

## HENRY THE FOURTH, PART 2

By William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae.

RUMOUR, the Presenter. EPILOGUE.

KING HENRY IV.

PRINCE HENRY, afterwards KING HENRY V, }  
Thomas, Duke of CLARENCE, } Sons to King Henry IV.  
John of LANCASTER, }  
Humphrey, Duke of GLOUCESTER, }

Earl of WARWICK, }  
Earl of WESTMORELAND, }  
Earl of SURREY, }  
GOWER, a messenger } Of the King's party.  
HARCOURT, }  
Sir John BLUNT, }

Lord CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.  
A SERVANT of the Chief Justice.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, }  
BARDOLPH, }  
POINS, }  
PISTOL, } Irregular humorists.  
PETO, }  
Falstaff's PAGE, }

MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.  
DOLL TEARSHEET, a whore, friend to Mistress Quickly.

Robert SHALLOW, }  
SILENCE, } country Justices.  
DAVY, servant to Shallow.

Percy, Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, opposed to King Henry IV.  
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, Northumberland's wife.

LADY PERCY, widow to Hotspur, Northumberland's son.

TRAVERS, }

MORTON, } retainers of Northumberland.  
A PORTER, }

Richard Scroop, ARCHBISHOP of York, }  
Lord MOWBRAY, }  
Lord HASTINGS, } Rebels against the King.  
Lord BARDOLPH, }  
Sir John COLEVILLE, }

Ralph MOULDY, }  
Francis FEEBLE, }  
Simon SHADOW, } Country soldiers,  
Peter BULLCALF, } pressed into service under Falstaff.  
Thomas WART, }

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's officers.

1st DRAWER, 2nd DRAWER, 3rd DRAWER.  
Musicians.  
A MESSENGER.  
1st BEADLE, Other Beadles.  
1st GROOM, 2nd GROOM, 3rd GROOM.  
A Page to King Henry IV.

Soldiers, Officers, Lords, Attendants, Chief Justice's Men.

Scene: England.

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INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR painted full of tongues.

Rumour Open your ears; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth.  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity  
Under the smile of safety wounds the world;  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters and prepared defence  
Whiles the big year, swol'n with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
I run before King Harry's victory,  
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? My office is  
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stooped his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumoured through the peasant towns  
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learnt of me. From Rumour's tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.  
[Exit.

ACT 1.

Scene 1. Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter the LORD BARDOLPH at one door.

Lord Bardolph Who keeps the gate here, ho?

Enter the PORTER.

Where is the earl?

Porter What shall I say you are?

Lord Bardolph Tell thou the earl  
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Porter His lordship is walked forth into the orchard.  
Please it your honour knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lord Bardolph Here comes the earl.  
[Exit PORTER.]

Northumberland What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem.  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

Lord Bardolph Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

Northumberland Good, and God will!

Lord Bardolph As good as heart can wish:  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Killed by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,  
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times  
Since Caesar's fortunes!

Northumberland How is this derived?  
Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

Lord Bardolph I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;  
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely rendered me these news for true.

Northumberland Here comes my servant Travers, who I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

Lord Bardolph My lord, I overrode him on the way,  
And he is furnished with no certainties

More than he haply may retail from me.

Northumberland Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Travers My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turned me back  
With joyful tidings, and, being better horsed,  
Outrode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
He asked the way to Chester, and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
With that he gave his able horse the head,  
And bending forward struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,  
He seemed in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

Northumberland Ha? Again:  
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
- Of Hotspur, Coldspur? -That rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

Lord Bardolph My lord, I'll tell you what:  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

Northumberland Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers  
Give then such instances of loss?

Lord Bardolph Who, he?  
He was some hilding fellow that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

Northumberland Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.  
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witnessed usurpation.  
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Morton I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our party.



The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-tempered courage in his troops;  
For from his metal was his party steeled,  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead;  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear  
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester  
So soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,  
Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turned their backs, and in his flight,  
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out  
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

Northumberland For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well;  
And as the wretch whose fever-weakened joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
Weakened with grief, being now enraged with grief,  
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!  
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel  
Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly coif!  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Which princes, fleshed with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach  
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland.  
Let heaven kiss earth. Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confined. Let order die;  
And let this world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

Lord Bardolph This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Morton Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour -  
The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,  
And summed the account of chance, before you said  
"Let us make head". It was your presurmise  
That in the dole of blows your son might drop.  
You knew he walked o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
You were advised his flesh was capable  
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged;  
Yet did you say "Go forth"; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?

Lord Bardolph We all that are engaged to this loss  
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas  
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;  
And yet we ventured for the gain proposed,  
Choked the respect of likely peril feared;  
And since we are o'erset, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Morton 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble lord,  
I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth,  
The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
With well-appointed powers. He is a man  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corpse,  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;  
For that same word `rebellion' did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls,  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,  
As men drink potions, that their weapons only  
Seemed on our side; but for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion:  
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's followed both with body and with mind,



And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;  
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;  
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more and less do flock to follow him.

Northumberland I knew of this before, but, to speak truth,  
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.  
Go in with me, and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge.  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:  
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 2. London. A Street.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF alone, followed by his PAGE bearing his sword and buckler.

Falstaff Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Falstaff Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master for a jewel -the juvenal the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledge. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when He will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dommelton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours, he liked not the security.

Falstaff Let him be damned like the glutton! Pray God his tongue be hotter!

A whoreson Achitophel, a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand and then stand upon security. The whoreson smoothy-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me `security'. Well he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

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

Falstaff I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. And I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter CHIEF JUSTICE and SERVANT.

Page Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Falstaff Wait close; I will not see him.

Chief Justice What's he that goes there?

Servant Falstaff, and't please your lordship.

Chief Justice He that was in question for the robbery?

Servant He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Chief Justice What, to York? Call him back again.

Servant Sir John Falstaff!

Falstaff Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Chief Justice I am sure he is -to the hearing of anything good. Go pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Servant Sir John!

Falstaff What, a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Servant You mistake me, sir.

Falstaff Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Servant I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Falstaff I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter. Hence, avaunt!

Servant Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Chief Justice Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Falstaff My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, have yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Chief Justice Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Falstaff And't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Chief Justice I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

Falstaff And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Chief Justice Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Falstaff This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, and't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Chief Justice What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Falstaff It hath it original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Chief Justice I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Falstaff Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, and't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Chief Justice To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your physician.

Falstaff I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Chief Justice I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Falstaff As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Chief Justice Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Falstaff He that buckles himself in my belt cannot live in less.

Chief Justice Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falstaff I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

Chief Justice You have misled the youthful prince.

Falstaff The young prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Chief Justice Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's Hill. You may thank th' unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Falstaff My lord -

Chief Justice But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Falstaff To wake a wolf is as bad as smell a fox.

