

*Sir William Lee, Bart.  
Hartwell.*



*Sir G...*





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THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. V.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING

KING JOHN.  
KING RICHARD II.  
KING HENRY IV. Part I.  
KING HENRY IV. Part II.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXXVIII.



# KING JOHN.

VOL. V.

B

Persons

## Persons Represented.

King John.

Prince Henry, *son to the king.*

Arthur, *duke of Bretagne, and nephew to the king.*

Pembroke<sup>1</sup>,

Essex<sup>2</sup>,

Salisbury<sup>3</sup>,

Hubert,

Bigot<sup>4</sup>,

} *English lords.*

Faulconbridge, *bastard son to Richard the First.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *half brother to the bastard.*

James Gurney, *servant to the lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a prophet.*

Philip, *king of France.*

Lewis, *the dauphin.*

Arch-duce of Austria.

Cardinal Pandulpho, *the pope's legate.*

Melun, *a French lord.*

Chatillon, *ambassador from France to king John.*

Elinor, *queen-mother of England.*

Constance, *mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *daughter to Alphonso king of Castile, and niece to king John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Citizens of Angiers, heralds, executioners, messengers, soldiers, and other attendants.*

**The SCENE**, *sometimes in England; and sometimes in France.*

<sup>1</sup> *Pembroke,*] Earl of Pembroke, William Marehall.

<sup>2</sup> *Essex,*] Earl of Essex, Jeffrey Fitzpeter, Ch. J. of England.

<sup>3</sup> *Salisbury,*] Earl of Salisbury, William Longword, son to Hen. II. by Rosamond Clifford.

<sup>4</sup> *Bigot,*] Roger, earl of Norfolk and Suffolk. STEEVENS.

# K I N G J O H N <sup>s</sup>.

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Northampton.*

*A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter king John, queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.*

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In

<sup>s</sup> *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakespear and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is intirely different, and infinitely superior to it.

POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakespear in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakespear: the *Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakespear had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of the *Merry Devil of Edmouton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded; I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*: and when Shakespear's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. FARMER.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in  
B 2 the

4 KING JOHN,

In my behaviour <sup>6</sup>, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories;  
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud <sup>7</sup> controul of fierce and bloody  
war,

the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* 2 parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* 3 parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

“A booke called *The Hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*,” was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29. 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *K. John*, see *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded* &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Though this play hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *In my behaviour*,—] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, says the envoy, *thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England*; that is, the king of France speaks in the character which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines; *in my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the conduct of the king of France towards the king of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —controul—] *Opposition*, from controller. JOHNSON.

To



K I N G J O H N.

3

To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood<sup>2</sup>,

Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:  
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And<sup>1</sup> fullen presage of your own decay.—  
An honourable conduct let him have;—  
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*]

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented, and made whole,  
With very easy arguments of love;  
Which now the manage<sup>2</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With

<sup>2</sup> *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controulment for controulment; &c.]*

King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the king of Portugal in the first part of *Feronimo* &c. 1605:

<sup>1</sup> *And.* Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—

<sup>2</sup> *Bal.* Tribute for tribute then; and foes for foes.

<sup>3</sup> *And.* —I bid you sudden wars." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Be thou as lightning—*] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *—fullen presage—*] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird of ill omen* to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—the manage—*] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in *K. Rich. II.*:

6 KING JOHN.

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than your right ;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me :

So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex<sup>3</sup>.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy, Come from the country to be judg'd by you, That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

*K. John.* Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]  
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his brother<sup>4</sup>.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you ?

*Phil.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,

“ ————— for the rebels

“ Expedient manage must be made, my liege.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, &c.]* This stage direction I have taken from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *— and Philip, his brother.]* Though Shakespeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says :—“ Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcaſus de Brete, Neusterienſis, et ſpurius ex parte matris, atque Baſtardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam deſcenderat, &c.*”

Mat. Paris, in his *Hiſtory of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falco*, but in his *General Hiſtory*, *Falcaſus de Brete*, as above,

Holinshed ſays, “ that Richard I. had a natural ſon named Philip, who in the year following killed the viſcount De Limoges to revenge the death of his father.” STEEVENS.

Born

Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge ;  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou ?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Phil.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father :  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth<sup>s</sup>,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother ;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy  
mother,  
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Phil.* I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land !

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow :—Why, being younger  
born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

*Phil.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :  
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,

<sup>s</sup> *But for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother ;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.]*

The resemblance between this sentiment and that of Telemachus  
in the first book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. The passage is thus  
translated by Chapman :

“ My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne ;

“ I know not ; nor was ever simply knowne,

“ By any child, the sure truth of his fire.”

Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in *Euripi-  
des*, *Menander*, and *Aristotle*. Shakespeare expresses the same doubt  
in several of his other plays. STEEVENS.

That still I lay upon my mother's head ;  
 But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
 (Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !)  
 Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
 If old fir Robert did beget us both,  
 And were our father, and this son like him ;—  
 O old fir Robert, father, on my knee  
 I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent  
 us here !

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face<sup>6</sup>,  
 The accent of his tongue affecteth him :  
 Do you not read some tokens of my son  
 In the large composition of this man ?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
 And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,  
 What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

*Phil.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father ;  
 ' With that half-face would he have all my land :  
 A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year !

*Rob,*

<sup>6</sup> *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The trick, or tricking, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. This expression is used by Heywood and Rowley in their comedy called *Fortune by Land and Sea* :—“ Her face, *the trick of her eye, her leer.*” The following passages may more evidently prove the expression to be borrowed from delineation. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“ —You can blazon the rest, Signior ?

“ O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpose ; it cost me two shillings the *tricking.*” So again, in *Cynthia's Revels* :

“ —the parish-buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *With half that face—*] But why with *half* that face ? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text ; *With that half-face*—Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet's in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. *Vide Stow's Survey of London*, p. 47. *Holinshed, Camden's Remains, &c.* The poet sneers

at

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much ;—

*Phil.* Well, fir, by this you cannot get my land ;  
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time :  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :  
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,  
(As I have heard my father speak himself )  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me ; and took it on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so shewed but half the face : the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned ; till Henry VII. at the time above-mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, *i. e.* faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of king Henry VIII. were like those of his father ; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to : though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it : for in the time of king John there were no groats at all ; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III. THEOBALD.

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

“ You half-fac'd groat, you thick-check'd chitty-face.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610 :

“ Whilst I behold yon half-fac'd minion.” STEEVENS

*K. John.*

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;  
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :  
 And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;  
 Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands  
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?  
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;  
 In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,  
 My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,  
 Being none of his, refuse him : \* This concludes—  
 My mother's son did get your father's heir ;  
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
 To dispossess that child which is not his ?

*Phil.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-  
 bridge,  
 And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;  
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
 † Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

*Phil.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
 † And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him ;

And

\* *This concludes—*] This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

† *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?*] *Lord of thy presence* can signify only, *master of thyself* ; and it is a strange expression to signify even *that*. However *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We should read : *Lord of the presence*, i. e. prince of the blood. WARBURTON.

*Lord of thy presence* may signify something more distinct than *master of thyself* : it means master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.

*Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by king John in one of the following scenes.

JOHNSON.

† *And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him ;*] This is obscure and ill

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
 My arms such eel-skins stuf; <sup>2</sup> my face so thin,  
<sup>3</sup> That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Left

ill expressed. The meaning is: *If I had his shape—fir Robert's—as he has.*

*Sir Robert his*, for *sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

“ —Who now lives to age,

“ Fit to be call'd Methusalem *his* page ?” JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *my face so thin,*

*That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,*

*Left men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes !]*

In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown *rose*. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the same time coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the *rose* behind, and without the *rose*. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, *viz.* the six-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the *rose*. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, &c. 1610:

“ Here's a *three-penny piece* for thy tidings.”

“ *Firk.* 'Tis but three-half-pence I think: yes, 'tis three-pence; I smell the *rose*.” STEEVENS.

As we are on the subject of coinage, it may be observed that the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, remains unexplained:

“ I will not bate a *Harrington* o'th' sum.”

Lord Harrington obtained a patent from K. James I. for making brass farthings. See a *Historical Narration of the First 14 Years of K. James I.* p. 56. TOLLET.

The same term occurs in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

“ They shall ne'er be a *Harrington* the better for't.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,*] The sticking *roses* about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Nancy*, l. ii. c. 1: “ Je luy ay appris à mettre des *roses* par tous les coins,” i. e. in every place about him, says the speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions. WARBURTON.

These

Left men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,  
 I'd give it every foot to have this face;  
 I would not be fir Nob in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Phil.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;  
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—  
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death<sup>4</sup>.

These *roses* were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribbands, In Mariton's *What you will* is the following passage:

“ Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribband*, wearing it in his ear, &c.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: “—This *ribband* in my ear, or so.” Again, in *Love and Honour*, by sir W. Davenant, 1649:

“ A lock on the left side, so rarely hung

“ With *ribbanding*, &c.”

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of Queensberry's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roses*; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, “that it was once the fashion to stick real *flowers* in the ear.”

STEEVENS.

Mariton also in his *Satires*, 1599, alludes to this fashion as fantastical:

“ Castilios, Cyprians, court-boyes, Spanish blocks,

“ *Ribanded eares*, Grenada nether-stocks.”

Again, in *Epigrams* by J. D. (perhaps John Davis) printed at Middleburgh, without date:

“ Thou know'st I love thee, dear;

“ Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,

“ To hang thy dirty *filken shoe-tyes* there.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *unto the death*.] This expression is common among our ancient writers. So, in *A Merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: “Howleglas found a woulie that was frozen to the death.” STEEVENS.

*Eli,*



*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Phil.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Phil.* Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old fir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;

Arise fir Richard, and Plantagenet.

*Phil.* Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, fir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

*Phil.* <sup>5</sup> Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?

<sup>6</sup> Something about, a little from the right,

<sup>7</sup> In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who

<sup>5</sup> *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?*] I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by *honestly*—what *then*?

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Something about, a little from the right, &c.*] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the spritely knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions* in the *night*; *he*, to whom the door is shut, must climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have is to have* however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near the mark*, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *In at the window, &c.*] These expressions mean, *to be born out of wedlock*. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

“Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came in at the window!”

So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

“———kindred that comes in o'er the hatch, and sailing to Westminster, &c.”

Such

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night ;  
 And have is have, however men do catch :  
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;  
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy  
 desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—  
 Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must speed  
 For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

*Phil.* Brother, adieu ; Good fortune come to thee,  
 For thou wast got i' the way of honesty !

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*]

\* A foot of honour better than I was ;  
 But many a many foot of land the worse.  
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—  
*Good den, 'sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow ;—*  
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :  
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;  
 'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,

For

Such another phrase occurs in *Any Thing for a quiet Life* :  
 “ — then you keep children in the name of your own, which  
 the suspects came not in at the right door.” Again, in *The Witches  
 of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634 : “ — It appears  
 then by your discourse that you came in at the window.” “ I  
 would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to leap over  
 the hatch.” Again : “ — to escape the dogs hath leap'd in at a  
 window.” “ — 'Tis thought you came into the world that way.  
 — Because you are a bastard.” STEVENS.

\* *A foot of honour —* ] *A step, un pas.* JOHNSON.

\* — *for Richard, —* ] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In  
 act IV. *Salisbury* calls him *for Richard*, and the king has just  
 knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read,  
*for Robert*. *Faulconbridge* is now entertaining himself with ideas  
 of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den,*  
*for Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal, *God-a-*  
*mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. STEVENS.

\* *'Tis too respectful, &c.]* i. e. *respectful*. So, in the old comedy  
 called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607 :

“ Seem *respectful*, to make his pride swell like a toad with  
 dew.” So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, act V :

“ You

For your conversing<sup>2</sup>.<sup>3</sup> Now your traveller,—  
 4 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mefs;

“ You should have been *respectful*, &c.” Again, in *The Case is alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1639:

“ I pray you, sir; you are too *respectful*, in good faith.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> For your conversing. —] The old copy reads - *conversion*, which may be right; meaning his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — Now your traveller, —] It is said in *All's Well that ends Well*, that “ a traveller is a good thing after dinner.” In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.

JOHNSON.

4 He and his tooth-pick—] It has been already remarked, that to pick the tooth, and wear a piqued beard, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign fashions. JOHNSON.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, *Councell given to Maister Bartholomew Withpoll a little before his latter journey to Grane*, 1572. The following lines may perhaps be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age:

“ Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership  
 “ Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array; —  
 “ As with a *pique-tooth* byting on your lippe;  
 “ Your brave mustachio's turn'd the Turkie way;  
 “ A coprankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;  
 “ A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;  
 “ A slender sloop close couched to your dock;  
 “ A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose, &c.”

So, Fletcher:

“ You that trust in travel;  
 “ You that enhance the daily price of *toothpicks*.”

Again, in Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, 1630:

“ I will continue my state-posture, use my *toothpick* with discretion, &c.”

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631: “ — this matter will trouble us more than all your poem on *picktooths*.”

So, again, in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson, 1601:

“ — A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds and forms that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *picktooth* in his mouth.” Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*:

“ Their very *pick-teeth* speak more man than we do.”

Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune* by the same authors:

“ You have travell'd like a fidler, to make faces; and brought home nothing but a case of *toothpicks*.” STEEVENS.

And

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
 Why then I fuck my teeth, and catechise  
<sup>5</sup> My piked man of countries:—*My dear sir,*  
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)  
*I shall beseech you*—That is question now;  
 And then comes answer <sup>6</sup> like an ABC-book:—  
*O sir, says answer, at your best command;*  
*At your employment; at your service, sir:—*

<sup>5</sup> *My piked man of countries:—*] The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Piked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress.

Chaucer says in one of his prologues:—“ Fresh and new her gear *ypiked* was.” And in the *Merchaunts Tale*:—“ He kempeth him, and proineth him, and *piketb*.” In Hyrd’s translation of *Vives’s Instruction of a Christian Woman*, printed in 1591, we meet with “ *picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly* arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to be regarded by their virtue and not their ornaments, banished out of the country by the law, all painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of *picking* and apparelling.”

Again, in a comedy called *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602:

“ ’Tis such a *picked* fellow, not a haire  
 “ About his whole bulk, but it stands in print.”

Again, in *Love’s Labour Lost*: “ He is too *piqued*, too spruce, &c.” Again, in Greene’s *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller: “ There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint, *pickt*, and neat companions, attired &c. alamode de France &c.” Again: “ Straight after he hath *bitten his peak* by the end &c.”

If a comma be placed after the word *man*: ——— “ I catechize  
 “ *My picked man*, of countries.”

the passage will seem to mean, “ I catechise my selected man, about the countries through which he travelled.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *like an ABC-book*: ———] An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absy-book*, is a *catechism*. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient *Interlude of Youth*, bl. l. no date:

“ In the A. B. C. of bokes the least,  
 “ Yt is written, *deus charitas est*.”

Again, in Tho. Nash’s dedication to Greene’s *Arcadia*, 1616: “ ———make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother’s inheritance of their *Abcie*.” STEEVENS.

No,

No, *fir*, says question; *I, sweet fir, at yours*:

And so, e'er answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po)

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

*And so, e'er answer knows what question would,*  
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;]

In this fine speech, Faulconbridge would shew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worship*. He observes, particularly, that *he* has the traveller at command (people at that time, when a new world was discovering, in the highest estimation). At the first intimation of his desire to hear strange stories, the traveller complies, and will scarce give him leave to make his question, but "e'er answer knows what question would" — What then, why, according to the present reading, it grows towards supper-time: and is "not this worshipful society?" To spend all the time between dinner and supper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read *servin*g instead of *savin*g, and all this nonsense is avoided; and the account stands thus: "E'er answer knows what question would be at, my traveller *serves* in his dialogue of compliment, which is his standing dish at all tables; then he comes to talk of the Alps and Apennines, &c. and by the time this discourse concludes, it draws towards supper." All this is sensible and humorous; and the phrase of *servin*g in is a very pleasant one to denote that this was his worship's *second course*. What follows, shews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were swallowed, which he calls "sweet poison for the age's tooth;" and how acceptable it made men at court — "For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising." And yet the Oxford editor says, by this *sweet poison* is meant *flattery*. WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure; but such an irregularity and perplexity runs through the whole speech, that I think this emendation not necessary. JOHNSON.

Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliments in our poet's days, 1601: "We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words. — What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! *Oh, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms! — Not so, fir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness, &c. &c.* This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be."

TOLLET.

But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:  
 For he is but a bastard to the time,  
 That doth not smack of observation;  
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no)  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
 \* Which though I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
 † But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?  
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,  
 That will take pains † to blow a horn before her?

*Enter lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.*

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?  
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

*Lady.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?  
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Phil.* My brother Robert? old fir Robert's son?

\* Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it fir Robert's son, that you seek for?

*Lady.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
 Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at fir Robert?  
 He is fir Robert's son; and so art thou.

\* *Which though &c.*] The construction will be mended, if instead of *which though*, we read *this though*. JOHNSON.

† *But who comes &c.*—] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

\* — *to blow a horn* —] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *post*, was likely to *horn* her husband.

JOHNSON.

† *Colbrand*—] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of king Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*.

JOHNSON.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

*Gur.* Good leave<sup>3</sup>, good Philip.

*Phil.* + Philip?—sparrow!—James,

<sup>3</sup> *Good leave, &c.*] *Good leave* means a ready assent. So, in *K. Hen. VI. P. III. act III. sc. ii*:

“*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I’ll try this widow’s wit.

“*Glo.* Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Philip!—sparrow!—James,*] I think the poet wrote:

*Philip!* spare me, *James,*

i. e. don’t affront me with an appellation that comes from a family which I disdain. *WARBURTON.*

The old reading is far more agreeable to the character of the speaker. *Dr. Gray* observes, that *Skelton* has a poem to the memory of *Philip Sparrow*; and *Mr. Pope* in a short note remark that a Sparrow is called *Philip*. *JOHNSON.*

*Gascoigne* has likewise a poem entitled, *The Praise of Philip Sparrow*; and in *Jack Drum’s Entertainment*, 1601, is the following passage:

“The birds sit chirping, chirping, &c.”

“*Philip* is treading, treading, &c.”

Again, in the *Northern Lass*, 1633:

“A bird whose pastime made me glad,

“And *Philip* ’twas my sparrow.”

Again, in *Magnificence* an ancient *Interlude* by *Skelton*, published by *Rastell*:

“With me in kepyng such a *Phylip Sparowe*.”

STEEVENS.

The following quotation seems to confirm *Mr. Pope’s* explanation. In the *Widow*, see *Dods. Old Plays*, vol. VI. p. 38:

“*Phil.* I would my letter, wench, were here again,

“I’d know him wiser ere I sent him one;

“And travel some five year first.

“*Viol.* So he had need, methinks,

“To understand the words; methinks the words

“Themselves should make him do’t, had he but the per-

\* severance

“Of a cock-sparrow that will come at, *Philip*,

“And cannot write nor read, poor fool; this coxcomb,

“He can do both, and your name’s but *Philippa*,

“And yet to see, if he can come when he’s call’d.”

The *Bastard* therefore means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow, *James*? *HAWKINS.*

There's toys abroad <sup>5</sup>; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit James.*]

Madam, I was not old fir Robert's son;  
 Sir Robert <sup>6</sup> might have eat his part in me  
 Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:  
 Sir Robert could do well; Marry, to confes!  
 Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;  
 We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,  
 To whom am I beholden for these limbs?  
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

*Lady.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine ho-  
 nour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Phil.* <sup>7</sup> Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-  
 like:

What!

<sup>5</sup> *There's toys abroad; &c.*] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in  
 B. Jonson's *Sejanus*:

———“*Toys, mere toys,*

“*What wisdom's in the streets.*”

So, in a postscript to a letter from the countess of Essex to Dr.  
 Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner for the murder  
 of fir Tho. Overbury: “—— they may tell my father and mo-  
 ther, and fill their ears full of toys.” *State Trials*, vol. I. p. 322.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *might have eat his part in me*

*Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:*]

This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:

“—— he may his parte on good fridaie eate,

“*And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Knight, knight, *good mother, — Basilisco like:*] Thus must  
 this passage be pointed; and, to come at the humour of it, I must  
 clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's  
 words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of  
 that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In  
 this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly knight,  
 called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen  
 through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon  
 his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear  
 upon



What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
 But, mother, I am not fir Robert's son;  
 I have disclaim'd fir Robert, and my land;  
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone:  
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
 Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

*Lady.* Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

*Phil.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;  
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
 To make room for him in my husband's bed:—  
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—  
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*Phil.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.

<sup>3</sup> Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him: as, for instance:

“ *Baf.* O, I swear, I swear.

“ *Pist.* By the contents of this blade.

“ *Baf.* By the contents of this blade.

“ *Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco.

“ *Baf.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco, *knight*, good fellow, *knight*,  
*knight*——

“ *Pist.* Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.”

So that it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humourously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight* in the passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation: which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-sarcasm. THEOBALD.

The character of *Basilisco* is mentioned in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. printed in 1596. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Some sins——] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose<sup>9</sup>,—  
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—  
 Against whose fury and unmatched force  
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
 Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well  
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
 Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;  
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
 Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Before the walls of Angiers in France.*

*Enter Philip king of France, Lewis the dauphin, the arch-  
 duke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

*Lewis.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—  
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

<sup>9</sup> *Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, &c.  
 Against whose fury and unmatched force  
 The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.]*

Shakespeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third vol. of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

PERCY.

Richard,

' Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave<sup>1</sup> :  
 And, for amends to his posterity,  
<sup>3</sup> At our importance hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arbur.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,  
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love :  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*Lewis.* A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with<sup>4</sup> that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders,

<sup>1</sup> *Richard, that robb'd &c.*] So, Rastal in his *Chronicle* : " It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapyng he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slew the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon* ; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake." GRAY.

I have an old *black lettered history of lord Fauconbridge*, whence Shakespeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

<sup>2</sup> *By this brave duke came early to his grave.*]

The old play led Shakespeare into this error of ascribing to the duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransom'd out of Austria's power.

STEEVENS,

<sup>3</sup> *At our importance*—] At our *importunity*. JOHNSON,

<sup>4</sup> —*that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

Even 'till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,  
Salute thee for her king : 'till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
To make a more ' requital to your love.

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their  
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Philip.* Well then, to work ; our cannon shall be  
bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages :—

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :  
My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter Chatillon.*

*K. Philip.* <sup>6</sup> A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd,——

<sup>5</sup> *To make a more requital, &c.]* I believe it has been already  
observed, that *more* signified in our author's time, *greater*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A wonder, lady !—]* The wonder is only that Chatillon  
happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him ;  
which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails  
more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a  
miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

What

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I;

His marches are <sup>7</sup>expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife <sup>8</sup>;  
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;

With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
<sup>9</sup>Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and <sup>1</sup>scath in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*  
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

<sup>7</sup> —*expedient*—] Immediate, *expeditious*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *An Até, stirring him &c.*] *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge.  
The player-editors read—*an Ace*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Bearing their birth-rights, &c.*] So, *Hen. VIII*:

“Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*scath*—] Destruction, harm. JOHNSON.

So, in *How to chuse a good Wife from a Bad*, 1630:

“For these accounts, *scath* it will *scath* thee somewhat.”

Again:

“And it shall *scath* him somewhat of my purse.”

STEEVENS.

*K. Philip.*

*K. Philip.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Ans.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence ;  
For courage mounteth with occasion :  
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King John, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France ; if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !  
If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven,

*K. Philip.* Peace be to England ; if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace !  
England we love ; and, for that England's sake,  
With burthen of our armour here we sweat :  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought<sup>2</sup> its lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his ;  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which dy'd in Geffrey ; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,  
And this is Geffrey's : In the name of God,  
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,

<sup>2</sup> —under-wrought—] i. e. underworked, undermined.

Which owe the crown that thou o'er-maifest ?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commif-  
fion, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

*K. Phil.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good  
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

<sup>3</sup> To look into the blots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;

And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phillip.* Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

*Const.* Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,

As thine was to thy husband : and this boy

Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,

Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,

His father never was so true begot ;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

<sup>3</sup> *To look into the blots and stains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorized, and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, though bolts might be used in that time for *spots*: so Shakespeare calls Banquo "*spotted with blood, the blood-bolter'd Banquo.*" The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to *disgrace* a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake. JOHNSON.

*Blot* is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epistle from Q. Isabel to K. Richard II*:

"No bastard's mark doth blot his conq'ring shield."

*Blots* and *stains* occur again together in the first scene of the third act. STEEVENS.

*Eli.*

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Faulc.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Faulc.* One that will play the devil, fir, with you, An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare <sup>†</sup> of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;  
I'll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did difrobe the lion of that robe!

*Faulc.* It lies as fightly on the back of him <sup>‡</sup>,  
As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs;—

But,

<sup>†</sup> *You are the hare,*—] So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“ He hunted well that was a lion's death;

“ Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

“ So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.” STEEVENS,

<sup>‡</sup> *It lies as fightly on the back of him,*

*As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs:—*]

But why his *shoes* in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his *shoes* have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an afs. I am persuaded, I have retrieved the true reading; and let us observe the justness of the comparison now. Faulconbridge in his resentment would say this to Austria: “ That lion's skin, which my great father king Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an afs.” A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the afs in the lion's skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the afs. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald had the art of making the most of his discoveries.  
JOHNSON.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606:

“ —are as fit, as Hercules's *shoe* for the foot of a pigmy.”

Again, in Greene's Epistle Dedicatory to *Perimedes the Blacksmith*,

1588;



But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back ;  
Or lay on that, fhall make your fhoulders crack.

*Auf.* What cracker is this fame, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of fuperfluous breath ?

King Lewis <sup>6</sup>, determine what we fhall do ftrait.

*K. Philip.* Women, and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very fum of all,—  
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :  
Wilt thou refign them, and lay down thy arms ?

*K. John.* My life as foon :—I do defy thee, France.  
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;  
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :  
Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Conf.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :  
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :  
There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace !  
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;  
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

1588: “ —and fo leaft I fhould fhape *Hercules' fhoe for a child's foot*, I commend your worfhip to the Almighty.” Again, in Greene's *Penelope's Web*, 1601: “ I will not make a long harveft for a fmall crop, nor go about to pull a *Hercules' fhoe* on Achilles' foot.” Again, *ibid.* “ *Hercules' fhoe* will never ferve a *child's foot*.” Again, in Stephen Goffon's *School of Abuse*, 1579: “ —to draw the lyon's fkin upon Æfop's affe, or *Hercules' fhoes* on a childes feete.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *King Lewis*, — ] Thus the folio. The modern editors read —*Philip*, which appears to be right. It is however obfervable, that the anfwer is given in the old copy to *Lewis*, as if the dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. was meant to have been the fpeaker. The fpeech itfelf, indeed, feems appropriated to the king, and nothing can be inferred from the folio with any certainty, but that the editors of it were carelefs and ignorant.

STEEVENS.

*Eli.*

*Eli.* His mother flames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no !  
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's flames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !  
Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights,  
Of this oppressed boy : This is the eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* <sup>7</sup> I have but this to say, —  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,

But

<sup>7</sup> *I have but this to say, —*

*That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But, &c.]*

This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb*, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

*He's not only plagued for her sin, &c.* He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime* ; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant ; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her* ; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read :

— *plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague her sin ; his injury,  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child.*

I point

But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
 On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
 And with her.—Plague her son ; his injury,  
 Her injury, the beadle to her sin,  
 All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 And all for her ; A plague upon her !

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

I point thus :

———— plagu'd for her

*And with her.—Plague her son ! his injury*

*Her injury, the beadle to her sin.*

That is ; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring : then the affliction will fall where it is deserved ; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin* ; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now all *punish'd in the person of this child*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads :

———— plagu'd for her,

*And with her plagu'd ; her sin, his injury.*

We may read :

———— *this I have to say,* ———

*That he's not only plagued for her sin,*

*But God hath made her sin and her the plague*

*On this removed issue, plagu'd for her ;*

*And, with her sin, her plague, his injury*

*Her injury, the beadle to her sin.*

*i. e.* God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her ; the same power hath likewise made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin. *i. e.* Providence has so order'd it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes that *he (is)*, pointing to *King John*, “whom from the flow of gall she names not”) is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, Arthur, plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb ; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

A will,

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!

*K. Phil.* Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:

<sup>s</sup> It ill befits this presence, to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

*Enter Citizens upon the walls.*

*1 Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*K. Phil.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phil.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

<sup>s</sup> *It ill befits this presence, to cry aim*  
*To these ill-tuned repetitions.]*

Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say *present!* to *cry aim* had been to *incite notice*, or *raise attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applause was *J'aime, I love it*, and that to applaud was to *cry J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime* or *aim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid*:

“ ——— Can I *cry aim*

“ To this against myself?” ———;

So, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act II. scene the last, where Ford says: “ ——— and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*.” See the note on that passage.

STEEVENS.

*K. John.*

*K. John.* For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first<sup>9</sup>.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :  
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;  
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :  
 All preparation for a bloody siege,  
 And merciless proceeding by these French,  
 Confronts your city's eyes<sup>1</sup>, your winking gates ;  
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
 That as a waift do girdle you about,  
 By the compulsion of their ordinance  
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 Had been dishabited, and wide havock made  
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But, on the fight of us, your lawful king,——  
 Who, painfully, with much expedient march,  
 Have brought a countercheck<sup>2</sup> before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,→  
 Behold, the French, amaz'd; vouchsafe a parole :  
 And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
 To make a faithless error in your ears :  
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
 And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,  
 Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,  
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

<sup>9</sup> For our advantage; — Therefore bear us first.—] If we read for your advantage, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> Confronts your city's eyes,——] The old copy reads:—*Comforts, &c.* Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——a countercheck——] This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in *Mucedorus* :

“ Post hence thyself; thou counterchecking trull.”

STEEVENS.

*K. Phil.* When I have said, make answer to us both  
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;  
 Son to the elder brother of this man,  
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:  
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
 In warlike march these greens before your town;  
 Being no further enemy to you,  
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
 In the relief of this oppressed child,  
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
 To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;  
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,  
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
 Which here we came to spout against your town,  
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.  
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
 'Tis not the roundure<sup>3</sup> of your old fac'd walls  
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;  
 Though all these English, and their discipline,  
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis not the roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

So, in *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy by Rowley, 1633:

“ —— will she meet our arms

“ With an alternate *roundure*?”

Again, in Shakespeare's 21st sonnet:

“ —— all things rare,

“ That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems.”

STEEVENS.

Or

Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

*Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the  
king?

And, if not that, I bring you witness,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Faulc.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.*—To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Philip.* As many, and as well-born bloods as  
those,—

*Faulc.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phil.*—Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

*Cit.* 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phil.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to  
arms!

*Faulc.* Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon, and  
e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your lions,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,<sup>4</sup>  
And make a monster of you.—

[To Austria.]

*Aust.* Peace; no more.

<sup>4</sup> I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,] So, in the old spurious  
play of *K. John*:

“ But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,

“ If Philip front him with an English horn.” STEEVENS.

*Faulc.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

*Faulc.* Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

*K. Phil.* It shall be so;—and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*After excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*F. Her.* <sup>5</sup> You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French;  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* <sup>6</sup> Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your  
bells;  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,

<sup>5</sup> *You men of Angiers, &c.*] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband embracing the earth*, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Rejoice, you men of Angiers, &c.*] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— Here lay Duncan,

“ *His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.*” JOHNSON.

Com-



Commander of this hot malicious day !  
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmens' blood ;  
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
 That is removed by a staff of France ;  
 Our colours do return in those same hands  
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen<sup>7</sup>, come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes :  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* \* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
 From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies ; whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :  
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
 blows ;  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted  
 power :  
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.  
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast  
 away ?

Say, shall the current of our right run on ?  
 Whose passage vex with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell  
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;  
 Unless thou let his silver water keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

<sup>7</sup> *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,*—] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Heralds, from off &c.*] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best ; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

*K. Phil.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;  
 Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—  
 Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we  
 bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;  
 Gracing the scrowl, that tells of this war's loss,  
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Faulc.* Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !  
 Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;  
 And now he feasts, ' mouthing the flesh of men,  
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?  
 Cry, havock <sup>1</sup>, kings ! back to the stained field,  
 You equal potents <sup>2</sup>, fiery-kindled spirits !  
 Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death !

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

*K. Phil.* Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your king ?

*Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

*K. Phil.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
 And bear possession of our person here ;

<sup>1</sup> — *mouthing the flesh of men,*] The old copy reads—*mouseing*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Cry havock, kings!*—] That is, *command slaughter to proceed*; so, in another place: "He with Até by his side, *Cries, havock!*" JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *You equal potents,*—] *Potents* for potentates. So, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intituled PHILOTUS, &c.* 1603: "Ane of the *potentes* of the town." STEEVENS.

Lord

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*Cit.* <sup>3</sup> A greater power, than ye, denies all this ;  
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates :  
Kings of our fears ; until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*Faulc.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers <sup>4</sup> flout  
you, kings ;  
And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;

<sup>3</sup> In the old copy :

*A greater pow'r, than we, denies all this ;——  
Kings of our fears ;——]*

We should read, *than ye*. What power was this? their fears. It is plain therefore we should read : *Kings are our fears*, —i. e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us. **WARBURTON.**

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense ; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads :

*Kings are our fears, ——*

which he explains to mean, “ our fears are the kings which at present rule us.”

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read :

*King'd of our fears, ——*

*King'd* is used as a participle passive by Shakespeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England :

“ —— she is so idly *king'd*.”

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, *by*. **TYRWHITT.**

*A greater power than we*, may mean *the Lord of hosts*, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army ; and 'till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. *Secure and confident as lions*, they are not at all afraid, but are *kings*, i. e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful king of England, are removed. **TOLLET.**

<sup>4</sup> —— *these scroyles of Angiers*——] *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows.

<sup>5</sup> Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour* :

“ —— hang them *scroyles* !” **STEEVENS.**

Do like the mutines of Jerufalem,  
 Be friends a while<sup>5</sup>, and both conjointly bend  
 Your sharpeft deeds of malice on this town :  
 By east and weft let France and England mount  
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;  
 'Till their foul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city ;  
 I'd play inceffantly upon thefe jades,  
 Even 'till unfenced defolation  
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
 That done, diflever your united strengths,  
 And part your mingled colours once again ;  
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point ;  
 Then, in a moment, fortune fhall cull forth  
 Out of one fide her happy minion ;  
 To whom in favour ſhe fhall give the day,  
 And kifs him with a glorious victory.  
 How like you this wild counfel, mighty ſtates ?  
 Smacks it not ſomething of the policy ?

*K. John.* Now, by the ſky that hangs above our  
 heads,

I like it well :—France, ſhall we knit our powers,  
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;  
 Then, after, fight who ſhall be king of it ?

*Faulc.* An if thou haſt the mettle of a king,—  
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peeviſh town,—  
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 As we will ours, againſt theſe faucy walls :  
 And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,  
 Why, then deſy each other ; and, pell-mell,  
 Make work upon ourſelves, for heaven, or hell.

*K. Phil.* Let it be ſo : Say, where will you aſſault ?

*K. John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction  
 Into this city's boſom.

<sup>5</sup> *Be friends a while, &c.*] This advice is given by the Baſtard  
 in the old copy of the play, though comprized in fewer and leſs  
 ſpirited lines. STEEVENS.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phil.* Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Faulc.* O prudent discipline! From north to south;  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

. [*Aside,*

I'll stir them to it: Come, away, away!

*Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to  
stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;  
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field:  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings,

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to  
hear.

*Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch<sup>6</sup>,  
Is near to England; Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If ' zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete<sup>7</sup>, oh say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he:

<sup>6</sup> — *the lady Blanch,*] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Elianor. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *If zealous love &c.*] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *If not complete of, say, &c.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *O! say*. JOHNSON.

He

He is the half part of a blessed man <sup>9</sup>,  
 Left to be finished by such a she ;  
 And she a fair divided excellence,  
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
 Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,  
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in :  
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
 To these two princes, if you marry them.  
 This union shall do more than battery can,  
 To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match <sup>1</sup>,  
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 And give you entrance : but, without this match,  
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
 More free from motion ; no, not death himself  
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
 As we to keep this city.

*Faulc.* Here's a stay <sup>2</sup>,  
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death

Out

<sup>9</sup> *He is the half part of a blessed man,  
 Left to be finished by such as she : }*

Dr. Thirlby prescrib'd that reading, which I have here restored to the text. THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> ——— at this match,  
*With swifter spleen &c.]*

Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the lightning. I am loath to think that Shakespeare meant to play with the double of *match* for nuptial, and the *match* of a gun. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Here's a stay,  
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death  
 Out of his rags! ———]*

I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read:

*Here's a flaw,  
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death.*

That is, here is a *gulf* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well

Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;  
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?  
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoak, and bounce ;  
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;  
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,  
 But buffets better than a fist of France :  
 Zounds ! I was never so bethumpt with words,  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand, are not easily distinguished ; and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a word less usual, was easily missed. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare seems to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in the *Famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1606. bl. l.

“ *Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed !*

“ *He speaks all Mars:—tut, let me follow such*

“ *A lad as this:—This is pure fire :*

“ *Ev'ry look he casts, flasheth like lightning ;*

“ *There's mettle in this boy.*

“ *He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire :*

“ *Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed.”*

Perhaps the force of the word *stay* is not exactly known. I meet with it in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :

“ Not to prolong my lyfe thereby, for which I reckon not this,

“ But to fet my things in a *stay*.”

Perhaps by a *stay*, in this instance, is meant a *steady posture*. Shakespeare's meaning may therefore be:—“ Here's a *steady, resolute fellow*, who shakes &c.” A *stay*, however, seems to have been meant for something *active*, in the following passage in the 6th canto of Drayton's *Barons Wars*:

“ Oh could ambition apprehend a *stay*,

“ The giddy course it wandreth in, to *guide*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 10:

“ Till riper years he raught, and stronger *stay*.”

Perhaps the metaphor is from navigation. Thus, in Chapman's version of the tenth book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

“ Our ship lay anchor'd close, nor needed we

“ Feare harm on any *stays*.”

A marginal note adds: “ For being cast on the *staires*, as ships are by weather.” STEEVENS.

*Eli.*

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;  
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough ;  
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their souls  
 Are capable of this ambition ;  
 Lest zeal, now melted<sup>3</sup>, by the windy breath  
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

*K. Phil.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city : What say you ?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :  
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers<sup>4</sup>,  
 And

<sup>3</sup> *Lest zeal, now melted, —*] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakespeare, as a frost. To *repress zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakespeare's to *melt* it ; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakespeare to be *congealed*.

JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> In old editions :

*For Angiers and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
 And all that we upon this side the sea,  
 Except this city now by us besieg'd,  
 Find liable &c.]*

What was the city *besieged*, but Angiers ? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too ? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the English held in France. THEOBALD.

Mr.



And all that we upon this side the sea  
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd)  
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions,  
 As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phil.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's  
 face.

*Lewis.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
 'Till now infix'd I beheld myself,  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

*Faulc.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
 And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,  
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,  
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:  
 If he see ought in you, that makes him like,  
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
 I can with ease translate it to my will;  
 Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)  
 I will enforce it easily to my love.  
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading which  
 he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the old quarto.

STEEVENS.

(Though

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

*Lewis.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen<sup>5</sup>, Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phil.* It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd<sup>6</sup>,  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

*K. Phil.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—  
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,

<sup>5</sup> —Volquessen, —] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*, in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —I am well assur'd,

*That I did so when I was first assur'd.*]

*Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“Called me Dromio, swore I was *assur'd* to her.”

STEEVENS.

Her

Her presence would have interrupted much :—

Where is she and her son ; tell me, who knows ?

*Lewis.* She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

*K. Phil.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady ? In her right we came ;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all :

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity :—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*]

*Faulc.* Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composition !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly <sup>7</sup> departed with a part :

And

<sup>7</sup> —departed *with a part* :] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“ Faith, fir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money.”

Again, in *The Sad Shepherd* :

“ I have *departed* it 'mong my poor neighbours.”

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609 :

“ She'll serve under him 'till death us *depart*.”

Again, in *A merry Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date :

“ The neighbours went between them, and *departed* them.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. vi. c. 2 :

“ To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,

“ And to *depart* them, if so be he may.”

Again,

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on ;  
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
 As God's own soldier) <sup>s</sup> rounded in the ear  
 With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil ;  
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;  
 That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,  
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,  
 (Who having no external thing to lose  
 But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)  
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—  
 Commodity, the bias of the world <sup>9</sup> ;  
 The world, who of itself is peised well,  
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;  
 'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
 This sway of motion, this commodity,  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :  
 And this same bias, this commodity,  
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,

Again, in the *Downfal of Robert E. of Huntington*, 1601 :

“ The world shall not *depart* us 'till we die.” STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ——— rounded in the ear] i. e. Whisped in the ear. The word is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, or *A Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607 :

“ I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses ; lent Pliny ink to write his history, and rounded Rabelais in the ear when he historified Pantagruel.”

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ Forthwith Revenge, *she rounded me i' th' ear.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Commodity, the bias of the world ;] *Commodity* is interest. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :

“ ——— for vertue's sake only,

“ They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie.*”

Again :

“ I will use his friendship to mine own *commoditie.*”

STEEVENS.

To

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
 And why rail I on this commodity?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
 Not that I have the power to clutch<sup>1</sup> my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:  
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*-The French king's pavilion.*

*Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

*Const.* Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!  
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!  
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those pro-  
 vinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;  
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;  
 I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word  
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.

<sup>1</sup> —clutch *my hand*,] To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close.  
 So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

“The fit of strenuous vengeance is *clutch'd*.” STEEVENS.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;  
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
 A woman, naturally born to fears:  
 And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,  
 With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
 Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?  
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
 And let belief and life encounter so,  
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—  
 Lewis marry Blanch! Oh, boy, then where art thou?  
 France friend with England! what becomes of me?—  
 Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;  
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou<sup>2</sup>, that bidst me be content, wert grim,  
 Ugly,

<sup>2</sup> *If thou, &c.*] Massinger appears to have copied this passage in *The Unnatural Combat*:

“ If thou hadst been born  
 Deform'd and crooked in the features of

“ Thy

Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,  
 Full of unpleasing blots, and ' fightless stains,  
 'Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
 I would not care, I then would be content;  
 For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!  
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
 And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, oh!  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;  
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.

“ Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,

“ Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, &c. &c.

“ I had been blest.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *fightless* — ] The poet uses *fightless* for that which we now express by *unfightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *prodigious*, ] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHNSON.

In this sense it is used by Decker in the first part of the *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“ yon comet shews his head again;

“ Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us

“ *Prodigious* looks.”

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

“ Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet.”

Again, in the *English Arcadia*, by Jarvis Markham, 1607: “ O yes, I was *prodigious* to thy birth-right, and as a blazing star at thine unlook'd for funeral.” STEEVENS.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout<sup>5</sup>.  
 To me, and to the state of my great grief<sup>6</sup>,  
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it<sup>7</sup>.

[*Throws herself on the ground.*

*Enter*

<sup>5</sup> ——— *makes its owner stout.*] The old editions have :—*makes its owner stoop* : the emendation is Hanmer's. JOHNSON.  
 So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, b. vi :

“ Full with *stout grief* and with disdainful woe.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*  
*Let kings assemble ; ——— ]*

In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that *a thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature ? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn ; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help ; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *bid kings come bow to it.*] I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the 2d and 3d acts. In the old editions, the 2d act was made to end here ; though it is evident, lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor : and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the act decently ; or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot accuse Shakespeare of. Mr. Gildon and some other critics fancied, that a considerable part of the 2d act was lost ; and that the chasm began here. I had joined in this



Enter king John, king Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor,  
Faulconbridge, and Austria.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed  
day

Ever in France shall be kept festival :  
To solemnize this day \*, the glorious sun

this suspicion of a scene or two being lost ; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. " *It seems to be so*, says he, *and it were to be wish'd the restorer (meaning me) could supply it.*" To deserve this great man's thanks, I'll venture at the task ; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost ; but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the 3d act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the 2d act ; and my reasons for it are these : the match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for lady Constance to king Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage ; and the bastard staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued ; and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough ; but Mr. Theobald forgets that there were, in Shakespeare's time, no moveable scenes in common playhouses. JOHNSON.

It appears from many passages that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages. See a note on the fourth scene of the fifth act of *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

\* *To solemnize this day, &c.*) From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist<sup>9</sup>;  
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
 Shall never see it but a holy-day.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy-day! —

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;  
 That it in golden letters should be set,  
 Among the high tides<sup>1</sup>, in the kalendär?  
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross<sup>2</sup>:  
 But on this day<sup>3</sup>, let seamen fear no wreck;  
 No bargains break, that are not this day made:

<sup>9</sup> ——— and plays the alchymist;] Milton has borrowed this thought, *Paradise Lost*, b. iii:

————— “when with one virtuous touch

“*Tb' arch-chemic sun, &c.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— high tides, ———] i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— prodigiously be cross:] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are

“Despised in nativity.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *But on this day,* ———

*No bargains break, &c.*]

That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacs (one of which I have in my possession, dated 1562) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:-

“By the almanac, I think

“To choose good days and shun the critical.”

Again, in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“————— an almanac

“Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out

“Days of iniquity to cozen fools in.” STEEVENS.

Thi

This day, all things begun come to ill end ;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falshood change !

*K. Phil.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day :  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and  
try'd,

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;  
\* You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league :—  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!  
A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !  
Hear me, oh, hear me !

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace.

*Const.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.  
\* O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame

That

\* *You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,*

*But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :]*

I am afraid here is a clinch intended ; *You came in war to destroy  
my enemies, but now you strengthen them in embraces.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Set armed discord &c.]* Shakespeare makes this bitter curse  
effectual. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *O Lymoges ! O Austria !—]* The propriety or impropriety of  
these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, de-  
serves a little consideration. Shakespeare has, on this occasion,  
followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the cha-  
racter of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to  
the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined  
the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of  
Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition ; but the  
castle of Chalus, before which he fell, belonged to Vidomar, vis-  
count of Limoges ; and the archer, who pierced his shoulder  
with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gour-  
don.

That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight-

But when her humourous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,

And sooth'ft up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame<sup>7</sup>,

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs<sup>8</sup>.

*Aust.*

don. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Phillip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whome his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Lymoges*, in revenge of his father's death, &c." Austria, in the spurious play, is called *Lymoges the Aufrich duke*.

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakespeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners, has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgment has corrected my errors; yet such has been his constant sollicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, esq. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> doff it for shame,] To doff is to do off, to put off. So, in *Euimus Troes*, 1603:

"Sorrow must doff her fable weeds," STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intituled *The Birth, Life, and Death of John*

*John*

*Aust.* O, that a man would speak those words to me!

*Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs?

*K. John.*

*John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool, mention is made in several places of a calf's-skin. In chap x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new calf-skin suit, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a fool. SIR J. HAWKINS.*

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a calf's or cow's skin. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, are the two following passages:

"I'll make him do penance upon the stage in a calf's skin."

Again:

"His calf's skin jests from hence are clean exil'd."

Again, in the play:

"I'll come wrapp'd in a calf's skin, and cry bo, bo."——

Again:——"I'll wrap me in a routing calf-skin suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."——"I mean my Christmas calf-skin suit."

STEEVENS.

\* Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *K. John*, printed in 1591, (before Shakespeare appears to have commenced a writer) with the following note upon them.

"*Aust.* Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,

"Should be a precedent to fright you all.

"*Faulc.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!

"My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

"How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,

"Delay not, Richard, kill the villain trait;

"Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

"Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.——

"Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

"Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

"Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

"And split thy heart, for wearing it so long."

"Methinks, that Richard's pride, &c.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play: nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at (namely the second of act II.) the least mention of any

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter Pandulph.*

*K. Phil.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven —  
To thee, king John, my holy errand is,  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

any reason for it. But the story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the first sketch of this play (which Shakespeare is said to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rowley) we accordingly find this insisted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of those verses here."—Here Dr. Johnson adds:—

“To the insertion of these lines I have nothing to object. There are many other passages in the old play of great value. The omission of this incident, in the second draught, was natural. Shakespeare, having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and those plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity.”

STEEVENS.

*Aust. Methinks, &c.]* I cannot by any means approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel to Austria, as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second act, at the time of the first altercation between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in that first scene as in these lines; so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted with as little reason in act III. sc. ii. Thus hath king Richard's &c. TYRWHITT.

*K. John.*

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories?<sup>1</sup>  
 Canst task the free breath of a sacred king?  
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,  
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
 So, under him, that great supremacy,  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phil.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,  
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:

<sup>1</sup> *What earthly name to interrogatories*] This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakespeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.

JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: "And what hast thou or the pope thy master to do to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, so I scorn to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe, toll or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS.

Though

Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate:  
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canonized, and worship'd as a faint,  
 That takes away by any secret course\*  
 Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,  
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while!  
 Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
 To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,  
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no right,  
 Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy  
 hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,  
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

\* *That takes away by any secret course &c.*] This may allude to the bull published against queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are registered as saints. JOHNSON.



*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
Because——

*Faulc.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lewis.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome<sup>3</sup>,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
Forgo the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee  
here<sup>4</sup>,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

*Blanch.*

<sup>3</sup> *Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,]* It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *the devil tempts thee here*

*In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.]*

Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read:

*In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.*

i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. THEOBALD.

—— *a new untrimmed bride.]* Mr. Theobald says, "*that as untrimmed cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required,*" it must be corrupt; therefore he will cashier it, and read, *and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor; but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies *unsteady*. The term is taken from navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, *not well manned*.

WARBURTON.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plausible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with proper severity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to keep her *steady*, would be too ridiculous for any common power of fact. JOHNSON.

*Trim is dress.* An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undress*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
But from her need.

*Const.* Oh, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith will live again by death of need :  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

*Faulc.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

*K. Phil.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

likely to be successful ? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumber'd of the forbidding forms of drests, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*, says :

“ *Bar.* Here's a lady gay.

“ *Tip.* A well-trimm'd lady !”

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. act II :

“ *Trimm'd* like a younker prancing to his love.”

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584 :

“ — a good hufwife and also well *trimmed* up in apparel.”

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed* bride is meant a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit. The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *K. John's* preceding words :

“ Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

“ To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.”

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshable or a frugal vesture. In *Minsheu's Dictionary*, it signifies one not finely drest or attired. Again, in *Vives's Instruction of a Christian Woman*, 1592, p. 98, and 99 : “ Let her [the mistress of the house] bee content with a maide not faire and wanton, that can sing a ballat with a clere voice, but sad, pale, and *untrimmed*.” STEEVENS.

*Pand.*

*Pand.* What can't thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

*K. Phil.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.  
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit;  
 And the conjunction of our inward souls  
 Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together  
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
 The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,  
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,  
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;  
 And even before this truce, but new before,—  
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd  
 With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint  
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:  
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both<sup>5</sup>,  
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret<sup>6</sup>?  
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity? O holy fir,  
 My reverend father, let it not be so:  
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest  
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

<sup>5</sup> —*so strong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both parties.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*this kind regret?*] A *regret* is an exchange of salutation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“So bear our kind *regrets* to Hecuba.” STEEVENS.

*Pand.*

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
 Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!  
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 A cased lion <sup>7</sup> by the mortal paw,  
 A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,  
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phil.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,  
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;  
 That is, to be the champion of our church!  
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,  
 And may not be performed by thyself:  
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
 \* Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?  
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it:  
 The better act of purposes mistook

<sup>7</sup> *A cased lion* —] All the modern editors read, *a chafed lion*. I see little reason for change. A *cased* lion, is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. act I. sc. iii:

“ So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch

“ That trembles under his devouring paws &c.”

The author might, however, have written, a *chafed* lion.

STEEVENS.

*Cased*, I believe, is the true reading. So, in Rowley's *When you see Me you know Me*, 1632:

“ The lyon in his *cage* is not so sterne

“ As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene.” MALONE.

\* *Is not amiss, when it is truly done*:] This is the conclusion *de travers*. We should read:

*Is yet amiss*, —

The Oxford editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads, *most amiss*. WARBURTON.

I rather read:

*Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?*

as the alteration is less, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first discovered, is preserved. JOHNSON.

Is,

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,  
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;  
 ' But thou hast sworn against religion :

By

\* *But thou hast sworn against religion : &c.*] In this long speech, the legate is made to shew his skill in casuistry; and the strange heap of quibble and nonsense of which it consists, was intended to ridicule that of the schools. For when he assumes the politician, at the conclusion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful passage where he speaks of the mischiefs following the king's loss of his subjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I suppose, to shew us how much better politicians the Roman courtiers are, than divines.

WARBURTON.

I am not able to discover here any thing inconsequent or ridiculously subtle. The propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety :

*But thou hast sworn against religion :*

*By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st :*

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure*

*To swear, swear only not to be forsworn.*

By *what*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, by *that*. I think it should be rather by *which*. That is, *thou swear'st against the thing, by which thou swear'st*; that is, *against religion*.

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines :

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure*

*To swear, &c.*

This sir T. Hanmer reforms thus :

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*

*Against an oath; this truth thou art unsure*

*To swear, &c.*

Dr. Warburton writes it thus :

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure——*

which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me

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F

only

By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st ;  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath : The truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;  
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear ?  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :  
 And better conquest never canst thou make,  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy, loose suggestions :  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then know,  
 The peril of our curses light on thee ;  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion !

*Faulc.* Will't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

*Lewis.* Father, to arms !

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp ?

O husband, hear me !—aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,

Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

only this : *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken. I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou mayst be in doubt about the matter of an oath ; when thou swearest thou mayst not be always sure to swear rightly, but let this be thy settled principle, swear only not to be forsworn ; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.*

*Truth, through this whole speech, means rectitude of conduct.*

JOHNSON.

Upon

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* Oh, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love; What motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee up-  
holds,

His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

*Lewis.* I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phil.* Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall  
from thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
this hour.

*Faulc.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,  
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Affured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lewis.* Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my  
life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puiffance together.—  
[*Exit Faulconbridge.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

*K. Phil.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou  
shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire;  
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threats.—To arms,  
let's hie!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*A field of battle.*

*Alarums, excursions: enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's  
head.*

*Faulc.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous  
hot;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
And

<sup>1</sup> *Some airy devil*—] We must read: *Some fiery devil*, if we  
will have the *cause* equal to the *effect*. WARBURTON.

There is no end of such alterations; every page of a vehement  
and negligent writer will afford opportunities for changes of terms,  
if mere propriety will justify them. Not that of this change the  
propriety is out of controversy. Dr. Warburton will have the *de-  
vil fiery*, because he makes the day *hot*; the author makes him  
*airy*, because *he hovers in the sky*, and the *heat and mischief* are nat-  
ural consequences of his malignity. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and di-  
visions of some of the demonologists, so much read and regarded  
in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes  
and classes, each of which had its peculiar properties, attri-  
butes, &c.

These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomic of Melan-  
choly*, part. I. sect. ii. p. 45. 1632:

“Of these sublunary devils—Pfellus makes six kinds; fiery,  
aeriall,



And pours down mischief. Auftria's head lie there;  
While Philip breathes<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.*

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip<sup>3</sup>, make  
up ;  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.

*Faulc.* My lord, I rescu'd her ;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :  
But on, my liege ; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E I I I.

*Alarums, excursions, retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor,  
Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.*

*K. John.* So shall it be ; your grace shall stay be-  
hind, [To Elinor.

aeriall, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those  
faieries, satyres, nymphes, &c."

" Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blaz-  
ing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit funnes and moones, and sit  
on ship's masts, &c. &c."

" Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in  
the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes,  
fire steeples, houfes, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones,  
&c." PERCY.

<sup>2</sup> Here Mr. Pope, without authority, adds from the old play  
already mentioned :

" Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,

" And offer'd Auftria's blood for sacrifice

" Unto his father's ever-living soul." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Philip*, — ] Here the king, who had knighted him by  
the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name. Mr.  
Tyrwhitt would read :

*Hubert, keep [thou] this boy, &c.* STEEVENS.

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :

[To Arthur.

Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin, away for England ; haste before :

[To Faulconbridge,

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels  
Set at liberty ; the fat ribs of peace <sup>4</sup>  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon ;  
Use our commission in his utmost force,

*Faulc.* <sup>5</sup> Bell book and candle shall not drive me  
back,

When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray

<sup>4</sup> ——— the fat ribs of peace

*Must by the hungry now, be fed upon :*]

This word *now* seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires :

*Must by the hungry war be fed upon.*

*War*, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat of peace*. WARBURTON,

This emendation is better than the former, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *hungry man*, with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as *war*. JOHNSON.

Either emendation is unnecessary. The *hungry now* is *this hungry infant*. Shakspeare perhaps uses the word *now* as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ ——— till this very *now*,

“ When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Bell book and candle, &c.*] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Gray, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON,

I meet with the same expression in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ I'll have a priest shall mumble up a marriage

“ Without *tell, book or candle.*” STEEVENS.

(If

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewel, gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Faulc.*

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*Taking him to one side of the stage.*

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds<sup>6</sup>,

To give me audience:—If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

<sup>7</sup> Sound on unto the drowsy race of night;

If

<sup>6</sup> —full of gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“To caper in his grave, and with vain *gawds*

“Trick up his coffin.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Sound on unto the drowsy race of night;*] We should read: *Sound one*—WARBURTON.

I should suppose *sound on* (which is the reading of the old copy) to be the true one. The meaning seems to be this; *if the midnight bell, by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings who are*

If this fame were a church-yard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;  
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;  
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that ideot, laughter, keep mens' eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 A passion hateful to my purposes)  
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;  
 Then, in despite of broad-ey'd<sup>s</sup> watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :

*busy at that hour, or quicken night itself in its progress, the morning bell (that is, the bell that strikes one) could not, with strict propriety, be made the agent ; for the bell has ceased to be in the service of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. Sound on has a peculiar propriety, because by the repetition of the strokes at twelve, it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only strikes one.*

Such was once my opinion concerning the old reading ; but on re-consideration, its propriety cannot appear more doubtful to any one than to myself.

It is too late to talk of hastening the night when the arrival of the morning is announced ; and I am afraid that the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one ; and Shakespeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in *Hamlet* :

“ The bell then beating *one*.”

Mr. Malone observes, “ that *one* and *on*, are perpetually confounded in the old copies of our author.” STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *broad-ey'd* ——— ] The old copy reads—*brooded*. Mr. Pope made the alteration, which, however elegant, may be unnecessary. All animals while *brooded*, i. e. *with a brood of young ones under their protection*, are remarkably vigilant. The King says of Hamlet :

“ ——— something's in his soul

“ O'er which his melancholy sits at *brood*.” STEEVENS.

But,

But, ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I would do it.

*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st ?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way ;  
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord ?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee ;  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :  
Remember.—Madam, fare you well :  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee !

*K. John.* For England, cousin, go :  
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*

\* This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can take nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

SCENE

## S C E N E I V .

*The French court.*

*Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and attendants.*

*K. Phil.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole <sup>1</sup> armado of collected fail <sup>2</sup>  
Is scatter'd, and disjoint'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phil.* What can go well, when we have run so  
ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France ?

*Lewis.* What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order <sup>3</sup> in so fierce a cause,

<sup>1</sup> *A whole armado &c.]* This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented ; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakespeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner :

“ Thus England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, &c.”

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. WARBURTON.

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armado*. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess. JOHNSON.

*Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *—of collected fail]* Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—*convicted*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *—in so fierce a cause,]* We should read *course*, i. e. *march*. The Oxford editor condescends to this emendation.

WARBURTON.

A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. “ *Fierce wretchedness,*” in *Timon*, is, *hasty, sudden misery*. STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth want example ; Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this ?

*K. Phil.* Well could I bear that England had this  
praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter Constance.*

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath <sup>4</sup> :—  
I pry'thee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

*K. Phil.* Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Con-  
stance !

*Const.* No, I defy <sup>5</sup> all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death :—Oh amiable lovely death !  
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;  
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself ;

<sup>4</sup> ——— a grave unto a soul,  
*Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :*]

I think we should read *earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from sir Thomas More : “ If the body be to the soule a prison, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with ruff-raff, that the soule can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a grave.”

FARMER.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ To be imprison'd in the viewless winds.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *No, I defy &c.*] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ I do *defy* thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

Come,

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And bufs thee as thy wife<sup>6</sup> ! Misery's love,  
Oh, come to me !

*K. Phil.* Oh fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—  
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;  
And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a<sup>7</sup> modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art unholy to belie me so ;  
I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;  
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :  
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :  
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;  
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason

<sup>6</sup> *And bufs thee as thy wife !*] Thus the old copy. The word *bufs*, however, being now only used in vulgar language, our modern editors have exchanged it for *kiss*. The former is used by Drayton in the 3d canto of his *Barons' Wars*, where queen Isabel says :

“ And we by signs sent many a secret *bufs*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 10 :

“ But every satire first did give a *bufse*

“ To Hellenore ; so *bufses* did abound.”

Again, Stanyhurst the translator of *Virgil*, 1582, renders

“ ——— *ofcula libavit nata*—

“ *Bust* his pritty parrat prating &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *modern invocation*.] It is hard to say what Shakespeare means by *modern* : it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's Well that ends Well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word : “ her *modern* grace.” It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

*Modern*, I believe, is *trite*, *common*. So, in *As you like It* :

“ Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.” STEEVENS.

How



How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;  
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :  
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phil.* <sup>8</sup> Bind up those tresses : Oh, what love I  
 note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends <sup>9</sup>  
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phil.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I do it ?  
 I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,  
*Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have given these hairs their liberty !*  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;  
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,

<sup>8</sup> *Bind up those tresses :—*] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy ; but they only serve to shew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—wiry friends*] The old copy reads, *wiry fiends*. *Wiry* is an adjective used by Heywood in his *Silver Age*, 1613 :

“ My vassal furies, with their *wiry* strings,

“ Shall lash thee hence.” STEEVENS.

To

To him that did but yesterday suspire<sup>1</sup>,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born<sup>2</sup>.  
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;  
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

*K. Phil.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child<sup>3</sup>,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

<sup>1</sup> — *but yesterday suspire,*] To *suspire* in Shakespeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down

“ Perforce must move.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *a gracious creature born.*] *Gracious*, in this instance, as in some others, signifies *graceful*. So, in *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631:

“ — on which (*the freeze*) were festoons of several fruits, in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* postures, lay children sleeping.”

Again, in the same piece:

“ — they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures.”

Again, in the *Malecontent*, 1604:

“ The most exquisite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gratious* by torch-light.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Grief fills the room up of my absent child,*]

“ *Perfruitur lachrymis et amat pro conjuge luctum.*”

*Lucan*, lib. ix.

A French poet, Maynard, has the same thought:

“ *Mon deuil me plaît et me doit toujours plaire,*

“ *Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.*” MALONE.

Then,

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well : \* had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.—  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress:*

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
 O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !  
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !  
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! [Exit.  
 K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

Lewis. † There's nothing in this world, can make  
 me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;  
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
 That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,  
 Even in the instant of repair and health,  
 The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,  
 On their departure most of all shew evil :  
 What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.  
 No, no : when fortune means to men most good,  
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
 'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost  
 In this which he accounts so clearly won :  
 Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

\* ——— had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort ——— }

This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

† *There's nothing in this &c.*] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years ; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride ? JOHNSON.

Pand.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
 Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit ;  
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
 Out of the path which shall directly lead .  
 Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.  
 John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,  
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :  
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :  
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :  
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;  
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lewis.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,  
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lewis.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old  
 world !

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :  
 For he, that steeps his safety in <sup>6</sup> true blood,  
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;  
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,  
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it :  
 No natural exhalation in the sky,  
<sup>7</sup> No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,

<sup>6</sup> — true blood,] The blood of him that has the *just* claim.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> No scape of nature,—] The author very finely calls a *monstrous* birth, an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing. But the Oxford editor will have it, that Shakespeare wrote :

*No shape of nature.*————— WARBURTON.

The old copy reads :—*No scope, &c.* STEEVENS.

No

No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lewis.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's  
life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;  
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity: If but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
<sup>8</sup>Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,  
What may be wrought out of their discontent:  
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,  
For England go; I will whet on the king.

*Lewis.* Strong reasons make strong actions<sup>9</sup>: Let  
us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> Or, as a little snow,—] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their snow-ball did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — strong actions:—] The oldest copy reads:—*strange actions*: the folio 1632:—*strong*. STEEVENS.

## A C T I V. S C E N E I.

*England.**Northampton. A room in the castle.**Enter Hubert, and executioners.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand

Within the arras : when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth ;  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

*Exec.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to't.—

[*Exeunt executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me !

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only

[*Young gentlemen &c.*] It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Onos says :

“ Come let's be melancholy.”

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592 : “ *Melancholy!* is melancholy a word for a barber's mouth ? Thou should'st say, heavy, dull, and doltish ;

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
 I should be as merry as the day is long;  
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
 My uncle practises more harm to me:  
 He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
 No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,  
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;  
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:  
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick;  
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
 Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*]  
 How now, foolish rhetum! [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door?  
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—  
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

doltish: *melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion, &c. says he is *melancholy*." Again, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

"My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*.——"  
 "Is it not most gentleman like to be *melancholy*?"

STEEVENS.

Lilly, in his *Mydas*, ridicules the affectation of *melancholy*:  
 "Now every base companion, being in his *noble fables*, says, he is *melancholy*.—Thou should'st say thou art *lumpish*. If thou encroach on our *courtly* terms, weele trounce thee." FARMER.

Turning despiteous torture out of door?] For torture sir T. Hanmer reads *nature*, and is followed, I think, without necessity, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)  
And I did never ask it you again:  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time;  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?  
Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench this fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hu-  
bert's. [*Hubert stamps, and the men enter.*  
*Hub.*

<sup>3</sup> *I would not have believed a tongue but Hubert's.] Thus Mr. Pope found the line in the old editions. According to this reading*



*Hub.* Come forth; do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boistrous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

it is supposed that Hubert had told him, 'he would *not* put out his eyes; for the angel who says *he would*, is brought in as contradicting Hubert. Mr. Theobald, by what authority I don't know, reads:

*I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's.*

which is spoiling the measure, without much mending the sense. Shakespeare, I am persuaded, wrote:

*I would not have believ'd a tongue bate Hubert;*

i. e. abate, disparage. The blunder seems to have arisen thus: *bate* signifies except, saving; so the transcribers, taking it in this sense, substituted the more usual word *but* in its place. My alteration greatly improves the sense, as implying a tenderness of affection for Hubert; the common reading, only an opinion of Hubert's veracity; whereas the point here was to win upon Hubert's passions, which could not be better done than by shewing affection towards him. WARBURTON.

I do not see why the old reading may not stand. Mr. Theobald's alteration, as we find, injures the measure, and Dr. Warburton's corrupts the language, and neither can be said much to mend the sense. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's reading is the reading of the old copy. I have therefore restored it.

—*rixatur de lana sæpe caprina.*

Shakespeare very probably meant the last line to have been broken off imperfectly; thus:

*I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's—*

The old reading is, however, sense. STEEVENS.

*Exec.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend ;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy ?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a moth in  
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense !  
Then, feeling what small things are boistrous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise ? go to, hold your  
tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !

<sup>4</sup> Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you !

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* <sup>5</sup> No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with  
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself ;

<sup>4</sup> Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,] This is according  
to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> No, in good sooth ; &c.] The sense is : the fire, being created  
not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself  
us'd in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.

JOHNSON.

There

6 There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

6 *There is no malice in this burning coal;*] Dr. Gray says, "that no malice in a burning coal is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

"*There is no malice burning in this coal.*" STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*The court of England.*

*Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

*Pemb.* <sup>7</sup> This once again, but that your highness  
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
<sup>8</sup> To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Pemb.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told;  
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured:  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;  
Startles and frights consideration;

<sup>7</sup> *This once again, — was once superfluous:] This one time more  
was one time more than enough. JOHNSON.*

It should be remembered that king John was at present crowned  
for the fourth time. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *To guard a title that was rich before,] To guard, is to fringe.*  
JOHNSON.

Makes

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pemb.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness :  
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;  
As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more <sup>2</sup> in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness  
To over-bear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;  
Since all and every part of what we would,  
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* <sup>3</sup> Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;  
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear) <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *They do confound their skill in covetousness :*] i. e. Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling ; as in *Henry V* :

“ But if it be a sin to covet honour,

“ I am the most offending soul alive.” THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> ——— in hiding of the fault,

*Than did the fault* ——— ]

We should read *stare* in both places. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fault* means *blemish*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Some reasons of this double coronation*

*I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;*

*And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)*

*I shall endue you with : ——— ]*

I have told you some reasons, in my opinion *strong*, and shall tell more yet *stronger* ; for the stronger my reasons are, the *less* is my fear of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And more, more strong, (the lesser is my fear)*

*I shall endue you with : ——— ]*

The first folio reads :

————— (then *lesser is my fear*)

The present text is given according to Theobald, whose reading I cannot understand, though the true one is obvious enough :

————— (when *lesser is my fear*) TYRWHITT.

I have done this reading the justice to place it in the text.

STEEVENS.

I shall

I shall endue you with : Mean time, but ask  
 What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;  
 And well shall you perceive, how willingly  
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pemb.* Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,  
 ' To sound the purposes of all their hearts)  
 Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,  
 Your safety, for the which myself and them  
 Bend their best studies) heartily request  
 The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint  
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
 To break into this dangerous argument,—  
 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
 Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend  
 The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up  
 Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days  
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
 The rich advantage of good exercise<sup>6</sup> :  
 That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty ;  
 Which for our goods we do no further ask,  
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

*Enter Hubert.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?

*Pemb.* This is the man should do the bloody deed ;

<sup>5</sup> *To sound the purposes*—] To declare, to publish the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ———*good exercise* :] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else ; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

He

He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine :  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his  
 Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast ;  
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go,  
 Between his purpose and his conscience<sup>7</sup>,  
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set<sup>8</sup> :  
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pemb.* And, when it breaks<sup>9</sup>, I fear, will issue thence  
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—  
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead ;  
 He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

*Pemb.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,  
 Before the child himself felt he was sick :  
 This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on  
 me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?  
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,  
 That greatness should so grossly offer it :—

<sup>7</sup> *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :*] But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle ; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read, *sent*. THEOBALD.

This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage; *set* is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *And, when it breaks,* ——— ] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impostumated tumour. JOHNSON.

So

So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*Pemb.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent:  
There is no sure foundation set on blood;  
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

*Mes.* From France to England'.—Never such a  
power

For any foreign preparation,

Was levy'd in the body of a land!

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;

For, when you should be told they do prepare,

The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care;

That such an army could be drawn in France,

And she not hear of it?

*Mes.* My liege, her ear

Is stopt with dust; the first of April, dy'd

Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,

The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd

Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue

I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

<sup>1</sup> *From France to England.*—] The king asks how all goes in France, the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England. JOHNSON.

*K. John.*



*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
 O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd—  
 My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?  
 How wildly then walks my estate in France?—  
 Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
 That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?  
*Mef.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter Faulconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
 With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
 To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Faulc.* But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
 Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd  
 Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
 Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
 To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Faulc.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
 The sums I have collected shall express.  
 But, as I travell'd hither through the land,  
 I find the people strangely fantasy'd;  
 Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
 With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,  
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou  
 say so?

*Peter.* Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
 And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:

De-

Deliver him to safety<sup>2</sup>, and return,  
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Faulc.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire)  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies:  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.

*Faulc.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot  
before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Faulc.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
[Exit.]

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.  
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he.

*Mes.* With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.]

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say, <sup>3</sup> five moons were seen  
to-night:

Four

<sup>2</sup> Deliver him to safety, ——— ] That is, Give him into safe custody. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— five moons were seen to-night, &c.] This incident is men-

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons ?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear ;  
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;  
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news ;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)

Told

mentioned by few of our historians : I have met with it no where, but in *Matthew of Westminster* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time, than either before or since. GRAY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the spurious copy of the play. STEEVENS.

\* ——— *slippers (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)*]

I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* tells us : " He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. And Davies in one of his epigrams, compares a man to " a soft-knit hose that serves each leg."

FARMER.

In

Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord ! why, did not you provoke me ?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings', to be attended

In the *Fleire*, 1615, is the following passage : " — This fellow is like your *upright shoe*, he will serve either foot." From this we may infer that some shoes could only be worn on that foot for which [they were made. And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says : " — to put on his *shoes wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas*, bl. 1. no date : " Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his maister sawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *lefte foote* a *right foote*. Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them, but an it please you I shall cut as mani *right shoone* unto them." STEEVENS.

See Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, 1703, p. 207 : " The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or asslant from the great toe to the little one. See likewise, the *Philosophical Transactions abridged*, vol. III. p. 432, and vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside. TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> *It is the curse of kings, &c.*] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots, and so must have been inserted long after the first representation. WARBURTON.

That the allusion mentioned by Dr. Warburton, was intended by Shakespeare, is highly probable.—But why need we suppose this passage added after the piece was finished ? The queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, according to the best account, before our author had produced any play on the stage.

MALONE.

By

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
 To break within the bloody house of life :  
 And, on the winking of authority,  
 To understand a law ; to know the meaning  
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
 More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
 and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
 Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
 Makes deeds ill done ? Hadst not thou been by,  
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
 Quoted<sup>6</sup>, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
 This murder had not come into my mind :  
 But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
 Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;  
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
 Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,——

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head<sup>7</sup>, or made  
 a pause,

When

<sup>6</sup> *Quoted*,—] i. e. observed, distinguish'd. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not *quoted* him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Hadst thou but shook thy head*, &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words*, would have *struck him dumb* ; nothing is more certain,

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;  
 Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words ;  
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :  
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—  
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought<sup>s</sup>,

And

than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves,  
 palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide  
 themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.

JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> *The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,* } Nothing can be  
 falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication ; yet it  
 was the poet's purpose that he should speak truth ; for we find,  
 from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had en-*  
*tered into him,* and that very deeply : and it was with difficulty  
 that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had  
 diverted and suppressed it. Nor is the expression, in this reading,  
 at all exact, it not being the necessary quality of a *murd'rous*  
*thought* to be *dreadful*, affrighting, or terrible : for it being com-  
 monly excited by the flattering views of interest, pleasure, or re-  
 venge, the mind is often too much taken up with those ideas to at-  
 tend,

And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the  
peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience !  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art,  
Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :  
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast <sup>9</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

tend, steadily, to the consequences. We must conclude therefore that Shakespeare wrote :

————— *a murderer's thought.*

And this makes Hubert speak truth, as the poet intended he should. He had not committed the murder, and consequently the *motion of a murderer's thought had never entered his bosom.* And in this reading, the epithet *dreadful* is admirably just, and in nature. For after the perpetration of the fact, the appetites, that hurried their owner to it, lose their force ; and nothing succeeds to take possession of the mind, but a dreadful consciousness, that torments the murderer without respite or intermission. *WARBURTON.*

I do not see any thing in this change worth the vehemence with which it is recommended. Read the line either way, the sense is nearly the same, nor does Hubert tell truth in either reading when he charges John with *slandering his form.* He that could once intend to burn out the eyes of a captive prince, had a *mind* not too fair for the *rudest form.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>9</sup> The spurious play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the king's dispatch of Hubert on this message ; the second begins with " Enter Arthur, &c." as in the following scene. *STEEVENS.*

## S C E N E III.

*A street before a prison.*

*Enter Arthur on the walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—  
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Dies.*

*Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at faint Edmund's-bury;  
 It is our safety, and we must embrace  
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pemb.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
 Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,  
 Is much more general than these lines import.

*Bigot.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be  
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter*

<sup>1</sup> *Whose private &c.]* i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters.

POPZ.

<sup>2</sup> *——— or e'er we meet.]* This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ere*. There the common people use it often. Thus, they say,



*Enter Faulconbridge.*

*Faulc.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossefs'd himself of us;  
We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:  
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

*Faulc.* What e'er you think, good words, I think;  
were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now<sup>3</sup>.

*Faulc.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

say, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full sense of *before*; and that *e'er* when joined with it is snerely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification. Thus, in the old tragedy of *Master Arden of Feversham*, 1599, quarto, (attributed by some, though falsely, to Shakespeare) the wife says:

"He shall be murdered *or* the guests come in."

Sig. H. B. III. PERCY.

So, in *All for Money*, an old *Morality*, 1574:

"I could sit in the cold a good while I swear,

"*Or* I would be weary such suitors to hear."

Again, in *Every Man*, another *Morality*, no date:

"As, *or* we departe, thou shalt know."

Again, in the interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, black letter, no date:

"To send for victuals *or* I came away."

That *or* should be written *ore*, I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county, ought not to be received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive, etc.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *reason now.*] To *reason*, in Shakespeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——— *reason* with the fellow,

"Before you punish him." STEEVENS.

*Pemb.* Sir, fir, impatience hath its privilege.

*Faulc.* 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

*Pemb.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge,

*Bigot.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pemb.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this;  
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Faulc.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—  
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to this breathless excellence

The

The incense of a vow, a holy vow <sup>4</sup> ;  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
 'Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge <sup>5</sup>.

