

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

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

by

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Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

Table of Contents

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth	1
<i>Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.</i>	1
<i>Scena Secunda.</i>	2
<i>Scena Tertia.</i>	7
<i>Scena Quarta.</i>	12
<i>Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.</i>	14
<i>Scena Secunda.</i>	18
<i>Scena Tertia.</i>	22
<i>Scaena Quarta.</i>	24
<i>Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</i>	32
<i>Scena Secunda.</i>	35
<i>Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</i>	42
<i>Scena Secunda.</i>	53
<i>Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.</i>	62
<i>Scena Secunda.</i>	64
<i>Scena Tertia.</i>	68
<i>Scena Quarta.</i>	71
<i>Scena Quinta.</i>	72
EPILOGVE.	74

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth

Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth^{6v}

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

INDVCTION.

3 *Enter Rumour.*
 4 Open your Eares: For which of you will stop
 5 The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speakes?
 6 I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
 7 (Making the winde my Post- horse) still vnfold
 8 The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
 9 Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
 10 The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
 11 Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
 12 I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
 13 (Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
 14 And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
 15 Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
 16 Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
 17 Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
 18 And no such matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
 19 Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;
 20 And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
 21 That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
 22 The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
 23 Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
 24 My well- knowne Body to Anathomize
 25 Among my houshold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
 26 I run before King *Harries* victory,
 27 Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
 28 Hath beaten downe yong *Hospurre*, and his Troopes,
 29 Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
 30 Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
 31 To speake so true at first? My Office is
 32 To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
 33 Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hospurres* Sword:
 34 And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
 35 Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.

36 This haue I rumour'd through the peasant- Townes,
 37 Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
 38 And this Worme- eaten- Hole of ragged Stone,
 39 Where *Hotspurres* Father, old Northumberland,
 40 Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tyring on,
 41 And not a man of them brings other newes
 42 Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
 43 They bring smooth- Comforts- false, worse then True- wrongs.
 44 *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

46 *Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.*
 47 *L.Bar.* Who keeps the Gate heere hoa?
 48 Where is the Earle?
 49 *Por.* What shall I say you are?
 50 *Bar.* Tell thou the Earle
 51 That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
 52 *Por.* His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
 53 Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
 54 And he himselfe will answer.
 55 *Enter Northumberland.*
 56 *L.Bar.* Heere comes the Earle.
 57 *Nor.* What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now
 58 Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
 59 The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
 60 Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
 61 And beares downe all before him.
 62 *L.Bar.* Noble Earle,
 63 I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
 64 *Nor.* Good, and heauen will.
 65 *L.Bar.* As good as heart can wish:
 66 The King is almost wounded to the death:
 67 And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
 68 Prince *Harrie* slaine out- right: and both the *Blunts*
 69 Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
 70 And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
 71 And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*)
 72 Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
 73 (So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
 74 Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
 75 Since *Caesars* Fortunes.
 76 *Nor.* How is this deriu'd?
 77 Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

78 *L.Bar.* I spake with one (my L[ord].) that came fro[m] thence,
 79 A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
 80 That freely render'd me these newes for true.
 81 *Nor.* Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I sent
 82 On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.
 83 *Enter Trauers.*
 84 *L.Bar.* My Lord, I ouer- rod him on the way,
 85 And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
 86 More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
 87 *Nor.* Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes fro[m] you? [g1
 88 *Tra.* My Lord, Sir *Iohn Vmfreuill* turn'd me backe
 89 With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
 90 Out- rod me. After him, came spurring head
 91 A Gentleman (almost fore- spent with speed)
 92 That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
 93 He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
 94 I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
 95 He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
 96 And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
 97 With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
 98 And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
 99 Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
 100 Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
 101 He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
 102 Staying no longer question.
 103 *North.* Ha? Againe:
 104 Said he yong *Harrie Percyes* Spurre was cold?
 105 (Of *Hot- Spurre*, cold- Spurre?) that Rebellion,
 106 Had met ill lucke?
 107 *L.Bar.* My Lord: Ile tell you what,
 108 If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
 109 Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
 110 Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.
 111 *Nor.* Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
 112 Giue then such instances of Losse?
 113 *L.Bar.* Who, he?
 114 He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne
 115 The Horse he rode- on: and vpon my life
 116 Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.
 117 *Enter Morton.*
 118 *Nor.* Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title- leafe,
 119 Fore- tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
 120 So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
 121 Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.
 122 Say *Morton*, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?
 123 *Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)

124 Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske
 125 To fright our party.
 126 *North.* How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
 127 Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
 128 Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
 129 Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
 130 So dull, so dead in looke, so woe- be- gone,
 131 Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
 132 And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
 133 But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
 134 And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'st it.
 135 This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
 136 Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
 137 Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
 138 But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
 139 Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
 140 Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.
 141 *Mor.* *Dowglas* is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
 142 But for my Lord, your Sonne.
 143 *North.* Why, he is dead.
 144 See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:
 145 He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
 146 Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
 147 That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (*Morton*)
 148 Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
 149 And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
 150 And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.
 151 *Mor.* You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:
 152 Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.
 153 *North.* Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
 154 I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
 155 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,
 156 To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
 157 The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
 158 And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:
 159 Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliuie:
 160 Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes
 161 Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,
 162 Sounds euer after as a sullen Bell
 163 Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
 164 *L.Bar.* I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.
 165 *Mor.* I am sorry, I should force you to beleue
 166 That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.
 167 But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
 168 Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out- breath'd)
 169 To *Henrie Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe

170 The neuer- daunted *Percie* to the earth,
 171 From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.
 172 In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
 173 Euen to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)
 174 Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
 175 From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
 176 For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;
 177 Which once, in him abated, all the rest
 178 Turn'd on themselues, like dull and heauy Lead:
 179 And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,
 180 Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,
 181 So did our Men, heauy in *Hotspurres* losse,
 182 Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
 183 That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
 184 Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
 185 Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
 186 Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,
 187 (The bloody *Dowglas*) whose well- labouring sword
 188 Had three times slaine th' appearance of the King,
 189 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
 190 Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
 191 Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
 192 Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out
 193 A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
 194 Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster
 195 And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.
 196 *North.* For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.
 197 In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes
 198 (Hauing beene well) that would haue made me sicke,
 199 Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.
 200 And as the Wretch, whose Feauer- weakned ioynts,
 201 Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,
 202 Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
 203 Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes
 204 (Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
 205 Are thrice themselues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
 206 A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
 207 Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,
 208 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 209 Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
 210 Now binde my Browes with Iron and approach
 211 The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
 212 To frowne vpon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
 213 Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand
 214 Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
 215 And let the world no longer be a stage

216 To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
 217 But let one spirit of the First- borne *Caine* [g1v
 218 Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
 219 On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
 220 And darknesse be the burier of the dead.
 221 *L.Bar.* Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisdom from your |(Honor.
 222 *Mor.* The liues of all your louing Complices
 223 Leane- on your health, the which if you giue- o're
 224 To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
 225 You cast th' euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
 226 And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
 227 Let vs make head: It was your presurmize,
 228 That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
 229 You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
 230 More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
 231 You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
 232 Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
 233 Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
 234 Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
 235 (Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
 236 The stiffe- borne Action: What hath then befalne?
 237 Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
 238 More then that Being, which was like to be?
 239 *L.Bar.* We all that are engaged to this losse,
 240 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
 241 That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
 242 And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
 243 Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
 244 And since we are o're- set, venture againe.
 245 Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,
 246 *Mor.* 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
 247 I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
 248 The gentle Arch- bishop of Yorke is vp
 249 With well appointed Powres: he is a man
 250 Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
 251 My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
 252 But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
 253 For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
 254 The action of their bodies, from their soules,
 255 And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
 256 As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
 257 Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
 258 This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
 259 As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
 260 Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
 261 Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:

262 He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
 263 And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
 264 Of faire King *Richard*, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
 265 Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
 266 Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
 267 Gasping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
 268 And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.
 269 *North*. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
 270 This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
 271 Go in with me, and counsell euery man
 272 The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
 273 Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
 274 Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt*.

Scena Tertia.

276 *Enter Falstaffe, and Page.*
 277 *Fal*. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct[or]. to my water?
 278 *Pag*. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy
 279 water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
 280 diseases then he knew for.
 281 *Fal*. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the
 282 braine of this foolish compounded Clay- man, is not able
 283 to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
 284 inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
 285 selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere
 286 walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
 287 her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-uice
 288 for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I
 289 haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
 290 fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
 291 was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette
 292 you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and
 293 send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The
 294 *Iuuenall* (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
 295 fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of
 296 my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will
 297 not sticke to say, his Face is a Face- Royall. Heauen may
 298 finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may
 299 keepe it still at a Face- Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
 300 earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
 301 he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.
 302 He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
 303 mine, I can assure him. What said M[aster]. *Dombledon*, about

304 the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?
 305 *Pag.* He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-rance,
 306 then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours,
 307 he lik'd not the Security.
 308 *Fal.* Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
 309 Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*; a Rascally- yea- forsooth- knaue,
 310 to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
 311 stand vpon Security? The horson smooth- pates doe now
 312 weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
 313 their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-nest
 314 Taking- vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I
 315 had as lief they would put Rats- bane in my mouth, as
 316 offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
 317 sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
 318 Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
 319 Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
 320 lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
 321 he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
 322 Where's *Bardolfe*?
 323 *Pag.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
 324 a horse.
 325 *Fal.* I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
 326 in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
 327 were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.
 328 *Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.*
 329 *Pag.* Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
 330 the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.
 331 *Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.
 332 *Ch.Iust.* What's he that goes there?
 333 *Ser.* *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.
 334 *Iust.* He that was in question for the Robbery?
 335 *Ser.* He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice
 336 at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
 337 Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*.
 338 *Iust.* What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.
 339 *Ser.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
 340 *Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deafe.
 341 *Pag.* You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.
 342 *Iust.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
 343 Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.
 344 *Ser.* Sir *Iohn*.
 345 *Fal.* What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is
 346 there not imployment? Doth not the K[ing]. lack subiects? Do
 347 not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be [g2
 348 on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to
 349 be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Re-bellion

350 can tell how to make it.

351 *Ser.* You mistake me Sir.

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

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

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

363 *Ser.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

364 *Iust.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, a word with you.

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

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

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

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

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

380 *Iust.* Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speak with |(you.

381 *Fal.* This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar-gie,
382 a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

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

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

387 *Iust.* I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you
388 heare not what I say to you.

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

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

394 *Fal.* I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not so Patient:
395 your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment

396 to me, in respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your
 397 Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make
 398 some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.
 399 *Iust.* I sent for you (when there were matters against
 400 you for your life) to come speake with me.
 401 *Fal.* As I was then aduised by my learned Councel, in
 402 the lawes of this Land- seruice, I did not come.
 403 *Iust.* Wel, the truth is (sir *Iohn*) you liue in great infamy
 404 *Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, ca[n]not liue in lesse.
 405 *Iust.* Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.
 406 *Fal.* I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes
 407 were greater, and my waste slenderer.
 408 *Iust.* You haue misled the youthfull Prince.
 409 *Fal.* The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fel-low
 410 with the great belly, and he my Dogge.
 411 *Iust.* Well, I am loth to gall a new- heal'd wound: your
 412 daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer
 413 your Nights exploit on Gads- hill. You may thanke the
 414 vnquiet time, for your quiet o're- posting that Action.
 415 *Fal.* My Lord?
 416 *Iust.* But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping |(Wolfe.
 417 *Fal.* To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.
 418 *Iu.* What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out
 419 *Fal.* A Wassell- Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did
 420 say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.
 421 *Iust.* There is not a white haire on your face, but shold
 422 haue his effect of grauity.
 423 *Fal.* His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.
 424 *Iust.* You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like
 425 his euill Angell.
 426 *Fal.* Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I
 427 hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without,
 428 weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go:
 429 I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costor-mongers,
 430 that true valor is turn'd Beare- heard. Pregnan-cie
 431 is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in
 432 giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man
 433 (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a
 434 Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-ties
 435 of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-uers,
 436 with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the
 437 vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggés too.
 438 *Iust.* Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of
 439 youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charrac-ters
 440 of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-low
 441 cheeke? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an incresing

442 belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your
 443 wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Anti-quity?
 444 and wil you cal your selfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, sir *Iohn*.

445 *Fal.* My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-thing
 446 a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hal-losing
 447 and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth
 448 farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudge-ment
 449 and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee
 450 for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue
 451 at him. For the boxe of th' eare that the Prince gaue you,
 452 he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensi-ble
 453 Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re-pents:
 454 Marry not in ashes and sacke- cloath, but in new
 455 Silke, and old Sacke.

456 *Iust.* Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

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

459 *Iust.* Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince *Har-ry*,
 460 I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster, a-gainst
 461 the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

462 *Fal.* Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but
 463 looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at
 464 home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take
 465 but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-traordinarily:
 466 if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
 467 but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:
 468 There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head,
 469 but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

470 *Iust.* Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your
 471 Expedition.

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

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

477 *Fal.* If I do, fillop me with a three- man- Beetle. A man
 478 can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can
 479 part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the [g2v
 480 one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the De-grees
 481 preuent my curses. Boy?