Chief Justice What! You are as a candle, the better part burned out.

Falstaff A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Chief Justice There is not a white hair in your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Falstaff His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Chief Justice You follow the young prince up and down like his ill angel.

Falstaff Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks

upon me will take me without weighing. And yet in some respects, I grant, I cannot go -I cannot tell: virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers' times that true valour is turned bearward; pregnancy is made a tapster, and his quick wit wasted in giving reck'nings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Chief Justice Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Falstaff My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents -[Aside.] marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Chief Justice Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Falstaff God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Chief Justice Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Falstaff Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Chief Justice Well, be honest, be honest, and God bless your expedition!

Falstaff Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Chief Justice Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.  
[Exeunt CHIEF JUSTICE and SERVANT.]

Falstaff If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page Sir?

Falstaff What money is in my purse?

Page Seven groats and two pence.

Falstaff I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me.

[Exit PAGE.]

A pox of this gout! -or a gout of this pox; for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt: I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.  
[Exit.]

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Scene 3. York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, THOMAS MOWBRAY the Earl Marshal, LORD HASTINGS and LORD BARDOLPH.

Archbishop Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;  
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.  
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowbray I well allow the occasion of our arms,  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How in our means we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hastings Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice,  
And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Lord Bardolph The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:  
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hastings With him we may.

Lord Bardolph Yea, marry, there's the point.  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand;  
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Archbishop 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for indeed  
It was young Hotspur's cause at Shrewsbury.

Lord Bardolph It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,  
Eating the air and promise of supply,  
Flatt'ring himself in project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;  
And so, with great imagination  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And winking leaped into destruction.

Hastings But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Lord Bardolph Yes, if this present quality of war,  
- Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot -  
Lives so in hope -As in an early spring  
We see th' appearing buds, which, to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at least desist  
To build at all. Much more in this great work -  
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down  
And set another up -should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,  
Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite; or else  
We fortify in paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men,  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it, who, half-through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hastings Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,  
Should be still-born, and that we now possessed  
The utmost man of expectation,  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Lord Bardolph What, is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

Hastings To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph;  
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads: one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower, perforce a third  
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king  
In three divided, and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Archbishop That he should draw his several strengths together  
And come against us in full puissance  
Need not to be dreaded.

Hastings If he should do so,  
To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarmed,  
They baying at his heels: -never fear that.

Lord Bardolph Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hastings The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland;  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French  
I have no certain notice.

Archbishop Let us on,  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;  
Their overgreedy love hath surfeited.  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many, with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!  
And being now trimmed in thine own desires,



Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,  
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?  
They that when Richard lived would have him die  
Are now become enamoured on his grave.  
Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cri'st now "O earth, yield us that king again,  
And take Thou this!" O thoughts of men accursed!  
Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.

Mowbray Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hastings We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.  
[Exeunt.]

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ACT 2.

Scene 1. Eastcheap. A Street near the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter HOSTESS of the tavern, and two officers, FANG, and SNARE.  
SNARE lagging behind.

Quickly Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang It is entered.

Quickly Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? Will a' stand to't?

Fang Sirrah -Where's Snare?

Quickly O Lord, ay, good Master Snare.

Snare Here, here.

Fang Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Quickly Yea, good Master Snare, I have entered him and all.

Snare It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Quickly Alas the day, take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house,  
most beastly, in good faith. A' cares not what mischief he does if his weapon  
be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor  
child.

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

Quickly No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang And I but fist him once, if a' come but within my vice -

Quickly I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure; good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie Corner -saving your manhoods -to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head in Lumbert Street to Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray you, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and the PAGE.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Falstaff How now, whose mare's dead? What's the matter?

Fang I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Falstaff Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph! Cut me off the villain's head. Throw the quean in the channel.  
[BARDOLPH draws.]

Quickly Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardly rogue? Murder, murder! Ah, thou honeysuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honeysed rogue! Thou art a honeysed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

Falstaff Keep them off, Bardolph!

Fang A rescue, a rescue!

Quickly Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wot, wot thou? Thou wot, wot ta? Do, do, thou rogue! Do, thou hempseed!

Page Away, you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe!

Enter CHIEF JUSTICE and his MEN.

Chief Justice What's the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!

Quickly Good my lord, be good to me; I beseech you, stand to me.

Chief Justice How now, Sir John! What are you brawling here?  
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?  
You should have been well on your way to York.  
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou upon him?

Quickly O, my most worshipful lord, and't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Chief Justice For what sum?

Quickly It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all. He hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee a-nights like the mare.

Falstaff I think I am as like to ride the mare if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Chief Justice How comes this, Sir John? Fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Falstaff What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Quickly Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor -thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech the butcher's wife come in then and call me gossip Quickly -coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst.

Falstaff My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Chief Justice Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both

in purse and in person.

Quickly Yea, in truth, my lord.

Chief Justice Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Falstaff My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you I do desire deliv'rance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Chief Justice You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in th' effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Falstaff Come hither, hostess.  
[Takes her aside.

Enter GOWER, a messenger.

Chief Justice Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gower The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales  
Are near at hand;  
[Gives a letter.  
the rest the paper tells.

Falstaff As I am a gentleman!

Quickly Faith, you said so before.

Falstaff As I am a gentleman! Come, no more words of it.

Quickly By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Falstaff Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in waterwork, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, and 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me -dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Quickly Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Falstaff Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Quickly Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Falstaff Will I live? [To BARDOLPH.] Go, with her, with her -hook on, hook on!

Quickly Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Falstaff No more words; let's have her.  
[Exeunt HOSTESS, BARDOLPH, PAGE, FANG, and SNARE.]

Chief Justice I have heard better news.

Falstaff What's the news, my good lord?

Chief Justice Where lay the king tonight?

Gower At Basingstoke, my lord.

Falstaff I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Chief Justice Come all his forces back?

Gower No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,  
Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Falstaff Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Chief Justice You shall have letters of me presently.  
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Falstaff My lord!

Chief Justice What's the matter?

Falstaff Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you, good Sir John.

Chief Justice Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Falstaff Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Chief Justice What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Falstaff Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord - tap for tap, and so part fair.

Chief Justice Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool.  
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 2. London. Another Street.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince Henry Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince Henry Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince Henry Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature small beer. But indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! Or to know thy face tomorrow! Or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast -viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! Or to bear the inventory of thy shirts -as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit His kingdom -but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is.

Prince Henry Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince Henry It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince Henry Marry, I tell thee it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee -as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend -I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Prince Henry By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins The reason?

Prince Henry What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince Henry It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks -never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince Henry And to thee.

Poins By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confess I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and the PAGE.

Prince Henry And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian, and look if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bardolph God save your grace!

Prince Henry And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Poins [To BARDOLPH.] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become!

Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window. At last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's petticoat, and so peeped through.

Prince Henry Has not the boy profited?

