 The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place  
 2228 In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.  
 2229 Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.  
 2230 *Dow.* Thou art the King of Honor:  
 2231 No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,  
 2232 But I will Beard him.  
 2233 *Enter a Messenger.*  
 2234 *Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well. What letters hast there?  
 2235 I can but thanke you.  
 2236 *Mess.* These Letters come from your Father.  
 2237 *Hot.* Letters from him?  
 2238 Why comes he not himselfe?  
 2239 *Mes.* He cannot come, my Lord,  
 2240 He is greeuous sicke.  
 2241 *Hot.* How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,  
 2242 In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?  
 2243 Vnder whose Gouernment come they along? [f2v  
 2244 *Mess.* His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.  
 2245 *Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?  
 2246 *Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:  
 2247 And at the time of my departure thence,  
 2248 He was much fear'd by his Physician.  
 2249 *Wor.* I would the state of time had first beene whole,  
 2250 Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited:  
 2251 His health was neuer better worth then now.  
 2252 *Hotsp.* Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect  
 2253 The very Life- blood of our Enterprise,  
 2254 'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.  
 2255 He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,  
 2256 And that his friends by deputation  
 2257 Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,  
 2258 To lay so dangerous and deare a trust  
 2259 On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.  
 2260 Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,  
 2261 That with our small coniunction we should on,  
 2262 To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:

2263 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
 2264 Because the King is certainly possest  
 2265 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?  
 2266 *Wor.* Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.  
 2267 *Hosp.* A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:  
 2268 And yet, in faith, it is not his present want  
 2269 Seemes more then we shall finde it.  
 2270 Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states  
 2271 All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne  
 2272 On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,  
 2273 It were not good: for therein should we reade  
 2274 The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,  
 2275 The very List, the very vtmost Bound  
 2276 Of all our fortunes.  
 2277 *Dowg.* Faith, and so wee should,  
 2278 Where now remains a sweet reuersion.  
 2279 We may boldly spend, vpon the hope  
 2280 Of what is to come in:  
 2281 A comfort of retyrement liues in this.  
 2282 *Hosp.* A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,  
 2283 If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge  
 2284 Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.  
 2285 *Wor.* But yet I would your Father had beene here:  
 2286 The qualitie and Heire of our Attempt  
 2287 Brookes no diuision: It will be thought  
 2288 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 2289 That wisdom, loyaltie, and meere dislike  
 2290 Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
 2291 And thinke, how such an apprehension  
 2292 May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,  
 2293 And breede a kinde of question in our cause:  
 2294 For well you know, wee of the offring side,  
 2295 Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
 2296 And stop all sight- holes, euery loope, from whence  
 2297 The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:  
 2298 This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,  
 2299 That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,  
 2300 Before not dreamt of.  
 2301 *Hosp.* You strayne too farre.  
 2302 I rather of his absence make this vse:  
 2303 It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,  
 2304 A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,  
 2305 Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,  
 2306 If we without his helpe, can make a Head  
 2307 To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,  
 2308 We shall o're- turne it topsie- turuy downe:

2309 Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.  
2310 *Dowg.* As heart can thinke:  
2311 There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,  
2312 At this Dreame of Feare.  
2313 *Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*  
2314 *Hotsp.* My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.  
2315 *Vern.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.  
2316 The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,  
2317 Is marching hither- wards, with Prince *Iohn*.  
2318 *Hotsp.* No harme: what more?  
2319 *Vern.* And further, I haue learn'd,  
2320 The King himselfe in person hath set forth,  
2321 Or hither- wards intended speedily,  
2322 With strong and mightie preparation.  
2323 *Hotsp.* He shall be welcome too.  
2324 Where is his Sonne,  
2325 The nimble- footed Mad- Cap, Prince of Wales,  
2326 And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,  
2327 And bid it passe?  
2328 *Vern.* All furnisht, all in Armes,  
2329 All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde  
2330 Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,  
2331 Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,  
2332 As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,  
2333 And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid- summer,  
2334 Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.  
2335 I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,  
2336 His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,  
2337 Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,  
2338 And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,  
2339 As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,  
2340 To turne and winde a fierie *Pegasus*,  
2341 And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.  
2342 *Hotsp.* No more, no more,  
2343 Worse then the Sunne in March:  
2344 This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.  
2345 They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,  
2346 And to the fire- ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,  
2347 All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:  
2348 The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit  
2349 Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,  
2350 To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,  
2351 And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,  
2352 Who is to beare me like a Thunder- bolt,  
2353 Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.  
2354 *Harry* to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse



2355 Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?  
 2356 Oh, that *Glendower* were come.  
 2357 *Ver.* There is more newes:  
 2358 I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,  
 2359 He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.  
 2360 *Dowg.* That's the worst Tidings that I heare of  
 2361 yet.  
 2362 *Wor.* I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.  
 2363 *Hotsp.* What may the Kings whole Battaile reach  
 2364 vnto?  
 2365 *Ver.* To thirty thousand.  
 2366 *Hot.* Forty let it be,  
 2367 My Father and *Glendower* being both away,  
 2368 The powres of vs, may serue so great a day.  
 2369 Come, let vs take a muster speedily:  
 2370 Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.  
 2371 *Dow.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare  
 2372 Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.  
 2373 *Exeunt Omnes.* [f3

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### *Scaena Secunda.*

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2375 *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*  
 2376 *Falst.* *Bardolph*, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a  
 2377 Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le  
 2378 to Sutton- cop- hill to Night.  
 2379 *Bard.* Will you giue me Money, Captaine?  
 2380 *Falst.* Lay out, lay out.  
 2381 *Bard.* This Bottle makes an Angell.  
 2382 *Falst.* And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it  
 2383 make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage.  
 2384 Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Towne end.  
 2385 *Bard.* I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*  
 2386 *Falst.* If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a  
 2387 sowc't- Gurnet: I haue mis- vs'd the Kings Presse dam-nably.  
 2388 I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie  
 2389 Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me  
 2390 none but good House- holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire  
 2391 me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd  
 2392 twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,  
 2393 as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as  
 2394 feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck- Foole,  
 2395 or a hurt wilde- Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes  
 2396 and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then

2397 Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:  
 2398 And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Cor-porals,  
 2399 Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as  
 2400 ragged a *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Glut-tons  
 2401 Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were  
 2402 neuer Souldiers, but dis- carded vniust Seruingmen, youn-ger  
 2403 Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and  
 2404 Ostlers, Trade- falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and  
 2405 long Peace, tenne times more dis- honorable ragged,  
 2406 then an old- fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the  
 2407 roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that  
 2408 you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd  
 2409 Prodigalls, lately come from Swine- keeping, from eating  
 2410 Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way,  
 2411 and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the  
 2412 dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar- Crowes: Ile  
 2413 not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay,  
 2414 and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if  
 2415 they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them  
 2416 out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my  
 2417 Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt to-gether,  
 2418 and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Herald's  
 2419 Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth,  
 2420 stolne from my Host of S[aint]. Albones, or the Red- Nose  
 2421 Inne- keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde  
 2422 Linnen enough on euery Hedge.  
 2423 *Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.*  
 2424 *Prince.* How now blowne *Jack*? how now Quilt?  
 2425 *Falst.* What *Hal*? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill  
 2426 do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of West-merland,  
 2427 I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had al-ready  
 2428 beene at Shrewsbury.  
 2429 *West.* 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more then time that I were  
 2430 there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie.  
 2431 The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away  
 2432 all to Night.  
 2433 *Falst.* Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to  
 2434 steale Creame.  
 2435 *Prince.* I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft  
 2436 hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, *Jack*, whose  
 2437 fellowes are these that come after?  
 2438 *Falst.* Mine, *Hal*, mine.  
 2439 *Prince.* I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.  
 2440 *Falst.* Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Pow-der,  
 2441 foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better:  
 2442 tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

2443 *Westm.* I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinks they are exceeding  
 2444 poore and bare, too beggarly.  
 2445 *Falst.* Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they  
 2446 had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer  
 2447 learn'd that of me.  
 2448 *Prince.* No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers  
 2449 on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already  
 2450 in the field.  
 2451 *Falst.* What, is the King encamp'd?  
 2452 *Westm.* Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee shall stay too  
 2453 long.  
 2454 *Falst.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begin-ning  
 2455 of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.  
 2456 *Exeunt.*