482 *Page.* Sir.

483 *Fal.* What money is in my purse?

484 *Page.* Seuen groats, and two pence.

485 *Fal.* I can get no remedy against this Consumption of
 486 the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out,
 487 but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my

488 Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of
 489 Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Vrsula*, whome I
 490 haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first
 491 white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to
 492 finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe:
 493 for the one or th' other playes the rogue with my great
 494 toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my
 495 colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable.
 496 A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne dis-eases
 497 to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

499 *Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and*
 500 *Lord Bardolfe.*
 501 *Ar.* Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means:
 502 And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
 503 Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
 504 And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?
 505 *Mow.* I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
 506 But gladly would be better satisfied,
 507 How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues
 508 To looke with forhead bold and big enough
 509 Vpon the Power and puisance of the King.
 510 *Hast.* Our present Musters grow vpon the File
 511 To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:
 512 And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
 513 Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
 514 With an incensed Fire of Iniuries.
 515 *L.Bar.* The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus
 516 Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand
 517 May hold- vp- head, without Northumberland:
 518 *Hast.* With him, we may.
 519 *L.Bar.* I marry, there's the point:
 520 But if without him we be thought to feeble,
 521 My iudgement is, we should not step too farre
 522 Till we had his Assistance by the hand.
 523 For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,
 524 Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise
 525 Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.
 526 *Arch.* 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
 527 It was yong *Hotspurres* case, at Shrewsbury.
 528 *L.Bar.* It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
 529 Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,

530 Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power,
 531 Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
 532 And so with great imagination
 533 (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
 534 And (winking) leap'd into destruction.
 535 *Hast.* But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
 536 To lay downe likely- hoods, and formes of hope.
 537 *L.Bar.* Yes, if this present quality of warre,
 538 Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
 539 Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,
 540 We see th' appearing buds, which to proue fruite,
 541 Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire
 542 That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
 543 We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
 544 And when we see the figure of the house,
 545 Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
 546 Which if we finde out- weighes Ability,
 547 What do we then, but draw a- new the Modell
 548 In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
 549 To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
 550 (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
 551 And set another vp) should we suruey
 552 The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
 553 Consent vpon a sure Foundation:
 554 Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,
 555 How able such a Worke to vndergo,
 556 To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
 557 We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
 558 Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:
 559 Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house
 560 Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
 561 Giues o're, and leaues his part- created Cost
 562 A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,
 563 And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.
 564 *Hast.* Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
 565 Should be still- borne: and that we now possest
 566 The vtmost man of expectation:
 567 I thinke we are a Body strong enough
 568 (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.
 569 *L.Bar.* What is the King but fiue & twenty thousand?
 570 *Hast.* To vs no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolf.*
 571 For0his diuisions (as the Times do braul)
 572 Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
 573 And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third
 574 Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King
 575 In three diuided: and his Coffers sound

576 With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.
 577 *Ar.* That he should draw his seuerall strengths together
 578 And come against vs in full puissance
 579 Need not be dreaded.
 580 *Hast.* If he should do so,
 581 He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
 582 Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.
 583 *L.Bar.* Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?
 584 *Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
 585 Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harrie Monmouth.*
 586 But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
 587 I haue no certaine notice.
 588 *Arch.* Let vs on:
 589 And publish the occasion of our Armes.
 590 The Common- wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
 591 Their ouer- greedy loue hath surfetted:
 592 An habitation giddy, and vn sure
 593 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 594 O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
 595 Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke,*
 596 Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
 597 And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
 598 Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
 599 That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.
 600 So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
 601 Thy glutton- bosome of the Royall *Richard,*
 602 And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
 603 And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
 604 They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye,
 605 Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
 606 Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head
 607 When through proud London he came sighing on,
 608 After th' admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke,*
 609 Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe, [g3
 610 And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
 611 "*Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.*
 612 *Mow.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
 613 *Hast.* We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

615 *Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.*
 616 *Hostesse.* Mr. *Fang,* haue you entred the Action?
 617 *Fang.* It is enter'd.

618 *Hostesse.* Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
619 Will he stand to it?
620 *Fang.* Sirrah, where's *Snare*?
621 *Hostesse.* I, I, good M[aster]. *Snare.*
622 *Snare.* Heere, heere.
623 *Fang.* *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*
624 *Host.* I good M[aster]. *Snare*, I haue enter'd him, and all.
625 *Sn.* It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab
626 *Hostesse.* Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me
627 in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not
628 what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will
629 foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,
630 nor childe.
631 *Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
632 *Hostesse.* No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
633 *Fang.* If I but fist him once: if he come but within my
634 Vice.
635 *Host.* I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
636 infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M[aster]. *Fang* hold him
637 sure: good M[aster]. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continu-antly
638 to Py- Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a sad-dle,
639 and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in
640 Lombardstreet, to M[aster]. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra' ye, since
641 my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the
642 world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke
643 is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue
644 borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and
645 fub'd- off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to
646 be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles
647 a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare e-uery
648 Knaues wrong. *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.*
649 Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey- Nose *Bar-dolfe*
650 with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M[aster]. *Fang,*
651 & M[aster]. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
652 *Fal.* How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?
653 *Fang.* Sir *Iohn*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. *Quickly.*
654 *Falst.* Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the
655 Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.
656 *Host.* Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.
657 Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, mur-der,
658 O thou Hony- suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods of-ficers,
659 and the Kings? O thou hony- seed Rogue, thou art
660 a honyseed, a Man- queller, and a woman- queller.
661 *Falst.* Keep them off, *Bardolfe.* *Fang.* A rescu, a rescu.
662 *Host.* Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou
663 wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

664 *Page.* Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil-lirian:

665 Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter Ch. Iustice.*

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

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

669 *Ch.Iust.* How now sir *Iohn*? What are you brauling here?

670 Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?

671 You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.

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

673 *Host.* Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your

674 Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre-sted

675 at my suit. *Ch.Iust.* For what summe?

676 *Host.* It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all

677 I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath

678 put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will

679 haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights,

680 like the Mare.

681 *Falst.* I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue

682 any vantage of ground, to get vp.

683 *Ch.Iust.* How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of

684 good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?

685 Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so

686 rough a course, to come by her owne?

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

688 *Host.* Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &

689 the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell

690 gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin- chamber at the round

691 table, by a sea- cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,

692 when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a sin-ging

693 man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I

694 was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my

695 Lady thy wife. Canst y deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech*

696 the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quick-ly*?

697 comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs,

698 she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby y didst desire to

699 eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene

700 wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe

701 staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore

702 people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?

703 And did'st y not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I

704 put thee now to thy Book- oath, deny it if thou canst?

705 *Fal.* My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes

706 vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She

707 hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distra-cted

708 her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I

709 may haue redresse against them.

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

716 *Host.* Yes in troth my Lord.

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

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

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

729 *Falst.* Come hither Hostesse. *Enter M[aster]. Gower*

730 *Ch.Iust.* Now Master *Gower*; What newes?

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

733 *Falst.* As I am a Gentleman.

734 *Host.* Nay, you said so before.

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

736 *Host.* By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be
 737 faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dy-ning
 738 Chambers. [g3v

739 *Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for
 740 thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the
 741 Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is
 742 worth a thousand of these Bed- hangings, and these Fly-bitten
 743 Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.)

744 Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better
 745 Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy
 746 Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with
 747 me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

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

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

752 *Host.* Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my
 753 Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me al-together?

755 *Fal.* Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke- on,
 756 hooke- on.

757 *Host.* Will you haue *Doll Teare-sheet* meet you at sup-per?
 759 *Fal.* No more words. Let's haue her.
 760 *Ch.Iust.* I haue heard bitter newes.
 761 *Fal.* What's the newes (my good Lord?)
 762 *Ch.Iu.* Where lay the King last night?
 763 *Mes.* At Basingstoke my Lord.
 764 *Fal.* I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes
 765 my Lord?
 766 *Ch.Iust.* Come all his Forces backe?
 767 *Mes.* No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horse
 768 Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,
 769 Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.
 770 *Fal.* Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L[ord]?
 771 *Ch.Iust.* You shall haue Letters of me presently.
 772 Come, go along with me, good M[aster]. *Gowre.*
 773 *Fal.* My Lord.
 774 *Ch.Iust.* What's the matter?
 775 *Fal.* Master *Gowre*, shall I entreate you with mee to
 776 dinner?
 777 *Gow.* I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.
 778 I thanke you, good Sir *Iohn*.
 779 *Ch.Iust.* Sir *Iohn*, you loyter heere too long being you
 780 are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.
 781 *Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master *Gowre*?
 782 *Ch.Iust.* What foolish Master taught you these man-ners,
 783 Sir *Iohn*?
 784 *Fal.* Master *Gower*, if they become mee not, hee was a
 785 Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing
 786 grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.
 787 *Ch.Iust.* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great
 788 Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

790 *Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe,*
 791 *and Page.*
 792 *Prin.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.
 793 *Poin.* Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst
 794 not haue attach'd one of so high blood.
 795 *Prin.* It doth me: though it discolours the complexion
 796 of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew
 797 vildely in me, to desire small Beere?
 798 *Poin.* Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,
 799 as to remember so weake a Composition.

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

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

818 *Prin.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz*?

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

820 *Prin.* It shall serue among wittes of no higher breed-
 821 ing then thine.

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

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

828 *Poin.* Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

829 *Prin.* Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as
 830 thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the
 831 end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inward-ly,
 832 that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild com-pany
 833 as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all osten-
 834 tation of sorrow.

835 *Poin.* The reason?

836 *Prin.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

837 *Poin.* I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

838 *Prin.* It would be euery mans thought: and thou art
 839 a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a
 840 mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode- way better
 841 then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite in-deede.
 842 And what accites your most worshipful thought
 843 to thinke so?

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

846 *Prin.* And to thee.

847 *Pointz.* Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with
848 mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that
849 I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of
850 my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe.
851 Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

852 *Prince.* And the Boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, he had him
853 from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not trans-form'd
854 him Ape.

855 *Enter Bardolfe.*

856 *Bar.* Saue your Grace.

857 *Prin.* And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

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

862 *Page.* He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red
863 Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the [g4
864 window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had
865 made two holes in the Ale- wiues new Petticoat, & pee-ped
866 through.

867 *Prin.* Hath not the boy profited?

868 *Bar.* Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

869 *Page.* Away, you rascally *Altheas* dreame, away.

870 *Prin.* Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

871 *Page.* Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was de-liuer'd
872 of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

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

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

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

879 *Prince.* And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

880 *Bar.* Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces
881 comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

882 *Poin.* Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the
883 Martlemas, your Master?

884 *Bard.* In bodily health Sir.

885 *Poin.* Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian:
886 but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes
887 not.

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

891 *Poin. Letter. Iohn Falstaffe Knight:* (Euery man must

892 know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:)
 893 Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer
 894 pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings
 895 blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon
 896 him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow-ed
 897 cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.
 898 *Prince.* Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch
 899 it from *Iaphet*. But to the Letter: — *Sir Iohn Falstaffe,*
 900 *Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harrie*
 901 *Prince of Wales, greeting.*
 902 *Poin.* Why this is a Certificate.
 903 *Prin.* Peace.
 904 *I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.*
 905 *Poin.* Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short- winded.
 906 *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee*
 907 *not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Fauours so*
 908 *much, that he swears thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Re-pent*
 909 *at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*
 910 *Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou*
 911 *vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:*
 912 *Iohn with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir*
 913 *Iohn, with all Europe.*
 914 My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him
 915 eate it.
 916 *Prin.* That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.
 917 But do you vse me thus *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?
 918 *Poin.* May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I
 919 neuer said so.
 920 *Prin.* Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, &
 921 the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is
 922 your Master heere in London?
 923 *Bard.* Yes my Lord.
 924 *Prin.* Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in
 925 the old Franke?
 926 *Bard.* At the old place my Lord, in East- cheape.
 927 *Prin.* What Company?
 928 *Page.* Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.
 929 *Prin.* Sup any women with him?
 930 *Page.* None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and M[istris].
 931 *Doll Teare- sheet.*
 932 *Prin.* What Pagan may that be?
 933 *Page.* A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman
 934 of my Masters.
 935 *Prin.* Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the
 936 Towe- Bull?
 937 Shall we steale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

938 *Poin.* I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.
 939 *Prin.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your
 940 Master that I am yet in Towne.
 941 There's for your silence.
 942 *Bar.* I haue no tongue, sir.
 943 *Page.* And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.
 944 *Prin.* Fare ye well: go.
 945 This *Doll Teare-sheet* should be some Rode.
 946 *Poin.* I warrant you, as common as the way betweene
 947 S[aint]. Albans, and London.
 948 *Prin.* How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to
 949 night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?
 950 *Poin.* Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and
 951 waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.
 952 *Prin.* From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It
 953 was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low trans-formation,
 954 that shall be mine: for in euey thing, the pur-pose
 955 must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned. Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

957 *Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie*
 958 *Percies Ladie.*
 959 *North.* I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
 960 Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
 961 Put not you on the visage of the Times,
 962 And be like them to Percie, troublesome.
 963 *Wife.* I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more,
 964 Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.
 965 *North.* Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
 966 And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.
 967 *La.* Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;
 968 The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
 969 When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
 970 When your owne Percy, when my heart- deere-*Harry*,
 971 Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father
 972 Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
 973 Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
 974 There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.
 975 For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
 976 For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne
 977 In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
 978 Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
 979 To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse

980 Wherein the Noble- Youth did dresse themselues.
 981 He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
 982 And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
 983 Became the Accents of the Valiant.
 984 For those that could speake low, and tardily,
 985 Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,
 986 To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
 987 In Diet, in Affections of delight,
 988 In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood, [g4v
 989 He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
 990 That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
 991 O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
 992 (Second to none) vn- seconded by you,
 993 To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
 994 In dis- aduantage, to abide a field,
 995 Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name
 996 Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
 997 Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
 998 To hold your Honor more precise and nice
 999 With others, then with him. Let them alone:
 1000 The Marshall and the Arch- bishop are strong.
 1001 Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
 1002 To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Necke)
 1003 Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.
 1004 *North.* Beshrew your heart,
 1005 (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
 1006 With new lamenting ancient Ouer- sights.
 1007 But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
 1008 Or it will seeke me in another place,
 1009 And finde me worse prouided.
 1010 *Wife.* O flye to Scotland,
 1011 Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
 1012 Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.
 1013 *Lady.* If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
 1014 Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
 1015 To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
 1016 First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,
 1017 He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
 1018 And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
 1019 To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
 1020 That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
 1021 For Recordation to my Noble Husband.
 1022 *North.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
 1023 As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
 1024 That makes a still- stand, running neyther way.
 1025 Faine would I goe to meet the Arch- bishop,

1026 But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
 1027 I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,
 1028 Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scaena Quarta.