Bardolph Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page Away, you rascally Althaea's dream, away!

Prince Henry Instruct us, boy -what dream, boy?

Page Marry, my lord, Althaea dreamt she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince Henry A crown's-worth of good interpretation! There 'tis, boy.  
[Giving money.]

Poins O, that this blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bardolph And you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince Henry And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bardolph Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas your master?

Bardolph In bodily health, sir.

Poins Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince Henry I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.  
[Gives POINS the letter.]

Poins [Reads.] "John Falstaff, knight" - every man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say "There's some of the king's blood spilt". "How comes that?" says he that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap: "I am the king's poor cousin, sir".

Prince Henry Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter.  
[Takes the letter.]

[Reads.] "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."

Poins Why, this is a certificate.

Prince Henry Peace!  
[Reads.] "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity."

Poins He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.



Prince Henry [Reads.] "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine by yea and no -which is as much as to say as thou usest him -Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe."

Poins My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince Henry That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister?

Poins God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince Henry Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bardolph Yea, my lord.

Prince Henry Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bardolph At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince Henry What company?

Page Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Henry Sup any women with him?

Page None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince Henry What pagan may that be?

Page A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince Henry Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince Henry Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town.

[Giving them money.

There's for your silence.

Bardolph I have no tongue, sir.

Page And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince Henry Fare you well; go.

[Exeunt BARDOLPH and PAGE.

This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

Prince Henry How might we see Falstaff bestow himself tonight in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince Henry From a god to a bull? -a heavy descension. It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? -a low transformation, that shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.  
[Exeunt.

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Scene 3. Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

Northumberland I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs.  
Put not you on the visage of the times  
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady

Northumberland I have given over, I will speak no more.  
Do what you will, your wisdom be your guide.

Northumberland Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,  
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady Percy O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!  
The time was, father, that you broke your word  
When you were more endeared to it than now;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's:  
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!  
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs that practised not his gait;  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,



Till time and vantage crave my company.  
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 4. London. The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter 1st and 2nd DRAWER.

1st Drawer What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-johns? Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2nd Drawer Mass, thou sayst true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights". It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1st Drawer Why then, cover, and set them down, and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise. Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

Enter 3rd DRAWER.

3rd Drawer Dispatch! The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

1st Drawer Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon, and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

3rd Drawer By the mass, here will be old utis; it will be an excellent stratagem.

2nd Drawer I'll see if I can find out Sneak.  
[Exeunt 2nd and 3rd DRAWERS.]

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Quickly I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality. Your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la. But i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say "What's this?" How do you now?

Doll Tearsheet Better than I was -Hem!

Quickly Why, that's well said! A good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Falstaff [Sings.] "When Arthur first in court" -

[To 1st DRAWER.] Empty the jordan.  
[Exit 1st DRAWER.]

[Sings.] "And was a worthy king" -  
How now, Mistress Doll?

Quickly Sick of a calm, yea, good faith.

Falstaff So is all her sect; and they be once in a calm they are sick.

Doll Tearsheet A pox damn you, you muddy rascal! Is that all the comfort you give me?

Falstaff You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll Tearsheet I make them? Gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Falstaff If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: -we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll Tearsheet Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Falstaff "Your brooches, pearls, and ouches" -for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely -

Doll Tearsheet Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Quickly By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goodyear! -one must bear, [To DOLL.] and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll Tearsheet Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no there is nobody cares.

Re-enter 1st DRAWER.

1st Drawer Sir, Ensign Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll Tearsheet Hang him, swaggering rascal! Let him not come hither. It is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Quickly If he swagger, let him not come here. No, by my faith! I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here. I have not lived all

this while to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

Falstaff Dost thou hear, hostess?

Quickly Pray ye pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Falstaff Dost thou hear? It is mine ensign.

Quickly Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; your ensign swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick the deputy t'other day, and, as he said to me -'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, i'good faith -"Neighbour Quickly," says he -Master Dumb our minister was by then -"Neighbour Quickly," says he "receive those that are civil, for" said he "you are in an ill name". Now a' said so, I can tell whereupon. "For" says he "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive" says he "no swaggering companions." There comes none here. You would bless you  
to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Falstaff He's no swaggerer, hostess -a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He'll not swagger with a Barbary hen if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.  
[Exit 1st DRAWER.]

Quickly Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth, I am the worse when one says `swagger'. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll Tearsheet So you do, hostess.

Quickly Do I? Yea, in very truth do I, and 'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Ensign PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Pistol God save you, Sir John!

Falstaff Welcome, Ensign Pistol! Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pistol I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Falstaff She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall not hardly offend her.

Quickly Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pistol Then to you, Mistress Dorothy! I will charge you.

Doll Tearsheet Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What, you poor,

base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pistol I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll Tearsheet Away, you cutpurse rascal, you filthy bung, away!  
[Snatching a knife.] By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps and you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? Much!

Pistol [Drawing.] God let me not live but I will murder your ruff for this.

Falstaff No more, Pistol! I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Quickly No, good Captain Pistol, not here, sweet captain.

Doll Tearsheet Captain? Thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? And captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave? For what? For tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain? Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain? God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy', which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted. Therefore captains had need look to't.

Bardolph Pray thee go down, good ensign.

Falstaff Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.  
[He whispers to DOLL.]

Pistol Not !! I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her! I'll be revenged of her.

Page Pray thee go down.

Pistol I'll see her damned first! -to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to th' infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! Down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Quickly Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i'faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pistol These be good humours indeed! Shall pack-horses,  
And hollow pampered jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,  
Compare with Caesars and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with

King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar!  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Quickly By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bardolph Be gone, good ensign; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pistol Die men like dogs! Give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Quickly O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the goodyear, do you think I would deny her? For God's sake be quiet!

Pistol Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.  
Come, give's some sack.  
Si fortune me tormente sperato me contento.  
Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.  
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[Laying down his sword.

Come we to full points here, and are etceteras nothings?

Falstaff Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pistol Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What, we have seen the seven stars.

Doll Tearsheet For God's sake, thrust him downstairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pistol Thrust him downstairs! Know we not Galloway nags?

Falstaff Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, and a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bardolph Come, get you downstairs.

Pistol What, shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue?  
[Snatching up his sword.

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!  
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Quickly Here's goodly stuff toward!

Falstaff Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll Tearsheet I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee do not draw.

Falstaff [Drawing.] Get you downstairs.  
[BARDOLPH draws on PISTOL.

Quickly Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights.



[FALSTAFF thrusts at PISTOL.

So! Murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons!

[Exit BARDOLPH, driving PISTOL out.

Doll Tearsheet I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Quickly Are you not hurt i'th' groin? Methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Falstaff Have you turned him out a-doors?

Bardolph Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i'th' shoulder.

Falstaff A rascal, to brave me!