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***Scoena Tertia.***

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2458 *Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and*  
 2459 *Vernon.*  
 2460 *Hotsp.* Wee'le fight with him to Night.  
 2461 *Worc.* It may not be.  
 2462 *Dowg.* You giue him then aduantage.  
 2463 *Vern.* Not a whit.  
 2464 *Hotsp.* Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?  
 2465 *Vern.* So doe wee.  
 2466 *Hotsp.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.  
 2467 *Worc.* Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.  
 2468 *Vern.* Doe not, my Lord.  
 2469 *Dowg.* You doe not counsaile well:  
 2470 You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.  
 2471 *Vern.* Doe me no slander, *Dowglas*: by my Life,  
 2472 And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,  
 2473 If well- respected Honor bid me on,  
 2474 I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,  
 2475 As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.  
 2476 Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,  
 2477 Which of vs feares.  
 2478 *Dowg.* Yea, or to night.  
 2479 *Vern.* Content.  
 2480 *Hotsp.* To night, say I.  
 2481 *Vern.* Come, come, it may not be.  
 2482 I wonder much, being me[n] of such great leading as you are  
 2483 That you fore- see not what impediments  
 2484 Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

2485 Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,  
 2486 Your Vnckle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,  
 2487 And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,  
 2488 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
 2489 That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.  
 2490 *Hosp.* So are the Horses of the Enemie  
 2491 In generall iourney bated, and brought low:  
 2492 The better part of ours are full of rest. [f3v  
 2493 *Worc.* The number of the King exceedeth ours:  
 2494 For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.  
 2495 *The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir*  
 2496 *Walter Blunt.*  
 2497 *Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,  
 2498 If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.  
 2499 *Hosp.* Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:  
 2500 And would to God you were of our determination.  
 2501 Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some  
 2502 Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,  
 2503 Because you are not of our qualitie,  
 2504 But stand against vs like an Enemie.  
 2505 *Blunt.* And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,  
 2506 So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,  
 2507 You stand against anynted Maiestie.  
 2508 But to my Charge.  
 2509 The King hath sent to know  
 2510 The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon  
 2511 You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,  
 2512 Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land  
 2513 Audacious Crueltie. If that the King  
 2514 Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,  
 2515 Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
 2516 He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed  
 2517 You shall haue your desires, with interest;  
 2518 And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,  
 2519 Herein mis- led, by your suggestion.  
 2520 *Hosp.* The King is kinde:  
 2521 And well wee know, the King  
 2522 Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.  
 2523 My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,  
 2524 Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:  
 2525 And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,  
 2526 Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,  
 2527 A poore vnmined Out- law, sneaking home,  
 2528 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
 2529 And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,  
 2530 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,

2531 To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,  
 2532 With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;  
 2533 My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,  
 2534 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
 2535 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme  
 2536 Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,  
 2537 The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,  
 2538 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
 2539 Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,  
 2540 Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,  
 2541 Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,  
 2542 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.  
 2543 He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
 2544 Step me a little higher then his Vow  
 2545 Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,  
 2546 Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:  
 2547 And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme  
 2548 Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,  
 2549 That lay too heauie on the Common- wealth;  
 2550 Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
 2551 Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,  
 2552 This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne  
 2553 The hearts of all that hee did angle for.  
 2554 Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads  
 2555 Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King  
 2556 In deputation left behinde him heere,  
 2557 When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.  
 2558 *Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.  
 2559 *Hotsp.* Then to the point.  
 2560 In short time after, hee depos'd the King.  
 2561 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:  
 2562 And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.  
 2563 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,  
 2564 Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,  
 2565 Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,  
 2566 There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:  
 2567 Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,  
 2568 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
 2569 Rated my Vnckle from the Councill- Boord,  
 2570 In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,  
 2571 Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,  
 2572 And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out  
 2573 This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie  
 2574 Into his Title: the which wee finde  
 2575 Too indirect, for long continuance.  
 2576 *Blunt.* Shall I returne this answer to the King?