1030 *Enter two Drawers.*
 1031 1.*Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple- Iohns?
 1032 Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple- Iohn.
 1034 2.*Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish
 1035 of Apple- Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue
 1036 more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now
 1037 take my leaue of these sixe drie, round, old- wither'd
 1038 Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for-got
 1039 that.
 1040 1.*Draw.* Why then couer, and set them downe: and
 1041 see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; Mistris *Teare- sheet*
 1042 would faine haue some Musique.
 1043 2.*Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master
 1044 *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins,
 1045 and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph*
 1046 hath brought word.
 1047 1.*Draw.* Then here will be old *Vtis*: it will be an ex-cellent
 1048 stratagem.
 1049 2.*Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*
 1050 *Enter Hostesse, and Dol.*
 1051 *Host.* Sweet- heart, me thinkes now you are in an ex-cellent
 1052 good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as ex-traordinarily,
 1053 as heart would desire; and your Colour
 1054 (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue
 1055 drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous sear-ching
 1056 Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say
 1057 what's this. How doe you now?
 1058 *Dol.* Better then I was: Hem.
 1059 *Host.* Why that was well said: A good heart's worth
 1060 Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.
 1061 *Enter Falstaffe.*
 1062 *Falst.* When *Arthur* first in Court — (emptie the Iordan)
 1063 and was a worthy King: How now Mistris *Dol*?
 1064 *Host.* Sick of a Calme: yea, good- sooth.
 1065 *Falst.* So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme,
 1066 they are sick.
 1067 *Dol.* You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you
 1068 giue me?

1069 *Falst.* You make fat Rascalls, Mistris *Dol*.
 1070 *Dol.* I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make
 1071 them, I make them not.
 1072 *Falst.* If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to
 1073 make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch
 1074 of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.
 1075 *Dol.* I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.
 1076 *Falst.* Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to
 1077 serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come
 1078 off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge-rie
 1079 brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd- Chambers
 1080 brauely.
 1081 *Host.* Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer
 1082 meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
 1083 good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you can-not
 1084 one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the
 1085 good- yere? One must beare, and that must bee you:
 1086 you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier
 1087 Vessell.
 1088 *Dol.* Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge
 1089 full Hogs- head? There's a whole Marchants Venture
 1090 of Burdeux- Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke
 1091 better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee
 1092 *Iacke:* Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I
 1093 shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body
 1094 cares.
 1095 *Enter Drawer.*
 1096 *Drawer.* Sir, Ancient *Pistoll* is below, and would
 1097 speake with you.
 1098 *Dol.* Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not
 1099 come hither: it is the foule- mouth'dst Rogue in Eng-land.
 1101 *Host.* If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must
 1102 liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am
 1103 in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the
 1104 doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not
 1105 liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the
 1106 doore, I pray you.
 1107 *Falst.* Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?
 1108 *Host.* 'Pray you pacifie your selfe (*Sir Iohn*) there comes
 1109 no Swaggerers heere. [g5
 1110 *Falst.* Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.
 1111 *Host.* Tilly- fally (*Sir Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient
 1112 Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master
 1113 *Tisick* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me,
 1114 it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour
 1115 *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dombe*, our Minister, was by

1116 then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that
 1117 are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now
 1118 hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are
 1119 an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take
 1120 heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no
 1121 swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You
 1122 would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no
 1123 Swaggerers.
 1124 *Falst.* Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater,
 1125 hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-hound:
 1126 hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if
 1127 her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call
 1128 him vp (Drawer.)
 1129 *Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest
 1130 man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swag-gering;
 1131 I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele
 1132 Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.
 1133 *Dol.* So you doe, Hostesse.
 1134 *Host.* Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an As-pen
 1135 Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.
 1136 *Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.*
 1137 *Pist.* 'Sauē you, Sir *Iohn*.
 1138 *Falst.* Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge
 1139 you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine
 1140 Hostesse.
 1141 *Pist.* I will discharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two
 1142 Bullets.
 1143 *Falst.* She is Pistoll- prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly of-fend
 1144 her.
 1145 *Host.* Come, Ile drinke no Prooffes, nor no Bullets: I
 1146 will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans
 1147 pleasure, I.
 1148 *Pist.* Then to you (Mistris *Dorothie*) I will charge
 1149 you.
 1150 *Dol.* Charge me? I scorne you (scuruie Companion)
 1151 what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke- Linnen- Mate:
 1152 away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for
 1153 your Master.
 1154 *Pist.* I know you, Mistris *Dorothie*.
 1155 *Dol.* Away you Cut- purse Rascall, you filthy Bung,
 1156 away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie
 1157 Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away
 1158 you Bottle- Ale Rascall, you Basket- hilt stale Iugler, you.
 1159 Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on
 1160 your shoulder? much.
 1161 *Pist.* I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

1162 *Host.* No, good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete
 1163 Captaine.
 1164 *Dol.* Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater,
 1165 art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines
 1166 were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for ta-king
 1167 their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them.
 1168 You a Captaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore
 1169 Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy- house? Hee a Captaine? hang
 1170 him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd- Prunes, and
 1171 dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make
 1172 the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had
 1173 neede looke to it.
 1174 *Bard.* 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.
 1175 *Falst.* Hearke thee hither, Mistris *Dol.*
 1176 *Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I
 1177 could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.
 1178 *Page.* 'Pray thee goe downe.
 1179 *Pist.* Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake,
 1180 to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde
 1181 also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe
 1182 Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?
 1183 *Host.* Good Captaine *Peesel* be quiet, it is very late:
 1184 I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.
 1185 *Pist.* These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horses,
 1186 and hollow- pamper'd Iades of Asia, which can-not
 1187 goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Caesar*, and
 1188 with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne
 1189 them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall
 1190 wee fall foule for Toyes?
 1191 *Host.* By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter
 1192 words.
 1193 *Bard.* Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a
 1194 Brawle anon.
 1195 *Pist.* Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:
 1196 Haue we not *Hiren* here?
 1197 *Host.* On my word (Captaine) there's none such here.
 1198 What the good- yere, doe you thinke I would denye her?
 1199 I pray be quiet.
 1200 *Pist.* Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come,
 1201 giue me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me con-tente.*
 1202 Feare wee broad- sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:
 1203 Giue me some Sack: and Sweet- heart lye thou there:
 1204 Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* no-thing?
 1206 *Fal. Pistol*, I would be quiet.
 1207 *Pist.* Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue
 1208 seene the seuen Starres.

1209 *Dol.* Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such
 1210 a Fustian Rascall.
 1211 *Pist.* Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-way
 1212 Nagges?
 1213 *Fal.* Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue- groat
 1214 shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee
 1215 shall be nothing here.
 1216 *Bard.* Come, get you downe stayres.
 1217 *Pist.* What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee em-brew?
 1218 then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull
 1219 dayes: why then let grieuous, gastly, gaping Wounds,
 1220 vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.
 1221 *Host.* Here's good stuffe toward.
 1222 *Fal.* Giue me my Rapier, Boy.
 1223 *Dol.* I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.
 1224 *Fal.* Get you downe stayres.
 1225 *Host.* Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping
 1226 house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Mur-ther
 1227 I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea-pons,
 1228 put vp your naked Weapons.
 1229 *Dol.* I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah,
 1230 you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.
 1231 *Host.* Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee
 1232 made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.
 1233 *Fal.* Haue you turn'd him out of doores?
 1234 *Bard.* Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt
 1235 him (Sir) in the shoulder.
 1236 *Fal.* A Rascall to braue me.
 1237 *Dol.* Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,
 1238 how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come
 1239 on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou [g5v
 1240 art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth fiue of *Agamem-non*,
 1241 and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah
 1242 Villaine.
 1243 *Fal.* A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blan-ket.
 1244 *Dol.* Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st,
 1245 Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.
 1246 *Enter Musique.*
 1247 *Page.* The Musique is come, Sir.
 1248 *Fal.* Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.*
 1249 A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like
 1250 Quick- siluer.
 1251 *Dol.* And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou
 1252 whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore- pigge, when wilt
 1253 thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and
 1254 begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?
 1255

1256 *Enter the Prince and Poincs disguis'd.*
 1257 *Fal.* Peace (good *Dol*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head:
 1258 doe not bid me remember mine end.
 1259 *Dol.* Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?
 1260 *Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue
 1261 made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread
 1262 well.
 1263 *Dol.* They say *Poincs* hath a good Wit.
 1264 *Fal.* Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is
 1265 as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more con-ccit
 1266 in him, then is in a Mallet.
 1267 *Dol.* Why doth the Prince loue him so then?
 1268 *Fal.* Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and
 1269 hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell,
 1270 and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap- dragons, and rides
 1271 the wilde- Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-stooles,
 1272 and swears with a good grace, and weares his
 1273 Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and
 1274 breedes no bate with telling of discrete stories: and such
 1275 other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake
 1276 Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits
 1277 him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the
 1278 weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their
 1279 *Haber-de-pois.*
 1280 *Prince.* Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his
 1281 Eares cut off?
 1282 *Poin.* Let vs beat him before his Whore.
 1283 *Prince.* Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll
 1284 claw'd like a Parrot.
 1285 *Poin.* Is it not strange, that Desire should so many
 1286 yeeres out- liue performance?
 1287 *Fal.* Kisse me *Dol.*
 1288 *Prince.* *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction?
 1289 What sayes the Almanack to that?
 1290 *Poin.* And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man,
 1291 be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note- Booke,
 1292 his Councill- keeper?
 1293 *Fal.* Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Busses.
 1294 *Dol.* Nay truely, I kisse thee with a most constant
 1295 heart.
 1296 *Fal.* I am olde, I am olde.
 1297 *Dol.* I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young
 1298 Boy of them all.
 1299 *Fal.* What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall
 1300 receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe
 1301 to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

1302 wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am
 1303 gone.
 1304 *Dol.* Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so:
 1305 proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy re-terne:
 1306 well, hearken the end.
 1307 *Fal.* Some Sack, *Francis.*
 1308 *Prin. Poin.* Anon, anon, Sir.
 1309 *Fal.* Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not
 1310 thou *Poines*, his Brother?
 1311 *Prince.* Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what
 1312 a life do'st thou lead?
 1313 *Fal.* A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art
 1314 a Drawer.
 1315 *Prince.* Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out
 1316 by the Eares.
 1317 *Host.* Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Wel-come
 1318 to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face
 1319 of thine: what, are you come from Wales?
 1320 *Fal.* Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by
 1321 this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.
 1322 *Dol.* How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.
 1323 *Poin.* My Lord, hee will driue you out of your re-ueenge,
 1324 and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the
 1325 heat.
 1326 *Prince.* You whorson Candle- myne you, how vildly
 1327 did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, ver-tuous,
 1328 ciuill Gentlewoman?
 1329 *Host.* 'Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by
 1330 my troth.
 1331 *Fal.* Didst thou heare me?
 1332 *Prince.* Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you
 1333 ranne away by Gads- hill: you knew I was at your back,
 1334 and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.
 1335 *Fal.* No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast
 1336 within hearing.
 1337 *Prince.* I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull
 1338 abuse, and then I know how to handle you.
 1339 *Fal.* No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse.
 1340 *Prince.* Not to disprayse me? and call me Pantler, and
 1341 Bread- chopper, and I know not what?
 1342 *Fal.* No abuse (*Hal.*)
 1343 *Poin.* No abuse?
 1344 *Fal.* No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none.
 1345 I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked
 1346 might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue
 1347 done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and

