

k6

SHAKESPEARE.

HENRY IV. 1<sup>st</sup> PART. LOND. 1599.

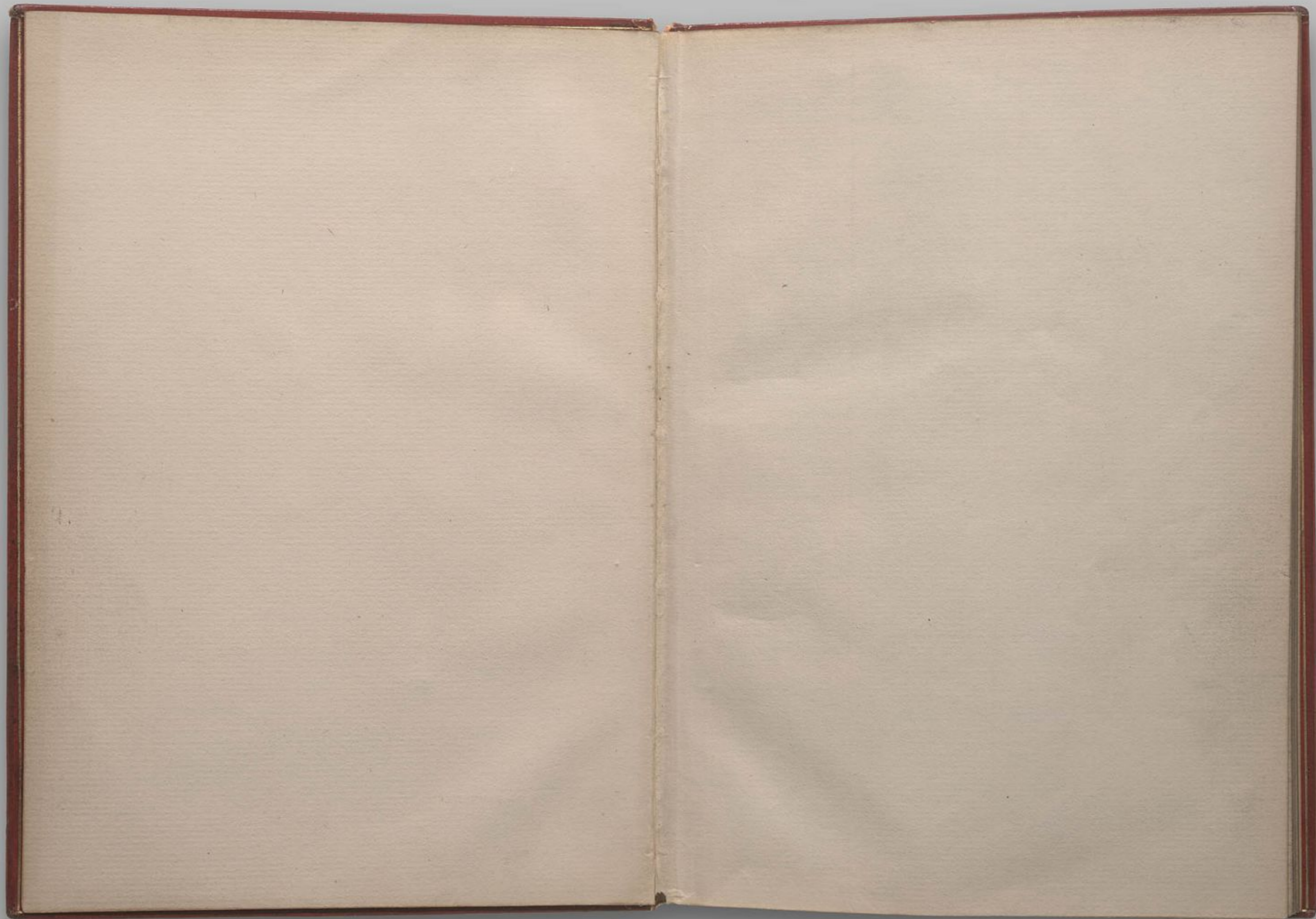
C. 34













*K. Shakspeare*

*C. 34. K. 6.*

*6215*

*6215*  
*6*  
THE  
HISTORY OF  
HENRIE THE  
FOURTH;

With 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. Shake-speare.*



AT LONDON,  
Printed by S. S. for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling  
in *Paules Churchyard*, at the signe of  
the *Angell*. 1599.





## THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

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

*King.*



O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breath short winded accēts of new broils  
To be commenc't in stronds a far remote:  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile  
Shal dawbe her lips with her owne childrens  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields, (blood,  
Nor bruise her flourets with the armed hoofes  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke  
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,  
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming rancks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.  
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 souldiour now, vnder whose blessed crosse  
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,  
To chase these Pagans in those holy fields,  
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,



Which 1400. yeers ago were naild,  
 For our aduantage on the bitter crosse,  
 But this our purpose now is twelue month old,  
 And bootlesse 't is to tell you we wil goe.  
 Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare  
 Of you my gentle Coosen Westmerland,  
 What yester night our Counsell did decree  
 In forwarding this deere expedience.

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

*King.* It seemesthen that the tidings of this broile,  
 Brake off our businesse for the holy Land.

*West.* This matcht with other did my gracious L.  
 For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes  
 Came from the North, and thus it did import,  
 On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
 Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,  
 That euer valiant and approued Scot,  
 At Holmedon met, where they did spend  
 A sad and bloody houre:  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
 For he that brought them in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention, did take horse  
 Vncertaine of the issue any way.

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

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variation of each soile,  
 Betwixt that Holmedon, and this seate of ours:  
 And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,  
 The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twentie knights  
 Balkt in their owne blood. Did sir Walter see  
 On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur tooke  
 Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne  
 To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,  
 Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:  
 And is not this an honorable spoile?  
 A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.

*West.* A conquest for a Prince to boast of,

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me fenne,  
 In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
 Should be the father to so blest a sonne:  
 A sonne who is the theame of honors tongue  
 Amongst a groue the very straightest plant,  
 Who is sweet fortunes minion and her pride,  
 Whilst I by looking on the praise of him  
 See ryot and dishonour staine the brow  
 Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
 In cradle clothes our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,  
 Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:  
 But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you tooke  
 Of this yong Percies pride? The prisoners  
 Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd  
 To his owne vse, he keeps and sends me word,  
 I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

*West.* This is his vnckles teaching: This is Worcester,  
 Maleuolent to you in all aspects,  
 Which makes him prune 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,



Coosen, on wednesday next our Counsel we will hold

At Windfore, so informe the Lordes:

But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,

For more is to be said and to be done,

Then out of anger can be vttered.