Doll Tearsheet Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face. Come on, you whoreson chops! Ah, rogue, i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

Falstaff A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll Tearsheet Do, and thou dar'st for thy heart. And thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter MUSICIANS.

Page The music is come, sir.

Falstaff Let them play. Play, sirs.

[Music.

Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll Tearsheet I'faith, and thou followed'st him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting a-days and foining a-nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, the PRINCE and POINS disguised as drawers.

Falstaff Peace, good Doll, do not speak like a death's-head. Do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll Tearsheet Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Falstaff A good shallow young fellow. A' would have made a good pantler; a'

would ha' chipped bread well.

Doll Tearsheet They say Poins has a good wit.

Falstaff He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! His wit's as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll Tearsheet Why does the prince love him so, then?

Falstaff Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties a' has that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another: the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince Henry [Aside to POINS.] Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins [Aside to PRINCE.] Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince Henry [Aside to POINS.] Look whe'er the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins [Aside to PRINCE.] Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Falstaff Kiss me, Doll.

Prince Henry [Aside to POINS.] Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! What says th' almanac to that?

Poins [Aside to PRINCE.] And look whether the fiery Trigon his man be not lipping to his master's old tables, his notebook, his counsel-keeper.

Falstaff Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll Tearsheet By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Falstaff I am old, I am old.

Doll Tearsheet I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Falstaff What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money a-Thursday; shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song! Come, it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Doll Tearsheet By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping and thou sayst so.

Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return -well, hearken a'th' end.

Falstaff Some sack, Francis.

Prince Henry &  
Poins [Advancing.] Anon, anon, sir.

Falstaff Ha, a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince Henry Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Falstaff A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince Henry Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Quickly O the Lord preserve thy grace! By my troth, welcome to London. Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Falstaff Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, [Indicating DOLL.] thou art welcome.

Doll Tearsheet How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince Henry You whoreson candle-mine you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Quickly God's blessing of your good heart! -and so she is, by my troth.

Falstaff Didst thou hear me?

Prince Henry Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's Hill; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Falstaff No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince Henry I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Falstaff No abuse, Hal, a'mine honour, no abuse.

Prince Henry Not? To dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Falstaff No abuse, Hal.

Poins No abuse!

Falstaff No abuse, Ned, i'th' world, honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked that the wicked might not fall in love with him; [To PRINCE HENRY.] in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

Prince Henry See now whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Falstaff The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast maltworms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince Henry For the women?

Falstaff For one of them, she's in hell already, and burns poor souls; for th' other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that I know not.

Quickly No, I warrant you.

Falstaff No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Quickly All victuallers do so. What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince Henry You, gentlewoman -

Doll Tearsheet What says your grace?

Falstaff His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.  
[PETO knocks at the door.]

Quickly Who knocks so loud at door? Look to th' door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince Henry Peto, how now, what news?

Peto The king your father is at Westminster,  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts  
Come from the north; and as I came along  
I met and overtook a dozen captains,  
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking everyone for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince Henry By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.  
[Exeunt PRINCE, POINS, and PETO.]

Falstaff Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence  
and leave it unpicked.  
[Knocking within. Exit BARDOLPH.  
More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! What's the matter?

Bardolph You must away to court, sir, presently.  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Falstaff [To PAGE.] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell,  
Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the  
undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good  
wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll Tearsheet I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst .... Well,  
sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Falstaff Farewell, farewell.  
[Exeunt FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH and PAGE.]

Quickly Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years  
come peascod-time, but an honest and truer-hearted man .... well, fare thee  
well.

Bardolph [Calling within.] Mistress Tearsheet!

Quickly What's the matter?

Bardolph [Calling.] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Quickly O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come! [Calling.] She comes  
blubbered. -Yea, will you come, Doll.  
[Exeunt.]

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ACT 3.

Scene 1. Westminster. The Palace.

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a PAGE.

King Henry IV   Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;  
But ere they come, bid them o'erread these letters,  
And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[Exit PAGE.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep? O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watchcase or a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafing clamour in the slipp'ry clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

Warwick   Many good morrows to your majesty!

King Henry IV   Is it good morrow, lords?

Warwick   'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King Henry IV   Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

Warwick   We have, my liege.

King Henry IV   Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it.

Warwick It is but as a body yet distempered,  
Which to his former strength may be restored  
With good advice and little medicine.  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

King Henry IV O God, that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea; and other times to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chance's mocks  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book and sit him down and die.  
'Tis not ten years gone  
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
Did feast together, and in two years after  
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,  
Who like a brother toiled in my affairs  
And laid his love and life under my foot,  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by -  
[To WARWICK.] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember -  
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,  
Then checked and rated by Northumberland,  
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?  
"Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne";  
- Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
But that necessity so bowed the state  
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss -  
"The time shall come", thus did he follow it,  
"The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption" -so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition,  
And the division of our amity.

Warwick There is a history in all men's lives  
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;  
The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginning lie intreasured.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;





Silence Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shallow A' must then to the Inns o'Court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Silence You were called `lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shallow By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotsole man -you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns o'Court again; and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Silence This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shallow The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Scoggin's head at the court gate when a' was a crack not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! And to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Silence We shall all follow, cousin.

Shallow Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Silence By my troth, I was not there.

Shallow Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Silence Dead, sir.

Shallow Jesu, Jesu, dead! A' drew a good bow -and dead? A' shot a fine shoot. John a'Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! A' would have clapped i'th' clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Silence Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow And is old Double dead?

Silence Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH and Falstaff's PAGE.

Shallow Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bardolph I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shallow I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bardolph My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shallow He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bardolph Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shallow It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed, too. "Better accommodated?" -it is good, yea indeed is it; good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. "Accommodated", it comes of 'accommodo'. Very good, a good phrase.

Bardolph Pardon, sir, I have heard the word -"phrase" call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is being whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shallow It is very just.

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Falstaff I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

Shallow No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Falstaff Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Silence Your good worship is welcome.

Falstaff Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shallow Marry have we, sir. Will you sit?

Falstaff Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shallow Where's the roll, where's the roll, where's the roll? Let me see,

let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir -Ralph Mouldy! [To SILENCE.] Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see -Where is Mouldy?

Mouldy [Coming forward.] Here, and't please you.

Shallow What think you, Sir John? A good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Falstaff Is thy name Mouldy?

Mouldy Yea, and't please you.

Falstaff 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shallow Ha, ha, ha, most excellent, i'faith. Things that are mouldy lack use -very singular good, in faith. Well said, Sir John, very well said.

Falstaff Prick him.

Mouldy I was pricked well enough before, and you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Falstaff Go to! Peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Mouldy Spent!

Shallow Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside -know you where you are? For th' other, Sir John, let me see. -Simon Shadow!

Falstaff Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shallow Where's Shadow?