1348 thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hal*:)
 1349 none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.
 1350 *Prince*. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cow-ardise,
 1351 doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentle-woman,
 1352 to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine
 1353 Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the
 1354 Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his
 1355 Nose) of the Wicked?
 1356 *Poin*. Answere thou dead Elme, answere.
 1357 *Fal*. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecou-erable,
 1358 and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy- Kitchin, where hee
 1359 doth nothing but rost Mault- Wormes: for the Boy,
 1360 there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids
 1361 him too.
 1362 *Prince*. For the Women?
 1363 *Fal*. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and
 1364 burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Mo-ney;
 1365 and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know
 1366 not.
 1367 *Host*. No, I warrant you. [g6
 1368 *Fal*. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit
 1369 for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee,
 1370 for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to
 1371 the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.
 1372 *Host*. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of
 1373 Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?
 1374 *Prince*. You, Gentlewoman.
 1375 *Dol*. What sayes your Grace?
 1376 *Falst*. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels
 1377 against.
 1378 *Host*. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the
 1379 doore there, *Francis*?
 1380 *Enter Peto*.
 1381 *Prince*. *Peto*, how now? what newes?
 1382 *Peto*. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
 1383 And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
 1384 Come from the North: and as I came along,
 1385 I met, and ouer- tooke a dozen Captaines,
 1386 Bare- headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
 1387 And asking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
 1388 *Prince*. By Heauen (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame,
 1389 So idly to prophane the precious time,
 1390 When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,
 1391 Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
 1392 And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.
 1393 Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:

1394 *Falstaffe*, good night. *Exit*.
 1395 *Falst.* Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the
 1396 night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More
 1397 knocking at the doore? How now? what's the mat-ter?
 1399 *Bard.* You must away to Court, Sir, presently,
 1400 A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.
 1401 *Falst.* Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse,
 1402 farewell *Dol*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of
 1403 Merit are sought after: the vnderer may sleepe, when
 1404 the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches:
 1405 if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I
 1406 goe.
 1407 *Dol.* I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie
 1408 to burst— Well (sweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy
 1409 selfe.
 1410 *Falst.* Farewell, farewell. *Exit*.
 1411 *Host.* Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee
 1412 these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod- time: but an
 1413 honeste, and truer- hearted man— Well, fare thee
 1414 well.
 1415 *Bard.* Mistris *Teare- sheet*.
 1416 *Host.* What's the matter?
 1417 *Bard.* Bid Mistris *Teare- sheet* come to my Master.
 1418 *Host.* Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol*.
 1419 *Exeunt*.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

1421 *Enter the King, with a Page.*
 1422 *King.* Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
 1423 But ere they come, bid them ore- reade these Letters,
 1424 And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit*.
 1425 How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
 1426 Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
 1427 Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
 1428 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye- lids downe,
 1429 And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
 1430 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeest thou in smoakie Cribs,
 1431 Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,
 1432 And huisht with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber,
 1433 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
 1434 Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
 1435 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
 1436 O thou dull God, why lyeest thou with the vilde,

1437 In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
 1438 A Watch- case, or a common Larum- Bell?
 1439 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
 1440 Seale vp the Ship- boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
 1441 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 1442 And in the visitation of the Windes,
 1443 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
 1444 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 1445 With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
 1446 That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
 1447 Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
 1448 To the wet Sea- Boy, in an houre so rude:
 1449 And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
 1450 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
 1451 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
 1452 Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.
 1453 *Enter Warwicke and Surrey.*
 1454 *War.* Many good- morrowes to your Maiestie.
 1455 *King.* Is it good- morrow, Lords?
 1456 *War.* 'Tis One a Clock, and past.
 1457 *King.* Why then good- morrow to you all (my Lords:)
 1458 Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?
 1459 *War.* We haue (my Liege.)
 1460 *King.* Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
 1461 How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
 1462 And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?
 1463 *War.* It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
 1464 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
 1465 With good aduice, and little Medicine:
 1466 My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.
 1467 *King.* Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
 1468 And see the reuolution of the Times
 1469 Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
 1470 (Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
 1471 Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
 1472 The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
 1473 Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks
 1474 And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
 1475 With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
 1476 Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
 1477 Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,
 1478 Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,
 1479 This *Percie* was the man, neerest my Soule,
 1480 Who, like a Brother, toyld in my Affaires,
 1481 And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
 1482 Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*

1483 Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by
 1484 (You Cousin *Neuil*, as I may remember)
 1485 When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim- full of Teares,
 1486 (Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
 1487 Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)
 1488 *Northumberland*, thou Ladder, by the which [g6v
 1489 My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
 1490 (Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no such intent,
 1491 But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
 1492 That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)
 1493 The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
 1494 The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
 1495 Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
 1496 Fore- telling this same Times Condition,
 1497 And the diuision of our Amitie.
 1498 *War.* There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
 1499 Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
 1500 The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie
 1501 With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
 1502 As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
 1503 And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
 1504 Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
 1505 And by the necessarie forme of this,
 1506 King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
 1507 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 1508 Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
 1509 Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
 1510 Vnlesse on you.
 1511 *King.* Are these things then Necessities?
 1512 Then let vs meete them like Necessities;
 1513 And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:
 1514 They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
 1515 Are fiftie thousand strong.
 1516 *War.* It cannot be (my Lord:)
 1517 Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
 1518 The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
 1519 To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
 1520 The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue sent forth,
 1521 Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
 1522 To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
 1523 A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead.
 1524 Your Maiestie hath beene this fort- night ill,
 1525 And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
 1526 Vnto your Sicknesse.
 1527 *King.* I will take your counsaile:
 1528 And were these inward Warres once out of hand,

1529 Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy- Land.
 1530 *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

1532 *Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,*
 1533 *Wart, Feeble, Bull- calfe.*
 1534 *Shal.* Come- on, come- on, come- on: giue mee your
 1535 Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
 1536 the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?
 1537 *Sil.* Good- morrow, good Cousin *Shallow.*
 1538 *Shal.* And how doth my Cousin, your Bed- fellow?
 1539 and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God- Daughter
 1540 *Ellen*?
 1541 *Sil.* Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow.*)
 1542 *Shal.* By yea and nay, Sir. I dare say my Cousin *William*
 1543 is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee
 1544 not?
 1545 *Sil.* Indeede Sir, to my cost.
 1546 *Shal.* Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
 1547 was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will
 1548 talke of mad *Shallow* yet.
 1549 *Sil.* You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)
 1550 *Shal.* I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
 1551 any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
 1552 little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*,
 1553 and *Francis Pick- bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot- sal- man, you
 1554 had not foure such Swindge- bucklers in all the Innes of
 1555 Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
 1556 the *Bona- Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at
 1557 commandement. Then was *Iacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*)
 1558 a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Nor- folke.
 1560 *Sil.* This Sir *Iohn* (Cousin) that comes hither anon a- bout
 1561 Souldiers?
 1562 *Shal.* The same Sir *Iohn*, the very same: I saw him
 1563 breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court- Gate, when hee was
 1564 a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
 1565 with one *Sampson Stock- fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes- Inne.
 1566 Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
 1567 how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?
 1568 *Sil.* Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)
 1569 *Shal.* Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure:
 1570 Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
 1571 of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

1572 *Sil.* Truly Cousin, I was not there.
 1573 *Shal.* Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne
 1574 liuing yet?
 1575 *Sil.* Dead, Sir.
 1576 *Shal.* Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and
 1577 dead? hee shot a fine shoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued
 1578 him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?
 1579 hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue- score, and
 1580 carryed you a fore- hand Shaft at foureteene, and foure-teene
 1581 and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
 1582 good to see. How a score of Ewes now?
 1583 *Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
 1584 may be worth tenne pounds.
 1585 *Shal.* And is olde *Double* dead?
 1586 *Enter Bardolph and his Boy.*
 1587 *Sil.* Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falstaffes* Men (as I
 1588 thinke.)
 1589 *Shal.* Good- morrow, honest Gentlemen.
 1590 *Bard.* I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow*?
 1591 *Shal.* I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
 1592 Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
 1593 What is your good pleasure with me?
 1594 *Bard.* My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
 1595 my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a
 1596 most gallant Leader.
 1597 *Shal.* Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a
 1598 good Back- Sword- man. How doth the good Knight?
 1599 may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?
 1600 *Bard.* Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda- ted,
 1601 then with a Wife.
 1602 *Shal.* It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
 1603 too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is
 1604 it: good phrases are surely, and euery where very com- mendable.
 1605 Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*:
 1606 very good, a good Phrase.
 1607 *Bard.* Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
 1608 call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
 1609 I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
 1610 Souldier- like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
 1611 Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
 1612 (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being [Xgg1
 1613 whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
 1614 excellent thing.
 1615 *Enter Falstaffe.*
 1616 *Shal.* It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
 1617 *Iohn.* Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good

1618 hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares
 1619 very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.
 1620 *Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good M[aster]. *Robert Shal-low*:
 1621 Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?
 1622 *Shal.* No sir *Iohn*, it is my Cosin *Silence*: in Commissi-on
 1623 with mee.
 1624 *Fal.* Good M[aster]. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of
 1625 the peace.
 1626 *Sil.* Your good Worship is welcome.
 1627 *Fal.* Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
 1628 prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?
 1629 *Shal.* Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?
 1630 *Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.
 1631 *Shal.* Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
 1632 the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:
 1633 yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call:
 1634 let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is
 1635 *Mouldie*?
 1636 *Moul.* Heere, if it please you.
 1637 *Shal.* What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fel-low:
 1638 yong, strong, and of good friends.
 1639 *Fal.* Is thy name *Mouldie*?
 1640 *Moul.* Yea, if it please you.
 1641 *Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.
 1642 *Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-die,
 1643 lacke vse: very singular good. Well saide Sir *Iohn*,
 1644 very well said.
 1645 *Fal.* Pricke him.
 1646 *Moul.* I was prickt well enough before, if you could
 1647 haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
 1648 one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
 1649 not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe
 1650 out, then I.
 1651 *Fal.* Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*,
 1652 it is time you were spent.
 1653 *Moul.* Spent?
 1654 *Shallow.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you
 1655 where you are? For the other sir *Iohn*: Let me see: *Simon*
 1656 *Shadow*.
 1657 *Fal.* I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to
 1658 be a cold souldier.
 1659 *Shal.* Where's *Shadow*?
 1660 *Shad.* Heere sir.
 1661 *Fal.* *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?
 1662 *Shad.* My Mothers sonne, Sir.
 1663 *Falst.* Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-thers

1664 shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow
 1665 of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers
 1666 substance.
 1667 *Shal.* Do you like him, sir *Iohn*?
 1668 *Falst.* *Shadow* will serue for Summer: pricke him: For
 1669 wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster- Booke.
 1671 *Shal.* *Thomas Wart*?
 1672 *Falst.* Where's he?
 1673 *Wart.* Heere sir.
 1674 *Falst.* Is thy name *Wart*?
 1675 *Wart.* Yea sir.
 1676 *Fal.* Thou art a very ragged *Wart*.
 1677 *Shal.* Shall I pricke him downe,
 1678 *Sir Iohn*?
 1679 *Falst.* It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vp-on
 1680 his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick
 1681 him no more.
 1682 *Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it: I
 1683 commend you well.
 1684 *Francis Feeble.*
 1685 *Feeble.* Heere sir.
 1686 *Shal.* What Trade art thou *Feeble*?
 1687 *Feeble.* A Womans Taylor sir.
 1688 *Shal.* Shall I pricke him, sir?
 1689 *Fal.* You may:
 1690 But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd
 1691 you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-taile,
 1692 as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?
 1693 *Feeble.* I will doe my good will sir, you can haue no
 1694 more.
 1695 *Falst.* Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde
 1696 Courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-full
 1697 Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the wo-mans
 1698 Taylour well Master *Shallow*, deepe Maister *Shal-low*.
 1700 *Feeble.* I would *Wart* might haue gone sir.
 1701 *Fal.* I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might'st
 1702 mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to
 1703 a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-sands.
 1704 Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.
 1705 *Feeble.* It shall suffice.
 1706 *Falst.* I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is
 1707 the next?
 1708 *Shal.* *Peter Bulcalfe* of the Greene.
 1709 *Falst.* Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcalfe*.
 1710 *Bul.* Heere sir.
 1711 *Fal.* Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bul-calfe*

