

This is the third edition.

*The words "Newly corrected by
W. Shakspeare" are not in the title
page of the first edition. They were
introduced in the second edition prin-
ted in 1599. The editions of 1598
and 1599 were both printed for
Andrew Wise.*

See the edition of 1599 in volume vii.

Waring sign. C1
7m. 1916

THE
HISTORY OF
Henrie the fourth,

VVith the battell at Shrewsburie,
betweene the King, and Lord
Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hot-
spur of the North.

With the humorous conceits of Sir
Iohn Falstaffe.

Newly corrected by *W. Shakspeare.*



LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simmes, for *Mathew Law*, and
are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard,
at the signe of the Fox.


1604.



THE HISTORIE OF
Henry the fourth.

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

King.

 O spoken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we stime for frighted peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new broils
To be commenc't in stronds far remote:
No more the thir the entrance of this soile
Shall dawbe her lips with her owne childrens
No more shall trenching war channell her fields, (bloud,
Nor bruise her flourers with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke
And furious close of quill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbecoming ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master: therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose fouldflowe now, under whose blessed crosse
We are impressed and ing'g'd to fight,
Forth with a power of English shall we leuy,
Whose armes were mouled in their mothers wombe,
To chuse these Pagans in those holy fields,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

A 2

Which

The Historie of

Which 1400 yeeres ago were said,
For our advantage, on the bitter croffe.
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
And boodelle is to tel you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
What yester night our Council did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.

1398. My linge, this halfe was her in question,
And many limes of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all about there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy newes,
Who's worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the meepull and wild Glendower,
Was by the wick hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such hardly humelelle transformation
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame, serold, or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the things of this broile,
Brake off our businelle for the holy Land.

1398. This matcht with other like my gracious L^{or},
For more vnesen and vnwelcomenewes

Came from the North, and thus it did import
On holly roode day, the g. aliant Hetpur there,

Yong Harry Percy, and brave Axehold,
That euer valiant and approued Scoe,

At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houres:

As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told.

For he that brought them in the very heat
And pnde of their contention, did take boote

Vnueritane of the issue any way.
King. Here is deare, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

Stain'd

Henry the fourth.

Stain'd with the variation of each foile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this ceste of ourt,
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scoe, two and twenty knights
Balkt in their owne blood. Did sir Walter see
On Holmedon plains, of prisoners Hodpurtooke,
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beate Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith
And is not this an honorable spoile?

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

1398. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

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

A sonne, who is the theme of honors tongue,
Amongst a groue, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweete fortunes minion and her pride,

Whilst I by looking on the prafe of him,
See ryot and dishonour staine the brow

Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchange'd

In cradle clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,

Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you of
Of this yong Percies pride? The prisoners, who youe

Which he in this aduencure hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall haue none, but Mordake Earle of Fife.

1398. This is his vnicler teaching: This is Worcester,
Maleuolent to you in all aspect,

Which makes him prone himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of youth against your dignitie.

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

A 3

Coosen,

The Histories of

Goodwin, on Wednesday next our Countess will hold
At Windsor, so informe the Ladies
But come your selfe with speede to us againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vnder.
I will my Lierge.

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir John Castle.

Prince. Now Hal, what time of day is it?
Prince. Thou art so far-witted, with drinking of olde sacke,
and vnderstanding thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truely
which thou wouldst truely know. What a deuil hath thou
doe with the time of the day? whilest hours were cups of sickle,
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Soudes, and
Dialles the figures of sleeping houles, and the blessed sunne him-
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no rea-
son why thou shouldst be superfluous to demaund the time of
the day.

Fall. Indeede you come nere mee now Hal, for we that take
purses, go by the moone & the seau'n starres, and not by the clocke,
he that wandring knight so false; and I preshee sweete wag, when
thou art King, as God saue thy grace: murther I should say, for
grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What sone?

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

Prince. Will how then come roundly, roundly.

Fall. Mary then, sweete wag, when thou art King, let vs
that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called thieves of the
daies beaue: let vs bee *Thames* forestlers, Gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the Moone, and let in on vs, we bee men of
good government, being gouerned as the sea is; by our noble
and chaste mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance wee
steale.

Prince. Thou saiest well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now

Henry the fourth.

a purse of golde most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and
most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing,
layby, and spent with crying, being in now in as low an ebbe as
the foote of the ladder, and by & by in as high a flow as the edge
of the gallows.

Fall. By the Lord thou saiest true lad, and is not my hostesse
of the tauerne a most sweete wench?

Prince. As the honey of *Hibbe*, my old lad of the castle, and is not
a buffe ierik in a most sweete robe of durance?

Fall. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quips
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe
ierik?

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

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

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

Fall. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea and eue where, so far as my coine would stretch,
and where it would not, I haue ved my credit.

Fall. Yea, and so vs d it, that were it not heere apparent that
thou art heere apparant. But I preshee sweete wag, shall there bee
gallows standing in England when thou art King? and resoluti-
on thus subd as it is with the ruffie (cube of old father Anticke the
laund) do not thou when thou art King hang a theefe.

Prince. Na, thou shalt.

Fall. Shall I O rare, by the Lord Ile be a brasse iudge.

Prince. Thou iudge it false already. I meane thou shalt haue
the hanging of the theefes, and so become a rare hangman.

Fall. Well Hal, well, and in some sort it humpes with my humor,
as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of fates?

Fall. Yea, for obtaining of fates, whereof the hangmans hath
no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb. Cat, or a
lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a lourser Lute.

Fall. Yea, or the drone of a inconthure bagpipe.

Prince. What fault thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of
Moorcud.

The Histories of

Montaigne's *of an island* *whom* *from* *all* *to* *show* *a*

Fals. Thou hast the most victorious smile, and art indeede the most comparative of all the forest young Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to be bought; an old Lord of the councill rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I marke him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regardid him not, and yet hee talkt wisely and in the street too.

Prince. Thou dost well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regardit.

Fals. O, thou hast damnablenation, and art indeede able to corrupt a saint; thou hast done much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must give over this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villain till he demand for neuer a kings souerain in Christendom.

Trin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacket
Fals. Zounds where thou wilt lad, hee make one, and I do not, call me villain and buffell me.

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

Fals. Why, *Hal*'s my vocation *Hal*, 'tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocations. *Enter Prince.*

Prince. now shall wee know, if Gods hill haue for a match. O, if men were to be faued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, thank to a teufman.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Prince. Good morrow sweete *Hal*. What sayes Monsieur remorse? what sayes sir Iohn Sacker, and Sugar Iacket how agrees the duell and thee about thy soule; that thou foldst him on good Friday last, for a cuppe of Modera and a colde Capons legget?

Trin. Sir Iohn standes to his worde, the duell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a beaker of proudes: hee will giue thee the duell his due,

Prince.

Henry the fourth.

Prince. Then art thou demand for keeping thy word with the duell.

Prince. Else he had bin demand for censing the duell.
Foy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gods hill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders tiding to London with fat purses, I haue vizards for you allys you haue horses for your felmes, Gods hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheape: we may do it as secure as sleepe if you will go, I will stuffe your purses full of crowns: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fals. Heere ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Foy. You will chary.

Fals. *Hal*, with thou make one?

Trin. Whig, I rob I a theefe nor I by my faith.

Fals. That's neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou comest not of the blood royall, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my daies I'll be a madcap.

Fals. Why that's well said.

Trin. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord I'll be a traitour then, when thou art King.

Prince. I care not.

Foy. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that hee shall go.

Fals. Well, God giue thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest may moue, and what hee hears may be beleued: that the true prince may for recreation (saie) proue a false theefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Trin. Farewell the latter spring, farewell Alhallowe summer.

Foy. Now my good sweete hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow I haue a cast to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaffe, Haruzy, Rololl, and Gods hill that I rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe & I will not be there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B

Prince.

Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth

Pa. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, whereto it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no footen attached, but weele set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our hories, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selves.

Pa. Tut our hories they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue thousand first, I haue cases of buckram for the wounce, to inmake our noyed outward garments.

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

Pa. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe; and for the third, if he fight longer then he fees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this leath will be the incomprehensible les, that this same fat rogue will tell vs when wee meete at supper, how sturris at least he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the traill.

Prince. Well, Ile go with them, provide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe latewell.

Pa. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Paines.

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

By

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I faisfir men hopes,
And like bright metall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'ue my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.
Ile fa offend, to make offence a skill.
Redeeming time when men thinke least I will.

Exit.

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hatbur.
Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

King. My bloud hath bene too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
Mightie, and to be feared, then my condition,
Which hath bene smooth as oyle soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that title of respect.

Which the proud foule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my foeraine Liege) little desires
The scourge of greatness to be vied on it,
And that same greatness too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *North.* My Lord.

King. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger, and disobedience in thine eie:
O sit, your presence is too bold and peremptorie,
And Maie the night neuer yet endure
The moodie frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs when we neede
Your vsf and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit War.*
You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord,
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmcoln tooke,
Were, as he saies, not with such strength demed
As is deliuered to your Maiesie.
Either enue therefore, or mispision,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my fonoe.