Shadow [Coming forward.] Here, sir.

Falstaff Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shadow My mother's son, sir.

Falstaff Thy mother's son! Like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male; it is often so indeed -but much of the father's substance!

Shallow Do you like him, Sir John?

Falstaff Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows fill up the muster-book.

Shallow Thomas Wart!

Falstaff Where's he?

Wart [Coming forward.] Here, sir.

Falstaff Is thy name Wart?

Wart Yea, sir.

Falstaff Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shallow Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Falstaff It were superfluous, for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shallow Ha, ha, ha! You can do it, sir, you can do it; I commend you well.  
Francis Feeble!

Feeble [Coming forward.] Here, sir.

Falstaff What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble A woman's tailor, sir.

Shallow Shall I prick him, sir?

Falstaff You may; but if he had been a man's tailor he'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Falstaff Well said, good woman's tailor! Well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Feeble I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Falstaff I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble It shall suffice, sir.

Falstaff I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shallow Peter Bullcalf o'th' green!

Falstaff Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bullcalf [Coming forward.] Here, sir.

Falstaff 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bullcalf O Lord, good my lord captain -

Falstaff What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bullcalf O Lord, sir, I am a diseased man.

Falstaff What disease hast thou?

Bullcalf A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Falstaff Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shallow Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir. And so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Falstaff Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shallow O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the Windmill in Saint George's Field?

Falstaff No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shallow Ha, 'twas a merry night! And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Falstaff She lives, Master Shallow.

Shallow She never could away with me.

Falstaff Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shallow By the mass, I could anger her to th' heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Falstaff Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shallow Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Silence That's fifty-five year ago.

Shallow Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and

I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Falstaff We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shallow That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was "Hem, boys!" Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.  
[Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Bullcalf Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.  
[Giving the money.]

Bardolph Go to; stand aside.

Mouldy And, good Master Corporal Captain, for my old dame's sake stand my friend. She has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.  
[Giving the money.]

Bardolph Go to; stand aside.

Feeble By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind. And't be my destiny, so; and't be not, so. No man's too good to serve's prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bardolph Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, SHADOW and SILENCE.

Falstaff Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shallow Four of which you please.

Bardolph [Aside to FALSTAFF] Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Falstaff [Aside to BARDOLPH] Go to, well.

Shallow Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Falstaff Do you choose for me.

Shallow Marry then -Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Falstaff Mouldy and Bullcalf? For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

[Exeunt MOULDY and BULLCALF.]

Shallow Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Falstaff Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart -you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man -he presents no mark to the enemy: the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bardolph [Giving a caliver to WART.]

Hold, Wart. Traverse -thas! thas! thas!

Falstaff Come, manage me your caliver. So, very well! Go to, very good! Exceeding good! O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopped, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart, thou'rt a good scab. Hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shallow He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile End Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn -I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show -there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus, and a' would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in. "Rah, tah, tah" would a' say; "Bounce" would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Falstaff These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both; I thank you. I must a dozen mile tonight. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shallow Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return, visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Falstaff 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shallow Go to, I have spoke at a word. God keep you!

Falstaff Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

On, Bardolph; lead the men away.

[Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.]

As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of

Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street, and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When a' was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. A' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible. A' was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. A' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched housewives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a'Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him, and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it and told John a'Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court -and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and't shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.

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#### ACT 4.

##### Scene 1. A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and OTHERS, within the Forest of Gaultree.

Archbishop What is this forest called?

Hastings 'Tis Gaultree Forest, and't shall please your grace.

Archbishop Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth  
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hastings We have sent forth already.

Archbishop 'Tis well done.  
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have received  
New-dated letters from Northumberland,  
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy; whereupon



He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowbray Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground  
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter MESSENGER.

Hastings Now, what news?

Messenger West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy,  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Archbishop What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowbray I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Westmoreland Health and fair greeting from our general  
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Archbishop Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,  
What doth concern your coming.

Westmoreland Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanced by boys and beggary;  
I say, if damned commotion so appeared  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords  
Had not been here to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintained,  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touched,  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutored,  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war,  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Archbishop Wherefore do I this? So the question stands.  
Briefly, to this end: we are all diseased,  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it; of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician,  
Nor do I as an enemy to peace  
Troop in the throngs of military men,  
But rather show a while like fearful war  
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly:  
I have in equal balance justly weighed  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforced from our most quiet shore  
By the rough torrent of occasion,  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles,  
Which long ere this we offered to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience.  
When we are wronged, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms;  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

Westmoreland Whenever yet was your appeal denied?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been suborned to grate on you,  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Archbishop My brother general, the commonwealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

Westmoreland There is no need of any such redress;  
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowbray Why not to him in part, and to us all  
That feel the bruises of the days before,  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

Westmoreland O, my good Lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me  
Either from the king or in the present time  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on: were you not restored  
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,  
Your noble and right well-remembered father's?

Mowbray What thing in honour had my father lost  
That need to be revived and breathed in me?  
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,  
Was force perforce compelled to banish him;  
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,  
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stayed  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
- O, when the king did throw his warder down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw -  
Then threw he down himself and all their lives  
That by indictment and by dint of sword  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

Westmoreland You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.  
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman.  
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?  
But if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;  
For all the country in a general voice  
Cried hate upon him, and all their prayers and love  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on

And blessed and graced indeed more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our princely general  
To know your griefs, to tell you from his grace  
That he will give you audience; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them, everything set off  
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowbray But he hath forced us to compel this offer,  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Westmoreland Mowbray, you overween to take it so.  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;  
For lo, within a ken our army lies,  
Upon mine honour all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
Then reason will our hearts should be as good.  
Say you not then, our offer is compelled.

Mowbray Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

Westmoreland That argues but the shame of your offence:  
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hastings Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

Westmoreland That is intended in the general's name.  
I muse you make so slight a question.

Archbishop Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;  
For this contains our general grievances.  
Each several article herein redressed,  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are ensinewed to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form  
And present execution of our wills,  
To us and to our purposes confined  
We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Westmoreland This will I show the general. Please you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet,  
And either end in peace -which God so frame! -

Or to the place of diff'rence call the swords  
Which must decide it.

Archbishop                                        My lord, we will do so.  
[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

Mowbray    There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
              That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hastings    Fear you not that. If we can make our peace  
              Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
              As our conditions shall consist upon,  
              Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowbray    Yea, but our valuation shall be such  
              That every slight and false-derived cause,  
              Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
              Shall to the king taste of this action;  
              That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
              We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind  
              That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
              And good from bad find no partition.

Archbishop    No, no, my lord; note this: the king is weary  
              Of dainty and such picking grievances;  
              For he hath found, to end one doubt by death  
              Revives two greater in the heirs of life;  
              And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
              And keep no telltale to his memory  
              That may repeat and history his loss  
              To new remembrance. For full well he knows  
              He cannot so precisely weed this land  
              As his misdoubts present occasion.  
              His foes are so enrooted with his friends  
              That plucking to unfix an enemy  
              He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
              So that this land, like an offensive wife  
              That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,  
              As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
              And hangs resolved correction in the arm  
              That was upreared to execution.