1712 till he roare againe.
 1713 *Bul.* Oh, good my Lord Captaine.
 1714 *Fal.* What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.
 1715 *Bul.* Oh sir, I am a diseased man.
 1716 *Fal.* What disease hast thou?
 1717 *Bul.* A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught
 1718 with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation
 1719 day, sir.
 1720 *Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne:
 1721 we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order,
 1722 that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?
 1723 *Shal.* There is two more called then your number:
 1724 you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in
 1725 with me to dinner.
 1726 *Fal.* Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
 1727 tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master
 1728 *Shallow.*
 1729 *Shal.* O sir *John*, doe you remember since wee lay all
 1730 night in the Winde- mill, in S[aint]. Georges Field.
 1731 *Falstaffe.* No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No
 1732 more of that.
 1733 *Shal.* Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Night-worke*
 1734 aliue?
 1735 *Fal.* She liues, M[aster]. *Shallow.*
 1736 *Shal.* She neuer could away with me.
 1737 *Fal.* Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could
 1738 not abide M[aster]. *Shallow.*
 1739 *Shal.* I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a
 1740 *Bona- Roba*. Doth she hold her owne well.
 1741 *Fal.* Old, old, M[aster]. *Shallow.*
 1742 *Shal.* Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be [Xgg1v
 1743 old: certaine shee's old: and had *Robin Night- worke*, by
 1744 old *Night- worke*, before I came to *Clements Inne*.
 1745 *Sil.* That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.
 1746 *Shal.* Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that,
 1747 that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir *John*, said I
 1748 well?
 1749 *Falst.* Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid- night, Ma-ster
 1750 *Shallow.*
 1751 *Shal.* That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir *John*,
 1752 wee haue: our watch- word was, Hem- Boyes. Come,
 1753 let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that
 1754 wee haue seene. Come, come.
 1755 *Bul.* Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my
 1756 friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French
 1757 Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd

1758 sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care;
 1759 but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne
 1760 part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did
 1761 not care, for mine owne part, so much.
 1762 *Bard.* Go- too: stand aside.
 1763 *Mould.* And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my
 1764 old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to
 1765 doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old,
 1766 and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir.
 1767 *Bard.* Go- too: stand aside.
 1768 *Feeble.* I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a
 1769 death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my desti-nie,
 1770 so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his
 1771 Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this
 1772 yeere, is quit for the next.
 1773 *Bard.* Well said, thou art a good fellow.
 1774 *Feeble.* Nay, I will beare no base minde.
 1775 *Falst.* Come sir, which men shall I haue?
 1776 *Shal.* Foure of which you please.
 1777 *Bard.* Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to
 1778 free *Mouldie* and *Bull- calfe*.
 1779 *Falst.* Go- too: well.
 1780 *Shal.* Come, sir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?
 1781 *Falst.* Doe you chuse for me.
 1782 *Shal.* Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull- calfe*, *Feeble*, and
 1783 *Shadow*.
 1784 *Falst.* *Mouldie*, and *Bull- calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, stay
 1785 at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, *Bull- calfe*,
 1786 grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.
 1787 *Shal.* Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your selfe wrong, they
 1788 are your likeliest men, and I would haue you seru'd with
 1789 the best.
 1790 *Falst.* Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse
 1791 a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature,
 1792 bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the
 1793 spirit (Master *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you see what
 1794 a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and
 1795 discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Ham-mer:
 1796 come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on
 1797 the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe- fac'd fellow,
 1798 *Shadow*, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the
 1799 Enemie, the foe- man may with as great ayme leuell at
 1800 the edge of a Pen- knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly
 1801 will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue
 1802 me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a
 1803 Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

1804 *Bard.* Hold *Wart*, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.
 1805 *Falst.* Come, manage me your Calyuer: so: very well,
 1806 go- too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes
 1807 a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou
 1808 art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee.
 1809 *Shal.* Hee is not his Crafts- master, hee doth not doe
 1810 it right. I remember at Mile- end- Greene, when I lay
 1811 at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs*
 1812 Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would
 1813 manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about,
 1814 and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah,
 1815 tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and
 1816 away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come:
 1817 I shall neuer see such a fellow.
 1818 *Falst.* These fellowes will doe well, Master *Shallow*.
 1819 Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not vse many wordes with
 1820 you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you:
 1821 I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers
 1822 Coates.
 1823 *Shal.* Sir *Iohn*, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your
 1824 Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit
 1825 my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per-aduenture
 1826 I will with you to the Court.
 1827 *Falst.* I would you would, Master *Shallow*.
 1828 *Shal.* Go- too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you
 1829 well. *Exit*.
 1830 *Falst.* Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bar-dolph*,
 1831 leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off
 1832 these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice *Shal-low*.
 1833 How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Ly-ing?
 1834 This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but
 1835 prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the
 1836 Feates hee hath done about Turnball- street, and euery
 1837 third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the
 1838 Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne,
 1839 like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese- paring. When
 1840 hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked
 1841 Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a
 1842 Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to
 1843 any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very
 1844 *Genius* of Famine: hee came euer in the rere- ward of
 1845 the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a
 1846 Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if
 1847 hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne
 1848 hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt- yard, and then he
 1849 burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men.

1850 I saw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne
 1851 Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Ap-parrell
 1852 into an Eele- skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoe-boy
 1853 was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath
 1854 hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with
 1855 him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make
 1856 him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young
 1857 Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the
 1858 Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape,
 1859 and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

1861 *Enter the Arch- bishop, Mowbray, Hastings,*
 1862 *Westmerland, Coleuile.*
 1863 *Bish.* What is this Forrest call'd?
 1864 *Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree Forrest, and't shall please your
 1865 Grace.
 1866 *Bish.* Here stand (my Lords) and send discourers forth,
 1867 To know the numbers of our Enemies. [Xgg2
 1868 *Hast.* Wee haue sent forth alreadie.
 1869 *Bish.* 'Tis well done.
 1870 My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
 1871 I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
 1872 New- dated Letters from *Northumberland:*
 1873 Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
 1874 Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers
 1875 As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,
 1876 The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
 1877 Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
 1878 To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
 1879 That your Attempts may ouer- liue the hazard,
 1880 And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.
 1881 *Mow.* Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
 1882 And dash themselues to pieces.
 1883 *Enter a Messenger.*
 1884 *Hast.* Now? what newes?
 1885 *Mess.* West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
 1886 In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:
 1887 And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
 1888 Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.
 1889 *Mow.* The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
 1890 Let vs sway- on, and face them in the field.
 1891 *Enter Westmerland.*

1892 *Bish.* What well- appointed Leader fronts vs here?
 1893 *Mow.* I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.
 1894 *West.* Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
 1895 The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaster.
 1896 *Bish.* Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
 1897 What doth concerne your comming?
 1898 *West.* Then (my Lord)
 1899 Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
 1900 The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
 1901 Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,
 1902 Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
 1903 And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
 1904 I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
 1905 In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,
 1906 You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)
 1907 Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
 1908 Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,
 1909 With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch- bishop,
 1910 Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
 1911 Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
 1912 Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
 1913 Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,
 1914 The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
 1915 Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
 1916 Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
 1917 Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
 1918 Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
 1919 Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
 1920 To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
 1921 *Bish.* Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
 1922 Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
 1923 And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
 1924 Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
 1925 And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
 1926 Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
 1927 But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
 1928 I take not on me here as a Physician,
 1929 Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,
 1930 Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
 1931 But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
 1932 To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
 1933 And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
 1934 Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.
 1935 I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,
 1936 What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 1937 And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.

1938 Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
 1939 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
 1940 By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
 1941 And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
 1942 (When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
 1943 Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
 1944 And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
 1945 When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
 1946 Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,
 1947 Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
 1948 The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
 1949 Whose memorie is written on the Earth
 1950 With yet appearing blood; and the examples
 1951 Of euery Minutes instance (present now)
 1952 Hath put vs in these ill- beseeming Armes:
 1953 Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
 1954 But to establish here a Peace indeede,
 1955 Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
 1956 *West.* When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
 1957 Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
 1958 What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,
 1959 That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
 1960 Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
 1961 *Bish.* My Brother generall, the Common- wealth,
 1962 I make my Quarrell, in particular.
 1963 *West.* There is no neede of any such redresse:
 1964 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
 1965 *Mow.* Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
 1966 That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
 1967 And suffer the Condition of these Times
 1968 To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?
 1969 *West.* O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
 1970 Construe the Times to their Necessities,
 1971 And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
 1972 And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
 1973 Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
 1974 Either from the King, or in the present Time,
 1975 That you should haue an ynch of any ground
 1976 To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
 1977 To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
 1978 Your Noble, and right well- remembred Fathers?
 1979 *Mow.* What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
 1980 That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
 1981 The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
 1982 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
 1983 And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee

1984 Being mounted, and both rowed in their Seates,
 1985 Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
 1986 Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
 1987 Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
 1988 And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
 1989 Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
 1990 My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke*;
 1991 O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
 1992 (His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)
 1993 Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
 1994 That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
 1995 Haue since mis- carryed vnder *Bullingbrooke*. [Xgg2v
 1996 *West*. You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
 1997 The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
 1998 In England the most valiant Gentleman.
 1999 Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?
 2000 But if your Father had beene Victor there,
 2001 Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.
 2002 For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
 2003 Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
 2004 Were set on *Herford*, whom they doted on,
 2005 And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
 2006 But this is meere digression from my purpose.
 2007 Here come I from our Princely Generall,
 2008 To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
 2009 That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
 2010 It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,
 2011 You shall enioy them, euery thing set off,
 2012 That might so much as thinke you Enemies.
 2013 *Mow*. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
 2014 And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.
 2015 *West*. *Mowbray*, you ouer- weene to take it so:
 2016 This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
 2017 For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
 2018 Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
 2019 To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
 2020 Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
 2021 Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,
 2022 Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;
 2023 Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
 2024 Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.
 2025 *Mow*. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.
 2026 *West*. That argues but the shame of your offence:
 2027 A rotten Case abides no handling.
 2028 *Hast*. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission,
 2029 In very ample vertue of his Father,

2030 To heare, and absolutely to determine
 2031 Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?
 2032 *West.* That is intended in the Generals Name:
 2033 I muse you make so slight a Question.
 2034 *Bish.* Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,
 2035 For this containes our generall Grieuances:
 2036 Each seuerall Article herein redress'd,
 2037 All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
 2038 That are insinewed to this Action,
 2039 Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
 2040 And present execution of our wills,
 2041 To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,
 2042 Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
 2043 And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.
 2044 *West.* This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
 2045 In sight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
 2046 At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame,
 2047 Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
 2048 Which must decide it.
 2049 *Bish.* My Lord, wee will doe so.
 2050 *Mow.* There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
 2051 That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.
 2052 *Hast.* Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
 2053 Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
 2054 As our Conditions shall consist vpon,
 2055 Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.
 2056 *Mow.* I, but our valuation shall be such,
 2057 That euery slight, and false- deriued Cause,
 2058 Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
 2059 Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:
 2060 That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
 2061 Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,
 2062 That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
 2063 And good from bad finde no partition.
 2064 *Bish.* No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
 2065 Of daintie, and such picking Grieuances:
 2066 For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
 2067 Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.
 2068 And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
 2069 And keepe no Tell- tale to his Memorie,
 2070 That may repeat, and Historie his losse,
 2071 To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
 2072 Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
 2073 As his mis- doubts present occasion:
 2074 His foes are so en- rooted with his friends,
 2075 That plucking to vnfixe an Enemye,

2076 Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.
 2077 So that this Land, like an offensiue wife,
 2078 That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
 2079 As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,
 2080 And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme, [
 2081 That was vprear'd to execution.
 2082 *Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
 2083 On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
 2084 The very Instruments of Chastisement:
 2085 So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion
 2086 May offer, but not hold.
 2087 *Bish.* 'Tis very true:
 2088 And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)
 2089 If we do now make our attonement well,
 2090 Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
 2091 Grow stronger, for the breaking.
 2092 *Mow.* Be it so:
 2093 Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.
 2094 *Enter Westmerland.*
 2095 *West.* The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
 2096 To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies?
 2097 *Mow.* Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then
 2098 forward.
 2099 *Bish.* Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.
 2100 *Enter Prince Iohn.*
 2101 *Iohn.* You are wel encountred here (my cosin *Mowbray*)
 2102 Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
 2103 And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
 2104 My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
 2105 When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
 2106 Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
 2107 Your exposition on the holy Text,
 2108 Then now to see you heere an Iron man
 2109 Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
 2110 Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death: [
 2111 That man that sits within a Monarches heart,
 2112 And ripens in the Sunne- shine of his fauor,
 2113 Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
 2114 Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach,
 2115 In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
 2116 It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 2117 How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
 2118 To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
 2119 To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:
 2120 The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
 2121 Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;