B 2

Hat.

The Historie of

Henr. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathlesse and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest homer:
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twist his finger and his thumbe he held
A poeuet best, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and took't away againe:
Who there-with angry, when it next came there
Tooke it in snuffe, and still he fustle and talks
And as the foule hounds bite dead bodies by,
He cald them vntwaught knaues, vntwanely,
To bring a flowerly vnhandsome coase
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie.
With many holy-day and ladies termes
He questioned me: among the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalle.
Then all smearing with my wounds being cold,
To be fo pelted with a Poyngar,
Out of my greefe and my impatience
Answerd negligently, I know not what,
He thought, or he should not, for he made me mad
To see him stinke so briske, and smell so sweete,
And talke so like a waiting gent owoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the maties:
And telling me the fourest gull thing on earth,
Was Parmacite, for an inward bruisse,
And that it was great pite, so it was,
This villonous saltpeeter should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd,
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,
He would himselfe haue bene a foildown.
This halde vnoynted chat of his (my Lord)
I answer'd indirectly (as I had)

And

Henrie the fourth.

And I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my loue and your high Maiestie.
Blou. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What e're *Harry Perce* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and neuer rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnsway know.
King. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with prouoke and exception,
That we as our owne charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
V Who in my soule hath wilfully betrayd
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great Magician, damned Glendower,
Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitours home?
Shall we buy treason and indent with feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountaine let him starue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
To ransom him a reuolued Mortimer.
Hat. Reuolued Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of war, to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he rooke,
V When on the gentle Seuerus fiedge banke,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of swift Seuerus flood.
V Who then affrighted with their bloudy lookes,

B 3

Ran

The fallowes

Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And had his criske-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten polsey
Colours bet working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with renole.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the duell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed but first, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speedest means,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displesse you. My Lord Northumberland,
Welcence your departure with your soome,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Ist. And if the duell come and rore for them,
I will not fend them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What drunk with choler say and pause a while,
Here comes your Vnckle. *Enter War.*

Ist. Speake of Mortimer.
Zounds I will speake of him: and let my soule
Want mercie, if I do not ioyne with him:
Yes, on his part: He canntie all these veines,
And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the ayre as this vnthriftfull King,
As this ingate and cinkred Bullingbrooke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad,
War. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Ist. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I wv'd the ransom once againe
Of my wyars brother, then his cheekes lookt pale,

And

Henry the fourth.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
War. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimed
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish expeditions
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.
War. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Lies scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

Ist. But soft I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Ist. Nay, then I cannot blame his coosen King,
That with him on the barren mountaines starue,
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake weare the defiled blot
Of numberous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King,
Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,
Or fill vp chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobilitie and power
Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard that sweete lovely Rose,
And plant thus thence, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, defaced, and thooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,

The fall of

No yet time ferues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish honors, and restore your felues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Revenge the ierring and diddand contemp
Of this proud King, who thodes day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloodie payment of your death:
Therefore I lye.

War. Peace coofin, fy no more,
And now I will vnclafpe a fecret booke,
And to your quicket conceyning discontent
He read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduiterous spout,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnstedfast footing of a pearce.

War. If he fall in good night, or linke or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more thurs
To rowle a Lyon, than to flart a Mare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of putence,
By heauen me thinke it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or duse into the bottoime of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without cormall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe face fellowship,

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

War. I cry you mercy,
War. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners,
War. He keepe them all
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would faue his foote, he shall not.

Henry the fourth.

He keepe them by this hand.

War. You flart away,
And lend no care vnto my purpose:
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hos. Nay, I will thirt flart:

He said he would not rauisme Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer,
But I will finde him when he lies a sleepe,
And in his care he bolts Mortimer:

Nay, he haue a flaring thalbe taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To steepe his anger fish in mowen.

War. Heare you coofina wond:

Hos. All flishes here I holomely defie,
Sauc how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that fometwerd and buckler Prince of Wales,
For that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of Ale.

War. Farewell kinman, he take to you
When you are better tempen'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a wafpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to be take in this worman moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hos. Why loo-e you, I am whet and feour'd with rods,
Nethel, and thare; with paimtes, when I haue
Of this wole position B. iuggerooke.

In Richards tongue, wher do you call the place?

A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucester thare.

T was wher the madde ep Doble halywyle kept,

Huynle Yorke, when I first bow'd my knee.

Vnto this King of foakes, this Bullingbrooke.

Zblood, when you and he came back from Rauenfpargh.

Nor. At Bar. by castle.

Hos. You say true.

Why what a cande deale of curtesie,
This fauning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde coofen:

Henry IV. 1604

C1 verso

from the Capell copy

TCC

The Historie of

O, the diuill take such coofeners, God forgive me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Warr: Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will buy your leasure.

Hot: I haue done yaish.

Warr: Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deuise them vp, without their ransome thair,
And make the *Scotles* founne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall find you written, be assurde
Will easily be granted you, my lord.

Your fauour in *Scotland* being thus employed,
Shall creely into the bolome creepe,
Of that same noble Prelate welbeholde,
The Archbishops.

Hot: *Warr:* Of *Torky*, is it not?

Warr: True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Brithen* the lord *Scrappe*;
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
And onely stoyes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot: *Warr:* I smell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

Warr: Before the game is aloft, thou shalt lett slip.

Hot: *Warr:* Why it cannot choos'd but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Torky*,
To ioyne with *Montmore*, ha.

Warr: And so they shall.

Hot: *Warr:* In faith it is exceedingly well aduise.

Warr: And tis no litle reason bids vs speede,
To fure our heads, by raising of a head,
For, beane out felues as euen as we can,
The long will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnsufide,
Till he hath found a streng to pay vs home,
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of lout.

Hot:

1 Henry V. 1602

C1 v. 20

from the Capell copy

TCC

Henry the fourth.

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

Hor. Coolin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly
He steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

Hor. Farewell good brother, we shall thinke I trust.

Har. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,

Till fields, and blowes, and groines applaud our spoote, *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day, he be hang'd,
Charles weane is oute the new chimney, and yet our house not
pac'd. What Ostler.

Of. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, heat cuts fiddle, put a few flocks in the
point, poore, iade is wring in the withers, out of all cede.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peafe and heanes as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is turned
vplide downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer toyed since the price of oates rose,
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most villanous house in all Lon-
don roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the masse there is nere a king chri-
stien could be better bit, then I haue bene since the first cooke.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordane, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breedes fleas like
a loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger,
to be deliuered as far as Charing Crosse.

2 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-
ued: what Ostler? a plague on thee, halt thou neuer an eye in thy
head? canst not heare, and were not as good deede as drinke to
breake

The Tilters of

break the pate on thee, I am a verie villaine, come & be hangd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Cade-hill.

Cade-hill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Cad. I prethee lend me thy lantern, to se my guiding in the stable.

Car. Nay by God gift, I know a trick worth two of that I faith.

Cad. I prethee lend me thine.

Car. I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lantern, (quothe he) marry Ilesse the hangd fist.

Cad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee le call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for th y have great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Cad. What bus Chamberlaine,

Cham. At hand quoth picke purse.

Cad. That's euen as fure, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou var ell no more from picking of purses, then going directhon, doth from labouring the layell the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, there is a Frenchman in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gold. I heard him te it to one of his company last night at supper, a kende of a duitor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away presently.

Cad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keere that for the hangman, for I know thou wilt scape: St. Nicholas, as truly as a man of Falshood may.

Ca. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no flarueling a tit, there are other

Troians

Henrie the fourth.

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am joynd with no foolcs and rakers, no long-staff sixpennie strikers, none of these mad mulchins purple hew'd malwortis, but with nobilitie and tranquillity, Burgomasters & great Ony-ers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake, and speake soone: then drinke an I drinke sooner then pray, and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

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

Cad. She will, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a castle can, I dare: we haue the receite of Fernezeede, wee walke insensible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernezeede for your walking insensible.

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

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

Cad. Go to, *henno* is a common name to all men: bid the oller bring my going out of the stable, fare well, ye muddynkane.

Enter Poynes, Paines, and Jette, &c.

Pain. Come shepher, shepher, I haue remoued Falstaffs horse, and he frets like a gnu'd Velvet.

Poy. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falf. Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

France. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou'st expect?

Falf. What Poyner, Hal?

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

Falf. I am accur'd to rob in that heeues companie, the rascall hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the square further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company boatey any time this xxxi. yere, and yet I am be-

The Histories of

witch with the rogues company. If he recall have not given me medicines to make me love him, lie be hang'd. It could not be else, I have drunk medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoil, Peto, lie Harue e're lie rob a foote further, and I were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leave these rogues; I am the verriest valet that euer chewed with a tooth-night yeardes of vncosen ground in threescore and ten miles afoote with me: and the stone hearted villaines knowe it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeres cannot bee true one to another.

They whisper.

Where, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hang'd.