*Pemb. Bigot.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :  
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—  
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

<sup>4</sup> ——— a holy vow ;

*Never to taste the pleasures of the world,]*

This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the worship of revenge.]* The *worship* is the dignity, the honour. We still say *worshipful* of magistrates. JOHNSON.

*'Till I have set a glory to this hand,*

*By giving it the worship of revenge.]*

I think it should be—*a glory to this head* — Pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptance. *A glory* is a frequent term :

“ Round a quaker’s beaver cast a *glory*,”

says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—*till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed.* *Glory* means splendor and magnificence in saint Matthew, vi. 29. So, in Markham’s *Husbandry*, 1631, p. 353 : “ But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*,” i. e. fills the banks without overflowing. So, in act II. sc. ii, of this play :

“ Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,

“ Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in.”

A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson’s *Catiline*, who, act IV. sc. iv. says to Cethegus : “ When we meet again we’ll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge. That we may praise our hands once !”

i. e. Oh ! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action. TOLLET.

H 4

*Hub,*

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Faulc.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say; By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence<sup>6</sup>;

Left I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Bigot.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so<sup>7</sup>;

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue so'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pemb.* Cut him to pieces.

*Falc.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

*Faulc.* Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury: If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron<sup>8</sup>,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Bigot.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge? Second a villain, and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

<sup>6</sup> — true defence;] *Honest* defence; defence in a *good cause.*  
JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Do not prove me so;*

*Yet, I am none: ————— ]*

Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — your toasting-iron,] The same thought is found in *K. Hen. V*: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese.*"

STEEVENS.

*Bigot.*

*Bigot.* Who kill'd this prince ?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum ;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house ;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Bigot.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

*Pemb.* There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.  
[*Exeunt lords.*]

*Faulc.* Here's a good world !—Knew you of this  
fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Faulc.* Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;  
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black ;  
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :  
° There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Faulc.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam

° *There is not yet &c.*] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakespeare possibly might have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

To hang thee on : or, would'st thou drown thyself,  
 Put but a little water in a spoon,  
 And it shall be as all the ocean,  
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me !  
 I left him well.

*Faulc.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
 I am amaz'd, methinks ; and lose my way  
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
 How easy dost thou take all England up !  
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
 Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left  
 To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
 The un-owed interest<sup>1</sup> of proud-swelling state.  
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :  
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits  
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)  
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp<sup>2</sup>.  
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture<sup>3</sup> can  
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *The un-owed interest—*] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] *Wrested pomp* is greatness obtained by violence. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *—and cincture—*] The old copy reads—*center*, probably for *ceinture*. Fr. STEEVENS.

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The court of England.*

*Enter King John, Pandulph, and attendants,*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory. [Giving up the crown.

*Pand.* Take again  
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word : go meet the  
French ;

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.  
Our discontented counties do revolt ;  
Our people quarrel with obedience ;  
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.  
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be ministred,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :  
But, since you are a gentle convertite<sup>4</sup>,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land,  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

<sup>4</sup> ——— a gentle convertite,] A convertite is a convert. So, in  
Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“ No, governour, I'll be no convertite.” STEVENS.

*K. John.*

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet  
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter Faulconbridge.*

*Faulc.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds  
out,

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Faulc.* They found him dead, and cast into the  
streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life,  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

*Faulc.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field;  
Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?  
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?

Oh,



Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run<sup>5</sup>  
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Faulc.* Oh inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread<sup>6</sup>,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present  
time.

*Faulc.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I know<sup>7</sup>,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.]

<sup>5</sup> — *Forage, and run*] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Mocking the air with colours*—] He has the same image in *Macbeth*:

“Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,

“And fan our people cold.” JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Away then, with good courage; yet I know,*  
*Our party may well meet a prouder foe.*]

Let us then away with courage; yet I so well know the faintness of our party, that I think it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means; for all their boasting I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit the king, whom he means to animate. STEEVENS.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmund's-bury<sup>s</sup>.*

*Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.*

*Lewis.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance :  
Return the precedent<sup>9</sup> to these lords again ;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,  
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a fore of time  
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
By making many : Oh, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker ; oh, and there,

\* ——— *at St. Edmund's-bury.*] I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin ; he says :

*Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-bury.*

And count Melun, in this last act, says :

————— *and many more with me,*

*Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-bury ;*

*Even on that altar, where we swore to you*

*Dear amity, and everlasting love.*

And it appears likewise from *The Troublesome Reign of King John, in two parts*, (the first rough model of this play) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons, was at *St. Edmund's-bury*. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the precedent, &c.*] i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. STEEVENS.

Where

Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :  
 But such is the infection of the time,  
 That, for the health and physic of our right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—  
 And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends !  
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;  
 Wherein we step after a stranger march  
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause)  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?  
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove !  
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore ;  
 Where these two Christian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly !  
*Lewis.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this ;  
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
 Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,  
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect !  
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,

<sup>1</sup> *And grapple thee &c.*] The old copy reads : *And cripple thee,* &c. Perhaps our author wrote *gripple*, a word used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 1 :

“ That thrusts his *gripple* hand into her golden maw.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Between compulsion, and a brave respect !*] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state ; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*) could only be procured by foreign arms : and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. Yet the Oxford editor, for *compulsion*, reads *compassion*. WARBURTON.

That

That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation ;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm :  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;  
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
 As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter Pandulph, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake<sup>3</sup> :  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;  
 And on our actions set the name of right,  
 With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France !  
 The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,  
 That so stood out against the holy church,  
 The great metropolis and see of Rome :  
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *an angel spake :*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here : — *an angel speeds.* I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him ; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel.* JOHNSON.

And

And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in shew.

*Lewis.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;  
I am too high-born to be property'd,  
To be a secondary at controul,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ;  
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?  
Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,  
What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action ? is't not I,  
That undergo this charge ? who else but I,  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war ?  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy !* as I have bank'd their towns ?<sup>4</sup>

Have

<sup>4</sup> — as I have bank'd their towns ?] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, thrown up entrenchments before their towns.

The spurious play of *K. John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he sailed along the banks of the river. This I suppose Shakespeare calls *banking* the towns.

Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
And shall I now give o'er the yielded fet?  
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lewis.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
'Till my attempt so much be glorify'd  
As to my ample hope was promised  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To out-look conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter Faulconbridge, attended.*

*Faulc.* According to the fair-play of the world,  
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Faulc.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,

“ ——— from the hollow holes of Thamesis

“ Echo apace replied, *Vive le roy!*

“ From thence along the wanton rolling glade,

“ To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.”

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage.

STEEVENS.

This

3 This unhair'd sawciness, and boyish troops,  
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
 From out the circle of his territories.  
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,  
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch<sup>6</sup>;  
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,  
 Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—  
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
 No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers<sup>7</sup>,  
 To soufe annoyance that comes near his nest.—

3 This unheard sawciness, and boyish troops,] Thus the printed copies in general; but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprize, favouring of youth and indiscretion; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyish troops*, *dwarfish war*, *pigmy arms*, &c. which, according to my emendation, fort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* sawciness.

THEOBALD.

Yet another reading might be recommended:

*This unair'd sawciness,* —————

i. e. *untravell'd* rudeness. In this sense the word is used in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ ————— ’tis a main posture,

“ And to all *unair'd* gentlemen will betray you.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*: “ ——— though I have been, for the most part, *aired* abroad, I desire to lay my bones, &c.”

STEEVENS.

6 ——— *take the hatch*;] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phrase. STEEVENS.

7 ——— *like an eagle o'er his airy towers*,] An *airy* is the nest of an eagle. So, in *K. Richard III*:

“ Our *airy* buildeth in the cedar's top.” STEEVENS.

I 2

And

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :  
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons; come tripping after drums ;  
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,  
 Their neelds to lances<sup>s</sup>, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lewis.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in  
 peace;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us : fare thee well ;  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a brabler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Faulc.* No, I will speak.

*Lewis.* We will attend to neither :—  
 Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war  
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Faulc.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry  
 out ;

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start  
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;  
 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand  
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)  
 Is warlike John ; and in his forehead fits  
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lewis.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

<sup>s</sup> *Their needles to lances, — ]* Here we should read *neelds*, as  
 in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Have with our *neelds* created both one flower.”  
*pairfax* has the same contraction of the word. STEEVENS.

*Faulc.*



*Faulc.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*A field of battle.*

*Alarums. Enter king John, and Hubert.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? oh, tell me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long, lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge, desires your majesty to leave the field; and send him word by me, which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mes.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply, that was expected by the Dauphin here, are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands. This news was brought to Richard<sup>9</sup> but even now: The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up, and will not let me welcome this good news.— Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight; Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.]

<sup>9</sup> —Richard—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the king a little before (act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E IV.

*The French camp.**Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.**Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends,*Pemb.* Up once again; put spirit in the French;  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.*Pemb.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the  
field.*Enter Melun wounded, and led by soldiers.**Melun.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.*Pemb.* It is the count Melun,*Sal.* Wounded to death.*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;  
Untread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompence the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,

<sup>1</sup> Untread *the rude eye of rebellion,*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *untreading the eye of a needle*? And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression, which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the way, path, steps, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare elsewhere uses the same expression, *threading dark o' d night*. STEEVENS.

Upon

Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-bury ;  
 Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible ! may this be true !

*Melun.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
 Retaining but a quantity of life ;  
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax<sup>2</sup>  
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?  
 What in the world should make me now deceive,  
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?  
 Why should I then be false ; since it is true  
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?  
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
 Behold another day break in the east :  
 But even this night,—whose black contagious breath  
 Already smokes about the burning crest  
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;  
 Paying the fine of<sup>3</sup> rated treachery,  
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;  
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
 For that my grandfire was an Englishman,—  
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

<sup>2</sup> ——— *even as a form of wax*] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, “ that they had devised an *image of wax*, representing the king, which by their forcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *rated treachery*,] It were easy to change *rated* to *hated* for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay. JOHNSON.

In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,  
And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye <sup>4</sup>.—Away, my friends! New flight;  
And <sup>5</sup> happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

S C E N E V.

*A different part of the French camp.*

*Enter Lewis, and his train.*

*Lewis.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to  
set;  
But staid, and made the western welkin blush,  
When the English measur'd backward their own  
ground  
In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,  
When with a volley of our needless shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;

<sup>4</sup> *Right in thine eye.*—] This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. Some of the modern editors read, *pitch*, i. e. pitched as a tent is; others, *fight in thine eye*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *happy newness, &c.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

And

And wound our <sup>6</sup> tatter'd colours clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lewis.* Here:—What news?

*Mes.* The count Melun is slain; the English lords,  
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:  
And your supplies, which you have with'd so long,  
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

*Lewis.* Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very  
heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,  
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,  
King John did fly, an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mes.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lewis.* Well; keep good quarter, and good care  
to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> — tatter'd—] For tatter'd, the folio reads tottering.

JOHNSON.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read tatter'd, the old editions give us totter'd in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlow's *K. Edward II.* 1622:

“ This tottered ensign of my ancestors.”

Again:

“ As doth this water from my totter'd robes.”

So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“ I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave

“ My totter'd colours in this worthless air.” STEEVENS.

So, in the *Alarum for London*, 1602:

“ ————lug'd and torn

“ By lowzie totter'd rogues.”

So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

“ ————a tomb hung round

“ With totter'd colours.” MALONE.

SCENE

*An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead abbey.*

*Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

*Faulc.* A friend:—What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Faulc.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? Why may I not demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Falc.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:  
Who art thou?

*Faulc.* Who thou wilt: an if thou please,  
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! 't'hou, and eyeless  
night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Faulc.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news  
abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *thou, and endless night,*] We should read, *eyeless*. So, *Pindar* calls the moon, the *eye of night*. *WARBURTON*.

This epithet I find in *Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia*, 1607:

“ O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death !”

Again, in *Gower De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102. b:

“ The daie made ende, and losse his fight,

“ And comen was the darke night,

“ The whiche all the daies *eye blent*.” *STEEVENS*.

*Faulc.*

*Faulc.* Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

*Hub.* O my sweet fir, news fitted to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Faulc.* Shew me the very wound of this ill news ;  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk ;  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Faulc.* How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Faulc.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

*Hub.* Why, know you not ? the lords are all come  
back,

And brought prince Henry in their company ;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Faulc.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !—  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;  
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [Exeunt,

## S C E N E VII.

*The orchard in Swinstead-abbey.*

*Enter prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

*Hen.* It is too late ; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)  
Doth,

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter Pembroke.*

*Pemb.* His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,

That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage?

*Pemb.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,  
In their continuance, will not feel themselves,  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them: invisible<sup>8</sup> his siege is now,  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies;  
Which, <sup>9</sup> in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should  
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*King John brought in.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

<sup>8</sup> *Leaves them: invisible his siege is now,  
Against the mind, —]*

Thus the old copy, except that it reads:—*invisible and &c.* Modern editors read, without authority, *Leaves them insensible:—*

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *— in their throng and press —]* In their tumult and hurry  
of resorting to the last tenable part. JOHNSON.

It



It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust :  
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
 Upon a parchment ; and against this fire  
 Do I shrink up.

*Hen.* How fares your majesty ?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsook, cast  
 off :

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
 Through my burn'd bosom ; nor intreat the north  
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
 And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,  
 I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,  
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*Hen.* Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
 That might relieve you !

*K. John.* The salt of them is hot.—  
 Within me is a hell ; and there the poison  
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
 On unreprieveable condemned blood.

<sup>1</sup> This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Wife for a Month*, act IV. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw* ;] Decker, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, has the same thought : “ — the morning waxing cold, *thrust his frosty fingers* into thy bosome.” STEEVENS.

There is so strong a resemblance not only in the thought, but in the expression, between these lines and a passage in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, that we may fairly suppose an imitation ; but which of the two poets borrowed from the other, it is not easy to determine :

“ Oh I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep

“ *Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,*

“ And made a frost within me.”

*Lust's Dominion*, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by one Kirkman. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter Faulconbridge.*

*Faulc.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent motions,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eyes  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;  
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.

*Faulc.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;  
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood. *[The king dies.]*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—  
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

*Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

*Faulc.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as we:  
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace

As

As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Faulc.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well finewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal:  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Faulc.* Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
For so he will'd it.

*Faulc.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Faulc.* Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.<sup>3</sup> [*Exeunt omnes.*]

<sup>3</sup> *If England to itself do rest but true.*] This sentiment is borrowed from the conclusion of the old spurious play:

“ If England's peers and people join in one,

“ Nor pope; nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong.”

STEEVENS.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakespeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

There is extant another play of *King John*, published in 1611. Shakespeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out in the notes, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it was the work of some contemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over it. There is likewise a quantity of rhiming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakespeare.

Of this historical drama there is said to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampson Clarke, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed for John Helme, whose name appears before no other of the pieces of Shakespeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

KING

# KING RICHARD II.

VOL. V.

K

Persons

## Persons Represented.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *duke of York*, } *uncles to the king.*

John of Gaunt, *duke of Lancaster*,

Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, *duke of Hereford*, after-  
wards king Henry the Fourth, son to John of  
Gaunt.

Duke of Aumerle<sup>1</sup>, *son to the duke of York.*

Mowbray, *duke of Norfolk.*

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl Berkley<sup>2</sup>.

Busby,

Bagot, } *creatures to king Richard.*

Green,

Earl of Northumberland.

Percy, *son to Northumberland.*

Lord Ross<sup>3</sup>.

Lord Willoughby.

Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Sir Stephen Scroop.

Lord Marshal; and another lord.

Abbot of Westminster.

Sir Pierce of Exton.

*Captain of a band of Welchmen.*

Queen to king Richard.

Dutchess of Gloster.

Dutchess of York.

*Ladies, attending on the Queen.*

*Heralds, two gardeners, keeper, messenger, groom, and  
other attendants.*

SCENE, *dispersedly, in England and Wales.*

<sup>1</sup> *Duke of Aumerle, —*] *Aumerle, or Aumale, is the French  
for what we now call Albemarle, which is a town in Normandy.  
The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> *Earl Berkley.*] It ought to be *Lord Berkley*. There was no  
*Earl Berkley* 'till some ages after. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Lord Ross.*] Now spelt *Ross*, one of the duke of Rutland's  
titles. STEEVENS.

\* THE LIFE AND DEATH OF  
KING RICHARD II.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The court.*

*Enter king Richard, John of Gaunt, with other nobles and attendants.*

**K. Rich.** Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lan-  
caster,

Haft

\* *The Life and Death of King Richard II.*] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gelsey Merrick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agrî curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, vol. IV. p. 412. of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,<sup>s</sup>  
 Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;  
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
 Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
 If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;  
 Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
 On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argu-  
 ment,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,  
 Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence; face to  
 face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
 The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—  
 High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*cond*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have less in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was.”

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakespeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*.

FARMER.

This play of Shakespeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> —*thy oath and band,*] When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 3. st. 3:

“ The day was set, that all might understand,  
 “ And pledges pawn'd the same to keep aright.”

The old copies read *band* instead of *bond*. The former is right; So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ My master is arrested on a *band*.” STEEVENS.

*Enter*



*Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.*

*Boling.* Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Mowb.* Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters  
us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Boling.* First (heaven be the record to my speech!)  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my ° right-drawn sword may  
prove.

*Mowb.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;

° —right-drawn —] Drawn in a right or just cause.

JOHNSON.

The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.  
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
 As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :  
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,  
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;  
 Which else would post, until it had return'd  
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
 I do defy him, and I spit at him ;  
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain :  
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;  
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot  
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
 Or any other ground <sup>7</sup> inhabitable  
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my  
 gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of a king ;  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :  
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;  
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Mowb.* I take it up ; and, by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,

<sup>7</sup> — *inhabitable*,] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable*.

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his *Catiline* :

“ And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place.” STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614 : “ Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequented *desarts and inhabited* provinces, echoing in every place their own vanities, endorsing their names on the barks of trees.” MALONE.

Or

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,<sup>3</sup>  
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
 charge?

It must be great, that can inherit us<sup>4</sup>  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I said, my life shall prove it  
 true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,  
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;  
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
 Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.  
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—  
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge  
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
 That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
 Complotted and contrived in this land,  
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
 Further I say,—and further will maintain  
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
 That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;  
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;  
 And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:  
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
 To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;  
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

<sup>3</sup> *And when I mount, alive may I not light,*]

The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:

*And when I mount alive, alive may I not light.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *that can inherit us &c.*] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakespeare. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act I. sc. ii:

“ ——— such delight

“ Among fresh female buds shall you this night

“ *Inherit* at my house.” STEEVENS.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!—  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Mowb.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son)  
Now by ' my scepter's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Mowb.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,  
Disbur's'd I to his highness' soldiers;  
The other part reserv'd I by consent;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's  
death,——

I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,—  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.  
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,

1 ——— *my scepter's awe* ——— ] The reverence due to my scepter.  
JOHNSON.

It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by  
 me ;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood :

<sup>2</sup> This we prescribe, though no physician ;

Deep malice makes too deep incision :

Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;

Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—

Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;

We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age :—

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

<sup>2</sup> *This we prescribe, though no physician ; &c.]* I must make one remark, in general, on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play ; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places ; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture.

POPE.

“ This observation of Mr. Pope's,” says Mr. Edwards, “ happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhimes, will not *connect* at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhiming part of the dialogue is left out, king Richard begins with dissuading them from the duel, and, in the very next sentence, appoints the time and place of their combat.”

Mr. Edwards's censure is rather hasty ; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhimes must be retained to make out the connection. STEEVENS.

*Gaunt*

Gaunt. When, Harry<sup>3</sup> when?  
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is  
no boot<sup>4</sup>.

Mowb. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy  
foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;  
The one, my duty owes; but<sup>5</sup> my fair name,  
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here<sup>6</sup>;  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;

The

<sup>3</sup> *When, Harry?*—] This obsolete exclamation of impatience, is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“Fly into Affrick; from the mountains there,

“Chuse me two venomous serpents: thou shalt know  
them

“By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.

“*When, Iris?*

“*Iris. I am gone.*”

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“—— I'll cut off thy legs,

“If thou delay thy duty. *When, proud John?*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no use, in delay or refusal.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— *my fair name, &c.*] That is, *my name that lives on my grave in despight of death.* This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *and baffled here;*] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, vol. III, p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: “*Bafulling*, says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openly perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name, wondering, crying, and blowing out of him with horns.” Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 3. st. 37; and b. vi. c. 7. st. 27. has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.

The same expression occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, sc. ult.

“Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?”

Again, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. I. act I. sc. ii:

“—— an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.”

Again,

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood :  
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame,

*Mowb.* Yea, but not change their spots : take but  
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is—spotless reputation ; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;

Take honour from me, and my life is done :

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you  
begin.

*Boling.* Oh, heaven defend my soul from such foul  
sin !

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's fight ?

<sup>7</sup> Or with pale beggar face impeach my height

Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear

<sup>8</sup> The slavish motive of recanting fear ;

Again, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605 : “ —chil be abasselled  
up and down the town, for a messel.” i. e. for a beggar, or rather a  
leper. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Or with pale beggar face — ] i. e. with a face of supplica-  
tion. But this will not satisfy the Oxford editor, he turns it to  
*baggard fear*. WARBURTON.

—beggar fear is the reading of the first folio and one of the  
quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The slavish motive — ] *Motive*, for instrument.

WARBURTON.

Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

And

140 KING RICHARD II.

And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit Gaunt.]

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command;  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate;  
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see  
Justice decide<sup>9</sup> the victor's chivalry.—  
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*The duke of Lancaster's palace.*

*Enter Gaunt, and dutchefs of Gloster.*

*Gaunt.* Alas! <sup>1</sup> the part I had <sup>2</sup> in Gloster's blood  
Doth more solicit me, than your exclains,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But, since correction lieth in those hands,  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Dutch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

<sup>9</sup> *Justice decide*—] The old copies concur in reading—*Justice* design. Mr. Pope made the alteration, which may be unnecessary. *Designo*, Lat. signifies *to mark out*, to point out: “Notat designatque oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum.”

*Cicero in Catilinam.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —the part I had—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER.

<sup>2</sup> —in Gloster's blood] The three elder quartos read:—*in Woodstock's blood.* STEEVENS.

Edward's



Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
 Or seven fair branches, springing from one root :  
 Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,  
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :  
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—  
 One phial full<sup>3</sup> of Edward's sacred blood,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;  
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.  
 Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,  
 That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,  
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent  
 In some large measure to thy father's death,  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the model of thy father's life.  
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :  
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
 Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,  
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :  
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,  
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,  
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,  
 His deputy anointed in his fight,

<sup>3</sup> *One phial &c.*] Though all the old copies concur in the present regulation of the following lines, I would rather read :

*One phial full of Edward's sacred blood  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spill'd ;  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root  
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded.*

Some of the old copies in this instance, as in many others, read *waded*, a mode of spelling practised by several of our ancient writers. After all, I believe the transposition to be needless.

STEEVENS.

Hath

Hath cat's'd his death: the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

*Dutch.* Where then, alas! may I complain myself?<sup>4</sup>

*Gaunt.* To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

*Dutch.* Why then, I will. Farewel, old Gaunt.  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!  
Or if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
<sup>5</sup> A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewel, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,  
With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Dutch.* Yet one word more;— Grief boundeth where  
it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight;  
I take my leave before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *may I complain myself?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the same sense in his Fables;

“Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme *complain*”

“The death of Richard with an arrow slain.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *A caitiff recreant* —] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

Ἡμῶν τῆς ἀπῆλης ἀποδείξαι δέλιον ἡμᾶς.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified a *prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor, miserable. TYRWHITT.

Lo,

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;  
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
 I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what?—  
 With all good speed at Plasby visit me.  
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
 But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls<sup>6</sup>,  
 Unpeopled offices, untrödden stones?  
 And what hear these for welcome, but my groans?  
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
 To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where:  
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;  
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The lists, at Coventry.*

*Enter the lord Marshal and Aumerle.*

*Mar.* My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Aum.* Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and  
 stay

For nothing, but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*]

*The trumpets sound, and the king enters with Gaunt, Bushy,  
 Bagot, and others: when they are set, enter the duke of  
 Norfolk in armour.*

*K. Rich. Marshal,* demand of yonder champion  
 The cause of his arrival here in arms:

<sup>6</sup> — *unfurnish'd walls,*] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the Preface to the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in 1512.* STEEVENS.

Ask

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name, and the king's, say who thou  
art, [To Mowbray:

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms;  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel;  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath,  
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

*Mowb.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of  
Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,  
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,  
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;  
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in  
armour.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war;  
And formally according to our law

<sup>7</sup> And so — ] The old copies read: As so — STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Mowbray.* — ] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — his succeeding issue,] Such is the reading of the first folio; the later editions read *my* issue. Mowbray's issue, was by this accusation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake: but the old reading is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

The three oldest quartos read *my*. STEEVENS.

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists? [*To Boling.*  
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,  
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;  
Except the marshal, and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:  
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,  
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your high-  
ness, [*To K. Rich.*  
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!  
Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:  
As confident, as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—  
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—  
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—

Not sick, although I have to do with death ;  
 But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.—  
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :  
 Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[To Gaunt.]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up  
 To reach at victory above my head,—  
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;  
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat<sup>1</sup> ;  
 And furbish<sup>2</sup> new the name of John of Gaunt,  
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee pro-  
 sperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;  
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :

Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive !

*Mowb.* However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,  
 There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,  
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :  
 Never did captive with a freer heart  
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
 His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,

<sup>1</sup> —waxen coat,] *Waxen* may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form, to every motion of the body. Of these many are to be seen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And furbish*—] Thus the quarto 1615. The folio reads : —*furnish*. Either word will do, as to *furnish* in the time of Shakespeare signified to *dress*. So, twice in *As you like it* :—“*furnished* like a huntsman.” “ —*furnished* like a beggar.”

STEEVENS.

More

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
 This feast of battle<sup>3</sup> with mine adversary.—  
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—  
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :  
 As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest<sup>4</sup>,  
 Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewel, my lord : securely I espy  
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—  
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 Receive thy lance ; and heaven defend the right !

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Nor-  
 folk.

*1 Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

*2 Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of  
 Norfolk,

<sup>3</sup> *This feast of battle*——] “ War is death’s *feast*,” is a pro-  
 verbial saying. See Ray’s Collection. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *As gentle and as jocund, as to jest*,] Not so neither. We  
 should read, *to just* ; i. e. to tilt or tourney, which was a kind of  
 sport too. WARBURTON.

The sense would perhaps have been better if the author had  
 written what his commentator substitutes ; but the rhyme, to  
 which sense is too often enslaved, obliged Shakespeare to write *jest*,  
 and obliges us to read it. JOHNSON.

The commentators forget that *to jest* sometimes signifies in old  
 language *to play a part in a mask*. Thus, in *Hieronymo* :

“ He promised us in honour of our guest,

“ To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*.”

and accordingly a mask is performed. FARMER.

Mr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. So, in  
 the third part of *K. Henry VI* :

“——— as if the tragedy

“ Were play’d in *jest* by counterfeit’d actors.” TOLLET.

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin. [*A charge sounded.*

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

Stay, the king has thrown his warder down<sup>5</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:—  
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,  
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish; after which, the king speaks to the combatants.*

Draw near,  
And list, what with our council we have done.  
For that our kingdom's earth should not be foil'd  
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's swords;  
[<sup>6</sup> And for we think, the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set you on  
To wake our peace<sup>7</sup>, which in our country's cradle  
Draws

<sup>5</sup> ————*both thrown his warder down.*] A warder appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars* &c. b. i:

“When lo, the king suddenly chang'd his mind

“Casts down his warder to arrest them there.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And for we think, the eagle-winged pride* &c.] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

<sup>7</sup> *To wake our peace,* ————

*Which thus rous'd up* ————

*Might fright fair peace,*.]

Thus the sentence stands in the common reading, absurdly enough;



Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ; ]  
 Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,  
 And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,—

enough ; which made the Oxford editor, instead of *fright fair peace*, read, *be affrighted* ; as if these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this ; the editors before Mr. Pope had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text stood thus :

————— *the dire aspect*  
*Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords ;*  
*Which thus rouz'd up*—————  
 ————— *fright fair peace.*

This is sense. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the first printed plays in quarto (very much to the advantage of his edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's works ; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakespeare himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context ; which, on revise, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise ; and, indeed, with great judgment ; for,

*To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle*

*Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,*

as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense : for peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep. The difference is, that peace asleep gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise, and from which state the sooner it was awaked the better.

WARBURTON.

To this note, written with such an appearance of taste and judgment, I am afraid every reader will not subscribe. It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep* ; but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace is to introduce discord.* *Peace asleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frightened by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

Therefore, we banish you our territories.—  
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,  
 'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done : This must my comfort  
 be,——

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;  
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :  
 The fly-slow hours<sup>8</sup> shall not determinate  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—  
 The hopeless word of—never to return,  
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Mowb.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :  
 A dearer merit, not so deep a main<sup>9</sup>  
 As to be cast forth in the common air,  
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.  
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 My native English, now I must forego :  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,  
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;  
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
 Or, being open, put into his hands  
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
 Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;

<sup>8</sup> *The fly-slow hours*——] The old copies read : *The fly slow hours*. Mr. Pope made the change ; whether it was necessary or not, let the poetical reader determine. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *A dearer merit, not so deep a main*  
*Have I deserved*——]

To *deserve* a merit is a phrase of which I know not any example, I wish some copy would exhibit :

*A dearer mede, and not so deep a main.*

To *deserve* a mede or reward, is regular and easy. JOHNSON,  
 And

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now;  
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate<sup>1</sup>;  
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

*Morb.* Then thus I turn me from my country's  
light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,  
<sup>2</sup> (Our part therein we banish with yourselves)  
To keep the oath that we administer:—  
You never shall, (so help you truth and heaven!)  
Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
Nor ever look upon each other's face;  
Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;  
Nor never by advised purpose meet,  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,  
<sup>3</sup>Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Morb.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* <sup>3</sup> Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;—

By

<sup>1</sup> ———compassionate;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> (*Our part &c.*] It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banish'd man may be still tied in allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Norfolk—so far, &c.*] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line; but suppose the meaning to be this. Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addresses Norfolk, and, fearing some misconstruction, turns to the king and

By this time, had the king permitted us,  
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
 Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,  
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :  
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm ;  
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

*Mowb.* No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,  
 My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !  
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;  
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—  
 Farewel, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way \*.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasse of thine eyes  
 I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
 Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,

[*To Boling.*

Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word !  
 Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
 End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

says—*so far as to mine enemy*—that is, *I should say nothing to him but what enemies may say to each other.*

Reviewing this passage, I rather think it should be understood thus. *Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons.* JOHNSON.

All the old copies read : *so fare.* STEEVENS.

—*so fare, as to mine enemy ;—*] i. e. he only wishes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he disdains to say *fare* well as Aumerle does in the next scene. TOLLET.

\* — *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines :

“ The world was all before them, where to chuse  
 “ Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

JOHNSON.

He

He shortens four years of my son's exile :

But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;  
 For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,  
 Can change their moons, and bring their times about,  
 My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
 Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;  
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou can'st give :  
 Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,  
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;  
 Thy word is current with him for my death ;  
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;  
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion  
 four.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,  
 You would have bid me argue like a father :—  
 O, had it been a stranger<sup>6</sup>, not my child,  
 To smooth his fault I would have been more mild :  
 Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,  
 I was too strict, to make mine own away ;  
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
 Against my will, to do myself this wrong :  
 A partial slander<sup>7</sup> fought I to avoid,  
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

*K. Rich.*

<sup>5</sup> *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :*] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *O, had it been a stranger, —*] This couplet is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A partial slander —*] That is, the reproach of partiality.  
 This

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*  
[*Exit.*

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell: what presence must not  
know,  
From where you do remain, let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy  
words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour  
ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure,

*Boling.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The fullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection.  
JOHNSON.

This couplet, which is wanting in the folio edition, is arbitrarily placed by the modern editors at the conclusion of Gaunt's speech. In the three oldest quartos it follows the fifth line of it. In the fourth quarto, which seems copied from the folio, the passage is omitted. STEEVENS.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make] This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. The allusion, it is true, to an *apprenticeship*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the sublime taste; nor, as Horace has expressed it, "*spirat tragicum satis*:" however, as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so despicable as to deserve being quite lost. THEOBALD.

Will

Will but remember me, what a deal of world  
 I wander from the jewels that I love.  
 Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
 To foreign passages; and in the end,  
 Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,  
 But that I was a journeyman to grief?<sup>9</sup>

*Gaunt.* ' All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not, the king did banish thee ;  
 But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :  
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strow'd ;  
 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more,  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance :

<sup>9</sup> ——— *journeyman to grief?*] I am afraid our author in this place designed a very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most of the other single copies. There is now however no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> *All places that the eye of heaven visits, &c.*] The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe, that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author: if these lines are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

For

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Boling.* \* Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy  
way:  
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet  
soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,——  
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman<sup>3</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*

\* *Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand, &c.*] It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions*. Speaking of Epicurus, he says:——  
“Sed unâ se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum: ut si quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiat, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusum fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptates.” The *Tusculan Questions of Cicero* had been translated early enough for Shakespeare to have seen them. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *yet a true-born Englishman.*] Here the first act ought to end, that between the first and second acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second. JOHNSON.

SCENE



SCENE IV.

*The court.*

*Enter king Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door, and the lord Aumerle at the other.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears were  
shed?

*Aum.* Faith, none by me: except the north-east  
wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin, when you parted  
with him?

*Aum.* Farewel:

And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue  
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewels;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Woing

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,  
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
 A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;—*  
 As were our England in reversion his,  
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;—  
 Expedient <sup>4</sup> manage must be made, my liege ;  
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,  
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war.  
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,  
 And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,  
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm ;  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand : If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants ;  
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

*K. Rich.* Bushy, what news ?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick ; my lord ;  
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste,  
 To intreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's  
 mind,

<sup>4</sup> *Expedient*—] Is *expeditious*. STEEVENS.

To help him to his grave immediately !  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. —  
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :  
 Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late !  
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

London.

A room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in, sick : with the duke of York.

Gaunt. Will the king come ? that I may breathe  
 my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
 breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they say, the tongues of dying men  
 Inforce attention, like deep harmony :  
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain ;  
 For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in  
 pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more  
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to  
 glose ;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before :  
 The setting sun, and music at the close <sup>6</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> Here the three elder quartos add — *Amen*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — at the close,] This I suppose to be a musical term. So,  
 in *Lingua*, 1607 :

“ I dare engage my ears, the *close* will jar.” STEEVENS.

As

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last ;  
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past ;  
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stop'd with othet flattering sounds,  
 As, praises of his state : then, there are found  
 Lascivious meeters<sup>7</sup> ; to whose venom'd sound  
 The open ear of youth doth always listen :  
 Report of fashions in proud Italy<sup>8</sup> ;  
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
 Limp after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile)  
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard<sup>9</sup>.  
 Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse<sup>1</sup> ;  
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;  
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :—  
 His<sup>2</sup> rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves :  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;

<sup>7</sup> *Lascivious meeters* ;——] I believe we should read *metres* for *verses*. Thus the folio spells the word *metre* in the first part of *K. Henry IV* :

“ ——one of these same *meeter* ballad-mongers.”

*Venom'd sound* agrees well with *lascivious ditties* ; but not so commodiously with *one who meets another* ; in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Report of fashions in proud Italy* ;] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakespeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard*.] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —— *whose way himself will chuse* ;] Do not attempt to guide him who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —— *rash* ——] That is, *hasty, violent*. JOHNSON.

He

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;  
 With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder ;  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demy paradise ;  
 This fortrefs, built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection<sup>3</sup>, and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands<sup>4</sup> ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
<sup>5</sup> Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Re-

<sup>3</sup> *Against infection*, — ] I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion* ; but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakespeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*. JOHNSON.

*Against infection, and the hand of war* ; ] In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted. " *Against infection, &c.*" perhaps the word might be *infection*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

<sup>4</sup> — *less happier lands* ; ] So read all the editions, except Hammer's, which has *less happy*. I believe Shakespeare, from the habit of saying *more happier* according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth*, ] The first edition in quarto, 1598, reads :

*Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.*

The second quarto, in 1615 :

*Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth.*

The first folio, though printed from the second quarto, reads as the first. The particles in this author seem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus :

— *royal kings,*  
*Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,*  
 For Christian service, and true chivalry ;

162 KING RICHARD II.

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 For Christian service, and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds<sup>6</sup> ;  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :  
 Ah ! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Busby, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.*

*York.* The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man ? How is't with aged  
 Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* Oh, how that name befits my composition !  
 Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :  
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;  
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?  
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;  
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :

*Renowned for their deeds as far from home  
 As is the sepulchre.* JOHNSON.

The first folio could not have been printed from the second quarto, on account of many variations as well as omissions. The quarto 1608 has the same reading with that immediately preceding it. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— rotten parchment bonds ;] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GRAY.

The

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,  
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;  
And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can fickle men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself:  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;  
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:  
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
Oh, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;  
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Who art possess'd now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
It were a shame, to let this land by lease:  
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?  
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

M 2

Thy

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law ;  
And——

*K. Rich.* —Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek ; chafing the royal blood,  
With fury, from his native residence.  
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

*Gaunt.* Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
For that I was his father Edward's son ;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd :  
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)  
May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :  
Join with the present sickness that I have ;

<sup>7</sup> *Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law ;] State of law, i. e. legal sov'reignty. But the Oxford editor alters it to state o'er law, i. e. absolute sov'reignty. A doctrine, which, if our poet ever learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, king James's. By bond-slave to the law, the poet means his being enslaved to his favourite subjects. WARBURTON.*

This sentiment, whatever it be, is obscurely expressed. I understand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite so zealous for Shakespeare's political reputation. The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this : *By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords ; by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bond-slave to the law ; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

Whether this interpretation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of *bond-slave to the law*, is not true.

JOHNSON.

And



And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—  
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out.]

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and fullens have;  
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words  
 To wayward fickliness and age in him:  
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

\* *And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.*]

Thus stand these lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why should Gaunt, already *old*, call on any thing like *age* to end him? How can *age* be said to *crop at once*? How is the idea of *crookedness* connected with that of *cropping*? I suppose the poet dictated thus:

*And thy unkindness be time's crooked edge  
 To crop at once——*

That is, *let thy unkindness be time's scythe to crop.*

*Edge* was easily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one mistake once admitted made way for another. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *fickle* as well as a *scythe*. A *fickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and sometimes, as in the following instances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. So, in the 100th sonnet of Shakespeare:

"Give me, my love, fame, faster than time wastes life,  
 "So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife."