*West.* I will, my liege.

*Enter prince of Wales & Sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

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

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

*Fals.* Indeede you come neere mee nowe *Hal*, for wee that take purses, goe by the moone and the seuen starres, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethe sweete wag, when thou art king, as God saue thy grace: maiestie I should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What none?

*Fals.* No, by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Fals.* Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs that are squires of the nights body, bee called theeues of the dayes beautie: let vs bee *Dianas* forresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moone, and let men say, wee bee men of good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

*Prince.* Thou saiest well, and it holds wel 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 prooffe. Now

a purse

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Prince.* No, thou shalt.

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

*Prince.* Thou iudget false already, I meane thou shalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fals.* Well, *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suites?

*Fals.* Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrob. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

*Prince.* Or an old Lyon, or a louers Lute.

*Fals.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Prin.* What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Mooredra



Mooreditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfaultry smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely and in the streete to.

*Prince.* Thou didst wel, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

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

*Prin.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

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

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

*Fals.* Why, *Hal*, 't is my vocation *Hal*, 't is no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poynes.*

*Poynes.* nowe shall we knowe if Gads hill haue set a match. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him: this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, *Ned*.

*Poynes.* Good morrow sweete *Hal*. What saies Monsieur remorse? what sayes sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy soule that thou soulest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a cold capont legge?

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

*Poynes.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd for coofening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Cantuarburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues, Gads hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in Eastcheape: we may doe it as leure as heepe: if you will goe, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and goe not, ile hang you for going.

*Po.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

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

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

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

*Fals.* Why that's well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, ile tarry at home.

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

*Prin.* I care not.

*Po.* Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shal goe.

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

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Allhallowne summer.

*Poin.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow, I haue a iealt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstaffe, Hartey, Rossill, and Gads hill, shal rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.



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

*Po.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'le set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea: but t'is like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shal not see, i'le tie thē in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirra, I haue cases of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

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

*Po.* Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd baekē: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, he forswear armes. The vertue of this ieast will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell vs when wee meet at supper, how thirtie at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieast.

*Prince.* Well, i'le goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there i'le sup: farewell.

*Po.* Farewell my Lord. *Exit Paines.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a while vphold  
The vnyokt humour of your idlenesse,  
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother vp his beautie from the world,  
That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
Being wanted he may be more wondred at  
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him,  
If all the yeere were playing holy-dayes,  
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:  
So when this loose 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 falsifie mens hopes,  
And like bright mettall on a sullen ground,  
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,  
Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eies  
Then that which hath no foile to set it off,  
He so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

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

*King.* My blood hath bin too cold 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 feard, then my condition,  
Which hath bin smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne liege) little deserues  
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,  
And that same greatnesse to, which our owne hands  
Haue holpe to make so portly. *North.* My Lord,

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

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

B 2

Hotsp.



*Hotsp.* My liege, I did denie no prisoners,  
 But I remember when the fight was done,  
 When I was drie with rage, and extreme toyle,  
 Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
 Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,  
 Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home,  
 He was perfum'd like a Milliner,  
 And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held  
 A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon  
 He gaue his nose, and took't away againe,  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there  
 Tooke it in suffe, and still he smild and talkt:  
 And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,  
 He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,  
 To bring a slouely vnhandsome coarfe  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie:  
 With many holy-day and ladie tearmes  
 He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded  
 My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pestred with a Poppingay,  
 Out of my griefe and my impatience,  
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
 He should, or he should not, for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweete,  
 And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the marker,  
 And telling me, the soueraignest thing on earth,  
 Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruise,  
 And that it was great pitie, so it was,  
 This villanous saltpeeter, should be diggd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
 So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himselfe haue bene a souldiour.  
 This bald vniointed chat of his (my Lord)  
 I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

And I beseech you, let not this report  
 Come current for an accusation  
 Betwixt my loue and your high-maiestie.  
*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my lord,  
 What e're *Harry Percy* 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 doe him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he vnlay it now.  
*King.* Why yet he doth denie his prisoners,  
 But with prouiso and exception,  
 That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight  
 His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,  
 Who on my foule, hath wilfully betraid  
 The liues of those, that he did lead to fight  
 Against that great Magitian, damned Glendower,  
 Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of March  
 Hath lately married; shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares  
 When they haue lost and forfeited themselues?  
 No, on the barren mountaine let him starue:  
 For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,  
 Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home reuolted Mortimer.  
*Hot.* Reuolted Mortimer?  
 He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne liege,  
 But by the chance of war: to proue that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,  
 When on the gentle Seuerns siedgie banke,  
 In single opposition hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an houre,  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower,  
 Three times they breathd, & three times did they drinke  
 Vpon agreement of swift Seuerns floud,  
 Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

B 3

Ran



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

*King.* Thou doest bely him Percy, thou doest bely him,  
 He neuer did encounter with Glendower:  
 I tell thee he durst as well haue met the deuill alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
 Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
 Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me

As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
 We licence your departure with your sonne,  
 Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it.

Exit King.

*Hot.* And if the deuill come and rore for them,  
 I wil not send 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? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
 Here comes your vnckle.

Enter Wor.

*Hot.* Speake of Mortimer?  
 Zoundes I will speake of him: and let my soule  
 Want mercie, if I doe not ioyne with him:  
 Yea, on his part Ile emptie all these vaines,  
 And shed my deare blood, drop by drop in the dust,  
 But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer  
 As high in the aire as this vnthankfull king,  
 As this ingrate and cankered Bullingbrooke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,  
 And when I vrg'd the ranfome once agayne  
 Of my wifes brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

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

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

*North.* He was, I heard the proclamation:  
 And then it was, when the vnhappy king,  
 (Whose wrongs in vs God pardō) did set forth  
 Vpon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted, did returne  
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth  
 Liue scandaliz'd and fouly spoken of.

*Hot.* 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.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his coosen king,  
 That wisht him on the barren mountaines Itarue,  
 But shall it be that you that set the crowne

Vpon the head of this forgetful man,  
 And for his sake weare the detested blot  
 Of murtherous subornation? shall it be

That you a world of curses vndergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second meanes,  
 The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather:

O pardon me, that I descend so low,  
 To shew the line and the predicament,  
 Wherein you range vnder this subtil king.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,  
 Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,  
 (As both of you God pardon it, haue done)

To put downe Richard that sweet louely Rose,  
 And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
 By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,



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

*Wor.* Peace coosen, say no more.  
And now I will vnclaspe a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontent  
He reade you matter deepe and dangerous,  
Asfull of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good-night, or sincke, 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 stirs  
To rouse a lyon than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience:  
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,  
To plucke bright honor from the palefac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where sadome line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fact fellowship.