Prince. Peace vnto guts, lie down, ly thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fals. Have you any leavers to list me vp againe being downe? zbloud lie not bear mine owne flesh to farre afoote againe, for all the come in thy fathers Exchequer; what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou list thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

Fals. I prethee good prince Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, shal I be your Oflser

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I betane, lie peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sickie be my poison: when jell is fo forward and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gaultbill.

Cad. Stand.

Fals. So I do against my will.

Prince. O tis our letter, I know his voyce: Bardoil what newes?

Bar. Caffe yee, caffe yee, on with your vizardes, theres money of the Kings coming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

Fals. You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

Cad. Theres enough to make vs all.

Fals. To be hang'd.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes and I will walke boyer: if they scape from your encounter,

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Hercules the fourth.

ter, then they fight on vs.

Prince. But how many be they of them?

Cad. Some eight, or ten.

Fals. Zaunds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What a coward fit Iohn Pawncht

Fals. Indede I am not Iohn of Gans your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well weele lesse that to the prooffe.

Prince. Sirs lacky, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him farewell, & stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Prince. Here hard by, stand close.

Fals. Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I, every man to his businesse.

Enter the Transiers.

Transi. Come neighbor, the boy shall leade our horses down the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our legges.

Therues. Stand.

Transi. Iesus blishe vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horsefom catterpillers! Bacon-fed knaves, they hate vs youth, downe with them, flotec them.

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

Fals. Hang ye gobelied knaves, are ye vndone? no ye futte chuffet, I would your store were here: on bacon, on, what yee knaves? young men must lue, you are grand jurers, are yee weele jure yee yfath.

Exeunt

Here they rob them, and binde them: Enter

the Prince and Poynes.

Prince. The theeres have bound the true men: now coulde thou and I rob the theeres, and go merrily to London, it woulde be argument for a wecke laughter for a month, and a good jest for euer.

Prince. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeres againe.

Fals. Come my maisters, let vs thare, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes be not two arand to wardes, theres no equite stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes than in a wilde ducke.

Prince

The Militia of

Prin. Your money } As they are sharing, the Prince and Princes
 } set upon them, they aduance away, and val-
Trea. Villaines. } fluffe after a blow or two run away too, lea-
 } uing the hoarie behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease, Now we rily to hoise: the theetes
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly that they dare not
meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good
Ned, Faillaffe sweares to death, and lards the leane earth as hee
walkes along: we'nt not for laughing I should pittie him.

Paries How the rogueie out d. Exunt.

Enter Sir Iohannes folus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part my Lerd, I could be well contented to bee
there, in reuall of the loue I beare your hon. e.

He could be contented, why is he not then in the respect of the
loue he beares our hoefe? he shewes in this, he loues his owne
batne better then he loues our hoefe. Let me seee some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certaint, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,
we plucke this flower safete.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named
occurraue the time is safe vnforred, and your whole plot too light, for
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so: I say you so. I by wote you againe you are a shal-
low cowardly hunde, and you lye: what lacke-braine is this by
th: Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true
and constant, a good plot, good friends, & full of expectation an
excellent plot, v.ry good friends, what a trouble spared you, is it
that why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the gene-
rall counsell of the Actioun. Zowndes and I were now by this rasc-
call, I could blame him with his Ladies fame. Is there not my
father, my vncl, and my kins, Lorde Edmond Mortimer, my
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the
Doughlas haue I not al their letters to meere me in armes by the
month of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-
ward already? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel? Ha you
shall seee now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will hee to
the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide

Henry the fourth.

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

Lady O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this forme bin

A banisht woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me sweet Lord, what is it that takes from thee

Thy stomake, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?

And starr so often when thou sitt alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?

And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee

To thicke eyde muling, and curst melancholy?

In thy slumbers. I by thee haue watcht,

And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,

Speake teames of mannage to thy bounding steede,

Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt

Of sallies, and reties, of trenches, tents,

Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of bastiliks, of canon, coheren,

Of prisoners ranfome, and of soldiers slaine,

And all the currentes of a heddly fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath bene so it warre,

And thus hath so bedrid thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat haue flood vpon thy brow

Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream,

And in thy face strange monims haue appeared,

Such as we see when men reffraine their breath,

On some great sodaine halfe. O what portents are these?

Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Her. What ha, is Gilliam with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.

Her. Hath Butler brought thole horses from the striffes?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Her. What horse? a roane? a crop-eare, is it not?

Ser. It is, my Lord.

D

Her.

The Historie of

Hut. That Roane shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him
through. O Epierance, bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

La. But hear you my Lord.

Hut. What failest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hut. Why, my horse, [my love] my horse.

La. Ous you madbedded ape, a wezell hath not such a deale
of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith he knowe your busines
Harry, that I will. I feare, my brother Mortimer doth flie about
his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go.

Hut. So far a foote, I shall be wearie. Loue.

La. Come, come you Parauquo, and wer me directly, vnto this
question that I shall aske in faith he breake thy harte finger, Harry,
and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hut. Away, away you traitor, loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with mummings, and to tilt with lips,
We must haue blouidie noses, and crackt crowns,
And pulle them curant too; gods me, my horse
What failest thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Well, do not then? far since you loue me not,
I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in leafl, or no?

Hut. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare,
I seee thee infinitely. But haue you Kate,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
Whether I goe nor reason, where about
Whither I must, I must, and to conclude,
This evening must I leaue you gentle Kate;
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then Harry Percies wifes; on flant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
No Lady closer, for I well beleaue,
Thou wilt not vter, what thou dost not know;
And so farewell I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, so far?

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Henry the fourth.

Hut. Not an inch further, but hearken you, Kate,
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too;
To day will I set forth, to morrow you;
Will this content you Kate?

Lady. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Pages.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me
thy hand to laugh stude.

Pages. Where hast bin *Hut*?

Prince. With three or foure lagges-heads, amonge all three or
foure foure hog-heads. I haue sounded the very base string of
humilitie. Surra, I am sworne brother to a leath of drawers, and
do call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and
Francis; they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I
be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of curtesie, and tell me
flately I am no prowde sacker, like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a
lad of metall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call mee) and
when I am King of England, I shall commaund all the good lads
in *Falsteepe*. They call drinke deepe, dying scarle, and when
you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you play it
off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of
an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne lan-
guage, during my life. I tel thee Ned, thou hast lost much hon-
oure that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Ned;
to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this penworth of sa-
gar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker, one that
never spake other English in his life, than eight fillings and five
pence, and you are welcome, with this first addit an, anon, anon
for those a pinte of balzell in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to
drowe away the wine till *Falstaffe* come: I prethee, doe thou stand
in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what
end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou neuer leaue calling *Franses*,
that his tale to me may be nothing but, anon: steppes aside,
and shew thee a present.

Pages. Frances.

Prince. Thoo art perfect.

Pages. Frances.

Frances. Anone anone sir; looke downe into the Pomegranet.

Enter Drawer.

(Noise.)

D 2

Prince

The Histories of

Prince Comelther, Frances. *Frances My lord.*
Prince How long hast thou to see, Frances?
Frances Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to
Frances Frances.

Frances Anone, anone fir.
Prince Five yeeres, be lady a long lease for the clinking of
pewter! But Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the co-
ward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and
runne from it.

Frances O lord fir, ile be sworne vpon all the books in Eng-
land, I could finde in my heart

Frances Frances. *Frances Anone fir.*

Prince How olde arte thou, Frances?

Frances Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be
Frances Frances.

Frances Anone fir, pray you stay a while my lord.

Prince Nay but heateke you Frances, for the figs a thou guest
me, was a penyworth, walt not?

Frances O lord, I would it had bin two.

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

Frances Frances. *Frances Anone, anone.*

Prince Anone Frances! No Frances, but to morrow Frances;
or Frances, on thurseday: or indeede Frances, when thou wilt
But Frances.

Frances My lord.

Prince Wilt thou robbe this leathern jerkin, and all berton,
not-pated, agat ring, pulke stocking, caddise garter, smoothe
tongue, Spanish powche

Frances O lord fir, who doe you meane?

Prince Why then your browne bastard is your onely drinke
for looke you Frances, your white canalic doublet will kill y.
In Barbary fir, it cannot come to so much.

Frances What list?

Frances Away you rogue, dost thou not heere them call

g! here they both call him, the Drawer stand amazed, not knowing
which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vin. What standst thou still, and hearest such a calling; looke

to

Henry the fourth.

to the ghells within. My Lord, old fir John with halfe a douzen
more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the doore: *Paues.*

Paues. Anon, Anon fir. *Enter Paues.*

Prince. Sura, Fallstasse and the rest of the theetes are at the
doore, shall we be merry?

Pa. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but haake ye, what cunning
match haue you made with this iell of the Drawer? come,
what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves
humors, since the olde dayes of good man Adams, to the pupill
age of this present twelve a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke
Frances?