2122 And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue,
 2123 But you mis- vse the reuerence of your Place,
 2124 Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
 2125 As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
 2126 In deedes dis- honorable? You haue taken vp, [Xgg3
 2127 Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
 2128 The Subjects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
 2129 And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
 2130 Haue here vp- swarmed them.
 2131 *Bish.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,
 2132 I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
 2133 But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
 2134 The Time (mis- order'd) doth in common sence
 2135 Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
 2136 To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace
 2137 The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
 2138 The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:
 2139 Whereon this *Hydra*- Sonne of Warre is borne,
 2140 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
 2141 With graunt of our most iust and right desires;
 2142 And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
 2143 Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.
 2144 *Mow.* If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
 2145 To the last man.
 2146 *Hast.* And though wee here fall downe,
 2147 Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:
 2148 If they mis- carry, theirs shall second them.
 2149 And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
 2150 And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
 2151 Whiles England shall haue generation.
 2152 *Iohn.* You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
 2153 Much too shallow,
 2154 To sound the bottome of the after- Times.
 2155 *West.* Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,
 2156 How farre- forth you doe like their Articles.
 2157 *Iohn.* I like them all, and doe allow them well:
 2158 And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
 2159 My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
 2160 And some, about him, haue too lauishly
 2161 Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
 2162 My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
 2163 Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
 2164 Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,
 2165 As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
 2166 Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
 2167 That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,

2168 Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.
 2169 *Bish.* I take your Princely word, for these redresses.
 2170 *Iohn.* I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
 2171 And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.
 2172 *Hast.* Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
 2173 This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
 2174 I know, it will well please them.
 2175 High thee Captaine. *Exit.*
 2176 *Bish.* To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.
 2177 *West.* I pledge your Grace:
 2178 And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
 2179 To breede this present Peace,
 2180 You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
 2181 Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.
 2182 *Bish.* I doe not doubt you.
 2183 *West.* I am glad of it.
 2184 Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray.*
 2185 *Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season,
 2186 For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.
 2187 *Bish.* Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,
 2188 But heauinesse fore- runnes the good euent.
 2189 *West.* Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow
 2190 Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.
 2191 *Bish.* Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.
 2192 *Mow.* So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.
 2193 *Iohn.* The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how
 2194 they showt.
 2195 *Mow.* This had been chearefull, after Victorie.
 2196 *Bish.* A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
 2197 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
 2198 And neither partie looser.
 2199 *Iohn.* Goe (my Lord)
 2200 And let our Army be discharged too:
 2201 And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
 2202 March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*
 2203 Wee should haue coap'd withall.
 2204 *Bish.* Goe, good Lord *Hastings:*
 2205 And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*
 2206 *Iohn.* I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.
 2207 *Enter Westmerland.*
 2208 Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?
 2209 *West.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
 2210 Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.
 2211 *Iohn.* They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*
 2212 *Hast.* Our Army is dispers'd:
 2213 Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course

2214 East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
 2215 Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.
 2216 *West.* Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
 2217 I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
 2218 And you Lord Arch- bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
 2219 Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.
 2220 *Mow.* Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?
 2221 *West.* Is your Assembly so?
 2222 *Bish.* Will you thus breake your faith?
 2223 *Iohn.* I pawn'd thee none:
 2224 I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
 2225 Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
 2226 I will performe, with a most Christian care.
 2227 But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
 2228 Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
 2229 Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
 2230 Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
 2231 Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
 2232 Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
 2233 Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
 2234 Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*
 2235 *Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile.*
 2236 *Falst.* What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are
 2237 you? and of what place, I pray?
 2238 *Col.* I am a Knight, Sir:
 2239 And my Name is *Colleuile* of the Dale.
 2240 *Falst.* Well then, *Colleuile* is your Name, a Knight is
 2241 your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colleuile* shall
 2242 still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-geon
 2243 your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be
 2244 still *Colleuile* of the Dale.
 2245 *Col.* Are not you Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*?
 2246 *Falst.* As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee
 2247 yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they
 2248 are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,
 2249 therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obser-uance
 2250 to my mercy.
 2251 *Col.* I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, & in that thought
 2252 yeeld me.
 2253 *Fal.* I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of
 2254 mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other
 2255 word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-rencie,
 2256 I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe:
 2257 my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere
 2258 comes our Generall. [Xgg3v
 2259 *Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.*

2260 *John.* The heat is past, follow no farther now:
 2261 Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmerland*.
 2262 Now *Falstaffe*, where haue you beene all this while?
 2263 When euery thing is ended, then you come.
 2264 These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
 2265 One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.
 2266 *Falst.* I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
 2267 thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
 2268 reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-row,
 2269 or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,
 2270 the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with
 2271 the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred
 2272 nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell- tainted
 2273 as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
 2274 Sir *Iohn Colleuile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
 2275 valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
 2276 yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke- nos'd
 2277 fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer- came.
 2278 *John.* It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser-uing.
 2280 *Falst.* I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld
 2281 him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
 2282 the rest of this dayes deedes; or I swear, I will haue it
 2283 in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
 2284 of it (*Colleuile* kissing my foot:) To the which course, if
 2285 I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two- pences
 2286 to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're- shine you
 2287 as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-ment
 2288 (which shew like Pinnes- heads to her) beleuee not
 2289 the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,
 2290 and let desert mount.
 2291 *John.* Thine's too heauie to mount.
 2292 *Falst.* Let it shine then.
 2293 *John.* Thine's too thick to shine.
 2294 *Falst.* Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
 2295 doe me good, and call it what you will.
 2296 *John.* Is thy Name *Colleuile*?
 2297 *Col.* It is (my Lord.)
 2298 *John.* A famous Rebell art thou, *Colleuile*.
 2299 *Falst.* And a famous true Subject tooke him.
 2300 *Col.* I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
 2301 That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
 2302 You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.
 2303 *Falst.* I know not how they sold themselues, but thou
 2304 like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
 2305 thee, for thee.
 2306 *Enter Westmerland.*

2307 *John.* Haue you left pursuit?
 2308 *West.* Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.
 2309 *John.* Send *Colleuile*, with his Confederates,
 2310 To Yorke, to present Execution.
 2311 *Blunt*, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.
 2312 *Exit with Colleuile.*
 2313 And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
 2314 I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.
 2315 Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,
 2316 Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:
 2317 And wee with sober speede will follow you.
 2318 *Falst.* My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe
 2319 through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,
 2320 stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.
 2321 *John.* Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition,
 2322 Shall better speake of you, then you deserue. *Exit.*
 2323 *Falst.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
 2324 then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young so-ber- blooded
 2325 Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot
 2326 make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no
 2327 Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
 2328 to any prooffe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer- coole
 2329 their blood, and making many Fish- Meales, that they
 2330 fall into a kinde of Male Greene- sicknesse: and then,
 2331 when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
 2332 Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,
 2333 but for inflammation. A good Sherris- Sack hath a two- fold
 2334 operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes
 2335 me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
 2336 which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiuie, quicke, forge-tiue,
 2337 full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which
 2338 deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
 2339 Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of
 2340 your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
 2341 which before (cold, and setled) left the Liuer white, and
 2342 pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-dize:
 2343 but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course
 2344 from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth
 2345 the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the
 2346 rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
 2347 the Vitall Commoners, and in- land pettie Spirits, muster
 2348 me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft
 2349 vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this
 2350 Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
 2351 is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a- worke:) and
 2352 Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till

2353 Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof
 2354 comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood
 2355 hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
 2356 leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and
 2357 tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and
 2358 good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
 2359 and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
 2360 I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Pota-tions,
 2361 and to addict themselues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.*
 2362 How now *Bardolph*?
 2363 *Bard.* The Armie is discharged all, and gone.
 2364 *Falst.* Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire,
 2365 and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I
 2366 haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my
 2367 thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.
 2368 *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

2370 *Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.*
 2371 *King.* Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end
 2372 To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
 2373 Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
 2374 And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
 2375 Our Nauie is addressed, our Power collected,
 2376 Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
 2377 And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish;
 2378 Onely wee want a little personall Strength:
 2379 And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a- foot,
 2380 Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.
 2381 *War.* Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
 2382 Shall soone enioy. [Xgg4
 2383 *King.* *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
 2384 the Prince, your Brother?
 2385 *Glo.* I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-sor.
 2387 *King.* And how accompanied?
 2388 *Glo.* I doe not know (my Lord.)
 2389 *King.* Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with
 2390 him?
 2391 *Glo.* No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.
 2392 *Clar.* What would my Lord, and Father?
 2393 *King.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.
 2394 How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
 2395 Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas.*)

2396 Thou hast a better place in his Affection,
 2397 Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)
 2398 And Noble Offices thou may'st effect
 2399 Of Mediation (after I am dead)
 2400 Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
 2401 Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
 2402 Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,
 2403 By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
 2404 For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd:
 2405 Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
 2406 Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:
 2407 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
 2408 As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,
 2409 As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
 2410 His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:
 2411 Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,
 2412 When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:
 2413 But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,
 2414 Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)
 2415 Confound themselues with working. Learne this *Thomas*,
 2416 And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
 2417 A Hoop of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
 2418 That the vnited Vessell of their Blood
 2419 (Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
 2420 As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
 2421 Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong
 2422 As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun- powder.
 2423 *Clar.* I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.
 2424 *King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas*?)
 2426 *Clar.* Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-don.
 2428 *King.* And how accompanied? Canst thou tell
 2429 that?
 2430 *Clar.* With *Pointz*, and other his continuall fol-lowers.
 2432 *King.* Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
 2433 And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
 2434 Is ouer- spread with them: therefore my grieffe
 2435 Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.
 2436 The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
 2437 (In formes imaginarie) th' vnguided Dayes,
 2438 And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,
 2439 When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
 2440 For when his head- strong Riot hath no Curbe,
 2441 When Rage and hot- Blood are his Counsailors,
 2442 When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;
 2443 Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
 2444 Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

2445 *War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
 2446 The Prince but studies his Companions,
 2447 Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
 2448 'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word
 2449 Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,
 2450 Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,
 2451 But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,
 2452 The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
 2453 Cast off his followers: and their memorie
 2454 Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,
 2455 By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,
 2456 Turning past- euills to aduantages.
 2457 *King.* 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe
 2458 In the dead Carrion.
 2459 *Enter Westmerland.*
 2460 Who's heere? *Westmerland?*
 2461 *West.* Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse
 2462 Added to that, that I am to deliuer.
 2463 Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:
 2464 *Mowbray*, the Bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and all,
 2465 Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
 2466 There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,
 2467 But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where:
 2468 The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
 2469 Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
 2470 With euery course, in his particular.
 2471 *King.* O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
 2472 Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings
 2473 The lifting vp of day.
 2474 *Enter Harcourt.*
 2475 Looke, heere's more newes.
 2476 *Harc.* From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:
 2477 And when they stand against you, may they fall,
 2478 As those that I am come to tell you of.
 2479 The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,
 2480 With a great Power of English, and of Scots,
 2481 Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne:
 2482 The manner, and true order of the fight,
 2483 This Packet (please it you) containes at large.
 2484 *King.* And wherefore should these good newes
 2485 Make me sicke?
 2486 Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
 2487 But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
 2488 Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,
 2489 (Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,
 2490 And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,

2491 That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)
 2492 I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,
 2493 And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
 2494 O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.
 2495 *Glo.* Comfort your Maiestie.
 2496 *Cl.* Oh, my Royall Father.
 2497 *West.* My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke
 2498 vp.
 2499 *War.* Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits
 2500 Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.
 2501 Stand from him, giue him ayre:
 2502 Hee'le straight be well.
 2503 *Clar.* No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
 2504 Th' incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
 2505 Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
 2506 So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.
 2507 *Glo.* The people feare me: for they doe obserue
 2508 Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
 2509 The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
 2510 Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.
 2511 *Clar.* The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
 2512 And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
 2513 Say it did so, a little time before
 2514 That our great Grand- sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de. [Xgg4v
 2515 *War.* Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-uers.
 2517 *Glo.* This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.
 2518 *King.* I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
 2519 Into some other Chamber: softly 'pray.
 2520 Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
 2521 Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
 2522 Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.
 2523 *War.* Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.
 2524 *King.* Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.
 2525 *Clar.* His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.
 2526 *War.* Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.
 2527 *Enter Prince Henry.*
 2528 *P.Hen.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
 2529 *Clar.* I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.
 2530 *P.Hen.* How now? Raine within doores, and none
 2531 abroad? How doth the King?
 2532 *Glo.* Exceeding ill.
 2533 *P.Hen.* Heard hee the good newes yet?
 2534 Tell it him.
 2535 *Glo.* Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.
 2536 *P.Hen.* If hee be sicke with Ioy,
 2537 Hee'le recouer without Physicke.