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

*Hot.* I crie you mercy.  
*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners  
*Hot.* He keepe them all;  
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,  
No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shall not.

He keepe them by this hand,  
*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no care vnto my purposes:  
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

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

*Wor.* Heare you coosen, a word.  
*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly desie,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,  
And that same sword and buckler prince of Wales,  
But that I thinke his father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of Ale.

*Wor.* Farewell kinsman, ile talke to you  
When you are better tempered to attend.

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

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scour'gd with rods,  
Netled, and stung with pismires, when I heare  
Of this vile polititian Bullingbrooke,  
In Richards time, what do you call the place?  
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;  
T'was where the mad-cap duke his vncke kept  
His vncke Yorke, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bullingbrooke:  
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

*Nor.* At Barkly castle. *Hot.* You lay true.  
Why what a Candy deale of curtesie,  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,  
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,  
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind coosen:



O, the deuill take such coofeners, God forgive mee,  
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done I faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,  
Deliuere them vp, without their ransome straight,  
And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane  
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd  
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed,  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble prelate welbelou'd,  
The Archbishop.

Hotspur. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at Bristow the Lord Scroope:  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely staves but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hotsp. I smell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou still letst slip.

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

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And t'is no little reason bids vs speed,  
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:  
For beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

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

Wor. Coofen, farewell. No further goe in this,  
Then I by letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:  
Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertainie.

Nor. Farewel good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

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

*Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.*

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

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I prethee Tom, beat Cuts saddle, put a few flocks in  
the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

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

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

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

1 Car. Like a Tench: by the Masse there is ne're a king christen  
could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cocke.

2 Car. Why, they will allow vs ne're a lordane, and then we  
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like  
aloach.

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

2 Car. I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Gin-  
ger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing crosse.

1 Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quiet star-  
ued: what Ostler? a plague on thee, halt thou neuer an eie in thy  
head: an't not heare, and t'were not as good deede as drink to  
breake

C 2



breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hang'd,  
hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gadshill.* Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

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

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

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

*Gad.* I pray thee lend me thine.

*2 Car.* I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he)  
marry ile see thee hang'd first.

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

*2 Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant  
thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'le call vp the Gentlemen,  
they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine. Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho: Chamberlaine.

*Cham.* At hand quoth picke-purse.

*Gad.* That's euē as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine:  
for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giving  
direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that  
I told you yester night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent,  
hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard  
him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of  
Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes  
what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they  
will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile  
giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hang-  
man, for I know thou worshippingest Saint Nicholas, as truely as a  
man of falshood may.

*Ga.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile  
make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs  
with me, & thou knowest he is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

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 ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie  
strickers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms,  
but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great  
Oneyers, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak,  
and speak sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and  
yet (zoundes) 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 bootes.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will she  
hold out water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, lustice hath liquord her: we steale as  
in a Castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Ferneseede, wee  
walke inuisible.

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

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our pur-  
chase, as I am a true man.

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

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

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.*

*Poin.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoou'd Falstalffes horse,  
and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prince.* Stand close. *Enter Falstalffe.*

*Fals.* Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling doest  
thou keepe?

*Fals.* What Poynes, Hal?

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

*Fals.* I am accur'd to rob in that theeues companie, the rascal  
hath remooued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I  
trauell but foure foote by the squire further afoote, I shal 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 hourelly any time this xxii. yeare, and yet I am be-



wicht with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, ile starue ere ile reb afoote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoote with mee: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

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

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of traucellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? blood ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye, to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

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

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

*Fals.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be raine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Fals.* So I do against my will.

*Poi.* O t'is our setter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

*Bar.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Fauerne.

*Gad.* There's inough to make vs all:

*Fals.* To be hang'd.

*Prin.* Sirs, you foute shal front them in the narrow lane Ned Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* How many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals.* Zoundes, will they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What a coward, sir Iohn paunch?

*Fals.* In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* Well, we leaue that to the prooffe.

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

*Fals.* Now can not I strike him if I should be hang'd.

*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poi.* Here, hard by, stand close.

*Fals.* Now my matters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery man to his businesse. *Enter the traucellers.*

*Trauai.* Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, weele walke afoote awhile, and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stand. *Trauel.* Iesus bleffe vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horefon Catterpillers, Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

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

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on Bacons on, what yee knaues? yong men must liue, you are graunde iurers, are yee? weele iure ye faith.

*Here they rob them, and bind them. Exeunt.*

*Enter the Prince and Poynes.*

*Prin.* The theeues haue bound the true men: now we coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merily to London, it woulde be argument for a wecke, laughter for a moneth, and a good iest for euer.

*Poynes.* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come, my master, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowardes, there's no equitie stirring, ther's no more valour in that Poynes, then in a wilde ducke.



Prin. Your money.  
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poinet set upon them, they all runne away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the bootie behind them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeues 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, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wer't not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poinet. How the roguer roar'd. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*

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

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

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous,*

Why that's certaine, '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 safetie.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named uncertaine, the time it selfe vsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoysse of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so. I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the Action, Zouandes and I were now by this rascal, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncler, and my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Dowglas? haue I not at their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? what a pagan rascal is this, and infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide

my selfe, & go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

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

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin

A banisht woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomake, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?

And start so often when thou sitst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?

And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee

To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,

And heard thee murmur tales of yron wars,

Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding steed,

Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt

Of fallies, and retyres of trenches, tents,

Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,

Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiours slaine,

And all the currents of a heddy fight,

Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,

And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow

Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,

And in thy face strange motions haue appeared,

Such as we see when men restraime their breath,

On some great suddaine haste. O, what portents are these?

Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,

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

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

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

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

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

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

Ser. It is my Lord.



The Historie

Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him  
straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What fault thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

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

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale  
of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith, ile know your busines  
Harry, that I wil, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about  
his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, answere mee directly, vnto  
this question that I shall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little fin-  
ger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

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

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?  
Well, doe not then, for since you loue me not,  
I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?  
Nay, tell me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

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

La. How, so far?

Hot.

of Henry the fourth.

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

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Poines.

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

Poi. Where hast bin, Hal?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or  
fourescore hogsheds. I haue founded the very base string of  
humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and  
can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and  
Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I  
be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, & tel me  
flatly, I am no proud Iacke, like Falstalffe, but a Corinthian, a  
lad of mettal, a good boy, ( by the Lord, so they call me) and  
when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads  
in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, 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 quar-  
ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker, in his own  
language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much  
honour, that thou wert not with me, in this action; but sweet  
Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth  
of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vndersinker,  
one that neuer spake other English in his life, then eight shil-  
lings and sixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill ad-  
ditiō, anon, anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone,  
or so. But Ned, to driue away the time till Falstalffe 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 Frances, that his tale to me may be nothing  
but anon: step aside, and ile shew thee a present.