Prin. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. That ere this fellow should haue fewer wordes then a
Pauce, and yet the sonne of a woman. His indifferit vp flairs
and downe flairs, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning, Tim
noy of Percies minde, the Hoopur of the North, he that kills
me some fixe or saven douzen of Scots at a breakefast, wassles
his handes, and lyes to his wife, Fie vpon the quiet life, I want
wauke. O my sweet Harry, Eies shet how many blist thou wilt
to day? Giue my Roame horse a drench (saye hee) and an-
swere, some fourtene, an houre after a trifle, a trifle. I pray thee
call in Fallstasse, he play Percy, and that duncide finne we shall
play Dame Mortimer his wife, *Paues* saies the drunkard shall in
Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Fallstasse.

Paues. Welcome Jacke, where hast thou beenes?

Fall. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too many
ry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy: E'ie I leade this life
long, ile sowe neather lockes, and mend them; and foote them
too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, it
there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pi-
cill hanted Titan that mielerd at the sweete tale of the funne: if
thou didst, then behold thar compound.

D 3

Fall.

Fal. Your rogue, hence linc in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with linc in it. A villanous coward, Go thy wayes old sacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten hering: there liues not three good men vnlunged in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old. God helpe the while, a had world *Hal.* I would I were a weazer, I could sing Diuines, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say I'll.

Prin. How now, Wolf-sacke, what murther you?
Fal. A kings sonne, if I do not bate thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and deinde all thy subiects store thee like a flocke of wilde geese, he neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you honour round-men, what's the matter?
Fall. Are you nota coward? answer me to that, and Pointe them.

Prin. Roundes yeer fat pouch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, he shall thee.

Fall. I call thee cowards, hee see thee dumde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound, I could runne as fast as thou canst, You are straight enough in the shouldders, you care not who sees your backe, call you that backing of your friends a plague vpon such backing? giue mee them that will face me, giue mee a cup of sacke, I am a rogue, I'll drinke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are calse wip I since thou drunkest lath.
Fall. All one for that. *See drunkest.*

A plague of all cowards fill *by I.*

Prin. What's the matter?
Fall. What's the matter here be foure of vs haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where in at sacke, where is it?
Fall. Where was taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. VVhat, a hundred, man?
Fall. I am a rogue, if I were more of thale fouerd, with a dozen of them two houres together, I haue scaped by myrade. I am eight times thrust through the double, foure through the leese,

my

They the fourth.

my budder cut through and through, my sworde hack't like a hand-saw, *esse signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them speake if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the families of darkenesse.

Cal. Speake, first, how was it?

Rog. We foure set vpon some douzen,

Fall. Suxteen, or least, my Lord.

Rog. And bound them.

Peta. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, euey man of them, or I am a Jew elfe, and Ebreu Jew.

Rog. As we were tharing, some 6 or 7 fresh men let vpon vs.

Fall. And vbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prinor. What, fought ye with them all?

Fall. All? I knowe not what yee call all; but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore old sacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Prin. Pray God, you haue not murthered some of them.

Fall. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckroom suites: I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spite in my face, call mee horse: thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point foure rogues in buckrom let drine at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou sayst but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

Prin. I, he said, foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainly thrust at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their foure points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuent why these were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom,

Prinor. I, foure, in buckrom suites,

Fal. Seuen, by the hilles, or I am a villaine elfe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Fal. Doe'tt thou heare me, Hal?

Prin. I, and make thee too, sacke.

F. RT.

The Historie of

Fall. Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Boce
learn, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fall. Their points being broken,
Prin. Downe fell his hole.

Fall. Begant to give me ground; but I followed the clofe, came
in foot and hand, and wach thought; feuen of the eleven I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleven but eleven men growne out of two?

Fall. But as the duell would haue it, three misbegotten
knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let diue at me,
for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These eyes are like the father that beg; them; grosse as
a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou
kenoty-pated foole, thou horsefoll obferne greafie tallow-catch.

Fall. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the
truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not fecibly hand teone
tell vs your reason, What sayest thou to this?

Prin. Come, your reason, Iacke, your reason.

Fall. What vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the
strappado, or all the rackes in the world, I would not tell you on
compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were
as plenty as blacke berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon
compulsion, I.

Prin. He be no longer gullie of this Sinne. This fangeine
coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-backe-biaker, this hope-hil
of fluffe.

Fal. Ziblow! you flangling, you elfkin, you dried nests-tongue,
bols-pizzel, you stock-fish! O for breath to vster! what is like
thee; you talles yard, you stieath, you bow-wife, you vile standing
tucke.

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

Prin. Marke, Iacke.

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

Henry the fourth.

word, outface you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it
you here in the house: and Falstaffe, you carried your guts away
as nimble, with as quicke dexterity, & roard for mercy, and still
run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calf. What a flane art thou to
hacke thy sword as thou hast done? and then say it was thy fight.

What tricke? what deuce? what flaring hole canst thou now
find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Prin. Come, lets heare, Iacke, what tricke hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why
heare you, my maisters, was it for me, to kill the heere apparant?
should I name vpon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as
valiant as Hercules: but, beware inshin, the Lyon will not touch
the true Prince, inshin, it is a great matter. I was a coward on
inshin, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, da-
ring my life, I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true Prince;
but by the Lord, I am glad you haue the money. Hal, esse,
dap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, g. lanterns,
lads, boyes, heartes of gold, all the titles of good fellowshippe
come to you. What, shall we be merrie, shall we haue a play ex-
tempore?

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

Fal. A, no more of that Hal, & thou louest me. *Enter hostesse.*

Ho. O lesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now, my Lady the boldest, what faist thou to me?

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

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

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauite out of his bed at midnight? Shall I
giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile send him packing.

Exit.

Prin. Now first, bindey you fought faire, so did you Peto, so
did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon inshin,
you will not touch the true Prince, no fe.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prin.

The Historie of

Prin. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword o backt

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

Car. Yes, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

Prin. O villaine thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the muner, & cuset since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what insinckt hadst thou for it?

Car. My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prin. I do.

Car. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot haers, and cold purfes.

Car. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falstaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Lacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long is t ago, lacke, since thou sawst thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres? (Hal) I was not an English talent in the waster I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ringe a plague of fighting and grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's willanous newes abroad, here was sir Iohn Bray from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the ballisado, & made Lancaster cuckold, and swore the dswell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooker: what a plague call you him?

Prin. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same, and his faune in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the spiritlike Scot of Scatter, Downgas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

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

Fal.

Henry the fourth.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascall hath good metall in him, hee will ne runne.

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

Fal. A horse-backe (ye cuckoo) but afoote he will not budge afoote.

Prin. Yes lacke, vpon insinckt.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon insinckt: well, he is there too, and the Mardacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as smilking mackerell.

Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hote lunc, and this cuill buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way: but tell me Fal, art not thou horribly afeard: thou being heere apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend Downgas, that spirit Percy, and that dswell Glendower: art not thou horribly afeaid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith, I lacke some of thy insinckt.

Fal. VVell, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou dost loue me, practise an answer.

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

Fal. Shall I consent: this chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

Prin. Thy state is taken for a toynd floole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy pretious rich crowne, for a pittifull shide crowne.

Fal. VVell, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be mooned. Giue mee a cuppe of sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in King Cambyses vaine.

The Tenth of

Prince Well, here is my l: g.
Falst. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.
Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent! (post, faith.
Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.
Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?
Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene,
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.
Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
ouer I see.

Falst. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.
Harry. I do not only maruell, where thou spendest thy times
but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cinnamon
the more it is troden on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more
it is waited the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villainous
tricke of thine eie, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to mee, heere leith the
point: why, being sonne to me, arte thou so pointed at? shall the
blessed sonne of heauen prouoe a mischer, and cate blacke ber-
ries? a question not to be aske. Shall the sonne of *England* prouoe
a thiefe, and take possession a question to be aske. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many
in our land, by the name of patch. This patch (as ancient writers
doe reporte) dooth defile: so dooth the company thou keepst: I
for *Harry* now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares: not
in pleasure, but in passions: not in words onely, but in woes also:
and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy
company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and is like your Maistie?
Falst. A goodly portly man yfith, and a copulant of a chert-
fall, like a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I thinke,
his age some fifty, or bidady, inclining to thre score, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Florry*, I haue vertue in his lockes: if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree:
then, preumptory I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tel me now, thou naughty
villaine, tel me, where halt thou bin this month?

Prince

Henry the fourth.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for mee,
and ile play my father.

Falst. Defaile me; if thou dost it halfe so gracely, so maiestli-
cally both in worde and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a
rabbit sucker, or a Poulsters Hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prince. Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falst. Zblood my Lord, they are falser say, ile tickle yee for a
yong *Prince* I faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, vngracious boy? Iem: for thus I re looke
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a di-
uill haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man, a tun of man
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trucke of
humours, that boulding hutch of beafliness, that swolne parcell
of dropfies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloake-bag of
guts, that rolled Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his bel-
ly, that reueren vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that
vanie in yeres, wherein is he good? but to taste sacke & drinke
it? wherein meat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? where-
in coming, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein
villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your grace would take mee with you, whom
meanes your grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth *Fal-
staffe*, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou doest.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that hee is olde, the more the pit-
tie, his white haies doe witness it: but that he is, sauing your re-
uerence, a whore master, that I vntrely deny: of sacke and sugar he
is a fruit, God helpe the micked: if to be old and merry be a sinne,
tho many an old host that I knowe, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be
hated, the *Pharaos* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord,
banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poinet*, but for sweet sacke

The Histories of

Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being a Iace, to olde Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries company, banish not him thy Harries company, banish plumpke Iacke, and banish all the world.