2538 *War.* Not so much noyse (my Lords)
 2539 Sweet Prince speake lowe,
 2540 The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.
 2541 *Clar.* Let vs with- draw into the other Roome.
 2542 *War.* Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs?
 2543 *P.Hen.* No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.
 2544 Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
 2545 Being so troublesome a Bed- fellow?
 2546 O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
 2547 That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,
 2548 To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
 2549 Yet not so sound, and halfe so deepely sweete,
 2550 As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
 2551 Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!
 2552 When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit
 2553 Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
 2554 That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,
 2555 There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:
 2556 Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne
 2557 Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
 2558 This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,
 2559 That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd
 2560 So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
 2561 Is Teares, and heaue Sorrowes of the Blood,
 2562 Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,
 2563 Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.
 2564 My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
 2565 Which (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood)
 2566 Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,
 2567 Which Heauen shall guard:
 2568 And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,
 2569 It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
 2570 This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,
 2571 As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*
 2572 *Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*
 2573 *King.* *Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*
 2574 *Clar.* Doth the King call?
 2575 *War.* What would your Maiestie? how fares your
 2576 Grace?
 2577 *King.* Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)
 2578 *Cl.* We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
 2579 Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.
 2580 *King.* The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee
 2581 see him.
 2582 *War.* This doore is open, hee is gone this way.
 2583 *Glo.* Hee came not through the Chamber where wee

2584 stayd.
 2585 *King.* Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
 2586 Pillow?
 2587 *War.* When wee with- drew (my Liege) wee left it
 2588 heere.
 2589 *King.* The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
 2590 Goe seeke him out.
 2591 Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose
 2592 My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
 2593 Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
 2594 With my disease, and helps to end me.
 2595 See Sonnes, what things you are:
 2596 How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
 2597 When Gold becomes her Obiect?
 2598 For this, the foolish ouer- carefull Fathers
 2599 Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,
 2600 Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
 2601 For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp
 2602 The canker'd heapes of strange- atchieued Gold:
 2603 For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inuest
 2604 Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:
 2605 When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
 2606 The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
 2607 Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;
 2608 And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.
 2609 This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,
 2610 To the ending Father.
 2611 *Enter Warwicke.*
 2612 Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,
 2613 Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?
 2614 *War.* My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
 2615 Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
 2616 With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
 2617 That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,
 2618 Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife
 2619 With gentle eye- drops. Hee is comming hither.
 2620 *King.* But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?
 2621 *Enter Prince Henry.*
 2622 Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.*)
 2623 Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. *Exit.*
 2624 *P.Hen.* I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.
 2625 *King.* Thy wish was Father (*Harry*) to that thought:
 2626 I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.
 2627 Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,
 2628 That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,
 2629 Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

2630 Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee.
 2631 Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
 2632 Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,
 2633 That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
 2634 Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres
 2635 Were thine, without offence: and at my death
 2636 Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.
 2637 Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,
 2638 And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.
 2639 Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
 2640 Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,
 2641 To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.
 2642 What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre? [Xgg5
 2643 Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
 2644 And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare
 2645 That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
 2646 Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse
 2647 Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
 2648 Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
 2649 Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
 2650 Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
 2651 For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
 2652 Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
 2653 Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsailors, hence:
 2654 And to the English Court, assemble now
 2655 From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.
 2656 Now neighbor- Confines, purge you of your Scum:
 2657 Haue you a Ruffian that will sweare? drinke? dance?
 2658 Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
 2659 The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
 2660 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 2661 England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
 2662 England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
 2663 For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd License pluckes
 2664 The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
 2665 Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.
 2666 O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)
 2667 When that my Care could not with- hold thy Ryots,
 2668 What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
 2669 O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
 2670 Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.)
 2671 *Prince.* O pardon me (my Liege)
 2672 But for my Teares,
 2673 The most Impediments vnto my Speech,
 2674 I had fore- stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
 2675 Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard

2676 The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
 2677 And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
 2678 Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
 2679 Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
 2680 Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
 2681 Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
 2682 Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
 2683 Heauen wisse with me, when I heere came in,
 2684 And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,
 2685 How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
 2686 O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,
 2687 And neuer liue, to shew th' incredulous World,
 2688 The Noble change that I haue purposed.
 2689 Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
 2690 (And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
 2691 I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)
 2692 And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
 2693 Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
 2694 Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
 2695 Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious,
 2696 Preseruing life, in Med' cine potable:
 2697 But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
 2698 Hast eate the Bearer vp.
 2699 Thus (my Royall Liege)
 2700 Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
 2701 To try with it (as with an Enemie,
 2702 That had before my face murdred my Father)
 2703 The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
 2704 But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
 2705 Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
 2706 If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
 2707 Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
 2708 Giue entertainment to the might of it,
 2709 Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
 2710 And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,
 2711 That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.
 2712 *King.* O my Sonne!
 2713 Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
 2714 That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
 2715 Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
 2716 Come hither *Harrie*, sit thou by my bedde,
 2717 And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
 2718 That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
 2719 By what by- pathes, and indirect crook'd- wayes
 2720 I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
 2721 How troublesome it sate vpon my head.

2722 To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
 2723 Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
 2724 For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes
 2725 With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
 2726 But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,
 2727 And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
 2728 My gaine of it, by their Assistances,
 2729 Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood- shed,
 2730 Wounding supposed Peace.
 2731 All these bold Feares,
 2732 Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:
 2733 For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
 2734 Acting that argument. And now my death
 2735 Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
 2736 Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.
 2737 So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuelly.
 2738 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
 2739 Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:
 2740 And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
 2741 Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
 2742 By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
 2743 And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
 2744 To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
 2745 I cut them off: and had a purpose now
 2746 To leade out many to the Holy Land;
 2747 Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
 2748 Too neere vnto my State.
 2749 Therefore (my *Harrie*)
 2750 Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
 2751 With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
 2752 May waste the memory of the former dayes.
 2753 More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
 2754 That strength of Speech it vtterly deni'de mee.
 2755 How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
 2756 And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.
 2757 *Prince.* My gracious Liege:
 2758 You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
 2759 Then plaine and right must my possession be;
 2760 Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
 2761 'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.
 2762 *Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster,*
 2763 *and Warwicke.*
 2764 *King.* Looke, looke,
 2765 Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaster:
 2766 *Iohn.* Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
 2767 To my Royall Father.

2768 *King.* Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace
 2769 (*Sonne Iohn:*)
 2770 But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
 2771 From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight
 2772 My worldly businesse makes a period. [Xgg5v
 2773 Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
 2774 *Prin.* My Lord of Warwicke.
 2775 *King.* Doth any name particular, belong
 2776 Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
 2777 *War.* 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.
 2778 *King.* Laud be to heauen:
 2779 Euen there my life must end.
 2780 It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,
 2781 I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:
 2782 Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy- Land.
 2783 But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
 2784 In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

2786 *Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,*
 2787 *Page, and Dauie.*
 2788 *Shal.* By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
 2789 What *Dauy*, I say.
 2790 *Fal.* You must excuse me, M[aster]. *Robert Shallow.*
 2791 *Shal.* I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
 2792 Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
 2793 serue: you shall not be excus'd.
 2794 Why *Dauie*.
 2795 *Dauie.* Heere sir.
 2796 *Shal.* *Dauy, Dauy, Dauy*, let me see (*Dauy*) let me see:
 2797 *William Cooke*, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you shal
 2798 not be excus'd.
 2799 *Dauy.* Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
 2800 seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head- land with
 2801 Wheate?
 2802 *Shal.* With red Wheate *Dauy*. But for *William Cook*:
 2803 are there no yong Pigeons?
 2804 *Dauy.* Yes Sir.
 2805 Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
 2806 And Plough- Irons.
 2807 *Shal.* Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you shall
 2808 not be excus'd.
 2809 *Dauy.* Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee

2810 had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*
 2811 Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*
 2812 Fayre?
 2813 *Shal.* He shall answer it:
 2814 Some Pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of short- legg'd Hennes: a
 2815 ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes,
 2816 tell *William Cooke*.
 2817 *Dauy.* Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?
 2818 *Shal.* Yes *Dauy*:
 2819 I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a
 2820 penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dauy*, for they are ar-rant
 2821 Knaues, and will backe- bite.
 2822 *Dauy.* No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they
 2823 haue maruellous fowle linnen.
 2824 *Shallow.* Well conceited *Dauy*: about thy Businesse,
 2825 *Dauy*.
 2826 *Dauy.* I beseech you sir,
 2827 To countenance *William Visor* of *Woncot*, against *Cle-ment*
 2828 *Perkes* of the hill.
 2829 *Shal.* There are many Complaints *Dauy*, against that
 2830 *Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, on my know-ledge.
 2831 *Dauy.* I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue (Sir:)
 2832 But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some
 2833 Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
 2834 is able to speake for himselve, when a Knaue is not. I haue
 2835 seru'd your Worshipp truely sir, these eight yeares: and
 2836 if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,
 2837 against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with
 2838 your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
 2839 therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-nanc'd.
 2840
 2841 *Shal.* Go too,
 2842 I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dauy*.
 2843 Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
 2844 Giue me your hand M[aster]. *Bardolfe*.
 2845 *Bard.* I am glad to see your Worship.
 2846 *Shal.* I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master
 2847 *Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow:
 2848 Come Sir *Iohn*.
 2849 *Falstaffe.* Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.
 2850 *Bardolfe*, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into
 2851 Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
 2852 Hermites staues, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull
 2853 thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
 2854 and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues
 2855 like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is
 2856 turn'd into a Iustice- like Seruingman. Their spirits are
 2857

2858 so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-ciety,
 2859 that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-ny
 2860 Wilde- Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I
 2861 would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing
 2862 neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with
 2863 Maister *Shallow*, that no man could better command his
 2864 Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-norant
 2865 Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
 2866 another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa-nie.
 2867 I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to
 2868 keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing
 2869 out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-tions,
 2870 and he shall laugh with *Interuallums*. O it is much
 2871 that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde
 2872 brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache
 2873 in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
 2874 be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.
 2875 *Shal.* Sir *Iohn*.
 2876 *Falst.* I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*.
 2877 *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

2879 *Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord*
 2880 *Chiefe Iustice.*
 2881 *Warwicke.* How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-ther
 2882 away?
 2883 *Ch.Iust.* How doth the King?
 2884 *Warw.* Exceeding well: his Cares
 2885 Are now, all ended.
 2886 *Ch.Iust.* I hope, not dead.
 2887 *Warw.* Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
 2888 And to our purposes, he liues no more.
 2889 *Ch.Iust.* I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,
 2890 The seruice, that I truly did his life,
 2891 Hath left me open to all iniuries. [Xgg6
 2892 *War.* Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
 2893 *Ch.Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
 2894 To welcome the condition of the Time,
 2895 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
 2896 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.
 2897 *Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester,*
 2898 *and Clarence.*
 2899 *War.* Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harrie*:

2900 O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper
 2901 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
 2902 How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
 2903 That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?
 2904 *Ch.Iust.* Alas, I feare, all will be ouer- turn'd.
 2905 *Iohn.* Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.
 2906 *Glou. Cla.* Good morrow, Cosin.
 2907 *Iohn.* We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
 2908 *War.* We do remember: but our Argument
 2909 Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.
 2910 *Ioh.* Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy
 2911 *Ch.Iust.* Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.
 2912 *Glou.* O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
 2913 And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
 2914 Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.
 2915 *Iohn.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
 2916 You stand in coldest expectation.
 2917 I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.
 2918 *Cla.* Wel, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* faire,
 2919 Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.
 2920 *Ch.Iust.* Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
 2921 Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
 2922 And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
 2923 A ragged, and fore- stall'd Remission.
 2924 If Troth, and vpriht Innocency fayle me,
 2925 Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
 2926 And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
 2927 *War.* Heere comes the Prince.
 2928 *Enter Prince Henrie.*
 2929 *Ch.Iust.* Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty
 2930 *Prince.* This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
 2931 Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.
 2932 Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
 2933 This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
 2934 Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,
 2935 But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
 2936 For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
 2937 Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
 2938 That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
 2939 And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
 2940 But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
 2941 Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
 2942 For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
 2943 Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
 2944 Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
 2945 But weepe that *Harrie's* dead, and so will I.