Poi. Frances.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Prin. Frances.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir. Looke downe into the Pomgarnet,  
Ralph.

D 2.

Prin.



Prin. Come hither, Frances. Fran. My Lord.  
 Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Frances?  
 Fran. Forfooth, fūe yeeres, and as much as to.  
 Po. Frances.  
 Fran. Anon, anon fir.  
 Prin. Fūe yeere, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pew-  
 ter; bit Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward  
 with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run  
 from it?  
 Fran. O Lord fir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in Eng-  
 land, I could find in my heart.  
 Poin. Frances. Fran. Anon fir.  
 Prin. How old art thou, Frances?  
 Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be.  
 Poin. Frances.  
 Fran. Anon fir, pray you stay a little my Lord.  
 Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest  
 me, t'was a peni worth, was't not?  
 Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.  
 Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske me when  
 thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.  
 Poin. Frances. Fran. Anon, anon.  
 Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or  
 Frances a Thursday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But  
 Frances.  
 Fran. My Lord.  
 Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, cristall button,  
 not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smooth  
 tongue, spanish pouch?  
 Fran. O Lord fir, who doe you meane?  
 Prin. Why, then your browne baltard is your onely drinke  
 for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will sulley.  
 In Barbary fir, it cannot come to so much.  
 Fran. What fir? Poin. Frances.  
 Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call.  
*Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing  
 which way to goe.*  
 Vint. What, standst thou stil, and hearst such a calling? looke

to the ghests within. My Lord, old fir John with halfe a douzen  
 more are at the doore, shall I let them in?  
 Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: Poincs.  
 Poi. Anon, anon fir. Enter Poincs.  
 Prin. Sirra, Falstalffe and the rest of the theeues are at the  
 doore, shall we be merry?  
 Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning  
 match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's  
 the issue?  
 Prin. I am now of all humours, that haue shewed themselues  
 humours since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill  
 age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke,  
 Frances?  
 Fran. Anon, anon fir.  
 Prin. That euer this fellowe should haue fewer words then  
 a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires  
 and downe staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am  
 not yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills  
 me some sixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast, washes  
 his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want  
 worke. O my sweet Harry saies ihe! how many hast thou kild  
 to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and aun-  
 swers some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee  
 call in Falstalffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall  
 play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rino saies the drunkard: call in  
 Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstalffe.

Poi. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?  
 Fals. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mar-  
 ry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy, E're I lead this life  
 long, ile sow neather stocks, and mend them, & foote them too.  
 A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there  
 no vertue extant?  
 Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitiful  
 harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes? if thou  
 didst, then behold that compound.



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

*Prin.* How now, Wolfacke, what mutter you?

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

*Prin.* Why you horeson round-man, what's the matter?

*Fals.* Are you not a coward? aunswere me to that, and Poynesthere.

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

*Fals.* I call thee coward: ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I coulde runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, 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 me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wip't since thou druk't last.

*Fals.* All is one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fals.* What's the matter? there be foure of vs here haue tane a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prin.* Where is it, lacke, where is it?

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

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fals.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue scap't by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose, my

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

*Gad.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Refs.* We foure set vpon some douzen.

*Fal.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

*Refs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, and Ebrew Iew.

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

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or thre and fiftie vpon poore olde lacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Prin.* Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of the. Two I am sure I haue paid, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse: thou knowest my olde ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou sayd't it but two, euen now.

*Fal.* Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he said, foure.

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

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, enen now.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poynes.* I, foure, in Buckrom suites.

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

*Prince.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Fal.* Doest thou heare me, Hal?



*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, Iacke.  
*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their points being broken.

*Poin.* Downe fell his hose.

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

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

*Fals.* But as the deuill would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets thē, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horseon obscene greasie tallow-catch,

*Fals.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad: is not the trueth the trueth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall green, whē it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?

*Poin.* Come your reason, Iacke, your reason.

*Fals.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the rackes in the worlde, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bedpresser, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,

*Fa.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neatstoūg, you bulspizzel, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee? you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile stāding tuck.

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

*Poynes.* Marke, Iacke.

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

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

*Poin.* Come, let's heare. Iacke, what tricke hast thou now?

*Falst.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why, heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kill the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knowest, I am as valiant, as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lyon, and thou, for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we bee merrie, shall we haue a play extempore?

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

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

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Princee

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

*Ho.* Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at doore, would speake with you: he sayes, 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 maner of man is he?

*Ho.* An old man.

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

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

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

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



*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

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

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to belubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blond of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blisht to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou hast blisht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy sale, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

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

*Prince.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of humbalt, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagle talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of fighting & grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villainous newes abroad, here was sir Iohn Braby from your father: you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, and he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Paines.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with his pistol killes a sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sparrow.

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

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

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuckow) but afoote he will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

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

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

*Falst.* By the masse, lad, thou'st true, it is like we shall haue good trading that way: but, tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being here apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, & that diuell Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thril at it?

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

*Falst.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy father, if thou loue mee: practise an answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content. This chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

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

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be mooued. Gue mee a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in king Cambises vaine.

E 2

Prince,



*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speeche; stand aside, Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport, I faith.

*Fal.* Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holds his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake, Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,  
For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Iesu, he doth it, as like one of these harlotrie plaiers,  
as euer I see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou spendest thy time: but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cam-momill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lies the point: why, beeing sonne to mee, art thou so pointed at? shall the blessed sonne of heauen, prooue a micher, and eat blacke-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England, prooue a theefe, and take purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares: not in pleasure, but in pangs; 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.

*Prin.* What maner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man I faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble carriage, & as I thinke, his age some fittie, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember mee, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I see vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falstaffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet tell me, where hast thou bin, this month?

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

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

*Prin.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

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

*Fal.* My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

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

*Fal.* Zblood, my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tickle ye for a yong prince I faith.

*Prin.* Swearst thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of an olde fat man, a tun of man is thy companion: why dost thou connerse with that trunke of humours, that boultinhutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloake bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste sacke & drinke it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to earne a capon & eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take mee with you, whome meanes your grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abominable milleader of youth: Falstaffe, that olde white bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know.

*Prin.* I know, thou doest.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my self, were to say more then I know: that he is old, the more the pittie, his white haire doth witness it, but that he is sauing your reuerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and mery be a sin, the many an old host that I know 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 Poines, but for sweet lacke



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

Prin. I, do, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. 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.*

Host. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh, the diuel rides vpon a fiddle sticke, what's the matter?