2577 *Hotsp.* Not so, Sir *Walter*.  
 2578 Wee'le with- draw a while:  
 2579 Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd  
 2580 Some suretie for a safe returne againe,  
 2581 And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle  
 2582 Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.  
 2583 *Blunt.* I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.  
 2584 *Hotsp.* And't may be, so wee shall.  
 2585 *Blunt.* Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

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*Scena Quarta.*

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2587 *Enter the Arch- Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.*  
 2588 *Arch.* Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe  
 2589 With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,  
 2590 This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest  
 2591 To whom they are directed.  
 2592 If you knew how much they doe import,  
 2593 You would make haste.  
 2594 *Sir Mich.* My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.  
 2595 *Arch.* Like enough you doe.  
 2596 To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,  
 2597 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
 2598 Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,  
 2599 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
 2600 The King, with mightie and quick- raysed Power,  
 2601 Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,  
 2602 What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,  
 2603 Whose Power was in the first proportion;  
 2604 And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,  
 2605 Who with them was rated firmly too,  
 2606 And comes not in, ouer- rul'd by Prophecies,  
 2607 I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,  
 2608 To wage an instant tryall with the King.  
 2609 *Sir Mich.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,  
 2610 There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.  
 2611 *Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there.  
 2612 *Sir Mic.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,  
 2613 And there is my Lord of Worcester,  
 2614 And a Head of gallant Warriors,  
 2615 Noble Gentlemen. [f4  
 2616 *Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath Drawne  
 2617 The speciall head of all the Land together:  
 2618 The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,

2619 The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;  
 2620 And many moe Corriuals, and deare men  
 2621 Of estimation, and command in Armes.  
 2622 *Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd  
 2623 *Arch.* I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,  
 2624 And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell* speed;  
 2625 For if Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King  
 2626 Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs:  
 2627 For he hath heard of our Confederacie,  
 2628 And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:  
 2629 Therefore make hast, I must go write againe  
 2630 To other Friends: and so farewell, *Sir Michell. Exeunt.*

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***Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.***

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2632 *Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,*  
 2633 *Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,*  
 2634 *and Falstaffe.*  
 2635 *King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere  
 2636 Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale  
 2637 At his distemperature  
 2638 *Prin.* The Southerne winde  
 2639 Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,  
 2640 And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,  
 2641 Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.  
 2642 *King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
 2643 For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.  
 2644 *The Trumpet sounds.*  
 2645 *Enter Worcester.*  
 2646 *King.* How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well  
 2647 That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,  
 2648 As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,  
 2649 And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,  
 2650 To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:  
 2651 This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.  
 2652 What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit  
 2653 This churlish knot of all- abhorred Warre?  
 2654 And moue in the obedient Orbe againe,  
 2655 Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,  
 2656 And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,  
 2657 A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent  
 2658 Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?  
 2659 *Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:  
 2660 For mine owne part, I could be well content

2661 To entertaine the Lagge- end of my life  
 2662 With quiet houres: For I do protest,  
 2663 I haue not sought the day of this dislike.  
 2664 *King.* You haue not sought it: how comes it then?  
 2665 *Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.  
 2666 *Prin.* Peace, Chewet, peace.  
 2667 *Wor.* It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes  
 2668 Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;  
 2669 And yet I must remember you my Lord,  
 2670 We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:  
 2671 For you, my staffe of Office did I breake  
 2672 In *Richards* time, and poasted day and night  
 2673 To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,  
 2674 When yet you were in place, and in account  
 2675 Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;  
 2676 It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,  
 2677 That brought you home, and boldly did out- dare  
 2678 The danger of the time. You swore to vs,  
 2679 And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,  
 2680 That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,  
 2681 Nor claime no further, then your new- falne right,  
 2682 The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,  
 2683 To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,  
 2684 It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head,  
 2685 And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,  
 2686 What with our helpe, what with the absent King.  
 2687 What with the iniuries of wanton time,  
 2688 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
 2689 And the contrarious Windes that held the King  
 2690 So long in the vn lucky Irish Warres,  
 2691 That all in England did repute him dead:  
 2692 And from this swarme of faire aduantages,  
 2693 You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,  
 2694 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,  
 2695 Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,  
 2696 And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,  
 2697 As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,  
 2698 Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest  
 2699 Grew by our Feeding, to so great a builke,  
 2700 That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight  
 2701 For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing  
 2702 We were infor'd for safety sake, to flye  
 2703 Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,  
 2704 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes  
 2705 As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,  
 2706 By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,