Again, in the 119th:

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 "Within his bending *fickle's* compass come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet bestowed on *age* in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

"Now yield to death o'erlaid by *crooked age*."

*Locrine* has been attributed to Shakespeare; and in this passage quoted from it, no allusion to a *scythe* can be supposed. Our poet's expressions are sometimes abortive. STEEVENS.

\* *Love they——*] That is, *let them love*. JOHNSON.

*K. Rich.* Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,  
so his;

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to  
your majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he?

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, hath privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,—  
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About

\* ————*where no venom else,*] This alludes to a tradition that  
St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles  
of every kind. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630:

“ ———— that Irish Judas,

“ Bred in a country where *no venom* prospers,

“ But in his blood.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

“ As Irish earth doth *poison poisonous* beasts,” STEEVENS;

\* *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, &c.]*

When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into  
France,

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—  
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;  
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman:  
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;  
 But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
 And not against his friends: his noble hand  
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won:  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
 Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
 Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.* O, my liege,  
 Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd  
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?  
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
 His charters, and his customary rights;  
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;  
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
 But by fair sequence and succession?  
 Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)

France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

STEEVENS.

168 KING RICHARD II.

If you do wrongfully feize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in his letters patents that he hath  
 By his attornies-general to sue  
 His livery, and <sup>3</sup> deny his offer'd homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will; we feize into our  
 hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be, by the while: My liege, farewell;  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
 But by bad courses may be understood,  
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;  
 Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,  
 To see this business: To-morrow next  
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;  
 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 Our uncle York lord-governor of England,  
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—  
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exeunt king, queen, &c.]

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead,

*Rofs.* And living too; for now his son is duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Rofs.* My heart is great; but it must break with  
 silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er  
 speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

<sup>3</sup> — deny his offer'd homage,] That is, refuse to admit the ho-  
 mage, by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

*Willo.*

K I N G R I C H A R D I I. 169.

*Will.* Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;  
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

*Rofs.* No good at all, that I can do for him;  
Unless you call it good, to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs  
are borne,  
In him a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Rofs.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous  
taxes,  
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Will.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;  
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

*North.* War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath  
not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*Rofs.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Will.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken  
man.

*North.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over  
him.

*Rofs.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate king!  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :  
 We see the wind fit fore upon our sails,  
 † And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Rofs.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;  
 And unavoided is the danger now,  
 For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of  
 death,  
 I spy life peering : but I dare not say,  
 How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Will.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost  
 ours.

*Rofs.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland :  
 We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,  
 Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a  
 bay  
 In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,  
 That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,  
 That late broke from the duke of Exeter ;

His

\* *And yet we strike not, &c.*] To strike the sails, is, to contract them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

† — duke of Exeter ;] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet had made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though, according to Holinshed, whom Shakespeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary.

All the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those embark'd with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactness, except "Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinshed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having broke from the duke of Exeter, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the list, the archbishop was related, he being uncle to the young lord, though Shakespeare by mistake calls him his brother. See Holinshed, p. 496.

From these circumstances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakespeare would omit so principal a personage in his historian's

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury\*,  
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,  
 Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
 Quoint,——

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,  
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 Are making hither with all due expedience,  
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:  
 Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay  
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp out<sup>7</sup> our drooping country's broken wing,  
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's guilt,  
 And make high majesty look like itself,  
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge:  
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

rian's list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place.

STEEVENS.

\* ——archbishop late of Canterbury,] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the Parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called, *late of Canterbury*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Imp out*——] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“ His plumes only *imp* the muse's wings.”

So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

“ ——when we desire

“ Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;

“ And when we wish him stay, he *imps* his wings

“ With feathers plum'd with thought.”

Turberville has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broofed*.

STEEVENS.

*Rofs.*

*Rofs.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

*Will.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The court.*

*Enter Queen, Busby, and Bagot.*

*Busby.* Madam, your majesty is much too sad :  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness<sup>8</sup>,  
And entertain a chearful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did ; to please myself,  
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard : Yet again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming toward me ; and my inward soul  
° With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Busby.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

<sup>8</sup> — life-harming *heaviness*,] Thus the quarto, 1599. The quartos 1608, and 1615 — *half*-harming ; the folio — *self*-harming.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *With nothing trembles ; yet at something grieves,*] The following line requires that this should be read just the contrary way :  
*With something trembles, yet at nothing grieves.*

WARBURTON.

All the old editions read :

————— *my inward soul*

*With nothing trembles ; at something it grieves.*

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itself an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better sense than that of any copy, but copies must not be needlessly forsaken. JOHNSON.

I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEVENS.

Which



Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :  
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;  
 ' Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
 Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,  
 Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,  
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
 Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;  
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
 More than your lord's departure weep not ; more's not  
 seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
 Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so ; but yet my inward soul  
 Persuades me, it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,  
 I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,

\* *Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
 Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,  
 Distinguish form : ——— ]*

This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this ; amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted* : so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion : and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station ; or, as Shakespeare says, *ey'd awry*. WARBURTON,

*Like perspectives, &c.*] Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordsbire*, p. 391, explains this perspective or odd kind of " pictures upon an indented board, which if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work ; but if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture, which, he was told, was made thus. The board being indented [or furrowed with a plough-plane] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye beholding it obliquely ; so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

As,

<sup>2</sup> As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Busby.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd  
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;

<sup>3</sup> For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:

<sup>4</sup> 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;

But

<sup>2</sup> *As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,]* We should read: *As though in thinking; that is, though musing I have no distinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has some time felt, is here very forcibly described. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *For nothing hath begot my something grief;*

*Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:]*

With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reasoning, as it now stands, is this: my trouble is not conceit, for conceit is still derived from some antecedent cause, some fore-father grief; but with me the case is, that either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause has produced a fancied grief. That is, my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit. This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

*For nothing hath begot my something grief;*

*Not something hath the nothing which I grieve:*

That is; my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is real grief without a real cause; not a real cause with a fanciful sorrow. This, I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *'Tis in reversion that I do possess;*

*But what it is, that is not yet known; &c.]*

I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think harsh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *possess a man*, is, in Shakespeare, to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be possessed*, is, to *be fully informed.* Of this sense the examples are numerous:

“I have *possess* him my most stay can be but short.”

*Measure for Measure.*

“He is *possess* what sum you need.” *Merchant of Venice.*

I therefore imagine the queen says thus:

*'Tis in reversion—that I do possess. —*

*The event is yet in futurity — that I know with full conviction —*

*but*

But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter Green.*

*Green.* Heaven save your majesty!—and well met,  
gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hope'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;  
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, ' might have retir'd his  
power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
At Ravenspurg.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—  
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry  
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bishp.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-  
berland,

And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,

*but what it is, that is not yet known.* In any other interpretation  
she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though  
it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I  
think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> —might have retir'd his power,] Might have drawn it back.  
A French sense. JOHNSON.

And

And Bolingbroke <sup>6</sup> my sorrow's dismal heir :  
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;  
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me ?  
 I will despair, and be at enmity  
 With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter York.*

*Green.* Here comes the duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck ;  
 Oh, full of careful business are his looks ! —  
 Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts <sup>7</sup> :  
 Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
 Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.  
 Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home ;  
 Here am I left to underprop his land ;  
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself : —  
 Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was ? — Why, so ! — go all which way it  
 will ! —

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

<sup>6</sup> — *my sorrow's dismal heir :*] The author seems to have used *heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succession*, is here put for one that *succeeds*, though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts :*] This line is found in three of the quartos, but is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

And

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—  
Sirrah,

Get thee to Plasby<sup>3</sup>, to my sifter Gloster;  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :—  
Hold, take my ring.

*Ser.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :  
To-day, I came by, and call'd there ;—but I  
Shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is it, knave ?

*Ser.* An hour before I came, the dutchefs dy'd.

*York.* Heaven for his mercy ! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !  
I know not what to do :—I would to heaven,  
(So my<sup>9</sup> untruth hath not provok'd him to it)  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—  
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars ?—  
Come, sifter,—cousin, I would say<sup>1</sup> ; pray, pardon  
me.—

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,  
[To the servant.

And bring away the armour that is there.—  
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? if I know  
How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;—  
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend ; the other again,  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd ;  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll

<sup>3</sup> *Get thee to Plasby,*—] The lordship of Plasby was a town of the dutchefs of Gloster's in Essex. See *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 13.

THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> — *untruth*—] That is, *disloyalty, treachery*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Come, sifter, cousin, I would say ;*—] This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sifter is uppermost in his mind.

STEEVENS.

Dispose of you :—Go, muster up your men,  
 And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.  
 I should to Plashy too ;—  
 But time will not permit :—All is uneven,  
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

*Bushy.* The wind fits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
 But none returns. For us to levy power,  
 Proportionable to the enemy,  
 Is all unpossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love,  
 Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot,* And that's the wavering commons : for their  
 love

Lies in their purses ; and who so empties them,  
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate,

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot,* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
 Because we have been ever near the king.

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;  
 The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you : for little office  
 The hateful commons will perform for us ;  
 Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces,—  
 Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.  
 Farewel : if heart's presages be not vain,  
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Boling-  
 broke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes  
 Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;  
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

*Bushy.* Farewel at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

*Green.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*The wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way,  
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found

In Ross, and Willoughby, wanting your company ;  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit that I possess :

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd : by this, the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done

By fight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company,  
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

*Enter Harry Percy.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his  
health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; he hath forsok the court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason ?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur,  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;  
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspur.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,  
boy?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,  
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is the  
duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,  
I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul remembering my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompence:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir  
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-  
mour;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

*Enter Rofs and Willoughby.*

*North.* Here come the lords of Rofs and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pur-  
sues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury

Is



Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

*Rofs.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the  
poor ;

Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?—

*Enter Berkley.*

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is to Lancaster ;  
And I am come to seek that name in England :  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my mean-  
ing,

To raze one title of your honour out :—  
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)  
From the most glorious of this land,  
The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time<sup>2</sup>,  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter York, attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by  
you ;  
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle !

[*Kneels.*

*York.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle !—

*York.* Tut, tut !

<sup>2</sup> —the absent time,] For *unprepared*. Not an inelegant  
synecdoche. WARBURTON.

He means nothing more than, *time of the king's absence.*

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :  
 I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,  
 In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.  
 Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
 Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?  
 But more than why <sup>3</sup>,—Why have they dar'd to  
 march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;  
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,  
<sup>4</sup> And ostentation of despised arms ?  
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?  
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,  
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,  
 Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;  
 Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
 And minister correction to thy fault !

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;  
<sup>5</sup> On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

<sup>3</sup> *But more than why,—*] This seems to be wrong. We might read :

*But more than this ; why, &c.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> *And ostentation of despised arms ?*] But sure the ostentation of despised arms would not *fright* any one. We should read :

———— disposed *arms*, i. e. forces in battle array.

WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *despightful*. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play :

“ We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *On what condition—*] It should be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

*York.*

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
 In gross rebellion, and detested treason :  
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
 Before the expiration of thy time,  
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;  
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :  
 You are my father, for, methinks, in you  
 I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !  
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
 A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties  
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
 To upstart unthrifths ? <sup>6</sup> Wherefore was I born ?  
 If that my cousin king be king of England,  
 It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.  
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;  
 Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,  
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
 I am deny'd to sue my livery here,  
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave :  
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;  
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.  
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,  
 And challenge law : Attornies are deny'd me ;  
 And therefore personally I lay my claim  
 To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Rofs.* It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

*Will.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this,—  
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Wherefore was I born ?* ] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession ? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

And labour'd all I could to do him right :  
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;  
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,  
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is  
 But for his own : and, for the right of that,  
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
 And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;  
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
 Because my power is weak, and all ill left :  
 But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;  
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,  
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—  
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
 And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
 But we must win your grace, to go with us  
 To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held  
 By Bushy, Bagot, and their-complices,  
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
 Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be, I will go with you :—but yet I'll  
 pause ;  
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.  
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :  
 Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*In Wales.**Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;  
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not  
stay.

' The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,

<sup>7</sup> Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakespeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakespeare's time, broken into acts; the two editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *The bay-trees &c.*] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in T. Haywarde's *Life and Raigne of Henry IV.* 1599: "This yeare the laurel trees withered almost throughout the realm, &c."

So again, in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered, &c."

STEEVENS.

The

## 186 KING RICHARD II.

The other, to enjoy by rage and war :  
 These signs forerun the death of kings ?—  
 Farewel ; our countrymen are gone and fled,  
 As well affur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard ! with eyes of heavy mind,  
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament !  
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :  
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;  
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.*

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,  
 Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.—  
 Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls  
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies)  
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
 For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood  
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
 I will unfold some causes of your death.  
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
 By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean.  
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,  
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;

<sup>9</sup> — *the death of kings* — ] The modern editors have added two words to complete the measure: — *death or fall of kings.*  
 STEEVENS.

Broke

Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;  
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,  
 'Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment :—  
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
 Dispark'd my parks<sup>1</sup>, and fell'd my forest woods;  
 \* From mine own windows torn my household coat,  
 † Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,—  
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—  
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.  
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,  
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over  
 To execution and the hand of death.

*Busby.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is,—that heaven will take our  
 souls,  
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My lord Northumberland, see them dis-  
 patch'd.—

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;  
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:  
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

<sup>1</sup> Dispark'd my parks, —] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Dissepio.* I meet with the word in Barret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> From mine own windows torn my household coat,] It was the practice, when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Raz'd out my impress, &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1585, observes, "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set." STEEVENS.

Take

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* <sup>4</sup> Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,  
away ;

[To fight with Glendower and his complices ;]

A while to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

*Flourish : drums and trumpets.*

*Enter king Richard, Aumerle, bishop of Carlisle, and soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call you this at hand ?

<sup>4</sup> *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away ;  
To fight with Glendower and his complices ;  
A while to work, and, after, holiday.]*

Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation ; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other ; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived ; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers ; has had no meeting with a parliament ; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer ; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton, JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act.  
JOHNSON.

*Aut.*



*Arm.* Yea, my lord : How brooks your grace the  
air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well ; I weep for joy,  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.——

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :  
As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting<sup>6</sup> ;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.——

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed foldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

*Bishop.* <sup>7</sup> Fear not, my lord ; that Power, that made  
you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

<sup>6</sup> *smiles in meeting ;*] It has been proposed to me to read :—*in sweeping* ; and this change the repetition in the next line seems plainly to point out. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Fear not, my lord ; &c.*] Of this speech the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scenes, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage.

JOHNSON.

And

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,  
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
\* Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;  
‡ The breath of worldly men cannot depose

\* *Behind the globe, &c.*] I should read:

— *the searching eye of heaven is hid*

*Behind the globe, and lights the lower world.* JOHNSON.

In our former edition I had said, that one of the old copies confirmed Dr. Johnson's conjecture; but I have since observed that it was only a correction very neatly made with a pen by some former possessor of the quarto, 1599. STEEVENS.

‡ *The breath of worldly men*—] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON.

The

The deputy elected by the Lord :  
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,  
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,  
 Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter Salisbury.*

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?

*Sal.* Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,  
 Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,  
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :  
 Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !  
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;  
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege ; Why looks your grace so pale ?

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand  
 men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;  
 And, 'till so much blood thither come again,  
 Have I not reason to look pale, and dead ?  
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;  
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?  
 Awake, thou coward majesty ! thou sleepest.  
 Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?  
 Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes  
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,  
 Ye favourites of a king ; Are we not high ?  
 High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York  
 Hath

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
Comes here ?

*Enter Scroop.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege,  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !

*K. Rich.* ' Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd ;  
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;  
And what loss is it, to be rid of care ?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?  
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,  
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :  
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;  
They break their faith to God, as well as us :  
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;  
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;  
So high above his limits swell the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :  
\* Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of

\* *Mine ear is open, &c.*] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive ; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

\* *Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows*] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the

3 Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;  
 Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills  
 Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,  
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so  
 ill.

4 Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?  
 What

the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsmān*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsmān* of his patron. *Beadsmān* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hammer reads *the very beadsmen*, but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough : " As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms, &c." " so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him." *Their* does not absolutely denote that *the bow* was their usual or proper weapon ; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

3 *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death ; therefore *double fatal* should be with an hyphen.

WARBURTON.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows* ; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

4 *Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?*

*What is become of Busby ? where is Green ?*]

Here are four of them named ; and, within a very few lines, the king, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three Judasses*. But how was their peace made ? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says : *Is Busby, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead ?* So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question : and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. And so we find him, in the second act, determining to do :

*Bagot. No : I'll to Ireland, to his majesty.*

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text :

Vol. V.

O

Where

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:—  
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you  
curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav'd<sup>s</sup> in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire,  
dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man  
speak:

*Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is he got?*

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded*?

THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is he got* does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakespeare. JOHNSON,

<sup>s</sup> ——— *grav'd* &c.] The verb, *to grave*, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iii., fol. 58:

“Unto the hound, unto the raven,  
“She was none otherwise *graven*.” STEEVENS.

Let's

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;—  
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
 And nothing can we call our own, but death ;  
<sup>6</sup> And that small model of the barren earth,  
<sup>7</sup> Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—  
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd<sup>8</sup> ;  
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;  
 All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
 Keeps death his court : and<sup>9</sup> there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king !

<sup>6</sup> *And that small model of the barren earth,*] He uses *model* here, as he frequently does elsewhere, for *part*, *portion*. WARBURTON.

He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Which serves as paste &c.*] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *the ghosts they have depos'd* ;] Such is the reading of all the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd*, substituted *dispossess'd*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *there the antic sits,*] Here is an allusion to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the grave and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
 ' Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while:  
 I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
 Need friends;—Subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me—I am a king?

*Carl.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present  
 woes<sup>2</sup>,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
 And so your follies fight against yourself.  
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:  
 And fight and die, is<sup>3</sup> death destroying death;  
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power, enquire of him;  
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Boling-  
 broke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
 An easy task it is, to win our own.—  
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
 The state and inclination of the day;  
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
 I play the torturer, by small and small,

<sup>1</sup> *Tradition*,——] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established or customary homage*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes*,] Thus the folio. The quartos 1598, 1608, and 1615, read:

*My lord, wise men ne'er fit and wail their woes*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *death destroying death*;] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read *death defying death*, but *destroying* is as well. JOHNSON.



KING RICHARD II. 197

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—  
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—  
Besrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
[*To Aumerle.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !  
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?  
By heaven, + I'll hate him everlastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go  
To ear the land \* that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none :—Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers, let them hence ;—Away,  
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.  
[*Exeunt.*

+ *I'll hate him everlastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort*——]

This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

\* *To ear the land*——] i. e. to plough it. Examples of this use of the word are given in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*The camp of Bolingbroke, before Flint castle<sup>5</sup>,*

*Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and attendants,*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,  
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord;  
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland,  
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

*North.* Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
<sup>6</sup>For taking so the head, the whole head's length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should,

*York.* Take not, good cousin, farther than you  
should,

Left you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head,

*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not  
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

<sup>5</sup> — *Flint castle.*] In our former edition I had called this scene *the same* with the preceding. That was at Barkloughly castle on the coast where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and Richard was at the castle of Flint, where this scene should be said to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that castle.—“Go to Flint castle.” See above. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For taking so the head,*—] To *take the head* is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, *we give the horse his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Percy.*

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally! Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:  
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

*North.* Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

*Boling.* Noble lord, [To North.]  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.  
Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,  
Doth kiss king Richard's hand;  
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
To his most royal person: hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;  
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:  
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.  
Go, signify as much; while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—  
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,  
That from this castle's totter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements

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Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.  
 March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.  
 Flourish. Enter on the walls king Richard, the bishop  
 of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.*

*York.* <sup>7</sup> See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,  
 As doth the blushing discontented sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the east ;  
 When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory, and to stain the tract  
 Of his bright passage to the occident.  
 Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,  
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we  
 stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*  
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king ;  
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?  
 If we be not, shew us the hand of God  
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;  
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,  
 Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.  
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,

<sup>7</sup> *See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,*] The following  
 six lines are absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to con-  
 demn his own conduct and disculp the king's. It is plain these six  
 and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It should be observed that the four last of these lines are in all  
 the copies given to York. STEEVENS.

Have

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,  
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—  
 Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
 Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,  
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is)  
 That every stride he makes upon my land,  
 Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope  
 The purple testament of bleeding war;  
 ' But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

Ten

\* *But e'er the crown he looks for, live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face;*]

Though I have not disturbed the text here, I cannot but think it liable to suspicion. A crown living in peace, as Dr. Warburton justly observed to me, is a very odd phrase. He supposes:

*But e'er the crown, he looks for, light in peace,*

i. e. descend and settle upon Bolingbroke's head in peace. —  
 Again, I have a small quarrel to the third line quoted. Would the poet say, that bloody crowns should disfigure the flowers that spring on the ground, and bedew the grass with blood? Surely the two images are too familiar. I have suspected:

*Shall ill become the floor of England's face;*

i. e. shall make a dismal spectacle on the surface of the kingdom's earth. THEOBALD,

By *the flower of England's face*, is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year." Yet the Oxford editor, who did not apprehend the figure, alters the line thus:

*Shall misbecome the flow'ry England's face.*

Which means — I know not what. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has inserted *light in peace* in the text of his own edition, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained, and any alteration is therefore needless. JOHNSON.

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Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face;  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The King of heaven forbid, our lord the  
 king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,  
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
 That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones;  
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head;  
 And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;  
 And by the worth and honour of himself,  
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—  
 His coming hither hath no farther scope,  
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:  
 Which on thy royal party granted once,  
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
 To faithful service of your majesty.  
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;  
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*The flower of England's face*, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2: "—opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240. edit. 1633: "—the sweet and beautiful *flower of her face*."

Again, Drayton, in *Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabella*:

"And in the field advance our plumy crest,

"And march upon fair England's *flow'ry breast*."

STEEVENS.

And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;] It should be read just the other way:

*And by the warlike hand of bury'd Gaunt.* WARBURTON.

I see no great difference. JOHNSON.

*K. Rich.*

KING RICHARD II. 203

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns :—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;  
 And all the number of his fair demands  
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :  
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—  
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To Aum.  
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?  
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,

'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God ! oh God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
 On yon proud man, should take it off again  
 ' With words of sooth ! Oh, that I were as great  
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !  
 Or that I could forget what I have been !  
 Or not remember what I must be now !  
 Swell'ft thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?  
 The king shall be contented : Must he lose  
 The name of king ? 'o God's name, let it go :  
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;

' With words of sooth ! — ] *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*, a signification yet retained in the verb to *sooth*. JOHNSON.

My

My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;  
 My gay apparel<sup>2</sup>, for an alms-man's gown;  
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;  
 My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff;  
 My subjects, for a pair of carved faints;  
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,  
 A little little grave, an obscure grave:—  
 Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample<sup>4</sup> on their sovereign's head:

<sup>2</sup> *My gay apparel, &c.*] Dr. Gray observes, "that king Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark; and adds, that "he had one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Or I'll be buried in the king's high way,  
 Some way of common trade, —*]

As specious as this reading appears, Dr. Warburton, Mr. Bishop, and I, all concurred in suspecting it, and in the amendment which now possesses the text:

*Some way of common tread, —*

i. e. a high road. He subjoins immediately:

*For on my bears they tread now, while I live;*

and we know how much it is Shakespeare's way to diversify the image with the same word. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton has put *tread* in his own text, but *trade* will serve very well in the sense either of commerce or custom.

JOHNSON,

*Trade* is right. So, in lord Surrey's Translation of the second book of *Virgil's Æneid*:

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,

"A *common trade*, to pass through Priam's house."

"Limen erat, cæcæque fores, et pervius usus,

"Tectorum inter se Priami"——

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much *traffic*." Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense in *K. Hen. VIII*:

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more preferments."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *on their sovereign's head*;] Shakespeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

For



For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;  
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—  
 We'll make foul weather with despis'd tears;  
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,  
 'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*  
*Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?*  
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me<sup>5</sup>.

[*North. advances.*]

Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,  
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay<sup>6</sup>.

*North.* My lord, in the base court? he doth attend  
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come; like glist'ring Phaeton,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Bol.*]

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

<sup>5</sup> ———you mock at me.] The quartos read—*laugh.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ———*Bolingbroke says—ay.*] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakespeare's word, rimed very well with *to die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act V. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> ———*base court* —] *Bas cour*: Fr. So, in Hinde's *Eliofilo Libidinoso*, 1606: "——they were, for a public observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "—— began, at the entrance into the *base court*, to use these words." STEEVENS.

In

206 KING RICHARD II.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down  
king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should  
sing. [Exeunt, from above.]

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:

Yet he is come. [Enter Richard, &c. below.]

*Boling.* Stand all apart,

And shew fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,—

[Kneels.]

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

[Touching his own head.]

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and  
all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve:—They well deserve to  
have,

That know the strongest and surest way to get.—

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

For do we must, what force will have us do.—

Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then I must not say, no. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Langley.*

*The duke of York's garden.*

*Enter the Queen, and two ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*Lady.* Madam, we will tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy?

*Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

*Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

*Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

<sup>a</sup> *Of sorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading:  
*Of sorrow, or of grief.* Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration.  
STEEVENS.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* ' And I could weep, would weeping do me good,  
 And never borrow any tear of thee.  
 But stay, here come the gardiners :  
 Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—  
 My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

*Enter a gardiner, and two servants.*

They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so  
 ' Against a change ; Woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen, and ladies, retire.*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apri-cocks,  
 Which, like unruly children, make their fire  
 Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight ;  
 Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

' *And I could weep,*—] The old copies read : *And I could sing.*  
 STEEVENS.

' *Against a change : woe is fore-run with woe.*] But what was there in the gardiner's talking of state, for matter of so much *woe* ? Besides this is intended for a sentence, but proves a very simple one. I suppose Shakespeare wrote :

— *woe is fore-run with mocks,*

which has some meaning in it ; and signifies, that when great men are on the decline, their inferiors take advantage of their condition, and treat them without ceremony. And this we find to be the case in the following scene. But the editors were seeking for a rhyme. Though had they not been so impatient, they would have found it gingled to what followed, though it did not to what went before. WARBURTON.

There is no need of any emendation. The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always prefigured by public pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. The conceit of rhyming *mocks* with *apri-cocks*, which I hope Shakespeare knew better how to spell, shews that the commentator was resolved not to let his conjecture fall for want of any support that he could give it. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may not be right : but there is no room to criticise the orthography. Dr. Donne says : " The Jesuits are like *apri-cocks*, heretofore here and there one in a great man's house ; now you may have them in every cottage." Even the accurate Swift spells the word in the same manner. FARMER.

Go

Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :  
All must be even in our government.—  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The foil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Shewing, as in a model, <sup>a</sup> our firm state ?  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choak'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars ?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace :—  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :  
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,  
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,  
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;  
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*Serv.* What, are they dead ?

*Gard.* They are ; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,  
As we this garden ! who at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;

<sup>a</sup> ——— our *firm state* ;] How could he say *ours* when he immediately subjoins, that it was infirm ? We should read :

————— a *firm state*. WARBURTON.

The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *infirm*, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder ? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have discontinued in favour of his own conjecture.

STEEVENS.

210 KING RICHARD II.

Left, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
 With too much riches it confound itself :  
 Had he done so to great and growing men,  
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
 Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches  
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :  
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
 Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd ?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,  
 'Tis doubt, he will be : Letters came last night  
 To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,  
 That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* Oh, I am press'd to death, through want of  
 speaking !— [*Coming from her concealment.*]  
 Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
 How dares thy harsh tongue sound this displeasing  
 news ?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?  
 Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?  
 Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,  
 Canst thou by these ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam : little joy have I,  
 To breathe these news, yet, what I say, is true.  
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
 Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :  
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
 And some few vanities that make him light ;  
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—  
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;  
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
 Doth not thy embassy belong to me,

And

KING RICHARD II. 211

And am I last that knows it? oh, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.—  
What, was I born to this! that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!—  
Gardiner, for telling me these news of woe,  
I would, the plants<sup>3</sup>, thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen, and ladies.*]

*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no  
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—  
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace:  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt Gard. and serv.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*London. The parliament-house.*

*Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy,  
Fitzwater, Surry, bishop of Carlisle, abbot of West-  
minster, herald, officers, and Bagot.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot:

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;

<sup>3</sup> [*I would the plants, &c.*] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unfuitable to her condition; the gardiner's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, spared the last lines of this act. JOHNSON.

P 2

Who

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of <sup>4</sup> his timelefs end.

*Bagot.* Then fet before my face the lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Coufin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring  
tongue

Scorns to unfay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Glofter's death was plotted,  
I heard you fay,—*Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the reftful Englifh court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*

Amongft much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you fay, *You rather had refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,  
Than Bolingbroke return to England;  
Adding withal, how bleft this land would be,  
In this your coufin's death.*

*Aum.* Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer fhall I make to this bafe man?  
Shall I fo much difhonour <sup>5</sup> my fair ftars,  
On equal terms to give him chaftifement?  
Either I muft, or have mine honour foil'd  
With the attainder of his fland'rous lips.—  
There is my gage, the manual feal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell: Thou lieft, and  
I will maintain what thou haft faid, is falfe,  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too bafe  
To ftain the temper of my knightly fword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear, thou fhalt not take it up.

<sup>4</sup> ———his timelefs end.] *Timelefs* for *untimely*. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> ———my fair ftars,] I rather think it fhould be *ftem*, being  
of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

I think the prefent reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is fup-  
pofed to be influenced by the *ftars*, therefore our author, with his  
ufual licence, takes *ftars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hift.* that the vulgar error affigned  
the bright and fair ftars to the rich and great. "*Sidera ftagnulis  
attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus, &c.*" Lib. i.  
cap. 8. ANONYMOUS.

*Aum.*



*Aum.* Excepting one; I would he were the best  
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitzw.* <sup>6</sup> If that thy valour stand on sympathies,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :  
By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;  
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point <sup>7</sup>.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

*Fitzw.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true,  
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust :  
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing ; seize it, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

<sup>6</sup> *If that thy valour stand on sympathies,*] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle ; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *my rapier's point.*] Shakespeare deserts the manners of the age in which his drama is placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

*Another Lord.* \* I take the earth to the like, forsworn  
Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear  
\* From sin to sin : there is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all :  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surry.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitzw.* 'Tis very true : you were in presence  
then ;

And you can witness with me, this is true.

*Surry.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

\* *I take the earth to the like, &c]* This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the author. For *the earth* I suppose we should read, *thy oath*. JOHNSON.

— *take the earth* — ] To *take the earth* is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. So, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598 :

“ I'll follow him until he *take the earth*.”

But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. iii. c. 16. that the expression is yet capable of another meaning :

“ Lo here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'st the  
the victor's meed.”

To *terro* the glove was, I suppose, to dash it on the *earth*. The quartos 1598, 1608, and 1615, have the same reading, except *task* instead of *take*.

Let me add, however, in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture, that the word *oath*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, quarto, 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the “ —untraded *oath*,” it gives “ —untraded *earth*.” We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another :

*I task thy heart to the like,* —

i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in *K. Hen. IV.* act V. sc ii :

“ How shew'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?”

STEEVENS.

9 *From sin to sin* : — ] So the quartos. I suspect we should read : *From sun to sun* ; i. e. from one day to another.

STEEVENS.

*Fitzw.*

*Fitzw.* Surry, thou lieft.

*Surry.* Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye  
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitzw.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
'I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,  
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.—  
As I intend to thrive <sup>2</sup> in this new world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:  
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this <sup>3</sup>,  
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage,  
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

<sup>1</sup> *I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— or be alive again,

“ And dare me to the desert with thy sword.” JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *in this new world,*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has, a few lines above, called him *boy*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *here do I throw down this,*] Holinshed says, that on this occasion “ he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.”

STEEVENS.

216 KING RICHARD II.

For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field  
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,  
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:  
 And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
 To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Carl.* As sure as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the  
 bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,  
 Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
 'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter York, attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
 From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul  
 Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields  
 To the possession of thy royal hand:  
 Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
 And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Carl.* Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
 \* Yet best befeeming me to speak the truth.  
 Would God, that any in this noble presence  
 Were enough noble to be upright judge  
 Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would  
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
 What subject can give sentence on his king?  
 And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?

\* *Yet best befeeming me to speak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically:

*Yet best befeems it me to speak the truth.*

But I do not think it is printed otherwise than as Shakespeare wrote it. JOHNSON.

**Thieves**

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,  
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them :  
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,  
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed !  
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
 Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.  
 My lord of Hereford here; whom you call king,  
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :  
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 And future ages groan for this foul act ;  
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound ;  
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
 The field of Golgotha and dead mens' skulls.  
 O, if you rear this house against this house,  
 It will the wofullest division prove,  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth :

[*And shall the figure, &c.*] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in King James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious, and venerable.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech, (which contains, in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience) is preserved. The politics of the historian were the politics of the poet.

STEEVENS.

218 KING RICHARD II.

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lest childrens' children<sup>6</sup> cry against you—woe!

*North.* Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here:—

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
To keep him safely 'till ' his day of trial.—

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard<sup>8</sup>, that in common view  
He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—

Little are we beholden to your love, [To *Carlisle.*  
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter York, with king Richard.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee<sup>9</sup>:—  
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me

<sup>6</sup> *Lest childrens' children* ——— ] The old copies read:  
*Lest child, child's children.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ———*his day of trial.* ——— ] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing king Richard, was added after the first edition of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene.

JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608, for the use of which I am indebted to the reverend Mr. Bowle of Idmeston, Wilshire. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Fetch hither Richard, &c.*] The quartos add this to the preceding speech of Northumberland. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———*my knee*: ——— ] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:  
—————*my limbs.* STEEVENS.

To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 ' The favours of these men : Were they not mine ?  
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail ! to me ?  
 So Judas did to Christ : but, he in twelve,  
 Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand,  
 none.

God save the king !—Will no man say, amen ?  
 Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.  
 God save the king ! although I be not he ;  
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
 To do what service, am I sent for hither ?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,  
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—  
 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown :—Here, cousin, seize  
 the crown ;  
 Here, cousin, on this side, my hand ; on that side,  
 thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,  
 That owes two buckets filling one another ;  
 ' The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
 The other down, unseen, and full of water :  
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought, you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are  
 mine :  
 You may my glories and my state depose,  
 But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your  
 crown.

<sup>1</sup> *The favours &c.] The countenances ; the features.* JOHNSON.  
<sup>2</sup> *The emptier ever dancing—]* This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket. JOHNSON.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

<sup>3</sup> My care is—loss of care, by old care done ;  
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won :  
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be ;  
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself : —  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;  
With mine own tears I wash away <sup>4</sup> my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths <sup>5</sup> ;  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :  
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !  
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee <sup>6</sup> !  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd !  
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !  
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

<sup>3</sup> *My care is—loss of care, by old care done ;*] Shakespear often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares* ; for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*, his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *my balm,*] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *all duteous oaths :*] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read : — *all duties, rites.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *are made to thee !*] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read : — *that swear to thee.* STEEVENS.

And



And send him many years of sun-shine days!—  
What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read  
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the state and profit of this land;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,  
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—  
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:  
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,  
But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest:  
For I have given here my soul's consent,  
To undeck the pompous body of a king;

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*If thou would'st,*] That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*a sort* ———] A pack, a company. WARBURTON.  
The last who used the word *sort* in this sense was, perhaps, Waller:

“A sort of lusty shepherds strive.” JOHNSON.

Make

## 222 KING RICHARD II.

Make glory base; a sovereign, a slave<sup>9</sup>;  
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught<sup>1</sup>, insulting  
man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,——

<sup>2</sup> No, not that name was given me at the font,——

But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself!

Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops!——

Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good)

An if my word be sterling yet in England, [*To Boling.*

Let it command a mirror hither straight;

That it may shew me what a face I have,

Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth  
come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to  
hell.

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

<sup>9</sup> ——a sovereign, a slave;] The quartos 1608, and 1615,  
read:

——and sovereignty a slave. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ~~haught~~, ——] i.e. haughty. Instances of the use of  
this word are given in another place. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> No, not that name was given me at the font,] How that name  
which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not un-  
derstand. Perhaps Shakespeare meant to shew that imagination,  
dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater  
than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

*Enter*

*Enter one, with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—  
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck  
 So many blows upon this face of mine,  
 And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass,  
 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face  
 That every day under his household roof  
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,  
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
 Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,  
 And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:

*[Dashes the glass against the ground.*

As brittle as the glory, is the face;  
 For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.—  
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—  
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face,

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
 The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
 And these external manners of lament  
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
 Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a  
 king:

For, when I was a king, my flatterers  
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
 I have

I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your fights.

*Boling.* Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* Oh, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*]

*Boling.* <sup>4</sup> On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*]

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Carl.* The woe's to come; the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day <sup>5</sup> as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament

<sup>3</sup> ——— [*Conveyers are ye all,*] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey the wife it call; and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, jugglers, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *On Wednesday next we solemnly set down*

*Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.*]

The first quarto, 1598, reads:

“ Let it be so: and lo on Wednesday next

“ We solemnly proclaim our coronation:

“ Lords, be ready all.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — as sharp to them as thorn.] This pathetic denunciation shews that Shakespeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the despotism of Richard. JOHNSON.

\* To bury mine intents, but also to effect.  
 Whatever I shall happen to devise :—  
 I see, your brows are full of discontent,  
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears ;  
 Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay  
 A plot, shall shew us all a merry day<sup>7</sup>. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A street in London.*

*Enter Queen, and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come ; this is the way

\* To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :  
 † Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
 Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter King Richard, and guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
 My fair rose wither : Yet look up ; behold ;  
 That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

<sup>6</sup> *To bury*——] *To conceal, to keep secret.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> In the first edition there is no personal appearance of king Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inserted afterwards. JOHNSON.

<sup>†</sup> *To Julius Cæsar's &c.*] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Here let us rest, if &c.*] So Milton :

“ *Here rest, if any rest can harbour here.* ” JOHNSON.

' Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;

[To K. Rich.

Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,  
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn <sup>2</sup>,  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. <sup>3</sup> Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream ;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shews us but this : <sup>4</sup> I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim necessity ; and he and I  
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house :  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd, and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke  
Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd ; And wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod ?

<sup>1</sup> *O thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;*] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says :

*O thou the model, &c.*

*Thou map of honour : ———*

Thou *picture* of greatness. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *—beauteous inn,*] *Inn* does not here signify a house of public entertainment ; but, as in Spenser, a habitation in general.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Join not with grief, —*] Do not thou unite with grief against me ; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *I am sworn brother, ———*

*To grim necessity ; ———*]

I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

And

And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but  
beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :  
Think, I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire  
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :  
And, ere thou bid good night, ' to quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

<sup>6</sup> For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter Northumberland, attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. —  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;  
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, —  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all ;  
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way

<sup>5</sup> — to quit their grief,] To retaliate their mournful stories.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> For why, — ] The poet should have ended this speech  
with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about  
the fire. JOHNSON.