Host. The Sherife and al 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 golde a counterfet, thou art essentially made without seeming so.

Prince. And thou, a naturall coward without instinct.

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

Prin. Go, hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a-boue: now my masters, 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?

She. One of them is well knowen, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

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

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee, That will by to morrow dinner time, Send in to answer thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreat you leaue the house.

She. 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.

She. God night, my noble Lord.

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

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

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

Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

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

*He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.*

Prin. What hast thou found?

Pet. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's see what they be: read them.

Item, a capon. 2.s.ii.d.

Item, sawce. iiii.d.

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

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

Item, bread. ob.

O mostrous! but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of sack? what there is else keep close, wee'le read it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day, ile to the court in the morning. We must all to the warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death wil be a march of twelue score, the money shall be paid backe againe with aduantage; bee with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Motimer,*

*Owen Glendower.*

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And



And our induction full of prosperous hope,  
*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and coosen Glendower will you sit downe  
 and Vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

*Glendow.* No, here it is; sit Coosen Percie, sit good Coosen  
 Hotspur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,  
 his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sight he wisheth you in  
 heauen.

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

*Glen.* I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie  
 The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes  
 Of burning cressets, 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 kittened, though your selfe had neuer bene  
 borne.

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

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

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

*Hot.* Oh, then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,  
 And not in feare of your natiuitie,  
 Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth  
 In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth  
 Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vex't,  
 By the imprisoning of vnripy winde  
 Within her wombe, which for enlargement striving,  
 Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe  
 Steeples and mossegrowen towers. At your birth  
 Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature  
 In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Coosen, of many men  
 I do not beare these crossings: giue me leaue  
 To tell you once againe, that at my birth  
 The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
 The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards  
 Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

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

*Hot.* I thinke, there's no man speaks better Welsh:  
 Ile to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace, coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

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

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

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

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coose, to shame the deuill,  
 By telling trueth. Tell trueth and shame the deuill:  
 If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,  
 And ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence:  
 Oh while you liue, tell trueth and shame the deuill.

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

*Glen.* Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head  
 Against my power, thrice from the bancks of Wye,  
 And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him  
 Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

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

*Glen.* Come, here is the map, shal we deuide our right,  
 According to our threefold order tane?

*Mor.* 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,

E

And



And our indentures tripartite are drawne,  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A businesse 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 vs, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his helpe these fourteene daies:  
Within that space, you may haue drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, & neighbouring gentlemen.

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

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

*Glen.* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

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

*Hot.* Ile haue it so, a little charge will doe it.

*Glen.* Ile not haue it alfred.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Gl.* Why, that will I.

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

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

*Hot.* Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart,  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,

Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:

I had rather heare a brasen cansticke turnd,

Or a drie wheele grate on the axle-tree,

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,

Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:

'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glen.* Come, you shall haue Trent turnd.

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

But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:

Ile caull on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

*Glen.* The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:

Ile haste the writer, and withall,

Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

*Exit.*

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

*Hot.* I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:

And, of a Dragon and a finlesse fish,

A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulted rauen,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of skimble skamble stufte,

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

He held me last night, at least, nine houres,

In reckoning vp the seuerall dieels names



The Historic

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But markt him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,  
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue  
With cheefe and garlike in a Windmill far,  
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendome.

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

*Wor.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your comming hither haue done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience:  
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, bloud,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,  
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdainie,  
The least of which, hanting a noble man,  
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behind a staine  
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

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

*Enter Glendower with the Ladies.*

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

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

of Henry the fourth.

Shee'le be a souldier too, shee'le to the wars.  
*Mor.* Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt Percy  
Shal follow in your conduct speedily.

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

*Glen.* Shee is desperate here,  
A peeuish selfe wilde harlotrie, one that no perswasion can doe  
good vpon.

*The Ladie speakes in Welsh.*

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

*The Lady againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* 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 sweet as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,  
With rauishing diuision to her Lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if you melt, then will she runne mad.

*The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

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

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

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



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

**La.** Go, ye giddy goose.

*The musicke player.*

**Hot.** Now, I perceine the diuel vnderstands Welsh,  
And t'is no maruaile he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musicion.

**La.** Then should you be nothing but musicall,  
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:  
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the lady sing in Welsh.

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

**La.** Would'it thou haue thy head broken?

**Hot.** No.

**La.** Then be still.

**Hot.** Neither, t'is a womans fault.

**La.** Now God helpe thee.

**Hot.** To the Welsh Ladies bed.

**La.** What's that?

**Hot.** Peace, she sings.

*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*

**Hot.** Come, Kate, ile haue your song too.

**La.** Not mine in good sooth.

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

And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes,

As if thou neuer walk'st further then Pinsburie.

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

A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger bread

To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.

Come, sing.

**La.** I will not sing.

**Hot.** T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher;  
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres,  
and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

**Glen.** Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,  
As **Hot.** Lord Percy, is on fire to goe;

By our booke is drawne, weel'e but seale,  
And then to horse immediately.

**Mor.** 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 priuat conference, but be neere at hand,  
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*

I knowe not whether God will haue it so,  
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,  
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,  
Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:

But thou doest in the passages of life,

Make me belecue 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 societie,

As thou art match't 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 deuilsde,

Which oft the eare of greatnes needes must heare,

By smiling pickthanks and base newes mongers,

I may for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath saltie wandered, and irregular,

Find pardon, on my true submission.

**Kin.** God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,

Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost,

Which by thy yonger brother is supplide,

And art almost an alien to the hearts



Of all the Court and princes of my blood,  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
 Prophetically doe forethinke thy fall:  
 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
 So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,  
 Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,  
 Had still kept loyall to possession,  
 And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.  
 By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,  
 But like a Comet, I was wondred at,  
 That men would tell their children, This is he:  
 Others would say, Where, which is Bullingbrook?  
 And then I stole all courtesie from heauen,  
 And drest my selfe in such humilitie,  
 That I did plucke allegeance from mens hearts,  
 Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,  
 Euen in presence of the crowned King.  
 Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,  
 My presence like a robe pontificall,  
 Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state  
 Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,  
 And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie,  
 The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,  
 With shallow iesters, and rash bauin wits,  
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
 Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,  
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
 And gaue his countenance against his name  
 To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the push  
 Of euery beardlesse vaine comparatiue,  
 Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
 Enfeost himselfe to popularitie,  
 That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
 They surfetted with hony, and began to loath  
 The taste of sweetenesse, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much,  
 So when he had occasion to be seene,  
 He was; but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
 Heard, not regarded: seene, but with such eyes  
 As sicke and blunted with communitie,  
 Affoord no extraordinary gaze.  
 Such as is bent on sun-like Maieslie,  
 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 vse to their aduersaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorgde, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,  
 For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,  
 With vile participation. Not an eye,  
 But is 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 blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

Prin, 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 Rauenspurgh,  
 And euen as I was then, is Percy now:  
 Now, by my scepter, and my soule to boote,  
 He hath more worthie interest to the state,  
 Then thou, the shadow of succession.  
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
 He doth fill fields with harnesse in the Realme,  
 Turns head against the Lyons armed iawes,  
 And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
 Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on  
 To bloudie battailes, and to bruising armes.  
 What neuer dying honour hath he got,  
 Against renowned Dowglas? Whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incurfions, and great name in armes,  
 Holds from all souldiours, chiefe maiortie,  
 And militarie title capitall.