Hastings    Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
              On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
              The very instruments of chastisement;  
              So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
              May offer, but not hold.

Archbishop                                        'Tis very true.  
              And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,

If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowbray Be it so.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Here is returned my Lord of Westmoreland.

Westmoreland The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship,  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowbray Your Grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

Archbishop Before, and greet his grace. My lord, we come.  
[They march over the stage.]

ITALIC ON[ + + + + + Scene 2. ]

Enter Prince John of LANCASTER and his ARMY.

Lancaster You are well encountered here, my cousin Mowbray;  
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop;  
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.  
My Lord of York, it better showed with you  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad  
In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop,  
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken  
How deep you were within the books of God?  
To us the speaker in His parliament,  
To us th' imagined voice of God Himself,  
The very opener and intelligencer  
Between the Grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings? O, who shall believe  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Imply the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,

The subjects of His substitute, my father,  
And both against the peace of heaven and him  
Have here up-swarmed them.

Archbishop                                 Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace;  
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misordered doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form  
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,  
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep  
With grant of our most just and right desires,  
And true obedience, of this madness cured,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowbray   If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
           To the last man.

Hastings                                 And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.  
And so success of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up  
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lancaster   You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,  
           To sound the bottom of the after-times.

Westmoreland   Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly  
           How far forth you do like their articles.

Lancaster   I like them all, and do allow them well;  
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook,  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressed;  
Upon my soul they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours; and here between the armies  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love and amity.

Archbishop   I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lancaster   I give it you, and will maintain my word;

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hastings Go, captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part.  
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit ONE.

Archbishop To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland!

Westmoreland I pledge your grace; and if you knew what pains  
I have bestowed to breed this present peace  
You would drink freely; but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Archbishop I do not doubt you.

Westmoreland I am glad of it.  
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

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

Archbishop Against ill chances men are ever merry,  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

Westmoreland Therefore be merry, coz, since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus: "Some good thing comes tomorrow".

Archbishop Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowbray So much the worse, if your own rule be true.  
[Shouts within.

Lancaster The word of peace is rendered. Hark how they shout!

Mowbray This had been cheerful after victory.

Archbishop A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

Lancaster Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.  
[Exit WESTMORELAND.

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have coped withal.

Archbishop Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And ere they be dismissed let them march by.



[Exit HASTINGS.

Lancaster I trust, lords, we shall lie tonight together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

Westmoreland The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lancaster They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hastings My lord, our army is dispersed already.  
Like youthful steers unyoked they take their courses  
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

Westmoreland Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the which  
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;  
And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowbray Is this proceeding just and honourable?

Westmoreland Is your assembly so?

Archbishop Will you thus break your faith?

Lancaster I pawned thee none:  
I promised you redress of these same grievances  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most Christian care.  
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered stray;  
God, and not we, hath safely fought today.  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 3. Another Part of the Forest.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE, meeting.

Falstaff What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you, and of what place?

Coleville I am a knight, sir, and my name is Coleville of the Dale.

Falstaff Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale. Coleville shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place -a place deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of the Dale.

Coleville Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Falstaff As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Coleville I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.  
[Kneels.

Falstaff I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. And I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe -my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our general.

Retreat sounded.

Enter Prince John of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and OTHERS.

Lancaster The heat is past; follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.  
[Exit WESTMORELAND.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?  
When everything is ended, then you come.  
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Falstaff I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I in my poor and old motion the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered ninescore and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir John Coleville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded, that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame".

Lancaster It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Falstaff I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Coleville kissing my foot; to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lancaster Thine's too heavy to mount.

Falstaff Let it shine, then.

Lancaster Thine's too thick to shine.

Falstaff Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lancaster Is thy name Coleville?

Coleville It is, my lord.

Lancaster A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Falstaff And a famous true subject took him.

Coleville I am, my lord, but as my betters are  
That led me hither. Had they been ruled by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Falstaff I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lancaster Now, have you left pursuit?

Westmoreland Retreat is made and execution stayed.

Lancaster Send Coleville with his confederates  
To York, to present execution.  
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.  
[Exit BLUNT with COLEVILLE.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:  
I hear the king my father is sore sick.  
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,  
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,  
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Falstaff My lord, I beseech you give me leave to go

Through Gloucestershire; and when you come to court,  
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lancaster Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition,  
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.  
[Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.]

Falstaff I would you had the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood, which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts' extremes. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bardolph The army is discharged all and gone.

Falstaff Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.  
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 4. Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the KING, carried in a chair, WARWICK, Thomas Duke of CLARENCE,  
Humphrey  
Duke of GLOUCESTER, and OTHERS.

King Henry IV Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is addressed, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish;  
Only we want a little personal strength,  
And pause us till these rebels now afoot  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

Warwick Both which we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

King Henry IV Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,  
Where is the prince your brother?

Gloucester I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King Henry IV And how accompanied?

Gloucester I do not know, my lord.

King Henry IV Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

Gloucester No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Clarence What would my lord and father?

King Henry IV Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.  
Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,  
And noble offices thou mayst effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.  
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace  
By seeming cold or careless of his will.  
For he is gracious, if he be observed:  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity;  
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he is flint,  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well observed:  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;  
But, being moody, give him time and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
- As force perforce the age will pour it in -  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clarence I shall observe him with all care and love.

King Henry IV Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clarence He is not there today; he dines in London.

King Henry IV And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clarence With Poins and other his continual followers.

King Henry IV Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.  
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape  
In forms imaginary th' unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

Warwick My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:  
The prince but studies his companions  
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,  
'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
Be looked upon and learned, which, once attained,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further use  
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will in the perfectness of time  
Cast off his followers; and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live  
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,  
Turning past evils to advantages.

King Henry IV 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

Westmoreland Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
Added to that that I am to deliver!  
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:  
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all  
Are brought to the correction of your law.  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,  
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
The manner how this action hath been borne  
Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
With every course in his particular.

King Henry IV O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Harcourt From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And when they stand against you may they fall,  
As those that I am come to tell you of!  
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.  
The manner and true order of the fight  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King Henry IV And wherefore should these good news make me sick?  
Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food -  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach -such are the rich  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.  
I should rejoice now at this happy news,  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.  
O me! Come near me, now I am much ill.

Gloucester Comfort, your majesty!

Clarence O my royal father!

Westmoreland My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

Warwick Be patient, princes; you do know these fits  
Are with his highness very ordinary.  
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Clarence No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.  
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in  
So thin that life looks through and will break out.