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
 That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,  
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
 Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate  
 A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;  
 And then, betwixt me, and my married wife.—  
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

[*To the Queen.*]

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—  
 Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,  
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime:  
 My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,  
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like Hollowmas<sup>7</sup>, or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love; and heart  
 from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*North.* That were some love<sup>8</sup>, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
<sup>9</sup> Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near<sup>9</sup>.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.

<sup>7</sup> — *Hollowmas*, —] *All hallows*, or *all hallowntide*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That were some love, &c.*] The quartos give this speech to the king. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the mid-land counties, *ne'er the ne-er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired.

JOHNSON.

*K. Rich.*



*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,  
 And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.  
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part<sup>1</sup>;—  
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,  
 To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:  
 Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*The duke of York's palace.*

*Enter York, and his Dutchess.*

*Dutch.* My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,  
 When weeping made you break the story off  
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Dutch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
 Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,  
 Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—  
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—  
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,

<sup>1</sup> ——— and dumbly part? ———] Thus the folio. The quartos read: ——— and doubly part. STEEVENS.

While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You would have thought, the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:  
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

*Dutch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

*York.* As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
<sup>2</sup> Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save him;  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events;  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

<sup>2</sup> *Are idly bent*—— ] That is, *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON,

*Enter*

*Enter Aumerle.*

*Dutch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was <sup>3</sup>;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Dutch.* Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now,  
'That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;  
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

*York.* Well, 'bear you well in this new spring of  
time,

Left you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and tri-  
umphs ?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent me not ; I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy  
bosom ?

'Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter then who sees it :

<sup>3</sup> Aumerle *that was* ;] The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinshed*, p. 513, 514.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?*] So, Milton in one of his songs :

“ ——— who from her *green lap* throws

“ The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *bear you well* —] That is, conduct yourself with prudence.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.*] Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

Q 4

I will

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I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;  
It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see,  
I fear, I fear,——

*Dutch.* What should you fear ?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into  
For gay apparel, against the triumph.

*York.* Bound to himself ? what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool,——  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not  
shew it.

*York.* I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it and reads,*  
Treason ! foul treason !—villain, traitor ! slave !

*Dutch.* What is the matter, my lord ?

*York.* Ho ! who is within there ? saddle my horse,  
Heaven, for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

*Dutch.* Why, what is it, my lord ?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse :—  
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,  
I will appeach the villain.

*Dutch.* What's the matter ?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman.

*Dutch.* I will not peace :——What is the matter,  
son ?

*Aum.* Good mother, be content ; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

*Dutch.* Thy life answer !

*Enter servant, with boots.*

*York.* Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

*Dutch.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art  
amaz'd :—

Hence, villain ; never more come in my fight.—

[*Speaking to the servant.*

*York.*

*York*, Give me my boots, I say.

*Dutch*. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespasss of thine own?  
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?  
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York*. Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.

*Dutch*. He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

*York*, Away, fond woman! were he twenty times  
My son, I would appeach him.

*Dutch*. Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:  
Sweet *York*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him,

*York*. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

*Dutch*. After, *Aumerle*: mount thee upon his  
horse;  
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York*:  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee: Away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*The court at Windsor castle.*

*Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?  
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—  
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:  
' Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions;  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
While he<sup>8</sup>, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honour, to support  
So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the  
prince;  
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the stews;  
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove<sup>9</sup>,  
And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

<sup>7</sup> *Enquire at London, &c.]* This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *While he, —]* All the old copies read: Which *he*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *— pluck a glove,]* So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, *Lamia*, the strumpet, says:

“ Who loves me once is lymed to my heart:

“ My colours some, and some shall wear my *glove*.”

Again, in the *Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

“ Or shall I undertake some martial sport

“ Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,

“ And tell how many gallants I unhors'd.” STEEVENS.

*Boling.*

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*Boling.* As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both  
I see some sparkles of a better hope',  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?

*Enter Aumerle, amazed.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?

*Boling.* What means  
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Aum.* God save your grace. I do beseech your ma-  
jesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here  
alone.—

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak. [Kneels.]

*Boling.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,  
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire. [York within.]  
*York.* My liege, beware; look to thyself;  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.]

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand;  
Thou hast no cause to fear.

*York.* Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

\* *I see some sparkles of a better hope,*] The folio reads:  
——sparks of better hope.

The quarto 1615:  
——sparkles of better hope. STEVENS;

*The King opens the door, enter York.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it,

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past;  
I do repent me; read not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand,

*York.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—  
O loyal father of a treacherous son!

<sup>2</sup> Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages,  
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

<sup>3</sup> Thy overflow of good converts to bad;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

<sup>2</sup> *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.] Sheer is pellucid, transparent.*  
The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenser's *Faery*  
*Queen*, b. iii. c. 2:

“Who having viewed in a fountain *sheer*

“*Hér face, &c.*”

Again, b. iii. c. 11:

“That she at last came to a fountain *sheere*.”

Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Thy overflow of good converts to bad;]* This is the reading of  
all the printed copies in general; and I never till lately suspected  
its being faulty. The reasoning is disjointed, and inconclusive: my  
emendation makes it clear and of a piece. “Thy overflow of  
good changes the complexion of thy son's guilt; and thy good-  
ness, being so abundant, shall excuse his trespass.” THEOBALD,

Theobald would read: — *converts the bad*. STEEVENS.

The old reading — *converts to bad*, is right, I believe, though  
Mr. Theobald did not understand it. “The overflow of good *in*  
*thee* is turned to bad *in thy son*; and that same abundant goodness  
*in thee* shall excuse *his* transgression. TYRWHITT.

This



This deadly blot in thy digressing son <sup>4</sup>.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :  
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchess's within.*

*Dutch.* What ho, my liege ! for heaven's sake, let  
me in.

*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this  
eager cry ?

*Dutch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 'tis I.  
Speak with me, pity me, open the door ;  
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd ; from a serious thing,  
And now chang'd to <sup>5</sup> *the Beggar and the King.*—  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in ;  
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

<sup>4</sup> ——— digressing son.] Thus the old copies, and rightly. So,  
in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Digressing from the valour of a man.”

To digress is to deviate from what is right or regular. The modern editors read : — *transgressing.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the Beggar and the King.*—] *The King and Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

*The King and Beggar* was perhaps once an interlude ; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there intitled, *King Copbetua and the Beggar Maid* ; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, 12<sup>o</sup> ; where it is intitled simply, *A song of a Beggar and a King.* This interlude or ballad is mentioned in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613 :

“ Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing

“ The story of a *Beggar and the King.*” STEEVENS.

This

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This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests found;  
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter Dutchess.*

*Dutch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;  
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do  
here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

*Dutch.* Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle  
liege. [*Kneels.*]

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Dutch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees<sup>6</sup>,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aunt.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.  
[*Kneels.*]

*York.* Against them both, my true joints bended be.  
[*Kneels.*]

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

*Dutch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:  
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;  
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow:  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;  
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have  
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

<sup>6</sup> — kneel upon my knees,] Thus the folio. The quartos read:  
————— walk upon my knees. STEEVENS.

*Dutch.*

*Dutch.* Nay, do not say—stand up ;  
 But, pardon, first ; and afterwards, stand up.  
 An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
 Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.  
 I never long'd to hear a word 'till now ;  
 Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :  
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;  
 No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king ; say, *' pardonnez  
 moy.*

*Dutch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?  
 Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
 That set'th the word itself against the word !—  
 Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land ;  
 The chopping French we do not understand.  
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :  
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;  
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Dutch.* I do not sue to stand,  
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

*Dutch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !  
 Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;  
 Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,  
 But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart  
 I pardon him.

*Dutch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* <sup>8</sup> But for our trusty brother-in-law—and the  
 abbot,

With

<sup>7</sup> — [*Pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *But for our trusty brother-in-law—the abbot,—*] The abbot of Westminster was an ecclesiastic ; but the brother-in-law meant,  
 was

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With all the rest of that consorted crew,—  
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—  
 Good uncle, help to order several powers  
 To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are :  
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
 But I will have them, if I once know where.  
 Uncle, farewell;—and cousin too, adieu :  
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.  
*Dutch.* Come, my old son; I pray heaven make thee  
 new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Enter Exton, and a Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words  
 he spake ?

*Have I no friend, will rid me of this living fear ?*

Was it not so ?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* *Have I no friend ?* quoth he : he spake it  
 twice,

And urg'd it twice together ; did he not ?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;  
 As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man  
 That would divorce this terror from my heart ;  
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;  
 I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to  
 king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth  
 sister of Henry of Bolingbroke, THEOBALD.

The quarto 1615 reads as it is here printed : —and ~~the~~ abbot,  
 which sufficiently discriminates the personages designed.

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*The prison at Pomfret-castle.*

*Enter King Richard.*

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how to compare  
 This prison, where I live, unto the world :  
 And, for because the world is populous,  
 And here is not a creature but myself,  
 I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.  
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;  
 My soul, the father : and these two beget  
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
 And these same thoughts people this little world ;  
 In humours, like the people of this world,  
 For no thought is contented. The better fort,—  
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd  
 With scruples, and do set the word itself<sup>9</sup>  
 Against the word :  
 As thus,—*Come, little ones ;* and then again,—  
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel*  
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*  
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last ; Like silly beggars,  
 Who, "fitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the word itself*  
 Against the word :]

Thus the quartos, except that they read *thy* word. By the word  
 I suppose is meant the *holy* word. The folio reads :

——— *the faith itself*  
 Against the faith. STEEVENS.

That many have, and others must sit there :  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person<sup>1</sup>, many people,  
 And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;  
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am : Then crushing penury  
 Persuades me, I was better when a king ;  
 Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,  
 Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing :—But, what-e'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Musis.*  
 Ha, ha! keep time :—How sour sweet music is,  
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept ?  
 So is it in the music of mens' lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,  
 To hear<sup>2</sup> time broke in a disorder'd string ;  
 But, for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.  
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock :  
 My thoughts are minutes; and, <sup>3</sup>with sighs, they jar  
 Their

<sup>1</sup> — in one person,—] All the old copies read, *in one prison*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> To hear—] One of the quartos reads : *to check*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———with sighs they jar,  
 Their watches &c.]

I think this expression must be corrupt, but I know not well how  
 to make it better. The first quarto reads :

*My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,  
 There watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The quarto 1608 :

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,  
 Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The first folio agrees with the third quarto, which reads :

Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
 Now, fir, the found, that tells what hour it is,  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,  
 Shew minutes, times, and hours:—but my time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 While I stand fooling here, + his Jack o' the clock.

*My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jarre  
 There watches to mine eyes the outward watch.*

Perhaps out of these two readings the right may be made. *Watch* seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument that measures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar  
 Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,  
 Whereto, &c. JOHNSON.*

The *outward watch*, as I am inform'd, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word—*watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artist *after the operation of a second cup*: therefore neither the gentleman who communicated it, or myself, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the passage before us. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: “—he looks like one of these motions in a great antique clock, &c.” A *motion* anciently signified a puppet. Again, in his *Sejanus*:

“Observe him, as his watch observes his clock.”

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind, &c.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“—the minutes jarring, the clock striking.”

STEVENS.

+ —his Jack o' the clock.] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatons is alluded to in *King Richard the Third*:

“Because that like a Jack thou keep'st the stroke,

“Between thy begging and my meditation.”

The same expression occurs in an old comedy, intitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*:

“—so would I,

“And we their jacks o' the clock-house.” STEVENS.

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This music mads me, let it sound no more;  
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,  
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch<sup>5</sup> in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer;  
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
<sup>6</sup> Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog  
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,  
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
 To look upon my sometime royal master's face.  
 O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,  
 In London streets, that coronation day,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *in this all-hating world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

————— *and love to Richard*

*Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.*]

i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch*, which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unfitable; just like the *brooch* and the toothpick, which wear not now." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog,*] I have ventured at a change here, against the authority of the copies, by the direction of Dr. Warburton. Indeed, *sad dog* favours too much of the comedian, the oratory of the late facetious Mr. Penkethman. And *drudge* is the word of contempt, which our author chuses to use on other like occasions. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton says peremptorily, "read *drudge*;" but I still persist in the old reading. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in *Holinshed*, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad* man and an honest &c." STEEVENS.

When



When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!  
That horse, that thou so often hath bestrid;  
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck  
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, ' by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

[*Exit.*

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancafter, and thee!

' — by jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. B. Jonson uses *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub*:

“ I would I had a few more *geances* of it :

“ And you say the word, fend me to Jericho.” STEEVENS.

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*]

*Keep.* Help, help, help!

*Enter Exton, and servants.*

*K. Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*]

[*Exton strikes him down.*]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,  
That staggars thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own  
land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die,

[*Dies.*]

*Exton.* As full of valour, as of royal blood:  
Both have I spilt; Oh, would the deed were good!  
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,  
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell,  
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*The court at Windsor.*

*Flourish:* Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other lords and attendants.

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,  
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;  
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not,

*Enter Northumberland.*

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

*North.*

*North.* First to thy sacred state with I all happiness.  
The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent<sup>s</sup> :  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter Fitzwater.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely ;  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,  
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter Percy, with the bishop of Carlisle.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave :  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom :—  
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife ;  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter Exton, with a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy bury'd fear : herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

<sup>s</sup> ——— of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:] The quartos  
read : ——— of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent. STEEVENS.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison, that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never shew thy head by day nor light.—  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow;  
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent;  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—  
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes*\*.]

\* This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed*, in which many passages may be found which Shakespeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakespeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakespeare had more of his own than Jonson, and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakespeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

H E N R Y I V.

P A R T I.

Persons

## Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fourth.

Henry, *prince of Wales*, }  
John, *duke of Lancaster*, } *sons to the king,*

Earl of Worcester.

Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, *surnamed Hotspur*.

Edmund Mortimer, *earl of March*.

Scroop, *archbishop of York*,

Archibald, *earl of Douglas*,

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Earl of Westmoreland.

Sir Walter Blunt.

Sir John Falstaff,

Poins.

Gadshill,

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, sister to Mortimer*.

Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer*.

Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*.

Sheriff, *vintner, chamberlain, drawers, two carriers, travellers, and attendants, &c.*

SCENE, *England*.

<sup>1</sup> *John, duke of Lancaster,*] It should be *Prince John of Lancaster*. STEEVENS.

The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakespeare has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. *K. Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons ('till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Lancaster &c.* and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

F I R S T P A R T O F  
K I N G H E N R Y I V.

---

A C T I . ' S C E N E ' I .

*The court in London.*

*Enter king Henry, earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt,  
and others.*

*K. Henry.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And

\* *The First Part of Henry IV.*] The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon (or Halidown-hill) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25. 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9. 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded &c.* published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited, JOHNSON.

\* *Find*

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.

4 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

Shall

<sup>3</sup> *Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents—*]

That is, let us soften peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall damp her lips with her own childrens' blood ;*]

This nonsense should be read: *Shall trempe*, i. e. moisten, and refers to thirsty in the preceding line: *trempe*, from the French, *tremper*, properly signifies the moistness made by rain.

WAREURTON.

That these lines are absurd is soon discovered, but how this nonsense will be made sense is not so easily told; surely not by reading *trempe*, for what means he, that says, *the thirsty entrance of this soil shall no more trempe her lips with her childrens' blood*, more than he that says *it shall not damp her lips*? To suppose the entrance of the soil to mean the entrance of a king upon dominion, and king Henry to predict that *kings shall enter hereafter without bloodshed*, is to give words such a latitude of meaning, that no nonsense can want a congruous interpretation.

The ancient copies neither have *trempe* nor *damp*: the first quarto of 1599, that of 1622, the folio of 1623, and the quarto of 1639, all read:

*No more the thirsty entrails of this soil  
Shall daube her lips with her own childrens' blood.*

The folios of 1632 and 1664 read, by an apparent error of the press, *shall damb her lips*, from which the later editors have idly adopted *damp*. The old reading helps the editor no better than the new, nor can I satisfactorily reform the passage. I think that *thirsty entrance* must be wrong, yet know not what to offer. We may read, but not very elegantly:

*No more the thirsty entrails of this soil  
Shall daubed be with her own childrens' blood.*

The relative *her* is inaccurately used in both readings; but to regard sense more than grammar, is familiar to our author.

We may suppose a verse or two lost between these two lines. This is a cheap way of palliating an editor's inability; but I believe such omissions are more frequent in Shakespeare than is commonly imagined. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far fetch'd, and yet I am willing to venture it, because it often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right. I would read:  
——— *the thirsty entrants of this soil;*

i. e.



Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
 Of hostile paces: <sup>5</sup> those opposed eyes,  
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery,  
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd  
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:  
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
<sup>6</sup> As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,

(Whose

i. e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power or conquest.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *consequents*, *occurents*, *ingredients*, spelt consequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakespeare, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning.

By *her lips* Shakespeare may mean *the lips of peace*, who is mentioned in the second line; or may use the *thirsty entrance* of the soil, for the *porous surface* of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *those opposed eyes*,] The similitude is beautiful; but what are “eyes meeting in intestine shocks, and marching all one way?” The true reading is, *files*; which appears not only from the integrity of the metaphor, “well-beseeming ranks march all one way;” but from the nature of those meteors to which they are compared; namely, long streaks of red, which represent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeness to such lines, gave occasion to all the superstition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. Out of mere contradiction, the Oxford editor would improve my alteration of *files* to *arms*, and loses both the integrity of the metaphor and the likeness of the comparison. WARBURTON.

This passage is not very accurate in the expression, but I think nothing can be changed. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *As far as to the sepulchre &c.*] The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a prin-

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight)  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy<sup>7</sup>;  
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs  
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,  
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,  
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go,  
 Therefore we meet not now :—Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree,  
 In forwarding<sup>8</sup> this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
<sup>9</sup> And many limits of the charge set down  
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came  
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;  
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 And a thousand of his people butchered :  
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,

principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *shall we levy ;* ] To *levy* a power of English *as far* as to the sepulchre of Christ, is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt. We might propose *lead*, without violence to the sense, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this dear expedience.* ] For *expedition*. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *And many limits—* ] *Limits* for *estimates*. WARBURTON.

*Limits*, as the author of the *Revisal* observes, may mean, *outlines*, *rough sketches* or *calculations*. STEEVENS.

Such

Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
 ' By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,  
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*K. Henry.* It seems then, that the tidings of this  
 broil

Brake off our business for the Holy land.

*West.* This, match'd with other, did, my gracious  
 lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.  
 On Holy-rod day, the gallant Hotspur there<sup>2</sup>,  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald<sup>3</sup>,  
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
 For he that brought it, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Henry.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;

<sup>1</sup> *By those Welshwomen done,*—] Thus Holinshed, p. 528 :  
 “ — such shameful villanie executed upon the carcasses of the  
 dead men by the *Welch-women* ; as the like (I doo believe) hath  
 never or sildome been practised.” p. 528. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the gallant Hotspur there,*

*Young Harry Percy,* ——— ]

Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 249, says : “ This *Harry Percy*  
 was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that  
 seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad.”

TOLLET.

<sup>3</sup> — *Archibald,*] *Archibald Douglas*, earl Douglas.

STEEVENS.

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
 + Balk'd in their own blood, did fir Walter see  
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took

\* *Balk'd in their own blood,*——] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *bath'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. A passage in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, may countenance the latter of these conjectures :

“ Troilus lies *embak'd*

“ In his cold blood.”——

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——horridly trick'd

“ With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,

“ *Bak'd* and impasted &c.”

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*:

“ —— *bak'd in blood* and dust.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ —— as *bak'd in blood,*” STEEVENS.

*Balk'd*——] *Balk* is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression:

“ Ten thousand bloody carcases piled up together in a long heap.”

——“ A ridge of dead bodies piled up in blood.” If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz.

*Balk'd, in their own blood, &c.*

“ Piled up into a ridge, and in their own blood, &c.” But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image. I once conjectured:

*Bak'd in their own blood.*——

Of which the sense is obvious. But I prefer the common reading. A *balk*, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in Warwickshire, and the northern counties. It is used in the same signification in Chaucer's *Plowman's Tale*, p. 182. edit. Urr. v. 2428. WARTON.

*Balk'd in their own blood*, I believe, means, lay in heaps or *billocks*, in their own blood. Bliethe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118. observes: “ The mole raiseth *balks* in meads and pastures.” In Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. V. p. 16. and 118. vol. VII. p. 10. a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *bill*. Mr. Pope, in the *Iliad*, has the same thought:

“ On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,

“ And thick'ning round them rise the *bills* of dead.”

TOLLET.

MOT-

Mordake the earl of Fife<sup>5</sup>, and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas; and the earls  
 Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith<sup>6</sup>.  
 And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*West.* 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. Henry.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and  
 mak'st me fin

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
 Should be the father of so blest a son :  
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
 Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant ;  
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :  
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
 In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
 But let him from my thoughts :—What think you,  
 coz',

<sup>5</sup> *Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas ;———]*

Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian: "——and of prisoners, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Douglas, &c." The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes these words appear to be the description of one and the same person, and so the poet understood them; but by putting the stop in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake, who was son to the gouvernour of Scotland, was the first prisoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the second, and so on. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *——and Menteith.]* This is a mistake of Holinshed in his *English History*, for in that of *Scotland*, p. 259, 262, and 419, he speaks of the earl of *Fife* and *Menteith* as one and the same person,  
 STEEVENS.

Of this young Percy's pride? ' the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects;

' Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*K. Henry.* But I have sent for him to answer this;  
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect

' ——— *the prisoners,*] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from *Camden's Brit.* that Pounouny-castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Albany, brother to king Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

' *Which makes him prune himself,* ——— ] Doubtless Shakespeare wrote *plume*. And to this the Oxford editor gives his fiat.

WARBURTON.

I am not so confident as those two editors. The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

“ ——— *prune yourself sleek.*” ———

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“ Sith now thou dost but *prune* thy wings,

“ And make thy feathers gay.”

Again, in Green's *Metamorphosis*, 1613:

“ Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so.”

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In the *Books of Hawkyng* &c. (commonly called the *Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: “The hauke *proineth* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie toule and casteth them from her.” STEEVENS.

Our

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:  
 But come yourself with speed to us again;  
 For more is to be said, and to be done,  
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*An apartment belonging to the prince.*

*Enter Henry, prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.*

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

*P. Henry.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten<sup>1</sup> to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. - What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for

<sup>1</sup> *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.—] The prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the prince; for presently after, the prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakespeare makes the Prince wish Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night.

STEEVENS.

we, that take purfes, go by the moon and feven ftars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wand'ring knight fo fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God fave thy grace, (majesty, I fhould fay; for grace thou wilt have none.)——

*P. Henry*. What! none?

*Fal*. No, by my troth; not fo much as will ferve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Henry*. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal*. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, <sup>2</sup> let not us, that are fquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's forefters, gentlemen of the fhade, minions of the moon: And let men fay, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the fea is, by our noble and chafte miftrefs the moon, under whose countenance we——fteal.

*P. Henry*. Thou fay'ft well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the fea; being govern'd as the fea

<sup>2</sup> —— *let not us, that are fquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty:*] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonfhine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have ventured to fubftitute *booty*: and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchafe of honeft labour and induftry by day. THEOBALD.

It is true, as Theobald has obferved, that they could not steal *the fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expreffion, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us, who are body fquires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a difgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to difgrace it. A *fquire of the body* fignified originally, the attendant on a knight; the perfon who bore his head-piece, fpear, and fhield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*; and is fo ufed in the fecond part of Decker's *Honeft Whore*, 1630. Again, in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procurefs*: "Here comes the *fquire* of her miftrefs's *body*." STEEVENS.

is,



is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; <sup>3</sup> got with swearing—lay by ; and spent with crying—bring in : now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder ; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. <sup>4</sup> And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

*P. Henry.* <sup>5</sup> As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the  
the

<sup>3</sup> — got with swearing—lay by ;—] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms* ; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-heath or Finchly-common, of *lug out*. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — And is not mine hostess of the tavern &c.] We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in the *Mossellaria of Plautus*, act I. sc. ii.

“ Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,

“ Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defœcatam.

*Sca.* “ Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno messis magna fuit.

*Pbi.* “ Quid ea messis attinet ad meam lavationem ?

*Sca.* “ Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad messim.”

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the prince's question. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the *Gallathea* of Lilly, *Pbillida* says : “ It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.”

“ *Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c.

“ *Pbill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose, &c.”

Ben Jonson calls it a *game at vapours*. FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle* :—] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the castle* seems to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* where our author promises to continue his story with sir John in it, should he say : “ Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard

the castle. <sup>6</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal.*

opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt*.—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying princess Catharine of France. The scene opens with prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades. —From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion Shakespeare might form his two parts of Henry the Fourth, and his history of Henry the Fifth; and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of sir John Oldcastle, till some descendants of that family moved queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

—— my old lad of the castle: —— ] This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this; one sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV*. Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church History*:—"Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." Book iv. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakespeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to: we have a like instance in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. WARBURTON.

The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the beginning of *Henry V*. Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakespeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.

*Old lad* is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of our

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*P. Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

our most ancient dramatic pieces. So, in the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up* &c. by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned. STEEVENS.

*Old lad of the castle*, is the same with *Old lad of Castile*, a *Castilian*. — Meres reckons *Oliver of the castle* amongst his romances; and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the castell* with their rapping babble."—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1639, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

—————"Did you never see

"The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,

"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" FARMER.

6 — *And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the prince asks in return, whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench*. JOHNSON.

The following passage, from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

"Look, I have certain goblins in *buff jerkins*,

"Lye ambuscado." — [Enter *Scrjeants*.

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, act IV:

"A devil in an *everlasting garment* hath him,

"A fellow all in *buff*."

In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, I meet with a passage which leads me to believe that a *robe* or *suit of durance* was some kind of lasting stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had just taken him up, says: "Where did'st thou buy this buff? Let me not live but I will give thee a *good suit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond? &c."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: "Varlet of *velvet*, my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance*, my strip'd *canvas* shoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander." Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "As the taylor that out of seven yards, stole one and a half of *durance*." STEEVENS.

*Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

*P. Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*P. Henry.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pry'thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*P. Henry.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, ' I'll be a brave judge.

*P. Henry.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Henry.* \* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hang-

\* — *I'll be a brave judge.*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry V*:

“ *Hen. V.* Ned, as soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my *lord chief justice* out of office; and thou shalt be my *lord chief justice* of England.”

“ *Ned.* Shall I be *lord chief justice*? By gogs wounds, I'll be the bravest *lord chief justice* that ever was in England.”

STEEVENS.

\* *For obtaining of suits?*] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the cloaths of the offender. JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631: “ A poor maiden, mistress, has a *suit* to you; and 'tis a good *suit*—very good apparel.” MALONE,

man

man hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as 'a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

*P. Henry.*

' — a gib cat, — ] A gib cat means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A gib cat is the common term in Northamptonshire, and all adjacent counties, to express a *be cat*. In some part of England he is called a *ram cat*. In Shropshire, where a *tup* is the term for a ram, the male cat is called a *tup cat*. PERCY.

“As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*” is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*. In a *Match at Midnight*, 1633, is the following passage: “They swell like a couple of *gib'd cats*, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret.” So, in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: “Some in mania or melancholy madness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat *melancholy like gib'd cats*.” I believe after all, a *gib'd cat* is a cat who has been qualified for the feraglio, for all animals so mutilated become drowsy and melancholy. To *glib* has certainly that meaning. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act II. sc. i:

“And I had rather *glib* myself, than they

“Should not produce fair issue.” STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *English Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one says: “*Gibbe* is an *old be cat*.” Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young; and *glib'd* or gelded ones are duller than others. So we might read: — *as melancholy as a gib cat or a glib'd cat*. TOLLET.

— *gib cat*, — ] Falstaff says, *I am as melancholy as a gib cat*. *Gib* is the abbreviation or nick-name of *Gilbert*: and the name *Gibson* is nothing more than *Gib's*, i. e. *Gilbert's son*. Now it is well known that Christian names have been of old appropriated, as familiar appellations, to many animals: as Jack to a horse, Tom to a pigeon, Philip to a sparrow, Will to a goat, &c. Thus *Gilbert*, or *Gib*, was the name of a cat of the male species. *Tibert* is old French for *Gilbert*; and *Tibert* is the name of a cat in the old story-book of *Reynart the Foxe*, translated by Caxton from the French in the year 1481. In the original French of the *Romaunt of the Rose* translated by Chaucer, we have “*Thibert le cas*.” v. 11689. This passage Chaucer translated, “*Gibbe our cat*.” Rom. R. v. 6204, pag. 253, edit. Urr. *Tib* is also hence no uncommon name among us for a cat. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle* we find; “Hath no man stoln her ducks or hens, or gelded *Gib* her cat?” Dodf. Old Pl. vol. I. p. 128. The composure of a cat is almost characteristic: and I know not, whether there is not a  
fu,

*P. Henry.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

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

*P. Henry.* What say'st thou to 'a hare, or 'the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.*

superior solemnity in the *gravity* of the he cat. Falstaff therefore means "that he is grown as dull and demure as a *ram cat*." See *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, iii: 3. where *Gib our cat* is the subject of a curious conversation. Dodf. Old Pl. vol. I. p. 157.

WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> — *a hare*, —] A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the phycic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Vittoria Corombona* &c. 1612, may prove the best explanation:

" — like your *melancholy hare*,

" Feed after midnight."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

" The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briars."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] This I do not understand, unless it may allude to the croaking of frogs. JOHNSON.

I rather believe this to have been said in allusion to its situation in respect of Moor-gate the prison, and Bedlam the hospital. It appears likewise from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

In the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598, the clown says: "I'll bring the Thames through the middle of the city, empty *Moor-ditch* at my own charge, and build up Paul's steeple without a collection."

So again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632: "I shall see thee in Ludgate again shortly." "Thou lyest again: 'twill be at *Moor-gate*, beldame, where I shall see thee in the ditch, dancing in a cucking-stool." Again, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: " — it will be a forer labour than the cleansing of Augeas' stable, or the sewing of *Moor-ditch*."

STEEVENS.

*Moor-ditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. Fitz-Stephen speaks of the great

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unfavoury families; and art, indeed, <sup>3</sup> the most comparative, rascallest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I prythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Henry.* Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* <sup>4</sup> O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much

great fen, or moor, on the north side of the walls of the city, being frozen over, &c. This explains the propriety of the comparison. WARTON.

<sup>3</sup> —the most comparative,—] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read, *incomparative*, I suppose for *incomparable*, or *peerless*; but *comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced. JOHNSON.

This epithet is used again, in act III. sc. ii. of this play, and apparently in the same sense:

“ ——— stand the push

“ Of every beardless vain *comparative*.”

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ult. Rosaline tells Biron that he is a man “ Full of *comparisons* and wounding flouts.”

STEEVENS.

So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593: “ He took upon him to set his foot against me, and to over-crow me with *comparative* terms.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> O, thou hast &c.] For *iteration* sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, *thou hast damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

*Iteration* is right, for it also signified simply *citation* or *recitation*. So, in Marlow's *Doctor Faustus*, 1631:

“ Here take this book and peruse it well,

“ The *iterating* of these lines brings gold.”

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing*, *reciting*. MALONE.

harm

harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Henry.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me<sup>5</sup>.

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

*Fal.* <sup>6</sup>Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin

<sup>5</sup> —and baffle me.] See Mr. Tollet's note on *K. Rich.* II. act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> In former editions:

*Fal.* *Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.*

*Enter Poins.*

*Poins.* *Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match.]* Mr. Pope has given us one signal observation in his preface to our author's works. "Throughout his plays," says he, "had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker." But how fallible the most sufficient critic may be, the passage in controversy is a main instance. As signal a blunder has escaped all the editors here, as any through the whole set of plays. Will any one persuade me, Shakespeare could be guilty of such an inconsistency, as to make Poins at his first entrance want news of Gadshill, and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him?—No; Falstaff, seeing Poins at hand, turns the stream of his discourse from the prince, and says: "Now shall we know, whether Gadshill has set a match for us;" and then immediately falls into railing and invectives against Poins. How admirably is this in character for Falstaff! And Poins, who knew well his abusive manner, seems in part to overhear him: and so soon as he has returned the prince's salutation, cries, by way of answer: "What says Monsieur Remorse? What says sir Jack Sack-and-Sugar?"

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has fastened on an observation made by Mr. Pope, hyperbolic enough, but not contradicted by the erroneous reading in this place, the speech, like a thousand others, not being



fin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—  
Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match<sup>7</sup>. O,  
if men were to be fav'd by merit, what hole in hell  
were hot enough for him?

*Enter Poins.*

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd,  
Stand, to a true man.

*P. Henry.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says mon-  
sieur Remorse? What says fir John Sack-and-Sugar?  
Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul,  
that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup  
of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Henry.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil  
shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker  
of proverbs, He will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word  
with the devil.

*P. Henry.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening  
the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morn-  
ing, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are  
pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and  
traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vi-  
sors for you all, you have horses for yourselves:  
Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke  
supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it  
as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your  
purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home,  
and be hang'd.

ing so characteristic as to be infallibly applied to the speaker.  
Theobald's triumph over the other editors might have been abat-  
ed by a confession, that the first edition gave him at least a glimpse  
of the emendation. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — a match.—] Thus the quartos 1599, and 1608. The  
folio reads: — a watch. STEEVENS.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P. Henry.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, \* if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings. †

*P. Henry.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*P. Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*P. Henry.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in East-cheap.

*P. Henry.* Farewel, thou latter spring! farewel All-hallown summer! †

[*Exit Falstaff.*

*Poins.*

\* — *if thou dar'st not cry, stand, &c.*] The present reading may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read:—*if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.*

JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. *Cry, stand*, will not support it. STEEVENS.

† — *All-hallown summer!*] *All-hallows* is *All-hallown-tide*, or *All-saints' day*, which is the first of November. We have still a church

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*P. Henry.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure

a church in London which is absurdly stiled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In *The Play of the four Ps*, 1569, this mistake (which might have been a common one) is pleasantly exposed:

“*Pard.* Friends, here you shall see, even anone,

“Of *All-hallows* the blessed jaw-bone,

“Kiss it hardly, with good devotion: &c.”

The characters in this scene are striving who should produce the greatest fallhood, and very probably in their attempts to excel each other, have out-ly'd even the Romish Kalendar.

Shakespeare's allusion is design'd to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: “—the *Martlemas* your master.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> In former editions:

*Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill, shall rob these men that we have already way-laid;*] Thus we have two persons named, as characters in this play, that never were among the *dramatis personæ*. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the prince says: *You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower.* So that the four, to be concerned are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the prince and Poins afterwards rob these four. In the Boar's-head tavern, the prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confess the charge. Is it not plain that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossil were the names of the actors. THEOBALD.

upon

upon the exploit themselves : which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P. Henry.* Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut ! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood ; our visors we will change, after we leave them ; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram<sup>2</sup> for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

*P. Henry.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and, in the<sup>3</sup> reproof of this, lies the jest.

*P. Henry.* Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night<sup>4</sup> in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

*Poins.* Farewel, my lord.

[*Exit Poins.*]

<sup>2</sup> —for the nonce,—] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce* ; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> —reproof—] *Reproof* is *confutation*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —to-morrow night—] I think we should read : —*to-night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery which was to be committed at *four in the morning* ; and they would come too late if the prince was not to receive them 'till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakespeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. STEEVENS.

*P. Henry.*

*P. Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold  
 The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
 Yet herein will I imitate the sun;  
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
 To smother up his beauty from the world,  
 That, when he please again to be himself,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
 Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.  
 If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
 But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
 And, like bright metal on a fullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

<sup>s</sup> — *shall I falsify mens' hopes*;] Just the contrary. We should read *fears*. WARBURTON.

To *falsify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men hoped for little.

This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.

JOHNSON.

*Hopes* is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth speech," says Puttenham, "did the tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward IV. which tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talk, at length perceiving by his train that it was the king, was afraid he should be punished for it, and said thus, with a certaine rude repentance, "I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow, for I *fear* me I shall be hanged;" whereat the king laughed a-good; not only to see the tanner's vain *fears*, but also to hear his mishapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton Parke. FARMER.

VOL. V.

T

Shall

Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

*An apartment in the palace.*

*Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,  
Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

*K. Henry.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,

*I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;]*

*i. e.* I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition*; which use of terms displeasing our Oxford editor, as it frequently does, he, in a loss for the meaning, substitutes *in* for *than*:

*Mighty and to be fear'd in my condition.*

So that by *condition*, in this reading, must be meant station, office. But it cannot be predicated of station and office, "that it is smooth as oil, soft as young down;" which shews that *condition* must needs be licentiously used for *disposition*, as we said before.

WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of *condition* licentious. Shakespeare uses it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned man*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Hen. V.* act V: "Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in *The New Inn*, act I. sc. vi:

"You cannot think me of that coarse *condition*,

"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

Mighty,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Henry.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
O, fir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*

[*To Northumberland.*

You were about to speak.

*North.* Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

<sup>1</sup> *The moody frontier*——] This is nonsense. We should read *frontlet*, i. e. forehead. WARBURTON.

*Frontlet* does not signify *forehead*, but a bandage round the head. *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces, &c." STEEVENS.

Shew'd like a stubble land <sup>8</sup> at harvest-home :  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
<sup>9</sup> A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;——  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
<sup>1</sup> Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;  
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms <sup>2</sup>

He

<sup>8</sup> —— at harvest-home : ] That is, at a time of festivity.

JOHNSON.

If we understand *harvest-home* in the general sense of a time of festivity, we shall lose the most pointed circumstance of the comparison. *A chin new shaven* is compared to a *stubble-land at harvest-home*, not on account of the festivity of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> *A pouncet-box, ——* ] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion : the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name ; from *poisoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Q. Elizabeth, the marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, " three gilt bowls pounced, with a cover." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Took it in snuff: ——* ] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy by E. Sharpham, 1610 : " Nay be not angry, I do not touch thy nose, to the end it should take any thing in *Snuff*."

Again, in our author's *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" You marr the light, by taking it in *Snuff*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix* :

" —— 'tis enough,

" Having so much fool, to take him in *snuff* ;"

and here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's *Elisio Libidinoso*, 1606 : " The good wife glad that he took the matter so in *snuff* &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *With many holiday and lady terms* ] So, in a *Looking Glass for London*



He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;  
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the  
 mark!)