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

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

And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render euery glory vp,  
 Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will teare 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 doe beseech your Maiefty may salue  
 The long growne wounds of my intemperance:  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
 And I will die, a hundred thousand deaths,  
 Ere breake the smallest parcel of this vow.  
*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
 Thou shalt haue charge, & soueraigne trust herein.  
 How now good Blunt? thy looks 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 eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury,  
 A mighty, and a fearefull head they are,  
 (If promises be kept on euery hand,  
 As euer offred foule play in a state.)  
*King.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,  
 With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
 For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old,  
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward,  
 On Thursday, we our selues wil 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 meet:  
 Our hands are full of busines, let's away,  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.*

*Fal.* Bardol, am I not false away vilely since this last action?  
 do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about  
 me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an old  
 apple Iohn Well, he repent, and that suddenly, while I am in  
 some



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

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdie song, make mee merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy house, not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, listed well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

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

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

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

*Fal.* No, ile bee 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 hee is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my othe should bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gods hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke, thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bon-fire light, thou hast saued me, a thousand Marks in Links, and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the lacke, that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Sallamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

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

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd *Enter host.* yet who pick't my pocket?

*Hof.* Why sir Iohn, what doe you thinke, sir Iohn? doe you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue search't, I haue enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tight of a haire, was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd and lost many a haire: and ile be sworne, my pocket was pick't: go to, you are a woman, go.

*Hof.* Who, I? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cal'd so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goto, I know you well inough.

*Hof.* No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn: I know you sir Iohn, you owe me money, sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a douzen of shirts to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy doulas. I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

*Hof.* Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii. s. an ell: you owe money here besides, sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you xxiiii. pound.

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

*Hof.* He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

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

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

*Fal.* How? the prince is a lacke, a sneakeup: Zblood and he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him*

*playing vpon his trunchion like a fife.*

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

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

*Hof.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.



*Prin.* What saist thou, mistress quickly? how doeth  
band? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my Lord, heare me.

*Fals.* Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou, Iacke?

*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, Iacke?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of for-  
eie pound a peece, and a scale ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penie matter.

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

*Prin.* What he did not?

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

*Fals.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor  
no more trueth in thee, then in a drawen foxe, and for woman-  
hood, maid mariō may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee,  
Go, you thing go.

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

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

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

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

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Fals.* What beast? why, an Otter.

*Prince.* An Otter, sir Iohn? why an Otter?

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

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

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

*Host.* So he doeth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day, You  
ought

ought him a thousand pound.

*Prin.* Sirra, do I owe you a thousand pound?

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

*Host.* Nay, my Lord, he cald you Iacke, and saide hee would  
cudgel you.

*Fals.* Did I, Bardol?

*Bar.* Indeed, sir Iohn, you sayd so.

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

*Prin.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fals.* Why, Hal? Thou knowest as thou art but man I dare,  
but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the  
Lyonswhelpe.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

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

*Prin.* O, if it should, howe would thy guts fall about thy  
knees? but sirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie,  
in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and midriffe.  
Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou  
horeson impudent impostor, if there were any thing in thy  
pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy hou-  
les, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee  
long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries  
but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you wil not  
pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Doest thou heare, Hal? thou knowest in the state of inno-  
cencie Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstafte do in the  
dayes of villanie? thou seest I haue more flesh then another man,  
& therefore more frailty. You confesse the you pickt my pocket.

*Prin.* It appeares so by the storie.

*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee, goe make ready breakfast, Ioue  
thy husband, looke to thy seruantes, cherish thy ghests, thou  
halt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pa-  
cified still: nay, prethee be gone.

*Exit Hostesse.*

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



*Prin.* O, my sweete beoffe, I must still be good angel to thee,  
the money is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, 't is a double labour.

*Pri.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

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

*Bar.* Do, my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee, lacke, a charge of foote.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shal I finde one that  
can steale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii, or therea-  
bouts; I am hainouly vnprovidid. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I  
praysse them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

*Pri.* Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
To my brother Iohn, this, to my lord of Westmerland.  
Go, Peto, to horse, to horse, for thou and I  
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time:  
lacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall

At two a clocke in the afternoone,  
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, braue world. Hostesse, my breakefast, come,  
Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking trueth  
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas haue,  
As not a souldior of this seasons stampe,  
Should go so generall currant through the world:  
By God, I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place  
In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe:  
Nay, taske me to my word, approoue 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.*

*Hot.* Doe so, and 't is well: What letters hast thou there?  
I can but thanke you.

*Mes.* These letters come from your father.

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

*Mes.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sicke.

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

Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

*Mes.* His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.

*Wor.* I prethee, tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mes.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes e're I set forth,  
And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much feard by his Phisicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,  
E're he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now: this sicknes doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprife,

'T is catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawn, nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

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

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction, 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 possesst

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,

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

Seemes 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 hazzard of one doubtfull houre?

It were not good, for therein should we read



The very bottoine and the soule of hope,  
The very lilt, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuerſion,  
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the hope, of what t'is to come in:  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeuons, a home to flie vnto,  
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big  
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had bin here:  
The qualitie and haire of our attempt  
Brookes no diuifion, it will be thought  
By ſome, that know not why he is away,  
That wiſedome, loyaltie, 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 breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:  
For, well you know, we of the offering ſide,  
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,  
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs.  
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,  
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You ſtraine too far,  
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,  
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterpriſe,  
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,  
If we without his helpe can make a head  
To push againſt a kingdome, with his helpe  
We ſhall or eturne it, topſie turuy 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 Rē. Vernon.*

*Hot.* My cooſen Vernon, welcome by my ſoule,  
*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, lord.  
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuē thouſand ſtrong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.