2707 And violation of all faith and troth  
 2708 Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.  
 2709 *Kin.* These things indeed you haue articulated,  
 2710 Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,  
 2711 To face the Garment of Rebellion  
 2712 With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
 2713 Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,  
 2714 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes  
 2715 Of hurly burly Innouation:  
 2716 And neuer yet did Insurrection want  
 2717 Such water- colours, to impaint his cause:  
 2718 Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time  
 2719 Of pell- mell hauocke, and confusion.  
 2720 *Prin.* In both our Armies, there is many a soule  
 2721 Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,  
 2722 If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,  
 2723 The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world  
 2724 In praise of *Henry Percie*: By my Hopes,  
 2725 This present enterprize set off his head,  
 2726 I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
 2727 More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,  
 2728 More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,  
 2729 To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.  
 2730 For my part, I may speake it to my shame,  
 2731 I haue a Truant beene to Chiuallry,  
 2732 And so I heare, he doth account me too:  
 2733 Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,  
 2734 I am content that he shall take the oddes  
 2735 Of his great name and estimation,  
 2736 And will, to saue the blood on either side,  
 2737 Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.  
 2738 *King.* And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,  
 2739 Albeit, considerations infinite [f4v  
 2740 Do make against it: No good Worster, no,  
 2741 We loue our people well; euen those we loue  
 2742 That are misled vpon your Cousins part:  
 2743 And will they take the offer of our Grace:  
 2744 Both he, and they, and you; yea euery man  
 2745 Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.  
 2746 So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,  
 2747 What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,  
 2748 Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,  
 2749 And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,  
 2750 We will not now be troubled with reply,  
 2751 We offer faire, take it aduisedly.  
 2752 *Exit Worcester.*

2753 *Prin.* It will not be accepted, on my life,  
 2754 The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,  
 2755 Are confident against the world in Armes.  
 2756 *King.* Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,  
 2757 For on their answer will we set on them;  
 2758 And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt.*  
 2759 *Manet Prince and Falstaffe.*  
 2760 *Fal. Hal,* if thou see me downe in the battell,  
 2761 And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.  
 2762 *Prin.* Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship  
 2763 Say thy prayers, and farewell.  
 2764 *Fal.* I would it were bed time *Hal,* and all well.  
 2765 *Prin.* Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.  
 2766 *Falst.* 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him  
 2767 before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,  
 2768 that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes  
 2769 me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come  
 2770 on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an  
 2771 arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.  
 2772 Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Ho-nour  
 2773 A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A  
 2774 trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednes-day.  
 2775 Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it  
 2776 insensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with  
 2777 the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, ther-fore  
 2778 Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so  
 2779 ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

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### *Scena Secunda.*

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2781 *Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.*  
 2782 *Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard,*  
 2783 The liberall kinde offer of the King.  
 2784 *Ver.* 'Twere best he did.  
 2785 *Wor.* Then we are all vndone.  
 2786 It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 2787 The King would keepe his word in louing vs,  
 2788 He will suspect vs still, and finde a time  
 2789 To punish this offence in others faults:  
 2790 Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;  
 2791 For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,  
 2792 Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,  
 2793 Will haue a wilde tricke of his Ancestors:  
 2794 Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,

2795 Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
 2796 And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,  
 2797 The better cherisht, still the nearer death.  
 2798 My Nephewes Trespasse may be well forgot,  
 2799 It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,  
 2800 And an adopted name of Priuiledge,  
 2801 A haire- brain'd *Hotspurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:  
 2802 All his offences liue vpon my head,  
 2803 And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,  
 2804 And his corruption being tane from vs,  
 2805 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:  
 2806 Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know  
 2807 In any case, the offer of the King.  
 2808 *Ver.* Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so.  
 2809 Heere comes your Cosin.  
 2810 *Enter Hotspurre.*  
 2811 *Hot.* My Vnkle is return'd,  
 2812 Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.  
 2813 Vnkle, what newes?  
 2814 *Wor.* The King will bid you battell presently.  
 2815 *Dow.* Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland  
 2816 *Hot.* Lord *Dowglas*: Go you and tell him so.  
 2817 *Dow.* Marry and shall, and verie willingly.  
 2818 *Exit Dowglas.*  
 2819 *Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.  
 2820 *Hot.* Did you begge any? God forbid.  
 2821 *Wor.* I told him gently of our greeuances,  
 2822 Of his Oath- breaking: which he mended thus,  
 2823 By now forswearing that he is forsworne,  
 2824 He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge  
 2825 With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.  
 2826 *Enter Dowglas.*  
 2827 *Dow.* Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown  
 2828 A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:  
 2829 And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,  
 2830 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.  
 2831 *Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,  
 2832 And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.  
 2833 *Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,  
 2834 And that no man might draw short breath to day,  
 2835 But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,  
 2836 How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?  
 2837 *Ver.* No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life  
 2838 Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,  
 2839 Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare  
 2840 To gentle exercise, and prooffe of Armes.