Prince I doe, I will.

Enter Herald ranning.

Her. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hostesse.

Her. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince Heigh, heigh, the duell rides vpon a fiddle stick, what's the matter?

Her. The Sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal! neuer call a true piece of gold counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince And thou, a naturall coward without instinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter, if I become not a Cartt as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone bee strangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Goe, hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a bouenow my maisters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now master Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. First, pardon me, my Lord, A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lords, a gressfull man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, I doe assure you, is not here,

Fal. My selfe at this time haue employd him:

And

History the fourth.

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,

That I will by to morrow dinner time,

Send him to answer thee or any man,

For anything he shall be charg'd withall,

And so let me intreat you leaue the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen

Haue in this robbery, lost 300. markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men,

He shall be answerable: and so farewell,

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

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

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyle rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call

him forth.

Pete. Falstaffe! fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snoring like a horse.

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

He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. VVhat hast thou found?

Pete. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prin. Lets see what they be: read them.

Item, a capon 2 s. ii. d.

Item, sawce iii. d.

Item, sacke, two gallons v. s. viii. d.

Item, anchares and sacke after supper 2 s. vi. d.

Item, bread ob.

O monstrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of sacke! what there is else, keepe close, weede reade it at more advantage: there let him sleepe till day: Ile to the court in the morning. We must all to the warren, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a change of faore, and I know his death will be a march of twelue scores: the money shall be payd backe againe with advantage be with me becimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Pete.*

Pete. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,

Owen Glendouer.

Her. These promises are faire, the parties faire.

And

The History of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, & cousin Glendower wil you sit downe
and vnde Worcester, a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is; fit Coosen Percy, fit good Coosen
Hotspur for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
his cheric lookes pale, and with a tising fight he witherth you in
heuen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my natuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapcs
Of burning creffets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers cat had but kitted, though your felte had neuer bene
borne.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was borne.

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

Glend. The heaues were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heaues on fire,
And not in feare of your natuitie.

Discafed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,

By the imprisoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement strising,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeple and mollegronen Towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glend. Coosen, of many men
I do not beare this crossing; giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapcs,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Hot. I haue forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is; fit Coosen Percy, fit good Coosen
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Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

Henry the fourth,

These signes haue marke me extraordinarie,

And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the rolle of common men:

Where is belising, clapt in with the sea,

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me popill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arr,

And hold me pace in deepe experimens.

Hot. I thinke, there's no man speaks better Welsh:

He to dinner.

Mer. Peace coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vally deepe.

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

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you coosen, to command the deuill.

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

By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the diuell:

If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,

And he be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence:

Oh while you liue, tell truth and shame the deuill.

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

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head

Against my power, thence from the banks of Wye,

And sandy bottomd Seuerne hase I sent him

Bootes home, and weather-beaten backe,

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?

How scapes he agins, in the diuels name?

Glend. Come, here is the map, shall we deuide our right,

According to our threefold order tane?

Mer. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it

Into three limits, very equally:

England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assignd,

All Westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower, and deare coose, to you,

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

F

And

And our indentures triplicate are drawne,
Which being sealed enter hangably,
(A busin-like that this night may execute)
To morrow coosen Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vnto *Shrewsbury*,
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we neede his helpe these fousteene daies,
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Clon. A shorter time shall lend me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whence you now shall heale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wises and you.

Het. Me thinks, my moity North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scumle outt
He haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the fring and fillet Trent shall runne

In a new channel, faire and cleanly,
It shall not wind, with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottoome here.

Clon. Not wend it shall it must, you see it doth.
Het. Yes, but make, how he beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

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

Het. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Clon. He not haue it stred.

Het. Will not you?

Clon. No, nor you shall not.

Het. Who shall lay me noy?

Clon.

Henry the fourth,

Clon. Why, this will I.

Het. Let me not vnderstand you then, for eke it in Welsh.

Clon. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For, I was trand vp in the English Court,
Where, being buryong, I framed to the harpe
Many an English ditty, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpfull ornament:
A vertue that was neuer serue in you.

Het. Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart,
I had rather be a kittern and cy mew,
Then one of these fume mitter baller-mongers:
I had rather heare a brasen candlicke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree,
And that would fet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as musing Poetry:

It is like the forc't gate of a stuffling nag.

Clon. Come, you shall haue Trent turnd.

Het. I do not care, He giue thirce fo much land

To any well deserring friend:

But in the way of bargaine, make ye me:

He call on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Clon. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night
He halt the writer, and withall,

Break with your wises, of your departure hence,

I am a frind my daughter will run mad,

So much she dotech on her Mortimer.

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

Het. I cannot chuse, sometime he sings me

While telling me of the Malkwarpe and the Ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:

And, of a Dragon and a finelle fish,

A clip-winged Griffin and a moulted Rauon,

A cooching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of skimbler skamble stiffe,

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,

He held me last night, at least nine houres,

In reckoning vp the severall diuels names

F 2

That

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But mark him not a word, O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a sickly horse, I had rather lose
With cheere and gaitlike in a Windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and heare him talke to me,
In any summer house in Christendome.

Mer. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As mines of Indisthall: I tell you, coosen,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humour, faith he doest
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Mer. In faith, my Lord, you are too wisfull blame,
And since your comming haiber have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew great selfe, courage, blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth present harsh rag,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haunnesse, opinions, and disdain,
The least of which, haunting a noble man,
Lofeth mens hearts, and leaves behinde a staine
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Bequelling them of commendation.

Mer. Well, I am schoold, good manners be your speede,
Here come your wifes, and let vs take our leave.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mer. This is the deadly sight that angers me,
My wife can speake no English, / no welsh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,

Shee'le

Shee'le be a souldier too, shee'le to the warre.

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

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. Shee is desperate here,
A peevish selfe wilde harlotrie, one that no persuasion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

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

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mer. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweete as ditties highly read,
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay if you melt, then will shee runne mad,

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mer. O, I am ignorant it selfe in this.

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

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

Glen. Do so, and those Musitions that shall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here, sit and attend.

The Musicians

Hes. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe, I will
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goole.

The musick plays.

Hes. Now, I perceiue the diuill vnderstands Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,
Beshid he is a good musicion.

La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gowned by humours:

Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hes. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Irish.

La. Wouldst thou haue thy head broken?

Hes. No.

La. Then be still.

Hes. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hes. To the welsh Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hes. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a welsh Song

Hes. Come, Ile haue your song to.

La. Nor mine in good sooth.

Hes. Not yours in good sooth? Hast you sweare like a com-
muniars wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend me, and as fine as day:

And spurst such farcenet forestie for thy eathes,

As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finburie.

Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger bread,

To vcharter gards, and Sainsdy Citizens,

Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hes. 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreast teacher:
and the indcontres be drawne, Ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

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

By

Henry the fourth.

By this, our booke is deuise, weeze but feile,
And then to haue immediatly.

Mar. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I
Must haue some priuate conference, but be nere at hand.
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,

That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
He'll breed reuengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleue that thou art onely mark't,

For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude societies,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,

Accompany the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,

As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuise,

Which oft the care of greatnesse needs must heare
By smiling pick-thanks and base newes-mongers,

I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faintly wandred, and irregular,

Finde pardon, on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy uncessors,
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely loll,

Which by thy younger brother is supplide,
And art almost an alien to the heatts

Of

The Histories of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is mind, and the soule of every man
 Prophetically do forethinke thy fall
 Had I loe laith of my presence bene,
 So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
 Opinion that did ledge me to the crowne,
 Had I still kept loyall to purification,
 And left me in reputelelle banishment,
 A fellow of no make nor likehood.
 By being seldome seene, I could not stier,
 But like a Comet, I was wonderd at,
 That men would tell their children, This is he
 Others would say, Where, which is Bailingbrooke?
 And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
 And drest my selfe in such humilitie,
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,
 Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.
 Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontificall,
 Ne're seene, but wonderd at, and so my state
 Seldome, but sumptuous, flowed like a feast,
 And was by rarenesse such solemnitie.
 The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
 With shallow castlers, and rash baun wits,
 Some kinned, and soone burnt, carded his state,
 Mangled his royaltie with carping fooles,
 Had his great name prophesied with their scornes,
 And gave his countenance against his name,
 To laugh at gliding boyes, and stand the push
 Of every headlesse vaine compasatie,
 Grew a companion to the common streetes,
 Enuie'st himselfe to popularitie,
 That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
 They surfetted with hony, and began to loathe
 The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little

Mote

Henry the fourth.