*London and England, 1617: "These be but holiday terms, but if you heard her working day words"—— Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "——he speaks holiday." STEEVENS.*

*I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,]*

But in the beginning of the speech he represents himself at this time not as cold but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour:

*When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, &c.*

I am persuaded therefore that Shakespeare wrote and pointed it thus:

*I then all smarting with my wounds; being gall'd  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c. WARBURTON.*

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly cold, and when they were cold would smart, and not before. If any alteration were necessary I should transpose the lines:

*I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Answer'd neglectingly.*

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards. From the following passage in the *Northern Lass*, 1633, it should seem that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were distinct birds:

"Is this a *parrot*, or a *popinjay*?"

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff* &c. 1599: "——the *parrot*, the *popinjay*, Philip-sparrow, and the cuckow." In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. 1. this bird is called "the *popynge jay* of paradyse." STEEVENS.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's *Hist. of Edw. III.* p. 786: "The esquire fought still, untill the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and *smart*."

TOLLET.

T 3

And

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
 And, I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation,  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
 Whatever 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 never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach

*\* To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.]*

Let us consider the whole passage, which, according to the present reading, bears this literal sense. "Whatever Percy then said may reasonably die and never rise to impeach what he then said, so he unsay it now." This is the exact sense, or rather nonsense, which the passage makes in the present reading. It should, therefore, without question, be thus pointed and emended:

*To do him wrong, or any way impeach.  
 What then he said, see, he unsays it now.*

i. e. "Whatever Percy then said may reasonably die, and never rise to do him wrong or any-ways impeach him. For see, my liege, what he then said, he now unsays." And the king's answer is pertinent to the words, as so emended:

*Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;  
 But with proviso, &c.*

implying "you are mistaken in saying, see he now unsays it." But the answer is utterly impertinent to what precedes in the common reading. WAREBURTON.

The learned commentator has perplexed the passage. The construction is: "Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now." JOHNSON.

What

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Henry.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;  
But with proviso, and exception,—  
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer<sup>5</sup>;  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then  
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? <sup>6</sup> and indent with fears,

When

<sup>5</sup> *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;*] Shakespeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In act II. lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund earl of March*, nephew to lady Percy, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *for Edmund Mortimer*, uncle to the former, and *brother* to lady Percy. Shakespeare confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

— *and indent with fears,*] The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech. No need therefore to change *fears* to *foes*, as the Oxford editor has done.

WARBURTON.

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the king is not desired to *article* or *contract* with Mortimer, but with another *for* Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

*Shall we buy treason? and indent with peers,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?*

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by disobedience have *lost and forfeited their honours* and themselves?

JOHNSON.

*Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears?*] This verb is used by Harrington in his translation of Ariosto. B. xvi. st. 35:

T 4

“ And

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

7 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But

“ And with the Irish bands he first *indents*,  
 “ To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents.”

Again, in the *Cruel Brother*, by sir W. Davenant, 1630:

“ ——— Dost thou *indent*

“ With my acceptance, make choice of services?”

Again, in the history of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“ Thou shalt also with me by this promise *indent*.”

Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *Edward &c.* to the *Countess of Salisbury*:

“ *Indent* with beauty how far to extend,

“ Set down desire a limit where to end.”

*Fears* may be used in an active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play:

“ ——— all those bold *fears*

“ Thou seest with peril I have answered.”

These lords, however, had as yet neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible. STEEVENS.

7 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war; ——— ]

A poor apology for a foldier, and a man of honour, that he fell off, and revolted by the chance of war. The poet certainly wrote:

But *'bides the chance of war*; ———

i. e. he never did revolt, but *abides* the chance of war, as a prisoner. And if he still endured the rigour of imprisonment, that was a plain proof he was not revolted to the enemy. Hotspur says the same thing afterwards:

——— *suffer'd his kinsman March*

——— *to be engag'd in Wales.*

Here again the Oxford editor makes this correction his own at the small expence of changing *'bides* to *bore*. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. To *'bide* the chance of war may well enough signify, to stand the hazard of a battle; but can scarcely mean, to endure the severities of a prison. The king charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendoyver's hands,

but

But by the chance of war;—<sup>8</sup> To prove that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they  
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
<sup>9</sup> Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid <sup>1</sup> his crisp head in the hollow bank

Blood-

but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— To prove that true,

Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds, &c.]

This passage is of obscure construction. The later editors point it, as they understood that for the wounds a tongue was needful, and only one tongue. This is harsh. I rather think it is a broken sentence. "To prove the loyalty of Mortimer," says Hotspur, "one speaking witness is sufficient; for his wounds proclaim his loyalty, those mouthed wounds, &c." JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Who then affrighted &c.] This passage has been censured as founding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— his crisp head ———] Crisp is curled. So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Maid of the Mill*:

" ——— methinks the river,

" As he steals by, curls up his head to view you."

So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

" O beauteous Tiber, with thine easy streams,

" That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,

" Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver curls,

" Back to thy grafs-green banks to welcome us?"

Perhaps Shakespeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the sixth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, may seem to justify its propriety:

" Your

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
 2 Never did bare and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Henry.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost  
 belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower;  
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art not ashamed? But, firrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son:—  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit. K. Henry.*]

*Hot.* And if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them:—I will after straight,  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 3 Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause  
 a while;

Here comes your uncle.

“Your corse were dissolv'd into that chrystal stream;  
 “Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still appear  
 “The same in water now that once in locks they were.”

B. and Fletcher have the same image with Shakespeare in the  
*Loyal Subject*:

“—— the Volga trembled at his terror,  
 “And hid his seven curl'd beads.” STEEVENS.

2 *Never did bare and rotten policy*] All the quartos which I have  
 seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subse-  
 quent editions, have *bare*. I believe *bare* is right: “Never did  
 policy lying open to detection so colour its workings.” JOHNSON.

3 *Although it be with hazard &c.*] So the first folio, and all  
 the following editions. The quartos read:

*Albeit I make a hazard of my head.* JOHNSON.

Re-

*Re-enter Worcester.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,

\* But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew  
mad. [*To Worcester.*]

*Wor.* Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;  
And on my face he turn'd ' an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

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

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was, when the unhappy king  
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;

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

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's wide  
mouth

\* *But I will lift the downfall'n Mortimer*] The quartos of 1599 reads *down-trod* Mortimer; which is better. WARBURTON.

All the quartos that I have seen read *down-trod*, the three folios read *down-fall*. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

- So, in Marloe's, *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,

“ Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,

“ And in his eyes the furies of his heart.” STEEVENS.

Live

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer<sup>6</sup>  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man;  
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo;  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—  
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To shew the line, and the predicament,  
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—  
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility, and power,  
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, ' this canker, Bolingbroke?  
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again:

<sup>6</sup> ——— *my brother Edmund Mortimer*

*Heir to the crown?*]

It was not Edmund Earl of March, the Mortimer of this play, whom K. Richard II. proclaimed heir to the crown; but his father Roger earl of March, who was killed soon after in Ireland.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *this canker, Bolingbroke?*] The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynobaton. STEEVENS.

Revenge



Revenge the jeering, and <sup>8</sup> disdain'd contempt,  
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more :  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous ;  
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
<sup>9</sup> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—  
Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs,  
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* <sup>2</sup> By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
To

<sup>8</sup> — *disdain'd* — ] For disdainful. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.* ] That is, of a spear laid across. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> — *sink or swim* : — ] This is a very ancient proverbial expression. So, in the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 2399 :

“ Ne recceþ never, whether I *finke* or *flete*.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570 :

“ He careth not who doth *finke* or *swimme*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *By heaven, methinks, &c.* ] Gildon, a critic of the size of Dennis, &c. calls this speech, without any ceremony, “ a ridiculous rant, and absolute madness.” Mr. Theobald talks in the same strain. The French critics had taught these people just enough to understand where Shakespeare had transgressed the rules of the Greek tragic writers ; and on those occasions, they are full of the poor frigid cant of fable, sentiment, diction, unities, &c. But it is another thing to get to Shakespeare's sense : to do this required a little of their own. For want of which, they could not see that the poet here uses an allegorical covering to express a noble and very natural thought.—Hotspur, all on fire, exclaims against huckstering and bartering for honour, and dividing it into shares, O ! says he, could I be sure that when I had purchased honour  
I should

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where

I should wear her dignities without a rival—what then? Why then,

*By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap*

*To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon:*

i. e. though some great and shining character, in the most elevated orb, was already in possession of her, yet it would, methinks, be easy by greater acts, to eclipse his glory, and pluck all his honours from him:

*Or dive into the bottom of the deep,*

*And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:*

i. e. or what is still more difficult, though there were in the world no great examples to incite and fire my emulation, but that honour was quite sunk and buried in oblivion, yet would I bring it back into vogue, and render it more illustrious than ever. So that we see, though the expression be sublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. Euripides at least thought so, when he put the very same sentiment, in the same words, into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." WARBURTON.

Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which the learned commentator has endeavoured to display. This folly of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

This is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities. At least, that it was the last, might be concluded from its use in Cartwright's poem, *On Mr. Stokes his Book on the Art of Vaulting*. Edit. 1651. p. 212:

"Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one,

"By Jove 'tis thou must leap, or none,

"To pull bright honour from the moon."

Unless Cartwright intended to ridicule this passage in Shakespeare, which I partly suspect. Stokes's book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, in the year 1641. WARTON.

In

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;  
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without corrival, all her dignities :  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

*Wor.* He apprehends \* a world of figures here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend.—  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots,  
 That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all ;  
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;  
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :  
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will ; that's flat :—  
 He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;

In the *Knight of the burning Pestle*, B. and Fletcher have put this speech into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts to tear a cat in. I suppose a ridicule on Hotspur was designed. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !*] I think this finely expressed. The image is taken from one who turns from another, so as to stand before him with a side-face ; which implied neither a full consorting, nor a separation. WARBURTON.

I cannot think this word rightly explained. It alludes rather to dress. A coat is said to be *faced* when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. *Half-fac'd fellowship* is then “ partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the shew of dignities and honours.”

JOHNSON.

I find the same phrase in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593 :—“ —with all other odd ends of your *half-faced* English.”

MALONE.

\* —a world of figures here,] *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode ; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

Forbad

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;  
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
 And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !  
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
 To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, coufin ; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy <sup>5</sup>,  
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :  
<sup>6</sup> And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—  
 But that I think his father loves him not,  
 And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
 I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale <sup>7</sup>.

*Wor.* Farewel, kinsman ! I will talk to you,  
 When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung <sup>8</sup> and impatient  
 fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;  
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd  
 with rods,

<sup>5</sup> ——— [*I solemnly defy,*] One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ I do *defy* thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is used here. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*poison'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Gray supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (see Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool*] Thus the quarto 1598; and surely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads: — *wasp-tongued*. That Shakespeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth may be learned from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, act I. sc. ii: “ ——— is goads, thorns, nettles, *tails of wasps*.” STEEVENS.

Nettled,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—  
A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—  
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,  
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
When you and he came back from Ravenspurge.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hot.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look,—*when his ' infant fortune came to age,*—  
And,—*gentle Harry Percy,*—and, *kind cousin,*—  
O, the devil take such cozeners'!—God forgive  
me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i'faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,  
Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,— [*To North.*

<sup>1</sup> *— infant fortune came to age, —*] Alluding to what passed  
in *King Richard*, act II. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The devil take such cozeners'! —*] So, in *Two Tragedies in  
One*, &c. 1601:

“Come pretty *cousin*, *cozened* by grim death.”

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher:

“*— cousin,*

“*Cozen* thyself no more.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“To see my *cousin cozen'd* in this fort.”

Again, in our author's *Richard III*:

“*Cousins*, indeed; and by their uncle *cozen'd*.”

STEEVENS.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, —  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
 The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is't not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop:  
<sup>2</sup> I speak not this in estimation,  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game's afoot, thou still <sup>3</sup> let'st  
 slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot: —  
 And then the power of Scotland, and of York,  
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

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

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

<sup>2</sup> *I speak not this in estimation,*] *Estimation* for conjecture. But between this and the foregoing verse it appears there were some lines which are now lost. For, consider the sense. What was it that was *ruminated, plotted, and set down*? Why, as the text stands at present, that the archbishop bore his brother's death hardly. It is plain then that they were some consequences of that resentment which the speaker informs Hotspur of, and to which his conclusion of, *I speak not this by conjecture but on good proof*, must be referred. But some player, I suppose, thinking the speech too long, struck them out. WARBURTON.

If the editor had, before he wrote his note, read ten lines forward, he would have seen that nothing is omitted. Worcester gives a dark hint of a conspiracy. Hotspur smells it, that is, guesses it. Northumberland reproves him for not suffering Worcester to tell his design. Hotspur, according to the vehemence of his temper, still follows his own conjecture. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *let'st slip.*] To *let slip*, is to loose the greyhound.

JOHNSON.

To

To save our heads <sup>4</sup> by raising of a head :  
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
<sup>5</sup> The king will always think him in our debt ;  
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,  
 'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
 And see already, how he doth begin  
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell :—No further go in this,  
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
 When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)  
 I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer ;  
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once ;  
 (As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewel, good brother : We shall thrive, I  
 trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,  
 'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> ——— by raising of a head :] A head is a body of forces.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *The king will always &c.*] This is a natural description of the  
 state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that  
 have received obligations too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty,  
 was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*An inn yard at Rochester.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.*

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's<sup>6</sup> saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers<sup>7</sup> out of all cefs.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 Car. Pease and beans are<sup>8</sup> as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the<sup>9</sup> bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

<sup>6</sup> —Cut's saddle,—] *Cut* is the name of a horse in the *Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and I suppose was a common one.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —out of all cefs.] The Oxford editor not understanding this phrase, has alter'd it to—*out of all case*. As if it were likely that a blundering transcriber should change so common a word as *case* for *cefs*: which, it is probable, he understood no more than this critic; but it means *out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cefs*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be, *out of all cefs*. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> —as dank—] i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

<sup>9</sup> —bots:—] Are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

*A bots light upon you*, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces. So, in the ancient black letter interlude of the *Disobedient child*, no date:

“That I wished their bellyes full of *bottes*.”

In *Reginald Scott*, 1584, is “a charme for the *bots* in a horse.”

STEEVENS.

1 Car.



1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of  
oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in  
all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a  
king in Christendom could be better bit than I have  
been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden,  
and then we leak in your chimney; and your cham-  
ber-lie breeds fleas ' like a loach.

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

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, ' and two razes  
of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.*

' —like a loach.] A loch (Scotch) a lake. WARBURTON.

This word, though somewhat differently spelt, is used by Dray-  
ton in the eleventh song of his *Polyolbion*:

“As to the grosser loughs on the Lancastrian shore.”

But how it happens that a lake should breed fleas, I cannot explain.  
Standing waters indeed will produce other insects.

Perhaps the meaning of the passage has been wholly mistaken,  
and the Carrier means to say:—fleas as big as a loach, i. e. *resem-  
bling* the fish so called, in size. The loach though small in itself, is  
large if brought into comparison with a *sea*. Loaches, which are  
now only used as baits for other fish, were anciently swallowed in  
wine as an act of topera' dexterity. So, *Sir Harry Wildair*:  
“—swallow Cupids like loaches.” STEEVENS.

2 —and two razes of ginger,—] As our author in several  
passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish  
it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more  
than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of  
it. THEOBALD.

—and two razes of ginger,—] So, in the old anonymous  
play of *Hen. V*: “—he hath taken the great *raze* of ginger,  
that bouncing Befs, &c. was to have had.” A dainty *race* of ginger  
is mentioned in Ben Jonson's masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*.  
The late Mr. Warner observed to me, that a single root or *race*  
of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have  
been, and not in small pieces, as at present, would have been suf-  
ficient to load a pack-horse. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Intro-  
duction to his *Hist. of Jamaica* in support of his assertion; and

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good-a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no-faith in thee?

3 *Enter Gads-bill.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

*Car.* 4 I think, it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I pry'thee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith!

*Gads.* I pry'thee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call

added "that he could discover no authority for the word *raze* in the sense appropriated to it by Theobald."

A *race* of ginger is a phrase that seems familiar among our comic writers. So, in a *Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1617: "I have spent eleven pence besides three *rafes* of ginger."—"Here's two *rafes* more." STEEVENS.

3 — *Gads-bill.*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606:

—"Why, how lies she?

"Troth, as the way lies over *Gads-bill*, very dangerous."

Again, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*:

"And I know thee for a taking fellow

"Upon *Gadsbill* in Kent." STEEVENS.

\* *I think, it be two o'clock.*] The carrier, who suspected *Gads-bill*, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*. STEEVENS.

up

up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. *[Exeunt Carriers.]*

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* <sup>5</sup> At hand, quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a <sup>6</sup> franklin 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 knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter <sup>7</sup>: They will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with <sup>7</sup> saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.*

<sup>5</sup> *At hand, quoth pick-purse.*] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nash, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. Again, in the play of *Apian and Virginia*, 1575, Haphazard, the vice, says:

“*At hand, quoth pickpurse, here redy am I,  
“ See well to the cutpurse, be ruled by me.”*”

Again, (as Mr. Malone observes) in the *Dutchess of Suffolk*, by Heywood, 1631: “*At hand quoth pickpurse—have you any work for a tyler?*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —franklin,—] Is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —They—call for eggs and butter:—] It appears from the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that butter'd eggs was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —saint Nicholas' clerks,—] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars: and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks.*

WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or *St. Nicholas' knights.*

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it; I pry'thce, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may.

*Gads.* What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old fir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans<sup>9</sup> 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 look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. 'I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers'; none of these

" A mandrake grown under some *hewy tree*,  
 " There, where *St. Nicholas' knights* not long before  
 " Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee."

*Glareanus Vadianus's Panegyrick upon Tom Coryat.*

GRAY.

Again, in Shirley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633: " I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kington, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clerks*." Again, in *The Hollander*: " — to wit, divers books, and *St. Nicholas clerks*." Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

— " We are prevented; —

" *St. Nicholas's clerks* are stepp'd up before us."

Again, in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640: " Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and customs, to wit, divers rooks, and *St. Nicholas clerks*, &c.—under pain of being carried up Holborn in a cart, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — other Trojans —] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: " Hector was but a *Trojan* in respect of this." *Trojan* in both these instances had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a *thief*: So again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: " — unless you play the *honest Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *I am join'd with no foot land-rakers*, —] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long-staff*, *six-penny strikers*, — no fellows that infest the roads with long staves and knock men down for six-pence. *None of those mad, mustachio, purple-bu'd malt-worms*, — none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale,

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *six-penny strikers*; —] A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place,

these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms<sup>3</sup>: but with nobility, and tranquillity; <sup>4</sup> burgomasters, and great

*no six-penny striker signifies, not one who would content himself to borrow, i. e. rob you for the sake of six-pence.* That to borrow was the cant phrase for to steal, is well known, and that to strike likewise signified to borrow, let the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* confirm:

“ Cor. You had best assault me too.

“ Mal. I must borrow money,

“ And that some call a striking, &c.”

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

“ The only shape to hide a striker in.” STEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expressions used by Thieves*: “ — the cutting a pocket or picking a purse, is called striking.” Again: “ — who taking a proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of striking and foisting.” COLLINS.

<sup>3</sup> — *malt-worms*: — ] This cant term for a tippler I find in the *Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593: “ You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a *malt-worm* and a customer.” Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *burgomasters, and great onyers*; — ] “ Perhaps, *oueraires*, trustees, or commissioners;” says Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr. Pope's second conjecture, “ of cunning men that look sharp, and aim well,” I have nothing to reply seriously: but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted, I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hamner reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary; Gads-hill tells the Chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomasters and great ones*, or as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great onyers*, or *great-one-ers*, as we say, *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

By *onyers*, (for so I believe the word ought to be written) I understand *publick accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when

great oneyers; such as can hold in; 'such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink,

when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *perwaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the king.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer *to ony*; and from hence Shakespeare seems to have formed the word *oneyers*.—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too—God knows what." This interpretation is further confirmed by what Gads-hill says in the next scene:—"There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —*such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink; and drink sooner than pray*:—] According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they *were less ready to drink than speak*. Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking, drinking, and praying* to do with one another? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humourous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than think; and think sooner than pray*. By which last words is meant, that "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *such as can hold in*? It cannot mean *such as can keep their own secret*, for they will, he says, *speak sooner than think*: it cannot mean *such as will go calmly to work without unnecessary violence*, such as is used by *long-staff strikers*, for the following part will not suit with this meaning; and though we should read by transposition *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is.

JOHNSON.

*Such as can hold in*, may mean, *such as can curb old-father antic the law*, or *such as will not blab*. STEEVENS.

Turberville's *Book on Hunting*, 1575, p. 37, mentions huntsmen on horseback to make young hounds "*bold in and close*" to the old ones:

drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their faint, the common-wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

*Cham.* What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle<sup>7</sup>, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invifible.

*Cham.*

ones: fo *Gads-hill* may mean, that he is joined with fuch companions as will *hold in*, or keep and ftick clofe to one another, and fuch as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and fpeak their mind freely better than to drink. TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> *She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her.*—] A satire on chicane in courts of juſtice; which fupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *— as in a caſtle;—*] This was once a proverbial phraſe. So, in the *Little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ That noble courage we have ſeen, and we

“ Shall fight *as in a caſtle.*”

Perhaps Shakeſpeare means, we ſteal with as much ſecurity as the ancient inhabitants of *caſtles*, who had thoſe ſtrong holds to fly to for protection and defence againſt the laws. So, in *K. Hen. VI. P. I. act III. ſc. i*:

“ Yes, as an outlaw *in a caſtle* keeps,

“ And uſeth it to patronage his *theft.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *— we have the receipt of fern-ſeed,—*] *Fern* is one of thoſe plants which have their ſeed on the back of the leaf ſo ſmall as to eſcape the fight. Thoſe who perceived that *fern* was propagated by ſemination, and yet could never ſee the ſeed, were much at a loſs for a ſolution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itſelf, they aſcribed to *fern-ſeed* many ſtrange properties, ſome of which the ruſtick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance relative to *fern-ſeed* is alluded to in *B. and Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn*:

“ ——— had you Gyges' ring,

“ Or the herb that gives invifibility?”

Again, in *B. Jonſon's New Inn*:

“ ——— I had

“ No

## 300. FIRST PART OF

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-feed, for your walking invifible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou fhalt have a fhare in our purchafe<sup>9</sup>, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falfe thief.

*Gads.* Go to; <sup>1</sup>*Homo* is a common name to all men.—Bid the oftler bring my gelding out of the ftale. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The road by Gads-hill.*

*Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.*

*Poins.* Come, fhelter, fhelter; I have remov'd Falftaff's horfe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet<sup>2</sup>.

*P. Henry.* Stand clofe.

“ No medicine, fir, to go invifible,

“ No fern-feed in my pocket.”

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of *Pliny*, b. xxvii. ch. 9:  
“ Of ferns be two kinds, and they beare neither floure nor feed.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —purchase,—] Is the term ufed in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. JOHNSON.

—in our purchafe—] *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. So, in *Henry V.* act III:

“ They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*.”

So, Chaucer:

“ And robbery is holde *purchase*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*Homo* is a—name &c.] *Gads-hill* had promifed as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promife rather as a *false thief*; to which *Gads-hill* answers, that though he might have reafon to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —like a gumm'd velvet.] This allufion we often meet with in the old comedies. So, in the *Malecontents*, 1606: “ I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to fret, fret.” STEEVENS.

*Enter*



*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Poin! Poin, and be hang'd! Poin!

*P. Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

*Fal.* What, Poin! Hal!

*P. Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

*Fal.* I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but <sup>3</sup> four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me <sup>4</sup> medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poin!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll <sup>5</sup> rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as

<sup>3</sup> ——— *four foot by the square* ———] The thought is humorous, and alludes to his bulk: insinuating, that his legs being four foot asunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four foot square*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is so much humour here as is suspected: *Four foot by the square* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Corbet says in one of his poems:

“ *Some twelve foot by the square.* ” FARMER.

All the old copies read by the *squire*, which points out the etymology—*esquierre*, Fr. The same phrase occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: “ ——— not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half *by the square*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *medicines to make me love him*, ———] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *rob a foot further*. ———] This is only a slight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We should read—*rub* a foot. So we now say—*rub on*. JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean, *I will not go a foot further to rob?*

STEEVENS,  
drink,

drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

*P. Henry.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, <sup>6</sup> to colt me thus?

*P. Henry.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

*P. Henry.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thy own <sup>7</sup> heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

<sup>6</sup> —to colt—] Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*.

JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them, &c." Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "What, are we bobb'd thus still? *colted* and cart-ed?" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —heir-apparent garters! —] Alluding to the order of the garter, in which he was enrolled as *heir-apparent*. JOHNSON.

Had this been the allusion, Shakespeare would have written—*garter*, not—*garters*: but he must be very ingenious who could hang himself in one of these garters. "He may hang himself in his own *garters*," is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads.* Stand.

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

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

\* *Bard.* What news?—

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hang'd.

*P. Henry.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

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

*Gads.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds! will they not rob us?

*P. Hen.* What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*P. Hen.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

\* *Bardolph.* *What news?*—] In all the copies that I have seen Poins is made to speak upon the entrance of Gads-hill thus:

*O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.*—Bardolph, *what news?* This is absurd; he knows Gads-hill to be the *setter*, and asks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gads-hill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gads-hill alone, and we find that Falstaff, who knew their stations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horse, but not to Gads-hill, who was posted at a distance. We should therefore read:

*Poins.* *O, 'tis our setter, &c.*

*Bard.* *What news?*

*Gads.* *Case ye, &c.* JOHNSON.

*Fal.*

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

*P. Hen.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by; stand close.

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

*Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand.

*Trav.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

*Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

*Fal.* Hang ye, 'gorbellied knaves; Are ye un-

\* — *dole*, — ] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vita* men. Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in the *Cosly Whore*, 1633:

" ——— we came thinking

" We should have some *dole* at the bishop's funeral."

Again:

" Go to the back gate, and you shall have *dole*."

STEVENS.

\* — *gorbellied* — ] i. e. fat and corpulent.

See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*.

This word is likewise used by sir Thomas North in his translation of *Plutarch*.

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says:—  
" O 'tis an unconscionable *gorbellied* volume, bigger bulk'd than a Dutch hoy, and far more boisterous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches." Again, in the *Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618: " What are these thick-skinn'd, heavy-purs'd, *gorbellied* churles mad?" Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570: " Gregory *Gorbely* the goutie."

STEVENS.

done?

done? No, ye fat chuffs<sup>2</sup>; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith. [*Here they rob and bind them.* [*Exeunt.*

*Enter prince Henry, and Poins.*

*P. Henry.* The thieves have bound the true men<sup>1</sup>: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument<sup>4</sup> for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close, I hear them coming.

*Enter thieves again.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share; and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two

<sup>2</sup> —ye fat chuffs; —] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in the *Muses Looking Glass*, 1638:

“ ——— the chuff's crowns,  
“ Imprison'd in his rusty chest, &c.”

The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore. So, in Chaucer's *Assemble of Foules*:

“ The thief the chough, and eke the chat'ring pie.”

Sir W. Davenant, in his *Just Italian*, 1630, has the same term:

“ They're rich *choughs*, they've store  
“ Of villages and plough'd earth.”

And sir Epicure Mammon, in the *Alchemist*, being asked who had robb'd him, answers, “ a kind of *choughs*, fir.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —the true men: —] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorne*, bl. l. no date:

“ And when me list to hang a *true man* —  
“ Theves I can help out of pryson.”

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

“ Now *true man*, try if thou can'st rob a *thief*.”

Again:

“ Sweet wench, embrace a *true man*, scorn a *thief*.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —argument for a week, —] *Argument* is subject matter for a drama. So, in the second part of this play:

“ For all my part has been but as a scene  
“ Acting that *argument*.” STEEVENS.

arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

*P. Henry.* Your money.

*Poins.* Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind him.*]

*P. Henry.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt;*]

### S C E N E    I I I.

*Warkworth.* A room in the castle.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time it-*

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.

Mr. EDWARDS'S MS. Notes.

*self*

*self unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York<sup>6</sup> commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal,<sup>7</sup> I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet

<sup>6</sup> ——— *my lord of York* ———] Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *I could brain him with his lady's fan.* ———] Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, “that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers. See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, act II. sc. ii:

“This feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it.”

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, act III. sc. iv:

“————— for a garter,

“Or the least feather in her bounteous fan.”

Again, in *The fine Companion*, a comedy, by S. Marmion:

“————— she set as light by me, as by the least feather in her fan.”

Again, in Chapman's *May-day*, a comedy, 1610:

“I will bring thee some special favour from her, as a feather from her fan, &c.”

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“Yet I can use it as a summer's fan

“Made of the stately train of Juno's bird.”

Again:

“————— fan my face

“With a dy'd ostrich plume.”

See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act II. sc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France Duchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*, Plate XI. STEEVENS.

me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady Percy.*

How now, Kate<sup>s</sup>? I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage!*—*to the field!* And thou hast talk'd

<sup>s</sup> *How now, Kate?* — ] Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*) or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of *Katharine* and Petruchio, and the courtship between king Henry V. and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March who was declared presumptive heir to the crown by king Richard II. and aunt to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

Of



Of sallies, and retires<sup>9</sup>; of trenches, tents,  
 Of palifadoes, frontiers<sup>1</sup>, parapets;  
 Of basilisks<sup>2</sup>, of cannon, culverin;  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the 'currents of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are  
 these?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

<sup>9</sup> ——— and retires; ———] *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 10: "———their secret safe *retire*." Again, in Holinshed, p. 960: "———the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie so termed their sudden *retire*) &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— frontiers, ———] For *frontiers* sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plausibly—*fortins*. JOHNSON. Plausible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and therefore unnecessary. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1. it is said: "A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*." Again, p. 21: "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way, &c." P. 34: "It shall not be necessary to make the bulwarkes in townes so great as those in royall *frontiers*." P. 40: "When as any open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified, whether the same be to be made a royal *frontier*, or to be meanly defended, &c." This account of the word will, I hope, be thought sufficient. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Of basilisks*, ———] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. So, in *Ram-alley*, 1611:

"My cannons, demi-cannons, *basilisks*, &c."

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"——— are those two *basilisks*

"Already mounted on their carriages?"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816: "——— setting his *basilisks* and other cannon in the mouth of the baie." See likewise Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 198, 199. STEEVENS.

310 FIRST PART OF

And I must know it, else he loves me not,

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

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight; O *esperance!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* <sup>3</sup> Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are tost with.

In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will,

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize: But if you go——

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* <sup>4</sup> Away,

Away,

<sup>3</sup> *Out, you mad-headed ape!*] This and the following speech of the lady are in the early editions printed as prose; those editions are indeed in such cases of no great authority, but perhaps they were right in this place, for some words have been left out to make the metre. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Hot.* *Away, away, you trifle!*  
——— *love! I love thee not,*]

This I think would be better thus:

*Hot.*

Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,  
 I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,  
 To play with <sup>5</sup> mammets, and to tilt with lips:  
 We must have bloody noses, and <sup>6</sup> crack'd crowns,  
 And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—  
 What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have  
 with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?  
 Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,  
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
 And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear  
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

*Hot.* Away, you trifler!

*Lady.* Love!

*Hot.* I love thee not.

*This is no world &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— mammets, ——— ] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies dress'd in the fashion, says: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

So, in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: ——— "I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæsar, acted by *mammets*." Again, in the ancient romance of *Virgilius*, bl. l. no date: "——— he made in that compace all the goddes that we call *marwmetts* and *ydolles*." *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet*. Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 108, speaks "of *marwmetts* and idols." This conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets dallying*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— crack'd crowns, ] Signifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception.

JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"I'll none of your *crack'd French crowns* ———"

"*King.* No *crack'd French crowns*! I hope to see more *crack'd French crowns* ere long.

*Priest.* Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's *crowns*, &c." STEEVENS.

I must not have you henceforth question me  
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wife ; but yet no further wife,  
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;  
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer ; for I well believe,  
 ' Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
 Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.* It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*The Boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.*

*Enter Prince Henry, and Poin.*

*P. Henry.* Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,  
 and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal ?

*P. Henry.* With three or four loggerheads, amongst  
 three or four score hogheads. I have sounded the very  
 base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother  
 to a leash of drawers ; and can call them all by their  
 Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They  
 take it already upon their salvation<sup>8</sup>, that, though I

<sup>7</sup> *Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;*] This line is  
 borrowed from a proverbial sentence :—“ A woman conceals  
 what she knows not.” See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *their salvation,* ———] Thus the quartos. The folio  
 reads : ——— *their confidence,* — out of which the modern editors  
 have made—*their confidence*. STEEVENS.

be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, 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 East-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering<sup>1</sup>, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink 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 give thee this pennyworth of sugar<sup>2</sup>, clapt even now into

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Corinthian* ——— ] A wench. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. So Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632 :

“ ——— let him wench,

“ Buy me all *Corinth* for him.”

“ Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthum*.”

Again, in the tragedy of *Nero*, 1633 :

“ Nor us, tho’ Romans, Lais will refuse,

“ To *Corinth* any man may go.”

Again, in Massinger’s *Great Duke of Florence* :

“ Or the cold Cynic whom *Corinthian Lais*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— and when you breathe &c.] A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage. I meet with the same expression in a MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, which from the hand-writing, appears to be at least as ancient as the time of Shakespeare :

“ ——— we also do enact

“ That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud ;

“ Drink much at one draught ; breathe not in their drink ;

“ That none go out to” ——— STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— this pennyworth of sugar, ——— ] It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack :

“ ——— but do you hear ?

“ Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown.”

Shakespeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decar

kar

into my hand by an <sup>3</sup> under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, fir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time 'till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

[*Poins retires.*]

*Poins.* Francis!

*P. Henry.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Francis.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, fir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

*P. Henry.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord.

*P. Henry.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poins.* Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, fir.

kar in the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609: "Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name sweetened in two pittiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *under-skinker*, —] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table. JOHNSON.

*Schenken*, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Francis.*] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

*P. Henry.*

*P. Henry.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O lord, fir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

*Poins.* Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, fir.

*P. Henry.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be——

*Poins.* Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, fir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*P. Henry.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gav'st me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O lord, fir! I would, it had been two.

*P. Henry.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.* Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Henry.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, <sup>5</sup> chry-  
stal-button, <sup>6</sup> nott-pated, agat-ring, <sup>7</sup> puke-stocking,  
caddice-

<sup>5</sup> — *chrystal-button*, — ] It appears from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *chrystal buttons* was the habit of a *pawn-broker*: "—a black taffata doublet, and a spruce *leather-jerkin* with *chrystal buttons*, &c. I enquired of what occupation: Marry, fir, quoth he, a *broker*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *knot-pated*, — ] It should be printed as in the old folios, — *nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, the Yeman is thus described:

"A *nott head* had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round; Ray says, the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or *shorn*.

caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—  
*Fran.* O lord, fir, who do you mean?

*P. Henry.*

*Sborn.* Vid. *Ray. Coll.* p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 2vo, p. 11.  
 vid. Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

“———your nott-beaded country gentleman.”

Again, in Stowe's *Annals for the Year 1535*, 27th of Henry VIII:  
 “He caused his owne head to bee polled, and from thenceforth  
 his beard to bee notted and no more shaven.” In Barrett's *Alvearie*,  
 or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the same as to  
 cut it. STEEVENS.

7 ———*puke-stocking*, ——— ] The prince intends to ask the  
 drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many  
 contemptuous distinctions, of which all are easily intelligible but  
*puke-stocking*, which I cannot explain. JOHNSON.

In a small book entitled, *The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c.*  
*for their Meetinges and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the*  
*Yeere*, printed in 1586: “the maior, &c. are commanded to ap-  
 peare on Good Fryday in their *puke gowns*, and without their  
 chaynes and typetes.”

Shelton, in his translation of *Don Quixote*, p. 2. says: “the  
 rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkin of fine *puke*.”  
 Edit. 1612.

In Salmon's *Chymist's Shop laid open* there is a receipt to make a  
*puke* colour. The ingredients are, the vegetable gall and a large  
 proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour  
 was grey.

In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke*  
 colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and  
 is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again, in Drant's translation of the eighth satire of *Horace*,  
 1567:

“——— *nigra succinctam vadere palla.*”

“——— *ytuekde in pukishe frocke.*”

In the time of Shakespeare the most expensive silk stockings  
 were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant  
 is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the  
 word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour.

STEEVENS.

*Puke-stocking* seems to be a contemptuous expression like our  
*black-legg'd* gentry of the turf. Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, 1730,  
 p. 406, speaks of “a gown of black *puke*.” The statute 5 and 6  
 of Edward VI. c. 6. mentions cloth of these colours, “*puke*,  
 brown-bluc, blacks.” Hence *puke* seems not to be a perfect or  
 full



*P. Henry.* Why then, your brown<sup>9</sup> bastard is your only drink : for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet

full black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's *Alwearie*. TOLLET.

“ ——— caddice-garter, ——— ] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakespeare's time were worn in fight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glaphorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

“ ——— dost hear,

“ My honest *caddis-garters* ?”

This is an address to a servant. Again, in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633 : “ ——— six footmen in *caddis*” are mentioned, i. e. with worsted lace on their clothes. STEEVENS.

“ ——— brown bastard ——— ] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramatic piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, the second edition, 1630, Beer says to Wine :

“ Wine well born ? Did not every man call you *bastard* but t'other day ?” So, in *Match me in London*, an old comedy :

“ ——— Love you *bastard* ?

“ No wines at all.”

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, com. 1609 :

“ Canary is a jewel, and a fig for *brown bastard*.”

Again, in *The Honest Whore*, a comedy by Decker, 1635 :

“ ——— What wine sent they for ?

“ *Ro. Bastard* wine, for if it had been truly begotten, it would not have been ashamed to come in. Here's sixpence to pay for nursing the *bastard*.”

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631 :

“ I'll furnish you with *bastard*, white or brown, &c.”

In the ancient metrical romance of the *Squbr of lowe Degre*, bl. l. no date, is the following catalogue of wines :

“ You shall have Rumney and Malinesyne,

“ Both Ypocrasse and Vernage wyne :

“ Mountröse, and wyne of Greke,

“ Both Algrade and Respice eke,

“ Antioche and *Bastarde*

“ Pyment also and Garnarde :

“ Wyne of Greke and Muscadell,

“ Both Clare-Pyment and Rochell,

“ The reed your stomach to defye,

“ And pottes of Osey set you by.” STEEVENS.

*Maison*

doublet will fully : in Barbary, fir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, fir?