2841 He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,  
2842 Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,  
2843 Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,  
2844 Making you euer better then his praise,  
2845 By still dispraising praise, valed with you:  
2846 And which became him like a Prince indeed,  
2847 He made a blushing citall of himselfe,  
2848 And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,  
2849 As if he mastred there a double spirit  
2850 Of teaching, and of learning instantly:  
2851 There did he pause. But let me tell the World,  
2852 If he out- liue the enuie of this day,  
2853 England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,  
2854 So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse,  
2855 *Hot.* Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored  
2856 On his Follies: neuer did I heare  
2857 Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.  
2858 But be he as he will, yet once ere night,  
2859 I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,  
2860 That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie.  
2861 Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,  
2862 Better consider what you haue to do,  
2863 That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue, [f5  
2864 Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.  
2865 *Enter a Messenger.*  
2866 *Mes.* My Lord, heere are Letters for you.  
2867 *Hot.* I cannot reade them now.  
2868 O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
2869 To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.  
2870 If life did ride vpon a Dials point,  
2871 Still ending at the arriual of an houre,  
2872 And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:  
2873 If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.  
2874 Now for our Consciencs, the Armes is faire,  
2875 When the intent for bearing them is iust.  
2876 *Enter another Messenger.*  
2877 *Mes.* My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.  
2878 *Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:  
2879 For I professe not talking: Onely this,  
2880 Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,  
2881 Whose worthy temper I intend to staine  
2882 With the best blood that I can meete withall,  
2883 In the aduenture of this perillous day.  
2884 Now Esperance *Percy*, and set on:  
2885 Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,  
2886 And by that Musicke, let vs all imbrace:

2887 For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,  
 2888 A second time do such a curtesie.  
 2889 *They embrace, the trumpets sound, the King entereth*  
 2890 *with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter*  
 2891 *Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*  
 2892 *Blu.* What is thy name, that in battel thus y crossest me?  
 2893 What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?  
 2894 *Dow.* Know then my name is *Dowglas*,  
 2895 And I do haunt thee in the Battell thus,  
 2896 Because some tell me, that thou art a King.  
 2897 *Blunt.* They tell thee true.  
 2898 *Dow.* The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought  
 2899 Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King *Harry*,  
 2900 This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,  
 2901 Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.  
 2902 *Blu.* I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,  
 2903 And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge  
 2904 Lords Staffords death.  
 2905 *Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.*  
 2906 *Hot.* O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus  
 2907 I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.  
 2908 *Dow.* All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king  
 2909 *Hot.* Where?  
 2910 *Dow.* Heere.  
 2911 *Hot.* This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:  
 2912 A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,  
 2913 Semblably furnish'd like the King himselve.  
 2914 *Dow.* Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,  
 2915 A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.  
 2916 Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?  
 2917 *Hot.* The King hath many marching in his Coats.  
 2918 *Dow.* Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,  
 2919 Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,  
 2920 Vntill I meet the King.  
 2921 *Hot.* Vp, and away,  
 2922 Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*  
 2923 *Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.*  
 2924 *Fal.* Though I could scape shot- free at London, I fear  
 2925 the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft  
 2926 who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you:  
 2927 here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea-uy  
 2928 too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more  
 2929 weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of  
 2930 Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my  
 2931 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg du-ring  
 2932 life. But who comes heere?