More then a title, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seene,
 He was, but as the Cuckow in an Iune;
 Heard, not regarded; seene, but with such eyes
 As sicke and blinneted seene, but with such eyes
 As sicke and blinneted seene,
 Aflord no extraordinarie gaze.
 Such as is bent on Sun-like Maestlie,
 When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
 But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
 As cloudy men vie to doe to their aduerfaries,
 Bring with his presence gluted, gorg'd, and fill.
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,
 For, thou hast lost thy princely priuledge,
 With vile participation. Not an eye,
 But is aweary of thy common sight,
 Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
 Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
 Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Pros. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more my selfe. King. For all the world,
 As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
 And euen as I was then, is Percy now;
 Now, by my scepter, and my soule to boote,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Then thou, the shadow of succession,
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fieldes with harnesse in the Realme,
 Turns head against the Lyons armed lawes,
 And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
 Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on
 To bloody battels, and to bruising armes.
 What neuer dying honour hath he got,
 Against renowned Dowglas? Whose high deeds,
 Whole hot incurfions, and great name in armes,
 Holds from all fouldiers chiefe maiortie,
 And militarie title capital

G

Through

The Historie of

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in sweating clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprize,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of his,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And make the peace and quiet of our throne,
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nereest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vast ill feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me, vnder Percys pay,
To dog his heeles, and cuttie at his frowner,
To shew, how much thou art degenerate.

Exit. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgive them, that so much have sayd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percys head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my favours in a bloodie mask,
Which wash away, shall foure my shame wash it,
And that shall be the day, when ere it lightes,
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meete,
For eary honor, sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northern youth exchange
His glorious derdes, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

Henry the fourth.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory vp,
Yes, even the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will reare the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here,
The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall performe:
I do beseech your Maiesties may please
The long growne wounds of my intemperance
If not the end of life cancel all bands,
And I will die, a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere I breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

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

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines, that I come to speake of,
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury,
A mighty, and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on eury hand.)
As ever offred foule play in a flate.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,
With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five daies old,
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward,
On Thursday, we our felces will march, Our meeting
is Bridgenorth, and Harry you shall march
Through Gloucestershire, by which account,
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence,
Our generall forces, at Bridgenorth shall meete:
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Advantage feedes him far, while men delay.

Exit.

Enter Justice and Bardoll.

Justice. Bardoll, am I not faine away vnicely since this last action?
do I not hate? doe I not dwinde? Why my skin hangs about
me, like an olde Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde
apple Iohn. Well, He repeat, and that faddealy, while I am in
some

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

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fierfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it come, sing me a bawdie song, make me mery. I was as veruouly giuent, as a gentleman neede to bee, veruouly enough, swore little, did not aboue seven times a weeke, went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, lused well, and in good compasse, and now I lue out of all order, out of all compasse.

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

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and she amend my life: thou art our Admiuall, thou bearest the lantern in the poope, but 'tis in the nose of thee thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

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

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a memento mori. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple for there he is in his robes burning burning. If thou wert any way giuent to vertue, I would sweare by thy face my othe should bee, by this fire, than Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuent out, and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of viter da kenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wilde-fire, there is no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an everlasting bonus fire, thou hast fasted me a thousand Markes in Links and Trenches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but this fecke that thou hast drunkt me, would haue bought me lightes as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two & thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

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

Fal. Gods mercy, so should I be fure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlett the hen, haue you enquir'd

yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter her fl.

Hes. Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke, sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe the eues in my house? I haue searched, I haue enquired, so haue my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the night of thaire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie, Hostesse, Bardoll was thus: do'd and lost many a haire: and she be sworne, my pocket was pickt: to go, you are a woman go.

Hes. Who? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer call'd fo in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goto, I know you well enough,

Hes. No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn: I know you, sir Iohn, you owe me mony, sir Iohn, and now you pickt a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy doulas, I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiuers, they haue made boulders of them.

Hes. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe mony here besides, sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinking, and mony lent you, xxxij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it let him pay.

Hes. He's as he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How poore looke vpon his face. What call you right? let them coyme his nose, let them coyme his cheekes, he not pay a denier: what, will you make a yonker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in myne iane, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a feale ring of my grandfathers, worth foure markes.

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

Fal. How the Prince is a iacke, a squeak-cups Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would lay so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him playing on his truncheon like a life.

Fal. How now, is this the warden in that doore I saith? must we all march?

Bar. Yes, two, and two, Newgate fashion,

Hes. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

G 3

Prin.

Prin. What failest thou, mistress quickly: how doest thy husband? thou hast him well, he is an honest man.

Hesl. Good my Lord heare me.

Fals. Pothes let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What sayst thou Lacke?

Fals. The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, Lacke?

Fals. Wilt thou beleeme me, Hal? thre or foure bonds of forty pound a'piece, and a feal: ring of my grandfather's.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hesl. So I told him, my Lord, and *Had*, I heard your grace say so: and my Lord hee speaks most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hesl. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fals. There's no more faith in thee, then a flued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawe foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hesl. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fals. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hesl. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knight hood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fals. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hesl. Say, what beast, thou knave thou!

Fals. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, for Iohn? why an Otter?

Fals. Why? there's neither fish, nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hesl. Thou art an vnst man, in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and hee flanders thee most grossely.

Hesl. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, You ought

ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Serra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fals. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hesl. Nay, my Lord, hee cald pou Lacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fals. Did I, Bardoll?

Prin. Indeed, for Iohn, you said so.

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

Prin. I saye's copper: darrest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fals. Why, Hal? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fals. Theking himselfe, is to bee feared as the Lyon: I doest thou thinke he feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? but serra, there's no roome for faith, troth, nor honestie, in this boosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and misdeeds, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou honest impudent insolent rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tawney reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poore pennyworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were insight with any other inuents but these, I am a villaine: and yet you will find to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doest thou heare, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocencie, Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstaffe do in the dyes of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares so by the storie.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee, goe make ready breakefast Ioue thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy guests, thou shalt find mee tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now, *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, Iad: how is that answered?

The History of

Prin. O my sweet beoff, I must still be good angel to thee,
The money is paid backe againe.

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

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and
do it with vnwash't hands too.

Ear. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one
that can (leake well) O for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or there-
abouts I am ha'mou'ly vnprovidid. Well, God be thanked for
these rebells, they offend none but the virtuous; I laude them, I
praise the m. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Ear.* My Lord.

Prin. Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
To my brother Iohn, this, to my Lord of Westmealand.

Go, Deto, so horse, for thou and I

Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall

At two a clocke in the afternoon,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, brave world. Ho! tell, my breakfast come,

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scour, if speaking truth

In this line you were not shew'd flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue,

As not a faultier of this seasons stamp,

Should go so generall curant through the world:

By God, I cannot flatter, I desire

The tongues of s'oothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe

Nay, take me to my word, approve me, Lord,

Douglas. Thou art the King of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Henry the fourth,

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well: What letters hast thou there? I can
but thanke you.

Me. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Me. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sicke.

Hot. Zounds, how laze he the leisure to be sicke

In such a bustling time? who leads his powert

Vnder whose government come they along?

Me. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind,

Prin. I pray thee, tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Me. He do, my Lord, foure daies e're I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much feard by his Physicians.

War. I would the state of time had first bin whole,

Ere he by sickness had bin visitid:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this sickness doth infect

The very life-bloud of our enterprise,

'Tis catching hither euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that inward sickenesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,

Yet doth he gae vs bold advertisement,

That with our small conuention, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possid

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

War. Your fathers sickness is a maine to vs.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very innum'pt off,

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want:

Scemes more, then we shall find it: were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states,

All at one cast to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good, for therein should we read

H

The

The Historie of

The very botome and the foule of hope,
Of the very list, the very vniuersall bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweete reuerfion,
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope, of what t is to come in
A comfort of retirement laies in this.

Hes. A rancorous, a home to flee vnto,
If that the Diuel and miſchance tooke big
Vpon the maiden head of our affaires.

Hor. But yet I would your father had bene hette
The qualitie and haire of our attempte
Brookes no dauntion, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict abtinement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reuolun may pierce in vpon vs.
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hes. You straine too far.
Frather of his absence make this vs,
Blends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his helpe
We shall or turne it, to pise turry downe,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

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

Enter Sir R., Vernon.

Hes.

Henry the fourth.

Hes. My coosen Vernon, welcome by my soule.
Ven. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Wellmeiland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.

Hes. No harme, what more?
Ven. And further I haue leard,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
On hitherwards intended speedly,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hes. He shall be welcome too: where is his sonne?
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Councrades, that daunt the world aside,
And bid it puffe?

Ven. All furnished, all in Armes:
All plumed like Estridges, that with the winde
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coates like images,
As full of spirit as the mouth of May,
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midsummer,
Wanton as youthfull gosses, wilde as yong buls:
Haw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rife from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And wadded with such case into his feat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the cloudes,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hes. No more, no more, worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agones, let them come,
They come like sacrifice: in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altars sit
Vp to the cares in blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprimall is to night,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales,

H 2

Harry

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not horse to horse
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a course
Oh, that Glendower were come.