*Poins.* Francis!

*P. Henry.* Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit drawer.*] My lord, old fir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

*P. Henry.* Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

*Re-enter Poins.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, fir.

*P. Henry.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of 'goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, fir.

*P. Henry.* That ever this fellow should have fewer

*Maison Rustique*, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says: "— such wines are called *mungrell* or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astringency, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." TOLLET.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that "*bastarde* is muscadell, sweet wine."

STEVENS.

words

words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. ' I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. <sup>a</sup> *Rivo,* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

<sup>1</sup> — *I am not yet of Percy's mind,* — ] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours — I am not yet of Percy's mind,* — that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,* — who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *Ribi,* — ] That is, *drink.* HANMER.

All the former editions have *rivo*, which certainly had no meaning, but yet was perhaps the cant of English taverns. JOHNSON.

This conjecture Mr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

“ If thou art sad at others fate,

“ *Rivo,* drink deep, give care the mate.”

I find the same word used in the comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*:

“ ——— Yet to endear ourselves to thy lean acquaintance, cry *rivo* ho! laugh and be fat, &c.”

So, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

“ Sing, sing, or stay: we'll quaffe or any thing:

“ *Rivo,* faint Mark!”

Again, in *Law Tricks* &c. 1608:

“ *Rivo,* I'll be singular; my royal expence shall run &c.”

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

“ ——— that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *rivo,* &c.”

Again; — “ *Rivo,* here's good juice, fresh borage, boys.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

*Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been ?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen !—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks<sup>3</sup>, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards !—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant ? [*He drinks.*]

*P. Henry.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ? \* pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet

<sup>3</sup> ——— *nether stocks*, ———] *Nether stocks* are stockings. See *K. Lear*, act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *pitiful hearted Titan ! that melted at the sweet tale of the sun ?*] ——— This absurd reading possesses all the copies in general ; and though it has passed through such a number of impressions, is nonsense ; which we may pronounce to have arisen at first from the inadvertence, either of transcribers, or the compositors at press. 'Tis well known, Titan is one of the poetical names of the sun ; but we have no authority from fable for Titan's melting away at his own sweet tale, as Narcissus did at the reflection of his own form. The poet's meaning was certainly this : Falstaff enters in a great heat, after having been robbed by the prince and Poins in disguise : and the prince seeing him in such a sweat, makes the following simile upon him : “ Do but look upon that compound of grease ;—his fat drips away with the violence of his motion, just as *butter* does with the heat of the *sun-beams* darting full upon it.” THEOBALD.

*Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ? pitiful-hearted Titan ! that melted at the sweet tale of the sun ?*] This perplexes Mr. Theobald ; he calls it nonsense, and, indeed, having made nonsense of it, changes it to *pitiful-hearted butter*. But the common reading is right : and all that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan !*) should be put. *Pitiful hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character : the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. But the Oxford editor goes still further, and not only takes, without ceremony, Mr. Theobald's bread and *butter*, but turns *tale* into *face* ; not perceiving that the *heat* of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or *amorous*. WARBURTON.

I have left this passage as I found it, desiring only that the reader, who inclines to follow Dr. Warburton's opinion, will furnish

sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, ' here's lime in this sack too :  
There

nith himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this emendation to be just. I own I am unable to do it for him; and though I ought not to decide in favour of any violent proceedings against the text, must confess, that the reader who looks for sense as the words stand at present, must be indebted for it to Mr. Theobald.

Shall I offer a bolder alteration? In the oldest copy, the contested part of this passage appears thus :

— at the sweet tale of the sonnes.

The author might have written *pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his son*, i. e. of Phaëton, who by a plausible story won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. As gross a mythological corruption perhaps occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ The arm-strong offspring of the doubted knight,  
“ Stout Hercules &c.”

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I should not hesitate to read — *doubled night*, i. e. the night lengthened to twice its usual proportion while Jupiter possessed himself of Alcmena; a circumstance with which every school-boy is acquainted.

STEEVENS.

5 — here's lime in this sack too: *There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man*: — Sir Richard Hawkins, one of queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, in his voyages, p. 379, says: “ Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance by conveyance into foreign countries. This latter, indeed, was a substantial evil. But as to lime's giving the stone, this sure must be only the good old man's prejudice; since in a wiser age by far, an old woman made her fortune by shewing us that lime was a cure for the stone. Sir John Falstaff, were he alive again, would say she deserved it, for satisfying us that we might drink sack in safety: but that liquor has been long since out of date. I think lord Clarendon in his *Apology*, tells us, “ That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe.” But the banished cavaliers brought

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Y

home

There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man : Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it ; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say ! <sup>6</sup> I would I were a weaver ; I could sing all man-

home with them the gout for French wines, which has continued ever since ; and from whence, perhaps, we may more truly date the greater frequency of the stone. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not consider that *sack* in Shakespeare is most probably thought to mean what we now call *sherry*, which when it is drank is still drank with sugar. JOHNSON.

*Rhenish* is drank with sugar, but never *sherry*. STEEVENS.

Eliot in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says : “ The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *gouttes*.” FARMER.

• ——— *I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms, &c.*

In the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. WARBURTON.

In the first editions the passage is read thus ; *I could sing psalms or any thing*. In the first folio thus : *I could sing all manner of songs*. Many expressions bordering on indecency or profaneness are found in the first editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three last editions, *I could sing psalms and all manner of songs*, is made without authority out of different copies.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

*Weavers* are mentioned as lovers of music in *The Merchant of Venice*. Perhaps “ to sing like a weaver ” might be proverbial.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passages.

Ben Jonson, in the *Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that “ the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with *cloth-workers*.”

So,

manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say  
**SH!**

*P. Henry.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath<sup>7</sup>, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

*P. Henry.* Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? [To Poins.]

*P. Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst<sup>8</sup>. You are frait  
enough

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

“ Like a Geneva weaver in black, who left

“ The loom, and enter'd in the ministry,

“ For conscience sake.” STEEVENS.

The protestants who fled from the persecution of the duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. Sir J. HAWKINS.

<sup>7</sup> — a dagger of lath, — ] i. e. such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ In a trice, like to the old *Vice*

“ Your need to sustain:

“ Who with *dagger of lath*

“ In his rage and his wrath &c.”

Again, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587: the *Vice* says:

“ Come no neer me you knaves for your life,

“ Lest I stick you both with this *wood knife*.

“ Back, I say, back, you sturdy beggar;

“ Body o' me they have tane away my *dagger*.”

And in the second part of this play, Falstaff calls Shallow a “ *Vice's dagger*.” STEEVENS.

— I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. — ] Shakespeare in his real characters, is to be depended

enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. Henry.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [*He drinks.*]

*P. Henry.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. Henry.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Henry.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

on as a historian. Agility and fast running were among the qualifications of this young prince. “*Omnes coætaneos suos saliendo præcessit, (says Thomas de Elmham, p. 12.) cursu veloci simul currentes prævenit. BOWLE.*”

The quarto 1599, gives this speech to *Poins*. STEEVENS,

“*—my buckler cut through and through;—*] It appears from the old comedy of *The two angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakespeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

“I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man, &c.” STEEVENS,

*P. Henry.*



*P. Henry.* Speak, firs; How was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,——

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

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

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew<sup>1</sup>.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

*P. Henry.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

*Poins.* Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

*P. Henry.* What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Henry.* Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

<sup>1</sup> —— *an Ebrew Jew.*] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:  
“——thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a  
Christian.” STEEVENS.

## 326 FIRST PART OF

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Henry.* Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

*P. Henry.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* <sup>2</sup> Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

*P. Henry.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in <sup>3</sup> Kendal green, came at my back, and

<sup>2</sup> *Their points being broken,—Down fell their hose.*] To understand *Poins's* joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was to *untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

" ——— Help me to truss my *points*. ———"

"I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a *point*."

The same jest indeed had already occurred in *Twelfth Night*:

"*Clo.* ——— I am resolv'd on *two points*."

"*Mar.* That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Kendal* —] *Kendal* in Westmorland, as I have been told, is a place famous for making cloths and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his *Polyolbion*:

" ——— where *Kendal* town doth stand,

" For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land."  
*Kendal green* was the livery of *Robert Earl of Huntington* and his followers while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader

and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*P. Henry.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy + tallow-keech,—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*P. Henry.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the frappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not

leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601:

“————— all the woods

“ Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,

“ Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington.”

Again:

“ Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*.”

Again, in the *Playe of Robyn Hooode verye proper to be played in Maye Games*, bl. l. no date:

“ Here be a fort of ragged knaves come in,

“ Clothed all in *Kendale grene*.” STEEVENS.

+ ——— *tallow-catch*, — ] This word is in all editions, but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a *cake* or *mass* of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtless the word intended here, unless we read *tallow-ketch*, that is, *tub of tallow*. JOHNSON.

—— *tallow-catch*, — ] *Tallow-keech* is undoubtedly right, but ill explained in the note. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow loaf* in *Suffex*, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakespeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech* in the second part of this play. STEEVENS.

• ——— *tallow-catch*, — ] The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. *tub*, is very ingenious. But the prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow*. WARTON.

Call you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this fanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

*Fal.* Away, ' you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

*P. Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Henry.* We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down:—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you

— you starveling, you elf-skin, —] For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy*: for though the Bastard in *King John* compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

— you starveling, &c.] In these comparisons Shakespeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably tall and thin, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an “*eel skin stuff'd*” (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue*, allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading—*eel-skin* is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *K. John*, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean* Shallow in the second part of *K. Henry IV*.

Shakespeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, “he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small, &c.” STEEVENS.

carry'd

carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince<sup>6</sup>. Instinct is a great matter<sup>7</sup>; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

<sup>6</sup> —the lion will not touch the true prince.—] So, in the *Mad Lover*, by B. and Fletcher:

“Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;

“If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion

“Will do her reverence, else he'll tear her &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —Instinct is a great matter;—] Diego, the Host, in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, excuses a rudeness he had been guilty of to one of his guests, in almost the same words.

“———should I have been so barbarous to have parted brothers?

“*Philippo.* — You knew it then?

“*Diego.* — I knew 'twas necessary

“You should be both together. *Instinct*, signior,

“*Is a great matter in an host.*” STEEVENS.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* My lord the prince,—

*P. Henry.* How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

*P. Henry.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

*P. Henry.* Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

*P. Henry.* Now, sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

\* ———there is a nobleman——Give him as much as will make him a royal man,——] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady give him as much as will make him a royal man, that is, a real or royal man, and send him away. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“This is not noble sport, but royal play.

“It must be so where royals walk so fast.” STEEVENS.

Give him as much as will make him a royal man,——] The royal went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. and 8d.

TYRWHITT.

This seems to allude to a jest of queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a sermon before her majesty, first said: “My royal queen,” and a little after: “My noble queen.” Upon which says the queen: “What am I ten groats worse than I was?” This is to be found in Hearne's *Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

*Bard.*

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. Henry.* Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

*Peto.* Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass<sup>9</sup>, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was 'the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. Henry.* O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert <sup>2</sup> taken with the manner,

<sup>9</sup> —to tickle our noses with spear-grass, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose and make my nose bleed &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —the blood of true men.—] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of honest men, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —taken in the manner,—] The quarto and folio read —with the manner, which is right. Taken with the manner is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify taken in the fact. But the Oxford editor alters it, for better security of the sense, to —taken in the manor,— i. e. I suppose, by the lord of it, as a stray. WARBURTON.

The expression—taken in the manner, or with the manner, is common to many of our old dramatic writers. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*:

"How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken in the manner,  
"And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?"

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Take them not in the manner, tho' you may."

Perhaps it is a corruption of "taken in the manœuvre;" yet I know not that this French word, in the age of Shakspeare, had acquired its present sense. STEEVENS.

*Manour* or *Mainour* or *Maynour* an old law-term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact.  
The

ner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore :  
Thou hadst <sup>3</sup> fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou  
ran'st away ; What instinct hadst thou for it ?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you  
behold these exhalations ?

*P. Henry.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend ?

*P. Henry.* <sup>4</sup> Hot livers, and cold purses.

*Bard.* Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken <sup>5</sup>.

*P. Henry.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter Falstaff.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How  
now, my sweet creature of <sup>6</sup> bombast ? How long is't  
ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee ?

*Fal.*

The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's  
edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292. where it is spelt *manner*.

HAWKINS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Thou hadst fire and sword &c.*] The fire was in his face.  
A red face is termed a *fiery face*.

“ While I affirm a *fiery face* :

“ Is to the owner no disgrace,” *Legend of Capt. Jones.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Hot livers, and cold purses.*] That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*.  
To drink was, in the language of those times, to *beat the liver*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.*

*No, if rightly taken, halter.*]

The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee,  
must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *cholera*.  
So, in *King John and Matilda*, 16—

“ *O Bru.* Son, you're too full of *cholera*.

“ *Y. Bru.* Cholera ! halter.

“ *Fitz.* By the mass, that's near the *collar*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *bombast ?* — ] Is the stuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, observes, that in his  
time “ the doublets were so hard quilted, stuffed, *bombasted*,  
and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in  
them.” And again, in the same chapter, he adds, that they were  
“ stuffed with foure, five, or sixe pounce of *bombast* at least.”

Again,



*Fal.* My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of fighting and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Braby<sup>8</sup> from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman<sup>9</sup> upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

*Poins.*

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "You shall swear not to *bombast* out a new play with the old linings of jests." *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombast tree*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ———— *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:* ] Aristophanes has the same thought:

Διὰ δακτύλου μὴ ἐν ἱμῆ γ' ἀν διακύσσει. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Brome in the *Anti-podes*, 1638: "——Item, a distich graven in his *thumb-ring*." Again, in the *Northern Lass*, 1633: "A good man in the city &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout, or a *thumb-ring*." Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, 1640: "——no more wit than the rest of the bench: what lies in his *thumb-ring*." The custom of wearing a *ring on the thumb* is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

"——upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *sir John Braby*—] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598, reads: ———— *Bracy*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *upon the cross of a Welsh book*, ————] A *Welsh book* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*:

"——— that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *welsh-books* and forest-bills."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

"——— it will be as good as a *Welsh-book* for you, to keep out the other at staves-end."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, by the same, 1607, a captain says:

"——— I know what kisses be, as well as I know a *Welsh-book*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque for the honour of Wales*:

"——— Owen

*Poins. O. Glendower.*

*Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horse-back up a hill perpendicular.*

*P. Henry.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

“ —Owen Glendower, with a *Welsh book*, and a goat-skin on his back.”

“ Enter with *Welch books* Rice-ap-Howell a Mower, and the Earl of Leicester.” *K. Edward H.* 1622.

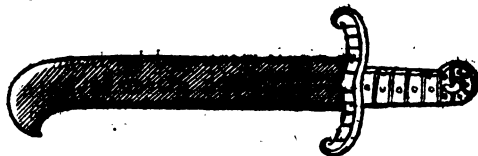
Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

“ And scour the marches with your *Welchmen's books.*”

Again, in the *Insatiate Countess*, by Marston 1631:

“ The ancient *books* of great Cadwallader.”

Mr. Tollet apprehends from the *hooked* form of the following instrument, as well as from the *crest* upon it, as upon other ancient swords, that it is the *Welch book* mentioned by *Falstaff*.



This was copied by him from Speed's *History of Great Britain*, p. 180.

I believe the *Welch book* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *securis falcata*, or probably a weapon of the same kind with the *Lochabar axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans.

In the old ballad, however, of *King Alfred and the Shepherd*, (see Evans's Collection, vol. 1. p. 20.) the Shepherd swears by his *book*:

“ And by my *book*, the shepherd said,

“ (an oath both good and true) &c.” STEEVENS.

— *pistol* —] Shakespeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. JOHNSON.

B. and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In *The Humorous Lieutenant*, they have equipped one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon. STEEVENS.

*Fal.*

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckow! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand <sup>2</sup> blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news<sup>3</sup>; <sup>4</sup> you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such

<sup>2</sup> ———blue caps———] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———thy father's beard is turned white with the news;———] I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose hair turned grey in one night. TOLLET.

Nashi, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596, says: "———looke and you shall finde a grey haire for everie line I have writ against him; and you shall have all his beard white too, by the time he hath read over this booke." The reader may find more examples of this phenomenon in Grimeston's translation of Goulart's *Memorable Histories*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———you may buy land, &c.] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw a change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away.

JOHNSON.

enemies

enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Henry.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*P. Henry.* Do thou stand for my father<sup>5</sup>, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state<sup>6</sup>, this dagger my scepter, and<sup>7</sup> this cushion my crown.

*P. Henry.*<sup>8</sup> Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

<sup>5</sup> *Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry V.* the same strain of humour is discoverable:

“Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shall sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *This chair shall be my state,* —] This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of *Cambyses*, the hero of a play which appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Decker is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage; “on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea and under the *state of Cambyses himselfe.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *this cushion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes, that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions; and in the play of *K. Edward IV.* p. 2. 1619, is the following passage:

“Then comes a slave, one of those drunken fots,

“In with a tavern reck'ning for a supplication,

“Disguised with a *cushion* on his head.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thy state, &c.*] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-royalty. JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the prince to his absent father, not an answer to Falstaff. FARMER.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in 'king Cambyfes' vein.

*P. Hen.* Well, here is 'my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

*Hof.* This is excellent sport, i'faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Hof.* O the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes<sup>2</sup>.

*Hof.* O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players<sup>3</sup>; as I ever see.

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

<sup>9</sup> —*king Cambyfes*—] A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of *Cambyfes* king of Persia. By Thomas Preston. THEOBALD.

I question if Shakespeare had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in *king Cambyfes' vein*, he would hardly have missed, if he had known it: JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of *king Cambifes*: "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. FARMER.

See a note on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act IV. scene the last. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —*my leg.*] That is, my obeisance to my father. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*the flood-gates of her eyes.*] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in *Preston's Cambyfes*:

"*Queen.* These words to hear makes stilling teares issue from chrystall eyes." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*harlotry players,* —] This word is used in the *Plowman's Tale*: "Soche harlotre men &c." Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27. "I had lever here an *harlotry*, or a fomer's game." Junius explains the word by "*inhonesta paupertinæ fortis fœditas.*"

STEEVENS.

brain <sup>4</sup>.—<sup>5</sup> Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for <sup>6</sup> though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove <sup>7</sup> a micher, and eat black-

<sup>4</sup> —*tickle-brain*—] This appears to have been the nick name of some strong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil* 1636:

“ A cup of Nipfite briff and neat,

“ The drawers call it *tickle-brain*.”

In the *Antipodes*, 1638, *settle-brain* is mentioned as another potato.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — Harry, I do not only marvel &c.] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> — *though the camomile*, &c.] This whole speech is supremely comic. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that “ though Bedlam be in the road to Hogden, it is out of the way to promotion.” JOHNSON.

In *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608, is the following passage:

“ The *camomile* shall teach thee patience,

“ Which thriveth best when trodden most upon.”

Again, in *The Fawne*, a comedy, by Marston, 1606:

“ For indeed, sir, a repress'd fame mounts like *camomile*, the more trod down the more it grows.” STEEVENS.

The style immediately ridiculed, is that of Lilly in his *Euphuus*: “ Though the *camomile* the more it is troden and pressed downe; the more it spreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftner it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth, &c.” FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> — *a micher*, —] i. e. truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. WARBURTON.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits.

JOHNSON.

In

black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. 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 company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Henry.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. \* If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, pe-

In *A Comment on the Ten Commandments*, printed at London in 1493, by Richard Pynson, I find the word thus used:

“They make Goddes house a den of theyves; for commonly in such feyrs and markets, wheresoever it be holden, ther ben many theyves, *michers*, and cutpurse.”

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it.”

Again, in Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

“How like a *micher* he stands, as though he had *truanted* from honesty.”

“—— that mite is *miching* in this grove.” *ibidem*.

“The *micher* hangs down his head.” *ibidem*.

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“Look to it *micher*.”

Again, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorne*:

“Wanton wenches and also *michers*.” STEEVENS.

\* *If then the fruit &c.*] This passage is happily restored by sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

remptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*P. Henry.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically; both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a <sup>9</sup>rabbit-fucker, or a poulter's hare.

*P. Henry.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

*P. Henry.* Now, Harry? whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from East-cheap.

*P. Henry.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

*P. Henry.* Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy con-

<sup>9</sup> ———rabbit-fucker,———] Is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the serjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridicales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbit-fuckers*.

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*:

“Close as a *rabbit-fucker* from an old coney.”

Again, in *The Wedding*, by Shirley, 1626:

“These whorson *rabbit-fuckers* will never leave the ground.”

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: “I prefer an old coney before a *rabbit-fucker*.”

Again, in *The Tryal of Chivalry*, 1599: “——a bountiful benefactor for sending thither such *rabbit-fuckers*.” Again, in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633: “Thou shouldst hunt, as I do, these wanton *rabbit-fuckers*.”

A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. Thus in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: “We must have our tables furnisht like *poulters'* stalles.” STEEVENS.

panion.



panion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that 'bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted <sup>2</sup> Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein <sup>3</sup> cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? whercin villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would, your grace would <sup>4</sup> take me with you; Whom means your grace?

*P. Henry.* That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

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

*P. Henry.* I know, thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness

<sup>1</sup> ——— *bolting-hutch* ——— ] *Bolting-hutch* is, I think, a *meal-bag*. JOHNSON.

————— *a bolting-hutch* ————— ] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Manning-tree ox* ——— ] Of the *Manning-tree ox* I can give no account, but the meaning is clear. JOHNSON.

*Manning-tree* in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, is famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to public show. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *cunning*, ——— ] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning: it signified *knowing*, or *skillful*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *take me with you*; ——— ] That is, go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Lilly in his *Endimion*, says: "Tush, tush, neighbours, *take me with you*." FARMER.

The expression is so common in the old plays, that it is unnecessary to introduce any more quotations in support of it.

STEEVENS.

it: but that he is (saying your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. ' If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

<sup>5</sup> — *If sack and sugar be a fault; —* ] *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakespeare's time. In a letter describing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo, the writer says, (p. 86.) " sipt I no more *sak and suger* than I do Malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrell, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: " at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sak and suger*, we sweeten him again." p. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's accounts belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec.*] viz. " — Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592.] Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck* and a pound of *sugar* geven to sir John Russell, iiij. s." — This sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court. — In the same book, is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz. " A. Eliz. xxxiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiij. lb."

PERCY.

This liquor is likewise mentioned in *The Wild Goose Chase* of B. and Fletcher:

" — You shall find us in the tavern,  
" Lamenting in *sack and sugar* for your losses,"

Again, in *Monfieur Thomas* by Fletcher, 1639:

" Old *sack*, boy,

" Old reverend *sack &c.* —————

" Drink with *sugar*

" Which I have ready here."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

" I use not to be drunk with *sack and sugar.*" STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

*P. Henry.* I do, I will.

[Knocking; and Hostess and Bardolph go out.]

*Re-enter Bardolph, running.*

*Bar.* O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O, my lord, my lord!—

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick<sup>6</sup>: What's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*P. Henry.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

*P. Henry.* Go, <sup>7</sup>hide thee behind the arras;—the rest

<sup>6</sup> — a fiddle-stick:—] I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of B. and Fletcher:

“ ——— for certain, gentlemen,

“ *The fiend rides on a fiddlestick.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — hide thee behind the arras;—] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery; if Falstaff had not been hidden he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON.

In old houses there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk.

rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gads-bill, and Peto; manent Prince and Poins.*]

*P. Henry.* Call in the sheriff.—

*Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*P. Henry.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gros fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* <sup>8</sup> The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,

Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. Again, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

“Does not the arras laugh at me, it shakes methinks.

“*Kat.* It cannot chuse, there's one *behind* doth tickle it.”

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: “— but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind the *arras*.” Again, in *King John*, act IV. sc. i:

“Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand

“*Within the arras.*”——

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio says: “I whipt me behind the *arras*.” Polonius is killed through the *arras*. See likewise Holinshed, vol. III. p. 594. See also my note on the second scene of the first act of *K. Richard II.* STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “Pyrrhus to terrifie Fabius, commanded his guard to place an elephant behind the *arras*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The man, I do assure you, is not here;*] Every reader must regret that Shakespeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. STEEVENS.

That

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal :  
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Hen.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Henry.* I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.  
[Exit.]

*P. Henry.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's:  
Go, call him forth.

*Poins.* Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and  
snorting like a horse.

*P. Henry.* Hark how hard he fetches breath:  
Search his pockets.

[He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.  
What hast thou found?

*Poins.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Henry.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*Poins.* Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

° *Go, call him forth.*] The scenery here is somewhat perplexed. When the sheriff came, the whole gang retired, and Falstaff was hidden. As soon as the sheriff is sent away, the prince orders Falstaff to be called: by whom? by Peto. But why had not Peto gone up stairs with the rest? and if he had, why did not the rest come down with him? The conversation that follows between the prince and Peto, seems to be apart from the others.

I cannot but suspect that for Peto we should read Poins: what had Peto done, that his place should be honourable, or that he should be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? Poins has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage.

This alteration clears the whole difficulty: they all retired but Poins, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers. We may therefore boldly change the scenical direction thus: *Exit Falstaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent the Prince and Poins.*

JOHNSON.

Item,

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Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

*P. Henry.* O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and, ' I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so good morrow, Poin.

*Poin.* Good morrow, good my lord.      [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T   I I I .      S C E N E   I .

*The archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.*

*Mor.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our <sup>a</sup> induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.*

<sup>a</sup> — *I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.* — ] i. e. It will kill him to march so far as twelvescore yards. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the same expression in his *Sejanus* :

“ That look'd for salutations, *twelve-score* off.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606 :

“ I'll get my *twelve-score* off, and give aim.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *induction* — } That is, entrance ; beginning.

JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play. Such is the business of the Tinker, previous to the performance of

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester :—A plague upon it !  
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy ; fit, good cousin Hotspur :  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale ; and, with  
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him : ' at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning creffets <sup>4</sup> ; and, at my birth,  
The frame and the foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done

of the *Taming of a Shrew*. Shakespeare often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. Thus, in *K. Richard III* :

“ Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —at my nativity, &c.] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakespeare. Holinshed says only : “ Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man ; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —Of burning creffets ; —] A *creffet* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower : from the French word *croiffette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HANMER.

So, in *Histrionastix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610 :

“ Come Creffida my *creffet* light,

“ Thy face doth shine both day and night.”

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed says : “ The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveyed by *creffet*-light, and torch-light to sir J. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate street.” Again, in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590 :

“ Watches in armour, triumphs, *creffet*-lights.”

The *creffet*-lights were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde.

STEEVENS.

At

At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been  
born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

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

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

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on  
fire,

And not in fear of your nativity,

<sup>5</sup> Diseas'd nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth<sup>6</sup>, and topples down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

<sup>5</sup> *Diseas'd nature*——] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrarioufness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——*the old beldame earth*,——] *Beldame* is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *bel-fire* in the same sense:

“As his great *bel-fire* Brute from Albion's heirs it won.”

Again, in the 14th song:

“When he his long descent shall from his *bel-fires* bring.”

*Beau pere* is French for *father-in-law*, but this word employed by Drayton seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grand-mother. So, in Shakespeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“To shew the *beldame* daughters of her daughter.”

STEEVENS.

The



The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;  
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
 Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;  
 And all the courses of my life do shew,  
 I am not in the roll of common men.  
 Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,  
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland,  
 Wales,——

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
 Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:—  
 I will to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him  
 mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I ; or so can any man :  
 But will they come, when you do call for them ?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command  
 The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the  
 devil,

By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come,  
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
 head

Against my power : thrice, from the banks of Wye,  
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
 Bootelefs home<sup>7</sup>, and weather-beaten back.

<sup>7</sup> *Bootelefs*—] Thus one of the old editions ; and without reading *bootelefs* (i. e. making the word a trissyllable) the metre will be defective. STEEVENS.

*Hot.*

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*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order taken?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space, you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[*To Glendower.*]

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come:

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See, how this river comes me cranking in<sup>s</sup>,

<sup>s</sup> —*cranking in,*] Perhaps we should read—*crankling.* So, Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 7:

“Hath not so many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as she.”

STEEVENS.

And

And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle<sup>9</sup> out.  
 I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

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

*Mort.* Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,  
 and runs me up

With like advantage 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 north side win this cape of land;  
 And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you then,  
 Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

<sup>9</sup> — *cantle out.*] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the same sense that Horace uses *angulus*:

“ O si *angulus* ille

“ Proximus aridet !”

*Canton*, Fr. *canto*, Ital. signify a *corner*. To *cantle* is a verb used in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607 :

“ That this vast globe terrestrial should be *cantled*.”

The substantive occurs in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 1 :

“ Rude Neptune cutting in a *cantle* forth doth take.”

Again, in a *New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636 :

“ Not so much as a *cantell* of cheese or crust of bread.”

STEVENS.

For

For I was train'd up in the English court<sup>1</sup> :  
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
 And gave<sup>2</sup> the tongue a helpful ornament ;  
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart ;  
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :  
 I had rather hear<sup>3</sup> a brazen candlestick turn'd,  
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;  
 And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land  
 To any well-deserving friend ;  
 But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
 Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by  
 night :

<sup>1</sup> *For I was train'd up in the English court :*] The real name of Owen Glendower was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — the tongue — ] The English language. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — a brazen candlestick turn'd,] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written—*canstick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608 ; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. Again, in *The Famous Hist. of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, bl. l. "If he have so much as a *canstick*, I am a traitor." Hotspur's idea likewise occurs in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636 :

"As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,

"Where they turn brazen candlesticks."

And again, in Ben Jonson's masque of *Witches Metamorphos'd* :

"From the candlesticks of Lothbury,

"And the loud pure wives of Banbury." STEEVENS.

(I'll haste the writer) and, withal,  
 Break with your wives of your departure-hence :  
 I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,  
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot chuse : sometimes he angers me,  
 With telling me <sup>5</sup> of the moldwarp and the ant,  
 Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;  
 And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff <sup>6</sup>  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
 He held me last night at the least nine hours,  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names <sup>7</sup>,

That

<sup>4</sup> (*I'll haste the writer*)—] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

I suppose, to complete the measure, we should read :

*I'll in and haste the writer ;*

for he goes out immediately. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —of the moldwarp and the ant,] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1563, (written by Phaer, the translator of *Virgil*) Owen Glendower is introduced speaking of himself :

“ And for to set us hereon more agog,  
 “ A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)  
 “ Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,  
 “ Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarpe ever call,  
 “ Accurs'd of God, that must be brought in thrall,  
 “ By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion strong,  
 “ Which should divide his kingdom them among.”

The mould-warp is the mole, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —skimble-skamble stuff] So, in Taylor the water-poet's *Description of a Wanton* :

“ Here's a sweet deal of scimble scamble stuff.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> In reckoning up the several devils' names] See Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*; 1584, b. xv. ch. 2. p. 377, where the

Vol. V. A a reader

That were his lacqueys : I cry'd, hum,—and well,  
—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;  
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far ;  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
Exceedingly well read, and <sup>s</sup> profited  
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,  
And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :  
I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are <sup>9</sup> too wilful-blame ;  
And, since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :  
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,  
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you)  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,

reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. Shakespeare must certainly have seen this book. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ————— profited

*In strange concealments ; ——— ]*

Skilled in wonderful secrets. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *too wilful-blame ; ]* This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful-blunt,* or *too wilful-bent ;* or thus :

*Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful.* JOHNSON.

Pride,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd ; Good manners be your  
speed !

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter Glendower, with the ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps ; she will not part with  
you,  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt  
Percy,  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she an-  
swers him in the same.]*

*Glend.* She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd  
harlotry, one  
That no persuasion can do good upon.

*[Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.]*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,  
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,  
In such a party should I answer thee.

*[The lady again in Welsh.]*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation :  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
'Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

*[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]*

A a 2

*Mort.*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this <sup>1</sup>.

*Glend.* She bids you,

- <sup>2</sup> Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,  
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
<sup>3</sup> And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,  
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
<sup>4</sup> Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll fit, and hear her sing:  
 By that time will <sup>5</sup> our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

- <sup>6</sup> And those musicians that shall play to you,

Hang

<sup>1</sup> *O, I am ignorance itself in this.*] Massinger uses the same expression in *The Unnatural Combat*:

“ ——— in this you speak, fir,

“ *I am ignorance itself.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *All on the wanton rushes lay you down,*] It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

*All was a modern addition. The old copies only read on.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,*] The expression is fine; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only *fit* on his eye-lids, but that he should *fit crown'd*, that is, pleased and delighted. WARBURTON.

The same image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in *Philastr*:

“ ——— who shall take up his lute,

“ And touch it till he *crown a silent sleep*

“ *Upon my eyelid.*” ——— STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,*] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *our book,* ———] Our papers of conditions. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *And those musicians that shall play to you,*

*Hang in the air* ———

*Yet &c.]*

The



Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;  
Yet straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

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

*Lady.* Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

*Hot.* Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh ;  
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.  
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady.* Then should you be nothing but musical ; for  
you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still,  
ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in  
Irish.

*Lady.* Would'st have thy head broken ?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady.* Then be still.

*Hot.* ' Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady.* Now God help thee !

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady.* What's that ?

The particle *yet* being used adverbatively, must have a particle of  
concession preceding it. I read therefore :

*And tho' th' musicians*—— WARBURTON.

We need only alter or explain *and* to *an*, which often signifies  
in Shakespeare, *if* or *though*. So, in this play : “ *An* I have not  
forgot what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn.”

MALONE.

*And for an* is frequently used by old writers. STEEVENS.

[ *' Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.* ] I do not plainly see what is a  
woman's fault. JOHNSON.

*It is a woman's fault*, is spoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expression. I find it in the *Birth of Merlin*,  
1662 ;

“ *'Tis a woman's fault : p—— of this bashfulness.*”

Again :

“ *A woman's fault*, we are subject to it, fir.”

I believe the meaning is this : Hotspur having declared his res-  
olution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, slyly adds,  
that such is the usual fault of women ; i. e. never to do what they  
are bid or desired to do. STEEVENS.

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day: and givest such farcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury<sup>s</sup>.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,  
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread<sup>9</sup>,  
To 'velvet guards, and funday-citizens.  
Come, sing.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *Finsbury.*] Open walks and fields near Chiswell street London Wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *such protests of pepper ginger-bread,*] i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *velvet-guards,* —] To such as have their cloaths adorned with fureds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

“The cloaks, doublets, &c.” (says Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*) “were guarded with *velvet guards*, or else laced with costly lace.” Speaking of womens' gowns, he adds: “they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or fix fingers broad at the least.”

So, in the *Male-content*, 1606:

“You are in good case since you came to court; *garded, garded.*”

“Yes faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet.*”

*Velvet guards* appear, however, to have been a *city fashion*. So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“Nay, I myself will wear the *courtly grace*:

“Out on these *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,

“These sumpring fashions simply followed!”

Again:

“I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow. ———”

“How! — you! — what fellow it? — gip *velvet guards!*”

STEEVENS.

Lady.

*Lady.* I will not fing.

*Hot.* <sup>2</sup>'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

*Glend.* Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow, As hot lord Percy is on fire to go. By this, our book <sup>3</sup> is drawn; we will but seal, And then to horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, &c.] I suppose Percy means, that finging is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady.

JOHNSON.

The next way—is the nearest way. So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the next way to the Indies." *Tailors* seem to have been as remarkable for finging, as *weavers*, of whose musical turn Shakespeare has more than once made mention. B. and Fletcher, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, speak of this quality in the former: "Never trust a *taylor* that does not *fing* at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching."

The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a *gold-finch* still continues to be called a *proud tailor*, in some parts of England; (particularly Warwickshire, Shakespeare's native country) which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *taylor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to finging oneself, is to teach birds to fing, the gold-finch and the Robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that finging is a quality destructive to its possessor; and that after a person has ruined himself by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds in an art which can render birds alone more valuable.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —our book is drawn;—] i. e. our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publication. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The presence-chamber in Windsor.*

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords, and others.*

*K. Henry.* Lords, give us leave; the prince of  
Wales and I,

Must have some private conference: But be near  
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,  
 \* For some displeasing service I have done,  
 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:  
 But thou dost, <sup>5</sup> in thy passages of life,  
 Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd  
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
 To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate, and low desires,  
 Such poor, such bare, <sup>9</sup> such lewd, such mean at-  
 tempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
 As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,

\* *For some displeasing service —*] *Service for action*, simply.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *— in thy passages of life,*] i. e. in the passages of thy life.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *— such lewd, such mean attempts,*] Shakespeare certainly  
wrote *attaints*, i. e. unlawful actions. WARBURTON.

*Mean attempts*, are *mean, unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd* does not  
in this place barely signify *wanton*, but *licentious*. So, B. Jonson,  
in his *Poetaster*:

“ ————— great action may be su'd

“ 'Gainst such as wrong mens' fames with verses *lewd*.”

And again, in *Volpone*:

“ ————— they are most *lewd* impostors,

“ Made all of terms and shreds.” STEEVENS.

Ac.

Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*P. Henry.* So please your majesty, I would, I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pick-thanks<sup>s</sup> and base news-mongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Henry.* Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,  
Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,<sup>o</sup>  
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;  
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 soul of every man  
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

<sup>o</sup> *Yet such extenuation let me beg, &c.*] The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true; I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakespeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> —pick-thanks—.] i. e. officious parasites. So, in the tragedy of *Mariam*, 1613:

“Base pick-thank devil.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,*] The prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. STEEVENS.

Had

Had still kept ' loyal to possession ;  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood,  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :  
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*  
 Others would say, — *Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*  
<sup>2</sup> And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
 And dress'd myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast ;  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters, and <sup>3</sup> rash bavin wits,

Soon

<sup>1</sup> ——— *loyal to possession ;* ——— ] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,*] This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole *fire* from thence ; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were supposed jealous in appropriating *reason* to themselves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft ; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courtesy* from thence, by which power is best procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquisitely great and beautiful.

WARBURTON.

Maffinger has adopted this expression in *The great Duke of Florence* :

“ ——— Giovanni,

“ A prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,

“ *Stole courtesy from heaven ;* and would not to

“ The meanest servant in my father's house

“ Have kept such distance.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *rash, bavin wits,*] *Rash* is heady, thoughtless : *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594 : “ *Bavins* will have their flashes, and

Soon kindled, and soon burnt: <sup>4</sup> carded his state; .  
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools<sup>5</sup>;  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;

and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Love is like a *bavin*, but a *blaze*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *carded his state,*]

Richard is here represented as laying aside his royalty, and mixing himself with common jesters. This will lead us to the true reading, which I suppose is:

————— [*carded his state,*

i. e. discarded, threw off. WARBURTON.