*Hot.* No harme, what more?  
*Ver.* And further I haue learnd,  
The King himſelfe in perſon is ſet forth,  
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,  
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

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

*Ver.* All furniſht, all in Armes:  
All plumde like Eſtridges, that with the wind  
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,  
Glittering in golden coats like images,  
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Midſomer,  
Wanton as youthfull goates, wild as young buls:  
I ſaw young Harry with his beuer on,  
His cuſhes on his thighs, gallantly armde,  
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,  
As if an Angel dropt downe from the clouds,  
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

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



Harry to Harry, shall hot horse to horse  
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:  
Oh, that Glendower were come.

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

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings, that I heare of it.

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

*Hot.* What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be,

My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs take a muster speedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

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

*Enter Falstaffe, and Bardoll.*

*Falst.* Bardol, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of  
Sacke, our souldiours shall march through. Wee'le to Sutton  
cophill to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money, Captaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an angell.

*Fal.* And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-  
ty, take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant  
Peto meet me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my souldiers, I am a souer' gurnet,  
I haue misused the kings presse damnably. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150. souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me  
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out  
contracted batchelers, such as had beene askt twice on the  
banes, such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare  
the Diuell, as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuer,  
worse thē a strooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I prest me none,  
but such tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger  
then pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and

now, my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-  
tenants, gentlemen of companies, slaues as ragged as Lazarus in  
the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores: and  
such as indeed were neuer souldiers, but discarded, vniust ser-  
uingmen, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapsters,  
and Ostlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long  
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, then an olde fazd  
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  
hundred and fittie tottered prodigals, lately come from swine  
keeping, from eating draffe and husks. A mad fellowe met mee  
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and  
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skarcrowes. He  
not march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and  
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had giues on,  
for indeede, I had the most of them out of prison, there's not a  
shirt and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe shirt is two  
napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a  
Heralds coate without sleeues, and the shirt, to say the trueth,  
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red-nose Inkeeper of  
Dauintry, but that's all one, thei'le finde linnen inough on eue-  
ry hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.*

*Prin.* How now, blowne lacke? how now, quilt?

*Fal.* What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuel dost thou  
in Warwickshire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mer-  
cie, I thought your honour had already bene at Shrewsburie.

*West.* Faith, sir Iohn, t'is more then time that I were there,  
and you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tel  
you, lookes for vs all, we must away all night.

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

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

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut, good inough to tolle, foode for powder, foode



for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as a better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

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

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

*Pri.* No, ile be sworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers in the ribs bare: but sirra, make haite, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the king incamp't?

*West.* 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 feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene ghest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Wee'le fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

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

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosen be aduis'd, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Doug.* You doe not counsell well: How now, how now?

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

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

And I dare well maintaine it with my life,

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weake feare,

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

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

*Doug.* Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

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

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine horse

Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

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

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

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth our:  
For Gods sake, coosen, stay till all come in.

*The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt: and would to God  
You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some  
Enuy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our qualitie,  
But stand against vs like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed maiestie,  
But to my charge, The king hath sent to know

The nature of your grieues, and whereupon  
You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace,

Such bold hostilitie, teaching his dutious land  
Audacious crueltie. If that the king

Haue any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your grieues, and with all speede,  
You shall haue your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these  
Herein mislead by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind: and wel we know, the king  
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My father, and my vncle, and my selfe,  
Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,

And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,  
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched and low,

A



A poore vnminde 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 sue his liuery, and beg his peace  
 With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,  
 My father in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,  
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the Lords, and Barons of the realme,  
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,  
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,  
 Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,  
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
 He presently, as greatnes knowes it selfe,  
 Steps me a little higher then his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,  
 Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,  
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
 Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees  
 That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,  
 Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
 Ouer 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 behinde him here,  
 When he was personall in the Irish warre,  
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.  
*Hot.* Then to the point.  
 In short time after, he depos'd the king,  
 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,  
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole state:  
 To make that woorse, suffred his kintman March,  
 (Who is, if query owner were well plac'd,

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

*Blunt.* Shall I returne this answer to the king?

*Hot.* 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 mine vnkle  
 Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

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

*Hot.* And may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you doe.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Mighel.*

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

*Sir M.* My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

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



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

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

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gallant warriors, 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 Iohn of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,  
And many mo coriuals and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes.

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

*Arch.* I hope no lesse, yet, needfull 'tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighel, speed:

For if Lord Percy thriue not, e're the king  
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,

For he hath heard of our confederacie,  
And, 'tis but wisdome, to make strong against him.

Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe  
To other friends, and so farewell, sir Mighel. *Exeunt.*

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

*King.* How bloudily the sunne begins to peare  
Above yon busky hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

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

*King.* Then, with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The trumpet sounds, Enter Worcester.*

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

As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,  
To crush our old limmes in vngentle steeles:  
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.

What say you to it? will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?

And moue in that obedient orbe againe,  
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,

And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigie of feare, and a portent

Of broched mischief to the vnborne 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  
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all our house,

And yet I must remember you, my Lord:  
We were the first and dearest of your friends,

For you my staffe of office did I breake  
In Richards time, and posted day and night

To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunuate as I.  
It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne,

That brought you home, and boldly did outdate  
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,

And you did sweare that othe at Dancaster,  
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,

Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,  
The seat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster:

To this, we swore our aid: but in short space  
It rained downe fortune showring on your head,

And such a flood of greatnesse fell on you,



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

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

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

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

*King.* And prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
 Albeit, considerations infinite  
 Do make against it: no good Worcester, no:  
 We loue our people well, euen those we loue  
 That are misled vpon your coofens part,  
 And will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he, and they, and you, yea euery man  
 Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his,  
 So tell your coofen, and bring me word  
 What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,  
 And they shall doe their office. So be gone:  
 We will not now be troubled with replie,  
 We offer faire, take it aduisedly. *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 will we set on them,  
 And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust.

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell  
 And bestride me, so, 't is a poynt of friendship.

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



*Fals.* I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay hm, before his day: what neede I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, t'is no matter, honor prickes me on: yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then? can honor set to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in surgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: what is in that worde? honor: what is that honour? ure: a trim reckoning, Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is insensible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,  
The liberall kinde offer of the king.

*Ver.* T'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 faults,  
Supposition, al our liues shall be stucke full of eyes,  
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,  
Who neuer so tame, so cherish't and lockt vp,  
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters:  
Looke how we can, or sad, or merily;  
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.  
My nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,  
And an adopted name of priuledge,  
A hair-braind Hotspur govern'd by a spleene:  
All his offences liue vpon my head  
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,  
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the spring of all shall pay for all:

Therefore good coosen, let not Harry know,  
In any case the offer of the king.

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Ve.* Deliuer what you will, ile say t'is so. Here comes your coose.

*Hot.* My vncl is return'd.

Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.

*Vncl.* what newes.

*Wor.* The king will bid you battel presently.

*Doug.* Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, goe you and tell him so.

*Dou.* Marry and thal and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God-forbid.

*Wor.* I tolde him gently of our grieuances,

Of his oth breaking, which he mended thus

By now forswearing that he is forsvorne,

He call vs, rebels, traitors, and will scourge

With hautie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Douglas.*

*Dou.* Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue throwne

A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

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

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

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay vpon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,

How shewed his talking? seemd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soule I neuer in my life,

Did heare a challenge vrg'd more modestly,

Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare,

To gentle exercise and prooue of Armes.

He gaue you all the dueties of a man,

Trim'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,

Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,

Making you euer better then his prayse,

By still dispraising praise valued with you,

And which became him like a prince indeed,

He



He made a blushing citall of himselfe.  
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
 As if he mastred there a double spirit  
 Of teaching and of learning instantly:  
 There did he pause; but let me tell the world,  
 If he outline the enue of this day,  
 England did neuer owe so sweete a hope  
 So much misconstured in his wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored  
 On his follies: neuer did I heare  
 Of any prince so wild a libertie:  
 But be he as he will, yet once e're night,  
 I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,  
 That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie.  
 Arme, arme with speed and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,  
 Better consider what you haue to do,  
 Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue  
 Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*

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

*Hot.* I can not read them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:  
 To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,  
 If life did ride vpon a diall point,  
 Still ending at the arriual of an houre,  
 And if we lue, we lue to tread on kings,  
 If die, 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.*

*Mes.* My Lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.

*Hot.* 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 aduenture of this perilous day.  
 Now esperance Percy, and set on,  
 Sound all the loftie instruments of war,  
 And by that Musicke let vs all embrace,

For

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

*Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the king enters with his  
 power, alarme 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 doe haunt thee in the battell thus,  
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought  
 Thy likenesse, for instead of thee, King Harry,  
 This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,  
 Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.

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

*They fight, Douglas kills Blunt, then enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
 I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.

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

*Hot.* Where? *Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,  
 Agallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,  
 Semblably furnish't like the king himself.

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

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coates.

*Doug.* Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates:  
 Ile murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
 Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp, and away,

Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.  
*Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the  
 shot here, here's no scoring but vpo the pate. Soft, who are you?  
 Sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as

K

hot



hot as molten lead, & as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me,  
I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my  
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my  
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begd' t'ire  
life: but who comes here?

*Enter the Prince,*

*Prin.* What, standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword,  
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnreueg'd. I prethee lend me thy sword,

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Tuerke  
Gregoric neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this  
day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

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

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not  
my sword, but take my pistol if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, 't is hot, 't is hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

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

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

*He throwes the bottle at him. Exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if he doe come  
in my way: so, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him  
make a Carbonado of me. I like not such g'ronning honour as Sir  
Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, hon-  
our comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John  
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too  
much, Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiestie, make vp,  
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends. *(tent.)*

*King.* I will doe so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his

*West.* Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

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

The

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

*Job.* We breathe too long, come, coosen Westmerland,  
Our duetie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, Lancaster,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lou'd thee as a brother John,  
But now, I doe respect thee, as my soule.

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

*Prin.* O, this boy lends metall to vs all. *Exit.*

*Doug.* Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,  
I am the Douglas, fatall to all those

That weare those colours on them. What art thou  
That counterfetst the person of a king?

*King.* The king himself, who Douglas grieues at heart,  
So many of his shadowes thou hast met

And not the very king: I haue two boyes  
Seeke Percie and thy selfe about the field,

But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another counterfet,  
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king,

But mine, I am sure, thou art, who er'e thou be:  
And thus I winne thee.

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

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits

Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes:  
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,

Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flieth.*

Cheerely, my Lord, how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsley hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton straight,

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while:

K 2

Thou



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 iniurie,  
That euer said, I harkened for your death.  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,  
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

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

*Enter Hotspur.*

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

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

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prin.* Why, then I see a very valiant rebell of the 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, shalt it, Harry? for the houre is come,  
To end the one of vs, and would to God  
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, e're 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 fals  
downe as if he were dead, the Prince  
killeth Percy.*

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

They

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my flesh:  
But thought's the slaue of life, and life times foole,  
And time that takes suruay of all the world,  
Must haue a stop. O, I could propheticke,  
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,  
Ill weau'd ambition, howe much art thou shrunke:  
When that this body did containe a spirit,  
A kingdome for it was too small a bound,

But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is roome inough: this earth that beares the dead,  
Beares not aliae so stoute a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:

But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,  
For doing these faire rites of tenderesse.

Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke, farewell,  
I could haue better spar'd a better man.

O, I should haue a heauie misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with vanitie:  
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
Inbowel'd will I see thee by and by,  
Till then, in blood by noble Percie lie. *Exit.*

*Falstaffe riseth up.*

*Fal.* Inbowel'd? if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue  
to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zblood, tw'as time  
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and  
lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am no counterfet: to die is to bee a  
counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not

K 3

the



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

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

*Prin.* Come, brother John, ful brauely hast thou flesh't  
Thy mayden sword.

*John.* But soft, whom haue we heare?  
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliuē?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eyesight?

*I* prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

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

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

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to ly-  
ing. I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he,  
but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by  
Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd to: if not, let them  
that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne  
heads. Ile take it vpon my death I gaue him this wound in the  
thigh: if the man were aliuē, and would denie it, Zounds I would  
make him eate a piece of my sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

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

For

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

*A reuente is sounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpet sounds reuente, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.  
*Exit.*  
*Fal.* Ile follow, as they say, for reward. Hee that rewardes me,  
God rewar d him. If I doe growe great, ile growe lesse, for ile  
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly as a noble man  
should do.

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

*King.* Thus euer did rebellion find 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 bene aliuē this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truely borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safety vrg'd mee 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 pause 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 Percie flaine, and all his men  
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:  
And falling from a hill, he was so brus'd,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent  
The Douglas is: and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

*King.*



*King.* With all my heart.  
*Prin.* Then, brother Iohn of Lancaster,  
To you this honourable bounty shall belong,  
Goe to the Douglas, and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure, ransomelesse and free:  
His valours shew' n vpon our Crests to day,  
Haue taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,  
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.  
*John.* I thanke your grace for this high curtesie,  
Which I shall giue away immediatly.  
*King.* Then this remaines, that we deuide our power,  
You sonne Iohn, and my coosen Westmerland  
Towards Yorke shall bend, you with your deereft speed  
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,  
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:  
My selfe, and you, sonne Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the checke of such another day.  
And, since this businesse so faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.