2946 But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares
 2947 By number, into houres of Happinesse.
 2948 *Iohn, &c.* We hope no other from your Maiesty.
 2949 *Prin.* You all looke strangely on me: and you most,
 2950 You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.
 2951 *Ch.Iust.* I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
 2952 Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.
 2953 *Pr.* No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 2954 So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
 2955 What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
 2956 Th' immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
 2957 May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
 2958 *Ch.Iust.* I then did vse the Person of your Father:
 2959 The Image of his power, lay then in me,
 2960 And in th' administration of his Law,
 2961 Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
 2962 Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
 2963 The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,
 2964 The Image of the King, whom I presented,
 2965 And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:
 2966 Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
 2967 I gaue bold way to my Authority,
 2968 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 2969 Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
 2970 To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
 2971 To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?
 2972 To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
 2973 That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
 2974 Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
 2975 And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
 2976 Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
 2977 Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
 2978 Heare your owne dignity so much prophand,
 2979 See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
 2980 Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:
 2981 And then imagine me, taking your part,
 2982 And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
 2983 After this cold considerance, sentence me;
 2984 And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
 2985 What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
 2986 My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.
 2987 *Prin.* You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
 2988 Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
 2989 And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
 2990 Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
 2991 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

2992 So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
2993 Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
2994 That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
2995 And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
2996 That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
2997 Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
2998 For which, I do commit into your hand,
2999 Th' vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
3000 With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
3001 With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
3002 As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
3003 You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
3004 My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
3005 And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
3006 To your well- practis'd, wise Directions.
3007 And Princes all, beleue me, I beseech you:
3008 My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
3009 (For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
3010 And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,
3011 To mocke the expectation of the World;
3012 To frustrate Prophetes, and to race out
3013 Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
3014 After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
3015 Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
3016 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
3017 Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
3018 And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
3019 Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
3020 And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile, [Xgg6v
3021 That the great Body of our State may go
3022 In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
3023 That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
3024 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
3025 In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
3026 Our Coronation done, we will accite
3027 (As I before remembred) all our State,
3028 And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
3029 No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
3030 Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

3032 *Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,*
 3033 *Page, and Pistoll.*
 3034 *Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
 3035 Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graf-fing,
 3036 with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come Co-sin
 3037 *Silence,* and then to bed.
 3038 *Fal.* You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
 3039 *Shal.* Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
 3040 *Sir Iohn:* Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy,* spread *Dauiē:*
 3041 Well said *Dauiē.*
 3042 *Falst.* This *Dauiē* serues you for good vses: he is your
 3043 Seruingman, and your Husband.
 3044 *Shal.* A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-let,
 3045 *Sir Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
 3046 good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
 3047 Cosin.
 3048 *Sil.* Ah sirra (quoth- a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
 3049 and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
 3050 yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
 3051 Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
 3052 so merrily.
 3053 *Fal.* There's a merry heart, good M[aster]. *Silence,* Ile giue
 3054 you a health for that anon.
 3055 *Shal.* Good M[aster]. *Bardolfe:* some wine, *Dauiē.*
 3056 *Da.* Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
 3057 sir, sit. Master Page, good M[aster]. Page, sit: Proface. What
 3058 you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
 3059 the heart's all.
 3060 *Shal.* Be merry M[aster]. *Bardolfe,* and my little Souldiour
 3061 there, be merry.
 3062 *Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
 3063 For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
 3064 'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
 3065 And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.
 3066 *Fal.* I did not thinke M[aster]. *Silence* had bin a man of this
 3067 Mettle.
 3068 *Sil.* Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere
 3069 now.
 3070 *Dauy.* There is a dish of Lether- coats for you.
 3071 *Shal.* *Dauiē.*
 3072 *Dau.* Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
 3073 of Wine, sir?
 3074 *Sil.* A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
 3075 vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long- a.

3076 *Fal.* Well said, M[aster]. *Silence.*
 3077 *Sil.* If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
 3078 the night.
 3079 *Fal.* Health, and long life to you, M[aster]. *Silence.*
 3080 *Sil.* Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
 3081 mile to the bottome.
 3082 *Shal.* Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any
 3083 thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
 3084 little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
 3085 M[aster]. *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cauileroes about London.
 3086 *Dau.* I hope to see London, once ere I die.
 3087 *Bar.* If I might see you there, *Dauie*.
 3088 *Shal.* You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not
 3089 M[aster]. *Bardolfe*?
 3090 *Bar.* Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.
 3091 *Shal.* I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I
 3092 can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.
 3093 *Bar.* And Ile sticke by him, sir.
 3094 *Shal.* Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
 3095 Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?
 3096 *Fal.* Why now you haue done me right.
 3097 *Sil.* Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't
 3098 not so?
 3099 *Fal.* 'Tis so.
 3100 *Sil.* Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.
 3101 *Dau.* If it please your Worshippe, there's one *Pistoll*
 3102 come from the Court with newes.
 3103 *Fal.* From the Court? Let him come in.
 3104 *Enter Pistoll.*
 3105 How now *Pistoll*?
 3106 *Pist.* Sir *Iohn*, 'saue you sir.
 3107 *Fal.* What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll*?
 3108 *Pist.* Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
 3109 sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
 3110 the Realme.
 3111 *Sil.* Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of
 3112 Barson.
 3113 *Pist.* *Puffe*? *puffe* in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
 3114 base. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend: helter
 3115 skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
 3116 luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
 3117 price.
 3118 *Fal.* I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
 3119 World.
 3120 *Pist.* A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
 3121 I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

3122 *Fal.* O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
 3123 Let King *Couitha* know the truth thereof.
 3124 *Sil.* And Robin- hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.
 3125 *Pist.* Shall dunghill Curre confront the *Hellicons*?
 3126 And shall good newes be baffel'd?
 3127 Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.
 3128 *Shal.* Honest Gentleman,
 3129 I know not your breeding.
 3130 *Pist.* Why then Lament therefore.
 3131 *Shal.* Giue me pardon, Sir.
 3132 If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there
 3133 is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
 3134 them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.
 3135 *Pist.* Vnder which King?
 3136 *Bezonian,* speake, or dye.
 3137 *Shal.* Vnder King *Harry*.
 3138 *Pist.* *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?
 3139 *Shal.* *Harry* the Fourth.
 3140 *Pist.* A footra for thine Office.
 3141 Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb- kinne, now is King,
 3142 *Harry* the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.
 3143 When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge- me, like
 3144 The bragging Spaniard. [Xgg7
 3145 *Fal.* What, is the old King dead?
 3146 *Pist.* As naile in doore.
 3147 The things I speake, are iust.
 3148 *Fal.* Away *Bardolfe*, Sadle my Horse,
 3149 Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
 3150 In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
 3151 With Dignities.
 3152 *Bard.* O ioyfull day:
 3153 I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
 3154 *Pist.* What? I do bring good newes.
 3155 *Fal.* Carrie Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my
 3156 Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
 3157 Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll:
 3158 Away *Bardolfe*: Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and
 3159 withall deuse something to do thy selfe good. Boote,
 3160 boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for
 3161 mee. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-land
 3162 are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which
 3163 haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe
 3164 Iustice.
 3165 *Pist.* Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
 3166 Where is the life that late I led, say they?
 3167 Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

3169 *Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare- sheete,*
 3170 *and Beadles.*

3171 *Hostesse.* No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
 3172 that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
 3173 shoulder out of ioynt.

3174 *Off.* The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
 3175 and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
 3176 her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
 3177 her.

3178 *Dol.* Nut- hooke, nut- hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
 3179 tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe- visag'd Rascall, if the
 3180 Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
 3181 thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper- fac'd Vil-laine.

3183 *Host.* O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make
 3184 this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
 3185 of her Wombe might miscarry.

3186 *Officer.* If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
 3187 againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
 3188 both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pi-stoll
 3189 beate among you.

3190 *Dol.* Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
 3191 will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd
 3192 Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
 3193 be not swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

3194 *Off.* Come, come, you shee- Knight- arrant, come.

3195 *Host.* O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel
 3196 of sufferance, comes ease.

3197 *Dol.* Come you Rogue, come:
 3198 Bring me to a Iustice.

3199 *Host.* Yes, come you staru'd Blood- hound.

3200 *Dol.* Goodman death, goodman Bones.

3201 *Host.* Thou Anatomy, thou.

3202 *Dol.* Come you thinne Thing:

3203 Come you Rascall.

3204 *Off.* Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

3206 *Enter two Groomes.*

3207 1.*Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

3208 2.*Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

3209 1.*Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
3210 from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

3211 *Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.*

3212 *Falstaffe.* Stand heere by me, M[aster]. *Robert Shallow*, I will
3213 make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as
3214 he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee
3215 will giue me.

3216 *Pistol.* Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

3217 *Falst.* Come heere *Pistol*, stand behind me. O if I had
3218 had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue be-stowed
3219 the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
3220 no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre
3221 the zeale I had to see him.

3222 *Shal.* It doth so.

3223 *Falst.* It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

3224 *Pist.* It doth so.

3225 *Fal.* My deuotion.

3226 *Pist.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

3227 *Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night,

3228 And not to deliberate, not to remember,

3229 Not to haue patience to shift me.

3230 *Shal.* It is most certaine.

3231 *Fal.* But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating
3232 with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
3233 all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee
3234 done, but to see him.

3235 *Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*: for *obsque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all
3236 in euery part.

3237 *Shal.* 'Tis so indeed.

3238 *Pist.* My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and
3239 make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
3240 is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thi-ther
3241 by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe
3242 Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for
3243 *Dol* is in. *Pistol*, speakes nought but troth.

3244 *Fal.* I will deliuer her.

3245 *Pistol.* There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
3246 sounds.

3247 *The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the*

3248 *Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe*

3249 *Iustice.*

3250 *Falst.* Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.
 3251 *Pist.* The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
 3252 Impe of Fame.
 3253 *Fal.* 'Sae thee my sweet Boy.
 3254 *King.* My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine
 3255 man.
 3256 *Ch.Iust.* Haue you your wits?
 3257 Know you what 'tis you speake?
 3258 *Falst.* My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.
 3259 *King.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
 3260 How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester? [Xgg7v
 3261 I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
 3262 So surfeit- swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
 3263 But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
 3264 Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
 3265 Leauē gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
 3266 For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
 3267 Reply not to me, with a Foole- borne Iest,
 3268 Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
 3269 For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
 3270 That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
 3271 So will I those that kept me Companie.
 3272 When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
 3273 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
 3274 The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
 3275 Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
 3276 As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
 3277 Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
 3278 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 3279 That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
 3280 And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
 3281 We will according to your strength, and qualities,
 3282 Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
 3283 To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
 3284 *Exit King.*
 3285 *Fal.* Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.
 3286 *Shal.* I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beseech you to let me
 3287 haue home with me.
 3288 *Fal.* That can hardly be, M[aster]. *Shallow*, do not you grieue
 3289 at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you,
 3290 he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduance-ment:
 3291 I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.
 3292 *Shal.* I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should
 3293 giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I
 3294 beseech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let mee haue fiue hundred of
 3295 my thousand.

3296 *Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you
 3297 heard, was but a colour.
 3298 *Shall.* A colour I feare, that you will dye in, Sir *Iohn.*
 3299 *Fal.* Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
 3300 Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,
 3301 I shall be sent for soone at night.
 3302 *Ch.Iust.* Go carry Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* to the Fleete,
 3303 Take all his Company along with him.
 3304 *Fal.* My Lord, my Lord.
 3305 *Ch.Iust.* I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:
 3306 Take them away.
 3307 *Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.*
 3308 *Exit. Manent Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.*
 3309 *Iohn.* I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
 3310 He hath intent his wonted Followers
 3311 Shall all be very well prouided for:
 3312 But all are banisht, till their conuersations
 3313 Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.
 3314 *Ch.Iust.* And so they are.
 3315 *Iohn.* The King hath call'd his Parliament,
 3316 My Lord.
 3317 *Ch.Iust.* He hath.
 3318 *Iohn.* I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
 3319 We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire
 3320 As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,
 3321 Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
 3322 Come, will you hence? *Exeunt*
 3323 FINIS. [Xgg8

EPILOGVE.

3325 *First, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech.*
 3326 *My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie:*
 3327 *And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a*
 3328 *good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is*
 3329 *of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will*
 3330 *(I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose,*
 3331 *and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very*
 3332 *well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience*
 3333 *for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this*
 3334 *which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my*
 3335 *Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie*
 3336 *to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do)*
 3337 *promise you infinitely.*

3338 *If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vse*
 3339 *my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But*
 3340 *a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the*
 3341 *heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen*
 3342 *do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene before, in such an As*
 3344 *One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate,*
 3345 *our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you*
 3346 *merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal-s*
 3347 *shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions:*
 3348 *For Old- Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie*
 3349 *when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you*
 3350 *But (indeed) to pray for the Queene. [Xgg8v*

THE

3352 **ACTORS**

3353 **NAMES.**

3354 **Rumour the Presentor.**

3355 **King Henry the Fourth.**

3356 **Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.**

3357 **Prince Iohn of Lancaster.**

3358 **Humphrey of Gloucester.**

3359 **Thomas of Clarence.**

3360 **Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.**

3361 **Northumberland.**

3362 **The Arch Byshop of Yorke.**

3363 **Mowbray.**

3364 **Hastings.**

3365 **Lord Bardolfe.**

3366 **Trauers.**

3367 **Morton.**

3368 **Coleuile.**

3369 **Opposites against King Henrie the**

3370 **Fourth.**

3371 **Warwicke.**

3372 **Westmerland.**

3373 **Surrey.**

3374 **Gowre.**

3375 **Harecourt.**

3376 **Lord Chiefe Iustice.**

3377 **Of the Kings**

3378 **Partie.**

3379 **Shallow.**

3380 **Silence.**

3381 **Both Country**

3382 **Iustices.**

- 3383 **Daue, Seruant to Shallow.**
3384 **Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants**
3385 **Mouldie.**
3386 **Shadow.**
3387 **Wart.**
3388 **Feeble.**
3389 **Bullcalfe.**
3390 **Country Soldiers**
3391 **Pointz.**
3392 **Falstaffe.**
3393 **Bardolphe.**
3394 **Pistoll.**
3395 **Peto.**
3396 **Page.**
3397 **Irregular**
3398 **Humorists.**
3399 **Drawers**
3400 **Beadles.**
3401 **Groomes**
3402 **Northumberlands Wife.**
3403 **Percies Widdow.**
3404 **Hostesse Quickly.**
3405 **Doll Teare- sheete.**
3406 **Epilogue.**
3407 **The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,**
3408 **Containing his Death: and the Coronation**
of King Henry the Fift.
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