Gloucester The people fear me, for they do observe  
Unfathered heirs and loathly births of nature.  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep and leaped them over.

Clarence The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between;  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so a little time before  
That our great-grandsire Edward sicked and died.

Warwick Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Gloucester This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King Henry IV I pray you take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber. Softly, pray.

ITALIC ON[ + + + + + Scene 5. ]

ITALIC ON[The KING is carried across the stage to his bed.]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

Warwick Call for the music in the other room.

King Henry IV Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clarence His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

Warwick Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince Henry Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clarence I am here, brother, full of heaviness.



Prince Henry How now, rain within doors, and none abroad?  
How doth the king?

Gloucester Exceeding ill.

Prince Henry Heard he the good news yet?  
Tell it him.

Gloucester He altered much upon the hearing it.

Prince Henry If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

Warwick Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low;  
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clarence Let us withdraw into the other room.

Warwick Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince Henry No, I will sit and watch here by the king.  
[Exeunt all but PRINCE HENRY.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polished perturbation! Golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now;  
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,  
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! My father!  
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep  
That from this golden rigol hath divorced  
So many English kings. Thy due from me  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.  
My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me.

[He takes the crown, and wears it.]

Lo where it sits,  
Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole strength  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me. This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.

King Henry IV [Waking.] Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, and CLARENCE.

Clarence Doth the king call?

Warwick What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King Henry IV Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clarence We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King Henry IV The Prince of Wales -where is he? Let me see him.  
He is not here.

Warwick This door is open, he is gone this way.

Gloucester He came not through the chamber where we stayed.

King Henry IV Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

Warwick When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King Henry IV The prince hath ta'en it hence. Go seek him out.  
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose  
My sleep my death?  
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit WARWICK.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!  
How quickly nature falls into revolt  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this the foolish overcareful fathers  
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with industry.  
For this they have engrossed and piled up  
The cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;  
When, like the bee tolling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets,  
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,  
We bring it to the hive; and like the bees  
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste  
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness have determined me?

Warwick My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow  
That tyranny, which never quaffed but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King Henry IV But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.  
[Exeunt all but the KING and PRINCE HENRY.]

Prince Henry I never thought to hear you speak again.

King Henry IV Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind  
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours  
Were thine without offence; and at my death  
Thou hast sealed up my expectation.  
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.  
What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;  
Only compound me with forgotten dust.  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form.  
Harry the Fifth is crowned! Up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now

From every region apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum!  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
England shall double gild his treble guilt;  
England shall give him office, honour, might;  
For the fifth Harry from curbed licence plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

Prince Henry [Kneeling.] O, pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,  
The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke  
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
And He that wears the crown immortally  
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more  
Than as your honour and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit  
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.  
God witness with me, when I here came in  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart. If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die,  
And never live to show th' incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed.  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
- And dead almost, my liege, to think you were -  
I spake unto this crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending  
Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold.  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in med'cine potable;  
But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,  
Hast eat thy bearer up". Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it as with an enemy  
That had before my face murdered my father,  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did with the least affection of a welcome  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King Henry IV O my son,  
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what bypaths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head.  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation,  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seemed in me  
But as an honour snatched with boist'rous hand,  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears  
Thou seest with peril I have answered;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument. And now my death  
Changes the mood; for what in me was purchased,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanced,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displaced; which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels, that action hence borne out  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

How I came by the crown, O God forgive,  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince Henry My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be,  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of LANCASTER.

King Henry IV Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lancaster Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King Henry IV Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John,  
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare withered trunk. Upon thy sight  
My worldly business makes a period.  
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince Henry My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter WARWICK and the OTHERS.

King Henry IV Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

Warwick 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King Henry IV Laud be to God! Even there my life must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me, many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.  
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.  
[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 5.

Scene 1. Gloucestershire. A Hall in Shallow's House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Shallow By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away tonight. What, Davy, I say!

Falstaff You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shallow I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not

be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy Here, sir.

Shallow Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see. Yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy Marry, sir, thus: those precepts cannot be served; and again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shallow With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook -are there no young pigeons?

Davy Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shallow Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had; and sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost at Hinckley fair?

Shallow A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook.

Davy Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shallow Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i'th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy No worse than they are backbitten, sir, for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shallow Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o'th' Hill.

Shallow There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years -and I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore I beseech you let him be countenanced.

Shallow Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy.  
[Exit DAVY.]

Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bardolph I am glad to see your worship.

Shallow I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph.  
[To PAGE.] and welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

Falstaff I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.  
[Exit SHALLOW.]

Bardolph, look to our horses.  
[Exeunt BARDOLPH and PAGE.]

If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like servingman. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions -which is four terms, or two actions -and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shallow [Within.] Sir John!

Falstaff I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.  
[Exit.]

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Scene 2. Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, meeting.

Warwick How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Chief Justice How doth the king?

Warwick Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Chief Justice I hope not dead.



Warwick                    He's walked the way of nature;  
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Chief Justice   I would his majesty had called me with him.  
The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

Warwick   Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Chief Justice   I know he doth not, and do arm myself  
To welcome the condition of the time,  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince John of LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and OTHERS.

Warwick   Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry.  
O that the living Harry had the temper  
Of he the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Chief Justice   O God, I fear all will be overturned!

Lancaster   Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Gloucester &  
Clarence   Good morrow, cousin.

Lancaster   We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

Warwick   We do remember, but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lancaster   Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

Chief Justice   Peace be with us, lest we be heavier.

Gloucester   O good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;  
And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow -it is sure your own.

Lancaster   Though no man be assured what grace to find,  
You stand in coldest expectation.  
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Clarence   Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Chief Justice   Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,  
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestalled remission.  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Warwick Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended.

Chief Justice Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

King Henry V This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.  
This is the English, not the Turkish court:  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you.  
Sorrow so royally in you appears  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,  
I'll be your father and your brother too:  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;  
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears  
By number into hours of happiness.

Lancaster,  
Gloucester &  
Clarence We hope no otherwise from your majesty.

King Henry V You all look strangely on me,  
[To CHIEF JUSTICE.] and you most;  
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Chief Justice I am assured, if I be measured rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King Henry V No? How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me?  
What! -rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?  
May this be washed in Lethe and forgotten?

Chief Justice I then did use the person of your father;  
The image of his power lay then in me;

And in th' administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought,  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person?  
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body?  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
Be now the father and propose a son,  
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And in your power soft silencing your son.  
After this cold considerance sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King Henry V    You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well.  
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;  
And I do wish your honours may increase  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words:  
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold  
That dares do justice on my proper son;  
And not less happy, having such a son  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice." You did commit me;  
For which I do commit into your hand  
Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear,  
With this remembrance: that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.  
You shall be as a father to my youth;  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practised wise directions.  
And princes all, believe me, I beseech you,

My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his spirits sadly I survive  
To mock the expectation of the world,  
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now.  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament,  
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel  
That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best-governed nation;  
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us;  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.  
Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remembered, all our state;  
And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say  
"God shorten Harry's happy life one day".