2933 *Enter the Prince.*  
 2934 *Pri.* What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,  
 2935 Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe  
 2936 Vnder the hoooues of vaunting enemies,  
 2937 Whose deaths are vnreung'd. Prethy lend me thy sword  
 2938 *Fal.* O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile:  
 2939 Turke *Gregory* neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue  
 2940 done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him sure.  
 2941 *Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:  
 2942 I prethee lend me thy sword.  
 2943 *Falst.* Nay *Hal*, is *Percy* bee aliuie, thou getst not my  
 2944 Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.  
 2945 *Prin.* Giue it me: What, is it in the case?  
 2946 *Fal.* I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.  
 2947 *The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sacke.*  
 2948 *Prin.* What, is it a time to iest and dally now. *Exit.*  
 2949 *Throwes it at him.*  
 2950 *Fal.* If *Percy* be aliuie, Ile pierce him: if he do come in  
 2951 my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let  
 2952 him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning  
 2953 honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Giue mee life, which if I can  
 2954 saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an  
 2955 end. *Exit*

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### *Scena Tertia.*

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2957 *Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince,*  
 2958 *Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle*  
 2959 *of Westmerland.*  
 2960 *King.* I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou blee-dest  
 2961 too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*, go you with him.  
 2962 *P.Ioh.* Not I, My Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.  
 2963 *Prin.* I beseech your Maiesty make vp,  
 2964 Least your retirement do amaze your friends.  
 2965 *King.* I will do so:  
 2966 My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.  
 2967 *West.* Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.  
 2968 *Prin.* Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;  
 2969 And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should driue  
 2970 The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
 2971 Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on,  
 2972 And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.  
 2973 *Ioh.* We breath too long: Come cosin Westmerland,  
 2974 Our duty this way lies, for heauens sake come.

2975 *Prin.* By heauen thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster,  
 2976 I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:  
 2977 Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*;  
 2978 But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.  
 2979 *King.* I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,  
 2980 With lustier maintenance then I did looke for  
 2981 Of such an vngrowne Warriour.  
 2982 *Prin.* O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*  
 2983 *Enter Dowglas.*  
 2984 *Dow.* Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:  
 2985 I am the *Dowglas*, fatall to all those  
 2986 That weare those colours on them. What art thou  
 2987 That counterfeit'st the person of a King?  
 2988 *King.* The King himselfe: who *Dowglas* grieues at hart [f5v  
 2989 So many of his shadowes thou hast met,  
 2990 And not the very King. I haue two Boyes  
 2991 Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field:  
 2992 But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
 2993 I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.  
 2994 *Dow.* I feare thou art another counterfeit:  
 2995 And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:  
 2996 But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,  
 2997 And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K[ing]. being in danger,*  
 2998 *Enter Prince.*  
 2999 *Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like  
 3000 Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits  
 3001 Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes;  
 3002 it is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
 3003 Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.  
 3004 *They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.*  
 3005 Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?  
 3006 Sir *Nicolas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,  
 3007 And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.  
 3008 *King.* Stay, and breath awhile.  
 3009 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,  
 3010 And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life  
 3011 In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.  
 3012 *Prin.* O heauen, they did me too much iniury,  
 3013 That euer said I hearkned to your death.  
 3014 If it were so, I might haue let alone  
 3015 The insulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,  
 3016 Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,  
 3017 As all the poysonous Potions in the world,  
 3018 And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.  
 3019 *K.* Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gausey.* *Exit*  
 3020 *Enter Hotspur.*

3021 *Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.  
 3022 *Prin.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.  
 3023 *Hot.* My name is *Harrie Percie*.  
 3024 *Prin.* Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.  
 3025 I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,  
 3026 To share with me in glory any more:  
 3027 Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,  
 3028 Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,  
 3029 Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.  
 3030 *Hot.* Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come  
 3031 To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,  
 3032 Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.  
 3033 *Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
 3034 And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,  
 3035 Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.  
 3036 *Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*  
 3037 *Enter Falstaffe.*  
 3038 *Fal.* Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no  
 3039 Boyes play heere, I can tell you.  
 3040 *Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who fals down*  
 3041 *as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.*  
 3042 *Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:  
 3043 I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
 3044 Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,  
 3045 They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:  
 3046 But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;  
 3047 And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,  
 3048 Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophesie,  
 3049 But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,  
 3050 Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust  
 3051 And food for—  
 3052 *Prin.* For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:  
 3053 Ill- weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
 3054 When that this bodie did containe a spirit,  
 3055 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:  
 3056 But now two paces of the vilest Earth  
 3057 Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,  
 3058 Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.  
 3059 If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,  
 3060 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.  
 3061 But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
 3062 And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
 3063 For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.  
 3064 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
 3065 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
 3066 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.