For. There is more news,
I heard in Worcester, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this foureteen daies.

Doug. That's the worst tidings, that I heere of it.
For. I by my faith, it beares a frowle found.
Hes. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
For. To thirty thousand.

Hes. Forie let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may serue for great a day.
Come let vs take a matter speedily,
Doomes day is nere, the all die menly.

Doug. I like not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a fowle of
sacke, our souldiours shall march through. Wee lo to Sutton col-
litt to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angeill
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty,
take them all, Ie answer the coynage, bid my Luuetenant
Peto meete me at Townes end.

Exit.

Fal. I'll be ashamed of my souldiers, I am a fowle garnet, I
have misfed the Kings presse damnably. I have got in ex-
change of 150 souldiers, 300. and odde poynds. I presse me
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out
contracted batchelers, such as had bene askt twice on the
bones, such a commodity of warme floures, as had as lice heare
the Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caluier,
whe'then a strooke foole, or a heat wold th' dicit' press me none,
such tofts and butt, with heates in their bellies no bigger
then pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and
now

Henry the fourth.

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-
tenants, gentlemen of companies, flaves as ragged as Lazarus in
the painted cloth, where the glutious dogs licked his sores: and
such as indeede were neuer souldiers, but discarded, vniwill fer-
tingmen, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, revolted tapfers,
and Oillers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fozdic
ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hun-
dred and fiftie towred prodigall, lately come from swine kee-
ping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madde fellow mettence
on the way, and told me I had vnloadd all the gibbets and prell
the dead bodies. No eie hath seene such skar-crotes. He not
march through Couentrie with them, that's flatter may, and the
villaines march wide betwix the legs, as if they had gyres on,
for indeede, I had the most of them out of prison, there's not a
shirte and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirte is two
napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a
heralds coate without sleeves, and the shirte, to say the truth,
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red nose Inkeeper of
Downy, but that's all one, that's finde hinnen enough on eue-
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne lacke! how now, quite?
Fal. What, *Hall* how now, and wag? what a diuel dost thou
in Warwicke shire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mer-
cie, I thought your honour had already bene at Shrewesburie.

West. Faith, sic John, it is more then time that I were there, and
you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tell you,
lookes for vs all, we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale
Cremes.

Prin. I thinke to steale C: come indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butler: but tell me, lacke, whose floures are
these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer seee such pitifull rafals.
Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toll, foode for powder, foode
H 3 for

The Histories of

for powder, this'll fill a pit as well as better's bulsh than, mortal
men, mortal men.

Wesl. I, but, sir Iohn, me thinks they are exceeding poore
and bare: too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouterie, I know not where they had that:
and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learn't that of me.

Per. No, he be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the ribs
bare but sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king incamp't?

Wesl. He is, sir Iohn, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
feall, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gull. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dougl. You giue him then advantage.

Per. Not a whit.

Hot. Why, say you see! look: he not for suppy?

Per. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

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

Per. Do not, my Lord.

Dougl. You doe not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

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

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weak feare,

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

Let be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Yea, or to night. *Per.* Content.

Hot. To night, say I.

Per. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine horse

Of my coosen Ventrions are not yet come vp.

Your

Henry the fourth.

Your Vnckle Worcester's horces came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hot. So are the horces of the enemy,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours

For Gods sake, coosen, stay till all come in.

The trumpets sound a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt: and would to God

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some

Emzie your great desertings and good name,

Because you are not of our qualitie,

But stand against vs like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as our limit and true rule

You stand against anoyned Maiestie.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your grieues, and whereupon

You censure from the breast of ciuill peace,

Such bold boldnesse, teaching his dauntous land

Audacious crueltie. If that the king

Haue any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he contesseeth to be manifold,

He bids you name your grieues, and with all speed,

You shall haue your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these

Herein mislead by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind: and well we know, the king

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My father, my vnckle, and my selfe,

Did giue him that same royallie he wears,

And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,

Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched and low,

A

A poore vnmindd outlaw sneaking home,
 My father gaue him welcome to the shore,
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 To see his laury, and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocence, and teares of zeale,
 My father in kind heart and pitie mou'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it so,
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realme,
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attended him on bridges, flood in lanes,
 Laid pipes before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
 Gaze him their heres, as Pagges followed him,
 Euen at the herdes, in golden multitudes,
 He presently, as graunt she knows it false,
 Steps me a litle higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
 Vpon the naked shore at Rauensburgh,
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
 That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to sweepe
 Over his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
 This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
 The hearts of all that he did angle for,
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the fauourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish wars,
Hier. That, I came not to heare this,
Hier. Then to the point.
 In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depos'd him of his life,
 And in the necke of that, rack't the whole flate
 To make that work, suffic'd his kinsman March,
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,

indeed

Indeede his King, to be ingag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to be forfeited,
 Disgrac't me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated mine vncle from the counsell board,
 In rage disdain'd my father from the Court,
 Broke othe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion, drove vs to seeke out
 Tho his title the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blow. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hier. Not so, sir Walter, Wee le withdraw a while,
 Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
 Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
 And in the morning early shall my vncle
 Bring him our purposes, and so farwell.

Blow. I would you would accept of grace and loue,

Hier. And may be, so we shall.

Blow. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbishop of Turke, and Sir Mighell.

Arch. Hie good sir Mighell, beare this sealed briefe
 With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
 This to my coosen Scroope, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you know
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good Lord, I seele their tenor.

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

And comes not in, o'er-rulde by prophesies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant triall with the King,
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there,
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The speciall head of all the land together,
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Wellmeland, and warlike Bluns,
And many moe capitalls and deere men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they shall be well oppos'd

Arch. I hope no less, yet needfull 't is to feare,
And to present the worst, *Sir* Mighell, speedes
For if Lord Percy thine note be the king
Dismiss his power, he meemes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And, 't is but wiselome to make strong against him,
Therefore make haste, I will go write againe
To other friends, and so farewell.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Bluns, and Colcliff.*

King. How bloodily the sunne begins to peare,
Above yon busky hill, the day looks pale,
At his disemperature.

Prin. The Southeren wind
Doth play the rumpet to his purposes,
And by the hollow whistling as the leaves
Forends a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then, with the horses let us forpastrid, for I durst not
For nothing can sicke foule to those that want.

The trumpet sounds, Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of Worcester, 't is not me,
That you and I should meete vpon such times.

As

Henry the fourth.

As now we meete. You haue deceiv'd our trust,
And made vs doller our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limmes in vngentele
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it will you againe vnto
This charlish knot of all labour'd want
And moue in thar obedient on be 22222
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodgie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischief to the vborne times?

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

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

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

Prin. Peace, chewet peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiestie to turne your lookes
Off fauour, from my selfe, and all our house,
And yet I must remember you, my Lords:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you my staffe of office did I breake
In Richards time, and possted day and night

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nathing so throng and fortunate as I.

It was my selfe, my brother and his some,
That brought you home, and helldy did outdate
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that othe at Duncafter,
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,
Nor claime no further, then your new false right,
The state of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancafter:
To this, we swore our aid; but in short space
It rand downe fortune throwing on your head,
And such a floud of greatmell fell on you,

12

What

Luc Historie of

What with curtesies, what with the absent King,
What with the pleasures of a wanton time,
The pleasures that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his vnluckie Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,
And from this swarme of faire aduantage,
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
For got your othe to vs at Dancaster,
And being fed by vs, you wd vs fo,
As that vngentle gall the Cuckoos bird
Vnith the sparrows, did oppresse our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulke,
That euen our loue durst not come neere your sight,
For feare of swallowing; but with rumble wing
We were enforced for lastie sake, to flie
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means,
As you your selfe haue forg'd against your selfe
By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in your younger enterprize.

King. These things indeede you haue articulate,
Proclaimed at market Crosse, read in Churches,
To face the garment of rebellion,
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of sickle changelings and poore discontentes,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly inuouation,
And neuer yet did insurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, flaring for a time,
Of sell mell haoscke and confusion.

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

In

Henry the fourth

In praise of Henry Percy, by my hopes,
This present enterprize let of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More active, more valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes:
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a trewant been to chaine,
And so I heare, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my fathers Maiestie,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to fauor the blood on cyther side,
Try fortune with him, in single fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, do dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it: No good Worcester, nor
We loue our people well, euen those we loue,
That are misled vpon your coofens part,
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they and you, yea every man
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your coofen, and bring me word
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Reboke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they shall doe their office. So be gone:
We will not now be troubled with rephe,
We offer faire, take it aduiseably.

Exit Worcester.

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

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

Exeunt: manser

Prin. Pass.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell
And bestride me, so, is a poynt of friendship.
Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can doe thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

13

Fal.

The Millier of

Fal. I would it were bed time, *ital*, and all well.