[Exeunt.

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Scene 3. Gloucestershire. Shallow's Orchard.

A table set out.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Shallow Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth -come, cousin Silence -and then to bed.

Falstaff 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shallow Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John -marry, good air. Spread, Davy, spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.

Falstaff This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your servingman and your husband.

Shallow A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John -by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper -a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

Silence Ah, sirrah, quoth-a, we shall

[Sings.] "Do nothing but eat and make good cheer,  
And praise God for the merry year,  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily."

Falstaff There's a merry heart, good Master Silence! I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shallow Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy Sweet sir, sit -I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat we'll have in drink; but you must bear -the heart's all.  
[Exit.

Shallow Be merry, Master Bardolph; [To PAGE.] and my little soldier there, be merry.

Silence [Sings.] "Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
For women are shrews, both short and tall.  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wags all,  
And welcome merry Shrovetide!"

Be merry, be merry.

Falstaff I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Silence Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy [To BARDOLPH.] There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shallow Davy!

Davy Your worship? I'll be with you straight. [To BARDOLPH.] A cup of wine, sir?

Silence [Sings.] "A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto thee, leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a."

Falstaff Well said, Master Silence.

Silence And we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o'th' night.

Falstaff Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Silence [Sings.] "Fill the cup, and let it come,

I'll pledge you a mile to th' bottom."

Shallow Honest Bardolph, welcome! If thou want'st anything and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. [To PAGE.] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed, too! I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros about London.

Davy I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bardolph And I might see you there, Davy -

Shallow By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! -will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bardolph Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shallow By God's-liggens, I thank thee; the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out, a'; 'tis true-bred!

Bardolph And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shallow Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry!  
[Knocking within.

Look who's at door there, ho! Who knocks?  
[Exit DAVY.

Falstaff [To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.] Why, now you have done me right.

Silence [Sings.] "Do me right,  
And dub me knight:  
Samingo."

Is't not so?

Falstaff 'Tis so.

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

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy And't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Falstaff From the court? Let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pistol Sir John, God save you!

Falstaff What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pistol Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Silence Byrlady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pistol Puff?

Puff i'thy teeth, most recreant coward base!  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Falstaff I pray thee now deliver them like a man of this world.

Pistol A foutre for the world and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Falstaff O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Silence [Sings.] "And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John."

Pistol Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?  
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shallow Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pistol Why then, lament therefor.

Shallow Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways: either to utter them or conceal them. I am, sir, under the king in some authority.

Pistol Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die.

Shallow Under King Harry.

Pistol Harry the Fourth, or Fifth?

Shallow Harry the Fourth.

Pistol A foutre for thine office!  
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king:  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.  
When Pistol lies, do this, [Gesturing.] and fig me like  
The bragging Spaniard.

Falstaff What, is the old king dead?

Pistol As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

Falstaff Away, Bardolph, saddle my horse! Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bardolph O joyful day!  
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pistol What, I do bring good news?

Falstaff Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow -my Lord Shallow -be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph!  
[Exit BARDOLPH.

Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice.

Pistol Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!  
"Where is the life that late I led?" say they;  
Why, here it is -welcome these pleasant days!  
[Exeunt.

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Scene 4. London. A Street.

Enter BEADLES dragging in HOSTESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Quickly No, thou arrant knave! I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged. Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1st Beadle The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll Tearsheet Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie! Come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, and the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Quickly O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1st Beadle If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again -you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Doll Tearsheet I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have



you as soundly swung for this, you bluebottle rogue -you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1st Beadle Come, come, you she knight-errant, come!

Quickly O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll Tearsheet Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Quickly Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

Doll Tearsheet Goodman death, goodman bones!

Quickly Thou atomy, thou!

Doll Tearsheet Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1st Beadle Very well.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 5. Westminster. On the Route to the Abbey.

Enter three GROOMS, strewing rushes.

1st Groom More rushes, more rushes!

2nd Groom The trumpets have sounded twice.

3rd Groom 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation.  
[Exeunt.

Trumpets Sound.

And the KING and his TRAIN pass over the stage.

After them enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the PAGE.

Falstaff Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him as a' comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pistol God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Falstaff Come here, Pistol, stand behind me. [To SHALLOW.] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shalow It doth so.

Falstaff It shows my earnestness of affection -

Pistol It doth so.

Falstaff My devotion -

Shallow It doth, it doth, it doth.

Falstaff As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me -

Shallow It is best, certain.

Falstaff But to stand stained with travel and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pistol 'Tis semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est -'tis all in every part.

Shallow 'Tis so indeed.

Pistol My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.  
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance and contagious prison;  
Haled thither  
By most mechanical and dirty hand.  
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,  
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Falstaff I will deliver her.  
[Shouts within. The trumpets sound.]

Pistol There roared the sea, and trumpet-clangour sounds.

Re-enter the KING and his TRAIN, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Falstaff God save thy grace, King Hal, my royal Hal!

Pistol The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Falstaff God save thee, my sweet boy!

King Henry V My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Chief Justice Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?

Falstaff My king, my Jove, I speak to thee, my heart!

King Henry V I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.  
How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester!

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;  
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;  
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men.  
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:  
Presume not that I am the thing I was,  
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
That I have turned away my former self;  
So will I those that kept me company.  
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots.  
Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,  
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,  
Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
For competence of life I will allow you,  
That lack of means enforce you not to evils;  
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,  
Give you advancement.  
[To CHIEF JUSTICE.] Be it your charge, my lord,  
To see performed the tenor of our word.  
Set on!

[Exeunt the KING and his TRAIN.

Falstaff Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shallow Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Falstaff That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shallow I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

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

Shallow A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Falstaff Fear no colours. Go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter the CHIEF JUSTICE and Prince John of LANCASTER, with OFFICERS.

Chief Justice Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;  
Take all his company along with him.

Falstaff My lord, my lord!

Chief Justice I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon.  
Take them away.

Pistol Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.  
[Exeunt all but LANCASTER and CHIEF JUSTICE.]

Lancaster I like this fair proceeding of the king's.  
He hath intent his wonted followers  
Shall all be very well provided for,  
But all are banished till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Chief Justice And so they are.

Lancaster The king hath called his parliament, my lord.

Chief Justice He hath.

Lancaster I will lay odds that ere this year expire  
We bear our civil swords and native fire  
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.  
Come, will you hence?  
[Exeunt.]

## EPILOGUE.

Enter EPILOGUE.

Epilogue First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech.

My fear is your displeasure; my curtsy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me, for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you -as it is very well -I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies. Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. And so I kneel down before you -but indeed to pray for the queen.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? And yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the

gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night.

[Exit.