3067 What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh  
 3068 Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:  
 3069 I could haue better spar'd a better man.  
 3070 O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,  
 3071 If I were much in loue with Vanity.  
 3072 Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,  
 3073 Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:  
 3074 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,  
 3075 Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*  
 3076 *Falstaffe riseth vp.*  
 3077 *Falst.* Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile  
 3078 giue you leauē to powder me, and eat me too to morow.  
 3079 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,  
 3080 had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-terfeit;  
 3081 to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the  
 3082 counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But  
 3083 to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be  
 3084 no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-deede.  
 3085 The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the  
 3086 which better part, I haue saued my life. I am affraide of  
 3087 this Gun- powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee  
 3088 should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would  
 3089 proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure:  
 3090 yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as  
 3091 well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no- bodie  
 3092 sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh  
 3093 come you along me. *Takes Hotspurre on his backe.*  
 3094 *Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.*  
 3095 *Prin.* Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely hast thou flesht  
 3096 thy Maiden sword.  
 3097 *Iohn.* But soft, who haue we heere?  
 3098 Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?  
 3099 *Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
 3100 Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?  
 3101 Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye- sight?  
 3102 I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
 3103 Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.  
 3104 *Fal.* No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but  
 3105 if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Per-cy*,  
 3106 if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him  
 3107 kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or  
 3108 Duke, I can assure you.  
 3109 *Prin.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.  
 3110 *Fal.* Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen  
 3111 to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath,  
 3112 and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought

3113 a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleue-ued,  
 3114 so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare  
 3115 the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death  
 3116 I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-liue,  
 3117 and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece  
 3118 of my sword.  
 3119 *Iohn.* This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.  
 3120 *Prin.* This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *Iohn.* [f6  
 3121 Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:  
 3122 For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,  
 3123 Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.  
 3124 *A Retreat is sounded.*  
 3125 The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:  
 3126 Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
 3127 To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*  
 3128 *Fal.* Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-wards  
 3129 me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,  
 3130 Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue  
 3131 cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

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***Scaena Quarta.***

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3133 *The Trumpets sound.*  
 3134 *Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,*  
 3135 *Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &*  
 3136 *Vernon Prisoners.*  
 3137 *King.* Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.  
 3138 Ill- spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,  
 3139 Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?  
 3140 And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?  
 3141 Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?  
 3142 Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,  
 3143 A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
 3144 Had beene aliue this houre,  
 3145 If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne  
 3146 Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.  
 3147 *Wor.* What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,  
 3148 And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
 3149 Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee.  
 3150 *King.* Beare Worcester to death, and *Vernon* too:  
 3151 Other offenders we will pause vpon.  
 3152 *Exit Worcester and Vernon.*  
 3153 How goes the Field?  
 3154 *Prin.* The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when hee saw

3155 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
 3156 The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,  
 3157 Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;  
 3158 And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd  
 3159 That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent  
 3160 The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,  
 3161 I may dispose of him.  
 3162 *King.* With all my heart.  
 3163 *Prin.* Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaster,  
 3164 To you this honourable bounty shall belong:  
 3165 Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him  
 3166 Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:  
 3167 His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,  
 3168 Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,  
 3169 Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries.  
 3170 *King.* Then this remains: that we diuide our Power.  
 3171 You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Cousin Westmerland  
 3172 Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed  
 3173 To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,  
 3174 Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.  
 3175 My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,  
 3176 To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.  
 3177 Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,  
 3178 Meeting the Checke of such another day:  
 3179 And since this Businesse so faire is done,  
 3180 Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

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**FINIS.**

3182 **The First Part of Henry the Fourth,**  
 3183 **with the Life and Death of HENRY**  
**Sirnamed HOT- SPVRRE.**

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