Fro. Why thus owell. God a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day: what needs I bee so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, 'tis no matter, honor prickes me on: yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no: or an arme? nor take away the griefe of a wound? nor honor hath no skill in surgery then? no: What is honour? a word: what is in that word honour? what is that honour? a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that dyed a Wednesday: doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea: the dead: but will it not live with the living? *ital* no: why? detraction will not suffer it: therefore the none of it, honour is a merete skatshoe, and so ends my Carefulness.

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

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

Fer. I were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one,

It is not possible: it cannot be,

The king should keepe his word in louing vs,

He will suspect vs still, and finde a time

To punish this offence in other faultes.

Supposition, all our hues, shall be sticke full of eyes,

For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,

Who neuer is tame, so cherish't vp,

Will haue a wild trick of his ancessers:

Looke how we can, or sad or merry,

Interpretien will inuolue our looke,

And we shall feede like oxen at a stall.

The better cherish't, still the neerer death.

My ne heues trespass may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of priuiledge.

A hein-brained Hotspur governed by a spleene,

All his offences hae vpon my head.

And on his fathers, We did traine him on,

And his corruption being tane from vs,

Henry the fourth.

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore good coolen, let not Harry know,

In many case the offer of the king.

Fer. Delauer what you will lay 't is so. Here comes your coolen.

Hen. My vnckle is return'd.

Delauer vp my Lord of Westmerland,

Vnckle, what newes.

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hen. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Mary and shall, and very willingly.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hen. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,

Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that he is forswome,

He calls vs rebels, traitors, and will scourge

With haueie armes, this hateful name in vs.

Doug. Arme, gentlemen, to armes for I haue throwne

A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which cannot chafe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hen. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and Harry Monmouth tell me, till me,

How shoud haue talking? I found it in contempt.

Doug. No, by my soule, I sweare in my life, and in my death,

Did hee challenge me, I'd more modestly,

Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proofe of armes.

He gaue you all the duties of a min,

Trim'd vp your prayes with a Princely tongue,

Spoke your defending like a Chonicle,

Making you euer better then his praise,

By still dispraising praise, valued with your owne

And which because I am like a Prince indeed,

He

He made a blushing cital of himselfe,
And did his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mistred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he outshin the ensie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantarmesse.

Hos. Gooden, I thinke thou art enamored
On his fo lies: neuer did I heare

Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a fouldiers arme,
That he shall thinke vnder my courtesie.
Arise, arise with speed, and fellowes, fouldiers, giendes,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with persuasion.

Enter a messenger.
Hos. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hos. I cannot reade them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dish point,
Still ending at the arrowall of an houre,
And if we live, we live to tread on kings,
If die, to braue death, when princes die with vs,
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust.

Enter another.
Hos. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on spoce.

Hos. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the adventure of this peiulous day.
Now expectation Percy, and let on,
Sound all the loslie instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

Henry the sixth.

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

*Here they embrace, the trumpet sound, the King enters with his
power, alarms to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter
Blunt.*

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

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,

And I do hunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King,

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy liknesse, for in stead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yelde thee as my prisoner.

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

They fight, Douglas kills Blunt then enter Hotspur.
Hos. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I neuer had triumph ouer a Scot,

Doug. Als done als won: here breathles lyes the king.

Hos. Where? *Doug.* Here.

Hos. This Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
Agallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly furnished like the king himselfe.

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

Hos. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats:
He murder all his war-drobe, piece by piece,

Vntill I meete the King. *Hos.* Vp and away,
Our fouldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Alarms, Enter Salisbury.
Sal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the
shot here, here is no scaping but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you?
for Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as

K

hot

hot as molten lead and as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me,
I neede no more weight then mine owne bowels. I hate led my
rag of Mullins where they are prepped t there's not three of my
150. left alive, and they are for the towres end, to beg during
like but who comes here?

Enter the Prince,

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword,
Many a noble min has flake and fluffe,
Vnder the honours of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vntirening'd. I prethe lend me thy sword.
Fal. O Hal, I prethe giue me leaue to beache a while: Turke
Grego'y neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day,
I haue spard Percy, I haue made him free,

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee.
I prethe lend me thy sword.
Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aloue, thou getst not
my sword, but take my pillow if thou wilt,

Prin. Giue it me: what's it in the case?
Fal. I Hal, it's hot, it's hot, there's that will ficke a Caine.
The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.
Prin. What is it a time to scalt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him, Exit.
Fal. Well, if Percy be aloue, the piece him, if he do come in
my way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly let him make a
Cabanado of me, I like not such ginning honour as Sir Walter
hath giue me life, which if I can take, for it not, he neuer comes vn-
lookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, rix or fives, Enter the King the Prince, Lord John
of Lancaster, and Lord of Westmerland.*

King. I prethe Henry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedst too
much, Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
P. Ides. Not I my Lord, vntill I did bleed too.
Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vpy
Leaue your retirement do amaze your friends.
King. I will do for my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his
Wife. Come, my Lord, he lead you to your tent.
Prin. Lead me, my Lord, I do not neede your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drie

The

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where thain'd nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes tisom: in massacres.

Ed. We breathe too long, come, coosen Westmerland,
Our due is this way lies: For Gods sake come.
Prin. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spurs
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I doe respect thee as my foule.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,
Wash lustre maintenance, then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends metall to viall.
Ed. Dony. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfetst the person of a king?

Ed. The king himselfe, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Secke Percy and thy selfe about the field,
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assy thee, and defend thy selfe.

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

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.
Prin. Hold vpy thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Nearer to hold it vpy againe, the spirits
Of valiant Shertly, Stafford, fill out, are in my armes
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatest thee,
V Who neuer promised, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.
Cherely my Lord, how likes your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gausfry hath for come fant,
And so hath Chittonie to Clifton straight,
King. Stay, and breathe a while

K 2 Thou

The Historie of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God, they did me too much inurie,
That cutt this Lid, I ha'kened for your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone

The insaluting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue bene as freely in your end,
As all the poisonous poisons in the world,
And fast'd the trecherous labour of your fottne.

King. Make vp to Clifton. He to S. Nicholas Gawfey. *Exit K.*

Enter Hotspur.

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

Prin. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prin. Why, then I set a very valiant rebell of that name;
I am the Prince of Wales and thinke not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

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

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

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay you shall find no boyes
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas he fighteth with Falstaffe he falls
downe as if he were dead the Prince
killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth,
Thou'rt brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

Henry the fourth.

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy fiend my flesh;
But though'ts the flaxe of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes foray of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophetic,
But that the earth and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust
And food for

Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
I'll weau'd ambition, how much art thou struncke?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beeres not alone so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,
I should not make fo great a shew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And cuen in thy behalfe ile thank my selfe,
For doing these faire rites of tendernesse.
Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomny sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He fighteth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore lacke, farewell,
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heavy miste of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not brooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many deere, in this bloody fray.
Inbowel'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Fal. Inbowel'd? if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue
to powder mee and eate me too to morrow. Zblood, it was time
to counterfet, or that hoste magant Scot had paid mee for and
lot too. Counterfet? I he, I am no counterfet: to die is to be a
counterfet, for hee is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not

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the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby
hath it, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of
it indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which
better part Percy, though he be dead; how if he should counterfeit
too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better
counterfeit; therefore then see him first, yea, and the favour I hold
him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but
eyes, and no body sees me; therefore sitra, wash a new wound in
your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes up Blinnow on his backe. Enter Prince and
John of Lancaster.*

Prin. Come, by other Iohn, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

John. But first, whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is a fantasie that plays vpon our eyes-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

John. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man; but if I see
not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Lacke: there is Percy, if your
father will doe mee any honour, so if not, let him kill the next
Percy himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure
you.

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

Fal. Didst thou? I trow, Lord, how this world is giuen to ly-
ing: I grant you, I was downe and out of breath, and so was he; but
wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by
Shrewsburie clocke; if I may be believed, so if not, let them
that should reward valour, beare the blame vpon their owne
heads. He take it vpon my death, I giue him this wound in the
thigh; if the man were alive, and would denie it, I would
make him eate a peece of my face.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard of.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn, and I pray
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backes.

For

Mercy the fourth,

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
He giuld it with the happiest termes I haue.

A speech is found out.

Prin. The Trumpets sounds retreat, the day is ouer.
Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

Fal. He follow, as they say, for reward. Hee that rewards me,
God reward him. If I doe growe great, he growe lesse, for he
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly as a noble man should
doe.

Exit.

*The Trumpets sound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lords
John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester, and
Vernon, prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke.

Illspirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?

And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?

Three knights vpon our partie flaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,

Had beene alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

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

King. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will passe vpon.

How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy flaine, and all his men
Vpon the foote of Scare, fled with the rest
And falling from a hill, he was so brui'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King.

2 or 3 lines of
King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then brother, Iohn of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong,
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransom little and free,
His valours shew in yon our Crests to day,
Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our adversaries.
Isab. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.
King. Then this remains, that we divide our power,
You shall Iohn, and my cosen Westmerland
Towards York shall bend, you with your dearest speed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:
My selfe, and you, some Flury, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the checke of such another day.
And since this businesse is done,
Let vs not leave till all our owne be won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



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