————— *carded his state,*] The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The king means that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with carping fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a sanction to this explanation:

"For thou hast lost thy princely privilege

"With *wile participation*."

To *card* is used by other writers for, to mix. So, in the *Tamer Tamed*, by B. and Fletcher:

"But mine is such a drench of balderdash,

"Such a strange *carded* cunningness."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620: "—you *card* your beer, (if you see your guests begin to be drunk) half small, half strong, &c." Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—he being constrained to betake himself to *carded* ale." Shakespeare has a similar thought in *All's Well that ends Well*: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." The original hint for this note I received from Mr. Tollet. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens very rightly supports the old reading. The word is used by Shelton in his translation of *Don Quixote*. The Tinker, in the introduction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, was by education a *card-maker*. FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *carping fools*;] Jesting, prating, &c. This word had not yet acquired the sense which it bears in modern speech. Chaucer says of his *Wife of Bath*, ProL. 470:

"In felawship wele could she laugh and *carpe*."

WARTON.

The quarto 1598, reads *cap'ring* fools, which I believe to be right because it asks no explanation. STEEVENS.

And

6 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push  
 7 Of every beardless vain comparative :  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity 8 :  
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey ; and began  
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckow is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :  
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
 With vile participation ; not an eye

6 *And gave his countenance, against his name,*] Made his presence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

7 *Of every beardless, vain comparative :*] Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the king's.

When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, he answered, that he who practised raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Conversation*.

JOHNSON.

*Comparative*, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing. So, in the second of the *Four Plays in One*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ ——— Gerrard ever was

“ His full *comparative*.” ——— STEEVENS.

8 *Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :*] To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possessions. So, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: “ I protested to *enfeoff* her in forty pounds a year.”

STEEVENS.

But



But is a-weary of thy common fight,  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;  
 Which now doth what I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Henry.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
 Be more myself.

*K. Henry.* For all the world,  
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge ;  
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
 ' He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :  
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;  
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;  
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honour hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
 And military title capital,  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ ?  
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,  
 This infant warrior, in his enterprizes  
 Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once,  
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
 And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,

<sup>9</sup> *He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :*]

This is obscure. I believe the meaning is—Hotspur hath a right  
 to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who hath only the *shad-*  
*owry right of lineal succession*, while he has real and solid power.

JOHNSON.

The

The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate <sup>1</sup> against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and <sup>2</sup> dearest enemy?

Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,

To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*P. Henry.* Do not think so, you shall not find it so:

And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And, in the closing of some glorious day,

Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;

When I will wear a garment all of blood,

<sup>3</sup> And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it;

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

<sup>1</sup> *Capitulate*—] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*dearest*—] *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And stain my favours in a bloody mask,*] We should read—*favour*, i. e. countenance. WARBURTON.

*Favours* are *features*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*; or that the plural number of *favour* in that sense is ever used. I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. So, in this play:

“Then let my *favours* hide thy bloody face:”

where the prince must have meant his scarf.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1626:

“Aruns, these crimson *favours*, for thy sake,

“I'll wear upon my forehead mask'd with blood.”

STEEVENS.

And

And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :  
 For every honour sitting on his helm,  
 'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head  
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,  
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;  
 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render every glory up,  
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :  
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;  
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Henry.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—  
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So is the business that I come to speak of.  
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word \*,—  
 That

\* Lord Mortimer of Scotland *hath sent word,*] There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland* ; but there was a *lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakespeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the king.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being earl of March

That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :  
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
 If promises be kept on every hand,  
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Henry.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;  
 For this advertisement is five days old :—  
 On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward :  
 On Thursday, we ourselves will march :  
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you  
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,  
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The Boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.*

*Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a

March in England, the other earl of March in Scotland) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March*.

STEEVENS.

pepper.

pepper-corn, <sup>s</sup> a brewer's horse; the inside of a church:—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art <sup>6</sup> the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.*

<sup>5</sup> — a brewer's horse; — ] I suppose a brewer's horse was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A brewer's horse does not, perhaps, mean a dray-horse, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A brewer's horse is, however, mentioned in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: “ — to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a brewer's horse.”

STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as, in act II. sc. iv. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> — the knight of the burning lamp.] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready

*Bard.* Why, fir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire<sup>7</sup>: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches<sup>8</sup>, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought

to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —by this fire: —] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add: —*that's God's angel*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —Thou hast saved me a thousand marks &c.] This passage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakespeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: “—— dost roar? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry *lantern and candle light*.” Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, among the *Cries of London*:

“*Lanthorn and candlelights* here,

“*Maid ha' light* here.

“*Thus go the cries; &c.*”

Again, in *K. Edward IV.* 1626:

“*No more calling of lanthorn and candlelight.*”

Again, in *Pierce Pennyles's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: “*It is said that you went up and down London, crying like a lantern and candle man.*” STEEVENS.

me lights as 'good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, 'dame Partlet the hen? have you enquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket?

' ——— *good cheap* ——— ] *Cheap* is market, and *good cheap* therefore is a *bon marché*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we shall have hay *good cheap*."

Again, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V*:

"Perhaps thou may'st agree *better cheap* now."

Again, in *The Play called the Foure Ps*, 1569:

"If there were a thousand soules on a heap,

"I would bring them all to heaven *as good cheap*."

This expression is also used by sir Thomas North in his translation of *Plutarch*. Speaking of the scarcity of corn in the time of Coriolanus, he says: "that they persuaded themselves that the corn they had bought, should be sold *good cheap*."

And again, in these two proverbs:

"They buy *good cheap* that bring nothing home."

"He'll ne'er have thing *good cheap* that's afraid to ask the price."

*Cheap* (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for market. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Beuys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"Tyll he came to the *chepe*

"There he founde many men of a hepe."

From this word *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived; indeed a passage that follows in *Syr Beuys* may seem to fix the derivation of the latter:

"So many men was dead,

"The *Chepe syde* was of blode red." STEEVENS.

' ——— *dame Partlet* ——— ] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Regnard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of the *Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called *dame Perrelote*. STEEVENS.

B b 2

*Host.*

*Hof.* Why, fir John! what do you think, fir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Hof.* Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Hof.* No, fir John; you do not know me, fir John: I know you, fir John: you owe me money, fir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Hof.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, fir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

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

*Hof.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; <sup>2</sup> What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make <sup>3</sup> a younker of me? <sup>4</sup> shall I not take mine ease in mine

<sup>2</sup> ——— *What call you rich?* ———] A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a younker of me?* ———] A *Younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. So, in Gascoigne's *Glass for Government*, 1575:

“ These *yonkers* shall pay for the rost.”

See Spenser's *Eclogue on May*, and fir Tho. Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, b. i. ch. 23.

This contemptuous distinction is likewise very common in the old plays. Thus, in B. and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ I fear he'll make an *as* of me, a *younker*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *shall*



mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

*Hof.* O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and,

\* — *shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd?* —] There is a peculiar force in these words. *To take mine ease in mine inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim: "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified a *house* or *habitation*. [Sax. *inne, domus domicilium.*] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify a *house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakespeare; or perhaps Falstaff here humourously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood's *Works*, imprinted at London 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. 6. is the following:

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,

"To let the world wag, and take mine ease in mine Inne."

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an Inne.*]

"Thou takest thine ease in thine inne so nye thee,

"That no man in his inne can take ease by thee."

Otherwise:

"Thou takest thine ease in thine inne, but I see,

"Thine inne taketh neither ease nor profit by thee."

Now in the first of these distichs the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present. PERCY.

Gabriel Hervey, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, says: "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant sir Thomas More."

*Inne*, for a habitation, or recess, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers. So, in *A World to's'd at Tennis*, 1620: "These great rich men must take their ease in their Inn." Again, in Greere's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would take his ease in his inne as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter Prince Henry, and Poins, marching; and Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, <sup>s</sup> Newgate-fashion.

*Hof.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Henry.* What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Hof.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Henry.* What say'st thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. Henry.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*P. Henry.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Hof.* So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

*P. Henry.* What! he did not?

*Hof.* There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

*Fal.* ° There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Newgate-fashion.*] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; &c.*] The propriety of these similes I am not sure that I fully understand. A *stew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without

prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in ' a drawn fox; and for woman-hood, ' maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.  
Hofst.

without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox often hunted; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for pursuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* suit better to the *prune*. These are very slender disquisitions, but such is the task of a commentator.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three sleering wenches sit knitting or fowing in her shop."

In *Measure for Measure*, act II. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying: "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stew'd prunes*, which stood in a dish, &c."

Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.

In another old dramatic piece, entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says: "This is the pension of the stewes, you need not untie it; 'tis *stew-money*, fir, *stew'd-prune* cash, fir."

Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the firrop or liquor of *stew'd prunes*," is not the least insisted on.

In *The Knave of Hearts*, a collection of satyrical poems, 1612, a wanton knave is mentioned, as taking

"Burnt wine, *stew'd prunes*, a punk to solace him."

In *The Knave of Spades*, another collection of the same kind, 1611, is the following description of a wench inveigling a young man into her house:

"——— He to his liquor falls,

"While she unto her maids for cakes,

"*Stew'd prunes*, and pippins, calls."

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, a comedy, 1619:

"——— To search my house! I have no varlets, no *stew'd prunes*, no she fiery, &c."

Again, in *The Bride*, a comedy by Nabbes, 1640: "—wenches at Tottenham-Court for *stewed prunes* and cheefecakes." Again, in *Decker's Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: "Peace, two dishes of

*Hof.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thank God on,  
*Hof.*

*stew'd prunes*, a bawd and a pander!" Again, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, a bawd says: "I will have but six *stewed prunes* in a dish, and some of mother Wall's cakes; for my best customers are taylors." Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640: "—— to be drunk with cream and *stewed prunes!* — Pox on't, bawdy-house fare." Again, in the *London Chaunticlères*, 1659: "My sugar-plum and *stew'd prune lady*." Again, in *The World runs on Wheel's*, by Taylor the water poet: "—— with as much facility as a *bawd* will eat a pippin tart, or swallow a *stew'd pruin*."

The passages already quoted are sufficient to shew that a *dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From *A Treatise on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stew'd prunes* and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stew'd prunes*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks' Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, we have "A stock of wenches, set up with their *stewed prunes*, nine for a tetter." FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> —— a *drawn fox*; —— ] A *drawn fox* is a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Tamer Tam'd*:

" —— that *drawn fox* Moroso."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xviii. cap. 39: "Insuper fingit se mortuam &c." This particular and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *maid Marian may be* &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

JOHNSON.

In the ancient *Songs of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

" Good

*Hof.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

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

*Hof.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why, an otter.

*P. Henry.* An otter, fir John? why an otter?

“ Good Robin Hood was living then,

“ Which now is quite forgot,

“ And so was fayre *maid Marian*, &c.” PERCY.

It appears from the old play of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry:

“ Next 'tis agreed (if therto thee agree)

“ That faire *Matilda* henceforth change her name;

“ And while it is the chance of *Robin Hoode*

“ To live in *Sherewodde* a poore outlawes life,

“ She by *maide Marian's* name be only call'd.

“ *Mat.* I am contented; reade on, little John:

“ Henceforth let me be nam'd *maide Marian.*”

This lady was afterwards poison'd by king John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her Legend.

Shakespeare speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown.

See Figure 2 in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

*Maid Marian* seems to have been the lady of a *Whitsun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The widow in fir William Davenant's *Love and Honour*, (p. 247.) says: “ I have been *Mistress Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now.” *Morris* is, indeed, there spelt wrong, the dance was not so called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish *morisco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance. HAWKINS.

There is an old piece entitled, *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance: or 12 Morris-dancers in Herefordshire of 1200 Years old*. Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall a celebrated Tabourer in that country. WARTON.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh<sup>9</sup>; a man knows not where to have her.

*Hof.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

*P. Henry.* Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Hof.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

*Hof.* Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

*P. Henry.* I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. Henry.* And why not, as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

*P. Henry.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, 'imbofs'd rascal, if there were any thing in

<sup>9</sup> ——— *neither fish nor flesh*; ———] So, the proverb: "*Neither fish nor flesh*, nor good red herring." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *impudent, imbofs'd rascal*, ———] *Imbofs'd* is swoln, puffy. JOHNSON.

thy

thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugarcandy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these<sup>2</sup>, I am a villain. <sup>3</sup> And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou see'st, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

*P. Henry.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou see'st, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pry'thee, be gone: [Exit Hostess.]

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

*P. Henry.* O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

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

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

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and <sup>4</sup> do it with unwash'd hands too.

*Bard.*

<sup>2</sup> —if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, &c.] As the pocketing of injuries was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—injuries. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong:—] Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution not to pocket up wrongs or injuries, to which the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —do it with unwash'd hands too.] i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

So,

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Henry.* I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Henry.* Bardolph,——

*Bard.* My lord.

*P. Henry.* Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—  
Go, 'Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,  
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—  
Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i'the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive  
Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bard.*]

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my  
breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit,*

So, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ as a school-boy dares

“ Fall to, ere wash'd his hands or said his prayers.”

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage: “*Il-  
lotis manibus tractare sacra.*” I find the same expression in *Acolas-  
tus* a comedy, 1529: “Why be these holy thynges to be medled  
with *with unwashed hands?*” STEEVENS.

“ \_\_\_\_\_ *Poins, to horse,*—— ] I cannot but think that Peto  
is again put for Poins. I suppose the copy had only a P——.  
We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieu-  
tenant to Falstaff. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. STEEVENS.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,  
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas<sup>6</sup> have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy  
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :  
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him<sup>7</sup>.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well :—

<sup>6</sup> —the *Douglas*—] This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of the Douglas family. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *But I will beard him.*] To beard is to oppose face to face in a hostile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia* :

“ That it with woodbine durst compare

“ And beard the Eglantine.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— met them dareful, beard to beard.”

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to head a man was to cut off his head, and to beard him signify'd to cut off his beard ; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So, Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 4 :

“ And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,

“ Made of the beards of kings.” STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?  
Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I.

*Hot.* His mind!

*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would, the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited;  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth  
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—  
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
° On any soul remov'd, but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

*Mess.* *His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.*] The line  
should be read and divided thus:

*Mess.* *His letters bear his mind, not I.*

*Hot.* *His mind!*

*Hotspur* had asked *who leads his powers?* The *Messenger* answers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replies, *His mind!* As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character.

WARBURTON.

° *On any soul remov'd,*—] *On any less near to himself; on any whose interest is remote.* JOHNSON.

That

That with our small conjunction, we should on,  
 To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :  
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Because the king is certainly possess'd  
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a main to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off :—  
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want  
 Seems more than 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 main  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?  
 It were not good : for<sup>2</sup> therein should we read  
 The very bottom and the soul of hope ;  
 The very list, the very utmost bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should ;  
 Where now remains a sweet reversion :  
 We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
 Is to come in :

<sup>3</sup> A comfort of retirement lives in this.

<sup>1</sup> ———no quailing now ; ] To *quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. So, in the *Tragedy of Cæsus*, 1604 :

“ And *quail* their courage ere that they can speed.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———therein should we read

*The very bottom, and the soul of hope ; ]*

To read *the bottom and soul of hope, and the bound of fortune*, though all the copies, and all the editors have received it, surely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *risque* :

—————therein should we *risque*

*The very bottom &c.*

The *list* is the *selvage* ; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. If we should with less change read *rend*, it will only suit with *list*, not with *soul*, or *bottom*.

JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *K. Henry VI.*  
 P. II :

“ ———we then should see *the bottom*

“ Of all our fortunes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *A comfort of retirement* ——— ] A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

*Hot.*

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet, I would your father had been here.  
\* The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division: It will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;  
And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, <sup>s</sup> we of the offering side

Must

\* *The quality and hair of our attempt*] The *hair* seems to be the complexion, the character. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say, something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation.

" ——— They say, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to't."

Again, in *The Coxcomb* by B. and Fletcher:

" ——— since he will be

" An ass against the *hair*." STEEVENS.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

" But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*." MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *we of the offering side*] All the latter editions read *offending*, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read *we of the offering side*. Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the first copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakespeare.

The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage:

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;  
 And stop all fight-holes, every loop, from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :  
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
 That shews the ignorant a kind of fear  
 Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—  
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
 A larger dare to our great enterprize,  
 Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,  
 If we, without his help, can make a head  
 To push against the kingdom ; with his help,  
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—  
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such a word  
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

*Hot.* No harm : What more ?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,—  
 The king himself in person is set forth,  
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
 With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
 \* The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,  
 And

vantage : and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence  
 arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition  
 to the *defendant* ; and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or  
 makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all  
 objections. JOHNSON.

\* *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakespeare rarely  
 bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince : " He

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass ?

Ver. 7 All furnish'd, all in arms,

All

was passing swift in running, infomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like *estridges*, that with the wind  
Baited like eagles, ——— ]

To *bait with the wind* appears to me an improper expression. To *bait* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight.

Besides, what is the meaning of *estridges*, that baited with the wind like eagles? for the relative *that*, in the usual construction, must relate to *estridges*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads :

All plum'd like *estridges*, and with the wind

Baiting like eagles.

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read :

All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like *estridges* that wing the wind

Baited like eagles.

This gives a strong image. They were not only plum'd like *estridges*, but their plumes fluttered like those of an *estridge* beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever given.

JOHNSON.

The following passage from *David and Bethsabe*, 1599, will confirm the supposition that to *bait* is a phrase taken from falconry :

“ Where all delights sat *bating*, wing'd with thoughts,

“ Ready to nestle in her naked breast.”

Again, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608 : “ —made her check at the prey, *bate* at the lure &c.”

I believe *estridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. Writers on falconry often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits. I should have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the same reading.

In

8 All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind  
 Bated like eagles having lately bath'd :  
 9 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 1 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,

His

In the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the same thought :  
 " Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been :  
 " The Mountfords *all in plumes, like estridges*, were seen."  
 If any alteration were necessary, I would propose to read :

— *that with their wings*  
*Bated like eagles* —

But the present words may stand. All birds, after *batling*, (which almost all birds are fond of) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language is called *bating*, and by Shakespeare, *bating with the wind*. It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *batling*. STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that instead of *with*, some verb ought to be substituted here. Perhaps it should be *whisk*. The word is used by a writer of Shakespeare's age. *England's Helicon*, fig. 2 :

" This said, he *whisk'd* his particoloured wings."

TYRWHITT.

8 *All plum'd like estridges, &c.*] All dressed like the prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the prince of Wales.

GRAY.

9 *Glittering in golden coats like images;*] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. So, Spenser, *Fairie Queen*, b. i. c. 3 :

" He was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe

" Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments &c.

" The holy saints of their rich vestiments

" He did disrobe &c." STEEVENS.

1 *I saw young Harry—with his beaver on;*] We should read *beaver* up. It is an impropriety to say *on*: for the beaver is only the visere of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, (hence Vernon says he *saw young Harry &c.*) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face: Hence in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* it is said :

C c 2

" Their

<sup>2</sup> His cuiffes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his feat,  
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
<sup>3</sup> And witch the world with noble horfemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more; worfe than the fun in  
 March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:  
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar fit,  
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
 And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,  
 Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,  
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:  
<sup>4</sup> Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse——

Meet,

“ Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down.”

WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *His cuiffes on his thighs, —*] *Cuiffes*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reason why his *cuiffes* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horfemanship is here praised, and the *cuiffes* are that part of armour which most hinders a horfeman's activity.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And witch the world ——*] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> *Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse ——*

*Meet, and ne'er part, ——*]

This reading I have restored from the first edition. The edition in 1623, reads:

*Harry to Harry shall, not horse to horse,*

*Meet, and ne'er part.*

Which has been followed by all the critics except sir Thomas Hanmer, who, justly remarking the impertinence of the negative, reads:

*Harry,*



Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.—  
O, that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be;

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

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*A publick road near Coventry.*

*Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill  
me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march  
through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it

*Harry to Harry shall, and horse to horse,*

*Meet, and ne'er part.*

But the unexampled expression of *meeting to for meeting with*, or  
simply *meeting*, is yet left. The ancient reading is surely right.

JOHNSON.

make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage,  
Bid my <sup>5</sup> lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [Exit,

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a  
<sup>6</sup> *souc'd gurnet*. I have mis-us'd the king's press  
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred  
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I  
press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons:  
enquire me out contracted batchelors, such as had  
been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of  
warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum;  
such as fear the report of a caliver, <sup>7</sup> worse than a  
struck

<sup>5</sup> — *lieutnants Peto* — ] This passage proves that Peto did  
not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *souc'd gurnet*. — ] This is a dish mentioned in that very  
laughable poem called *The Counter-scuffle*, 1658:

“ Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,  
“ Well stuff'd with sage, and for the smack,  
“ Daintily strew'd with pepper black,

“ *Souc'd gurnet*.”

*Souc'd gurnet* is an appellation of contempt very frequently  
employed in the old comedies. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*,  
1635:

“ Punk! you *souc'd gurnet*!”

Again, in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1623:

“ Out you *souced gurnet*, you wool-fist!”

Among the Cotton MSS. is part of an old household book for  
the year 1594. See *Vesp.* F. xvi:

“ Supper. Paid for a *gurnard*, viii. d.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck*. — ] The  
repetition of the same image disposed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and  
after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies,  
a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to  
have been corrupted. Shakespeare, perhaps, wrote a *struck forel*,  
which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's  
language, was easily changed to *struck fowl*. *Sorel* is used in *Love's  
Labour's Lost* for a young *deer*; and the terms of the chase were,  
in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman.

JOHNSON.

One of the quartos and the folio read *struck fool*. This may  
mean a fool who had been hurt by the recoil of an over-loaded  
gun which he had inadvertently discharged. *Fowl*, however,  
seems

struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I prest me none but such toasts and butter<sup>3</sup>, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, <sup>9</sup> younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world<sup>1</sup>, and a long peace; <sup>2</sup> ten times more dis-

seems to have been the word designed by the poet, who might have thought an opposition between *fowl*, i. e. domestic birds, and *wild-fowl*, sufficient on this occasion. He has almost the same expression in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Alas poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *such toasts and butter*, — ] This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

"They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *younger sons to younger brothers*, — ] Raleigh, in his *Discourse on War*, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the discourse.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps O. Cromwel was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hamden: "Your troops are most of them *old decayed serving men and tapsters &c.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *cankers of a calm world*, — ] So, in the *Puritan*: "— hatch'd and nourished in the idle *calmness* of peace." Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "— all the *canker-wormes that breed on the rust of peace.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old, fac'd ancient*; — ] Shakespeare uses this word so promiscuously, to signify an ensign or standard-bearer, and also the colours or standard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his allusion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning must be, as dishonourably ragged as one that has been an ensign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Dr. Warburton, who understands it in the second con-

dishonourably ragged, than an old *fac'd ancient*; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies, No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out

struction, has suspected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation.——“How is an old-*fac'd ancient* or *ensign*, dishonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will restore it to its original sense, which contains a touch of the roughest and most fine-turn'd satire in the world.

——*ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old feast ancient*; i. e. the colours used by the city-companies in their feasts and processions: for each company had one with its peculiar device, which was usually displayed and borne about on such occasions. Now nothing could be more witty or sarcastical than this comparison: for as Falstaff's raggamuffins were reduced to their tatter'd condition through their riotous excesses; so this old *feast ancient* became torn and shatter'd, not in any manly exercise of arms, but amidst the revels of drunken bacchanals.” THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but I know not whether the licentiousness of our author's diction may not allow us to suppose that he meant to represent his soldiers, as *more ragged*, though less honourably ragged, than an old *ancient*.

JOHNSON.

An old, *fac'd ancient*, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to trim it; an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this play;

“To *face* the garment of rebellion

“With some fine colour.”

Again, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“Your tawny coats with greasy *facings* here.” STEEVENS.

? ——— *gyves on*; ———] i. e. shackles. POPE.

So,

out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company : and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one ; they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince Henry, and Westmoreland.*

*P. Henry.* How now, blown Jack ? how now, quilt ?

*Fal.* What, Hal ? How now, mad wag ? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy ; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, fir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already : The king, I can tell you, looks for us all ; we must away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me ; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Henry.* I think, to steal cream indeed ; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack ; Whose fellows are these that come after ?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Henry.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut ; \* good enough to tofs ; food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit, as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, fir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare ; too beggarly.

So, in the old *Morality of Hycke Scorne* :

“ And I will go fetch a pair of gyves.”

Again :

“ They be yeomen of the wrethe that be shackled in gyves.” STEEVENS.

\* ——— good enough to tofs ; ——— ] That is, to tofs upon a pike.

JOHNSON.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that : and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

*P. Henry.* No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, firrah, make haste ; Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamp'd ?

*West.* He is, fir John ; I fear, 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 keen guest.      [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E    I I I.

*Shrewsbury.*

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

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

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

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd ; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well ;

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

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

(And I dare well maintain it with my life)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives :—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night,

*Ver.*

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,  
Being men of <sup>s</sup> such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself,

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[*The trumpets sound a parley.*]

*Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

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

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And would to  
God,

You were of our determination!  
Some of us love you well; and even those some  
Envy your great deservings, and good name;  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And heaven defend, but still I should stand  
so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty!  
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace

<sup>s</sup> —*such great leading*—] Such conduct, such experience  
in martial business. JOHNSON,

Such

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
 Audacious cruelty : If that the king  
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—  
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,——  
 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,  
 You shall have your desires, with interest;  
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
 Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

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

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,  
 Did give him that same royalty he wears :  
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,  
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
 A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—  
 My father gave him welcome to the shore :  
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
 To sue his livery<sup>6</sup>, and beg his peace ;  
 With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
 The more and less<sup>7</sup> 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 oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,  
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.

<sup>6</sup> *To sue his livery,——*] This is a law-phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from the Court of Wards, which, on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, 'till the heir *sued out his livery*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The more and less——*] i. e. the greater and the less.

STEEVENS.

His



He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
 \* Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge;  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.  
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;  
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
 And, in the neck of that, 'task'd the whole state.  
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March

\* *Upon the naked shore &c.*] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

' *task'd the whole state.*] I suppose it should be *tax'd* the whole state. JOHNSON.

*Task'd* is here used for *taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. *Memoirs of P. de Commines*, by Danert; folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136: "Duke Philip by the space of many years levied neither subsidies nor *tasks*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—like a greedy surveieur being sent into Fraunce to govern the countrie, robbed them and spoyled them of all their treasure with unreasonable *tasks*." Again, in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, l. vii. fol. 145:

"Foryeve and graunt all that is *asked*,

"Of that his fader had *tasked*."

Again, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

"—though some would *task*

"His borrowing from another play, &c."

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 422: "There was a new and strange subsidie or *task* granted to be levied for the king's use."

STEEVENS.

(Who

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(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited :  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong ;  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
' This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

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

*Hot.* Not so, fir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.  
Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

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

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

*Blunt.* Pray heaven, you do !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E   I V .

*York.* *The archbishop's palace.*

*Enter the archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.*

*York.* Hie, good fir Michael ; bear this <sup>2</sup> sealed brief,  
With winged haste, to the lord marshal ;  
This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed : if you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

<sup>1</sup> *This head of safety ; —*] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *—sealed brief,*] A brief is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

*Sir*

*Sir Mich.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*York.* Like enough, you do.  
To-morrow, good fir Michael, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch : For, fir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, fir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
(Whose power was <sup>3</sup> in the first proportion)  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
(Who with them was <sup>4</sup> a rated finew too,  
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—  
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Sir Mich.* Why, my good lord, you need not  
fear ;

There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

*York.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir Mich.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry  
Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester ; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*York.* And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together ;—  
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;  
And many more corrivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *in the first proportion*)] Whose quota was larger than  
that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a rated finew too,*] So the first edition, i. e. accounted a  
strong aid. POPE.

*A rated finew* signifies a strength on which we reckoned ; a help  
of which we made account. JOHNSON.

The folio reads :

*Who with them was rated firmly too.* STEEVENS.

*Sir*

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*Sir Mich.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

*York.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;  
And, to prevent the worst, fir Michael, speed :  
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us, —  
For he hath heard of our confederacy, —  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him ;  
Therefore, make haste : I must go write again  
To other friends ; and so farewell, fir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

## 5 A C T   V .   S C E N E   I .

*The camp at Shrewsbury.*

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.*

*K. Henry.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill \* ! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. Henry.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet <sup>6</sup> to his purposes ;  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

<sup>5</sup> *Act V.]* It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio, seems commodious enough, but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better.

\* —busky hill! —] *Busky* is woody. (*Bosquet Fr.*) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. STEEVENS.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to his purposes ;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. JOHNSON.

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* Then with the losers let it sympathize ;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

*Trumpet. Enter Worcester, and Vernon.*

How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to't ? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?  
And move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege :  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Henry.* You have not fought it ! how comes it  
then ?

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

*P. Henry.*

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

Prince. *Peace, chevet, peace.*]

This, I take to be an arbitrary refinement of Mr. Pope's ; nor can I easily agree, that *chevet* is Shakespeare's word here. Why should prince Henry call Falstaff *bolster*, for interposing in the discourse betwixt the king and Worcester ? With submission, he does not take him up here for his unreasonable size, but for his ill-tim'd and unseasonable chattering. I therefore have preserved the reading of the old books. A *chevet*, or *cbuet*, is a noisy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his meddling and impertinent jest. And besides, if the poet had intended that the prince should sneer at Falstaff on account of his corpulency, I doubt not but he would have called him *bolster* in plain English, and not have wrapp'd up the abuse in the French

*P. Henry.* Peace, chewet, peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks  
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you, \* my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help; what with the absent king;

word *chewet*. In another passage of this play, the prince honestly calls him *quilt*. As to prince Henry, his stock in this language was so small, that when he comes to be king he hammers out one small sentence of it to princess Catharine, and tells her, *It is as easy for him to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French.*

THEOBALD.

*Peace, chewet, peace.*] In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which from their ingredients seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* "As for *chuest*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk, &c." Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie resembling our *chuet*.

STEVENS.

\* ——— my staff of office ——— ] See *Richard the Second*.

JOHNSON.

What

What with the injuries of a wanton time<sup>9</sup>;  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne;  
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
 That all in England did repute him dead,—  
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
 To gripe the general sway into your hand:  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so  
<sup>1</sup> As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,  
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:  
 Whereby<sup>2</sup> we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

*K. Henry.* These things, indeed you have<sup>3</sup> articul-  
 lated,  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the injuries of a wanton time;*] i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>1</sup> *As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *we stand opposed &c.*] We stand in opposition to you.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *articulated,*] i. e. exhibited in articles. So, in *Daniel's Civil Wars*, &c. b. v:

“How to articulate with yielding wights.”  
 Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“To end those things articulated here.”

Again, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

“Drums, beat aloud! — I'll not articulate.” STEEVENS.

To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour <sup>4</sup>, that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents <sup>5</sup>,  
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
 Of hurly-burly innovation :  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

*P. Henry.* In both our armies, there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—  
 This present enterprize set off his head <sup>6</sup>,—  
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
<sup>7</sup> More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

<sup>4</sup> *To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour,——]*

This is an allusion to our ancient fantastic habits, which were usually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date :

“ His hosen shall be freshly garded

“ Wyth colours two or thre.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *poor discontents,*] *Poor discontents* are *poor discontented people*, as we now say—*malecontents*. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604 :

“ What, play I well the free-breath'd *discontent* ?”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *set off his head,*——] i. e. taken from his account.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>7</sup> *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *more valued young*. I think the present gingle has more of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

The same kind of gingle is in Sidney's *Arcadia* :

“ —— young-wife, wife-valiant.”—— STEEVENS.

I have



I have a truant been to chivalry ;  
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :  
 Yet this before my father's majesty, ——  
 I am content, that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation ;  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*K. Henry.* And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite  
 Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well ; even those we love,  
 That are mis-led upon your cousin's part :  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do :—But if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply :  
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit Worcester, and Vernon.*]

*P. Henry.* It will not be accepted, on my life :  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*K. Henry.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, we will set on them :  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

\* —— and bestride me, —— ] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester. STEEVENS.

*P. Henry.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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

*P. Henry.* Why, thou owest heaven a death,

<sup>9</sup> [*Exit Prince Henry,*

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o' Wednesday, Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit,*

## S C E N E II.

*Hotspur's camp.*

*Enter Worcester, and Vernon.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, ~~for~~  
Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best, he did.

<sup>9</sup> [*Exit Prince Henry.*] This exit is remarked by Mr. Upton.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *honour is a mere scutcheon,* ———] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not 'till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions: and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 The king should keep his word in loving us ;  
 He will suspect us still, and find a time  
 To punish this offence in other faults :  
<sup>2</sup> Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes :  
 For treason is but trusted like the fox ;  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks ;  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
 My nephew's trespasss may be well forgot,  
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;  
 And <sup>3</sup> an adopted name of privilege,—  
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :  
 All his offences live upon my head,  
 And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
 In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.  
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter Hotspur, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd ;—Deliver up  
 My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news ?

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

<sup>2</sup> *Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes :*] The same image of *suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alablafter.

JOHNSON.

All the old copies read—*supposition*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— an adopted name of privilege, ———

*A hare-brain'd Hotspur.* ———

The name of Hotspur will privilege him from censure. JOHNSON.

*Doug.* Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

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

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Douglas.*]

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

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

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.  
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,  
\* And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear 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 upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How shew'd his tasking<sup>5</sup>? seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;

\* *And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, —* ] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *How shew'd his tasking? —* ] Thus the quarto 1598. The others, with the folio read—*talking*. STEEVENS.

Making

Making you ever better than his praise,  
 6 By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you :  
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
 7 He made a blushing cital of himself ;  
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
 As if he master'd there<sup>8</sup> a double spirit,  
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
 There did he pause : But let me tell the world,—  
 If he out-live the envy of this day,  
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
 So much misconstrued in his wantonnefs.  
*Hot.* Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured  
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear

6 *By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you.*] This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. **WARBURTON.**

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise ; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the prince's candor beyond the truth. Did then Shakespeare forget the foregoing scene ? or are some lines lost from the prince's speech ? **JOHNSON.**

7 *He made a blushing cital of himself.*] *Cital* for taxation.

**POPE.**

Mr. Pope observes that by *cital* is meant *taxation* ; but I rather think it means *recital*. The verb is used in that sense in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act IV. sc. i :

“ ——— for we *cite* our faults,

“ That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives.”

Again, in *K. Hen. V.* act V. sc. ii :

“ Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

“ Which you have *cited*, &c.”

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, act V :

“ ——— I do digress too much,

“ *Citing* my worthless praise.” **COLLINS.**

8 *— he master'd —*] i. e. was master of. **STEEVENS.**

Of

Of any prince, so wild, at liberty :—  
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night  
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—  
 Arm, arm, with speed :—And, fellows, soldiers,  
 friends,  
 Better consider what you have to do,  
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;  
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,  
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;  
 If die, Brave death, when princes die with us !  
 Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,  
 When the intent for bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
 For I profess not talking ; Only this—  
 Let each man do his best : and here draw I  
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
 With the best blood that I can meet withal

9. *Of any prince, so wild, at liberty :—*] Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman.

JOHNSON.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*so wild a libertie*. Perhaps the author wrote—*so wild a libertine*. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“*Tye up the libertins in a field of feasts.*” STEEVENS.

▪ *If life—*] Thus the old copies. Modern editors read :  
 Though *life*. STEEVENS.

K I N G H E N R Y : I V. 411

In the adventure of this perilous day.

<sup>2</sup> Now,—*Esperance!*—*Percy!*—and set on.—

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace :

<sup>3</sup> For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*The King entereth with his power. Alarum to the battle.*

*Then enter Douglas, and Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou croffest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

<sup>2</sup> *Now—Esperance!*—] This was the word of battle on Percy's side. See Hall's *Chronicle*, folio 22. POPE.

*Esperance*, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Comforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate. PERCY.

<sup>3</sup> *For, heaven to earth,—*] i. e. One might wager heaven to earth.  
WARBURTON.

*Fight,*

413 FIRST PART OF

*Fight, Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know, this face full well: A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes! A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

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

*Doug.* Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats; I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

\* Semblably furnish'd—] i. e. in resemblance, alike: This word occurs in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“So semblably doth he with terror strike.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

“Semblably prisoner to your general.”

Again, in the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“The next, sir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,

“All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted;

“But after when he saw the king himself remounted,

“This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have slain,

“And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> A fool go with thy soul whither it goes!] The old copies read: Ah, fool, go with thy soul, &c. but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“With one fool's head I came to woo,

“But I go away with two.”

Again, more appositely in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“Go, and a knave with thee.”

See a note on *Timon*, act V. sc. ii, STEEVENS,

Until



Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.]

Other alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape °shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: 7 Here's no vanity!—I am as

° —shot-free at London, —] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Aristippus or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: “—— the best *shot* to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarum is the founding of healths.” Again, in *The Play of the Four Ps*, 1569:

“Then after your drinking, how fall ye to winking?”

“Sir, after drinking, while the *shot* is tinkling.”

Again, Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*:

“And it is yil commynge, I have heard say,

“To the end of a *shot*, and beginnyng of a fray.”

STEEVENS.

7 —Here's no vanity! —] In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says:

“O here's no *foppery*!

“Death, I can endure the stocks better.”

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places. But the Oxford editor not apprehending this, has alter'd it to—*there's vanity!* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *no empty appearance*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the same ironical kind of expression occurs in *The Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher:

“—— Here's no *willany!*

“I am glad I came to the hearing.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“Here was no *subtle device* to get a wench!”

Again, in Shakespeare's *Taming the Shrew*: “Here's no *knavery!*”

Again, in the first part of *Feronimo* &c. 1605:

“Here's no *fine willainy!* no damned brother!”

STEEVENS.

hot

hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter Prince Henry.*

*P. Henry.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—<sup>8</sup> Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. <sup>9</sup> I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. Henry.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*P. Henry.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

<sup>8</sup> —*Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,*—] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious frier surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, hath made this Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleas'd to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope in one.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> —*I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.*

*P. Henry.* *He is, indeed; and &c.*]

The Prince's answer, which is apparently connected with Falstaff's last words, does not cohere so well as if the knight had said:

*I have made him sure; Percy's safe enough.*

Perhaps a word or two like these may be lost. JOHNSON.

*Sure* has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the former sense, the Prince replies to it in the latter.

STEEVENS.

*Fal,*

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack*].

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like

<sup>1</sup> ——— [*sack a city.*] A quibble on the word *sack*. JOHNSON.

The same quibble may be found in *Aristippus*, or the *Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: “——it may justly seem to have taken the name of *sack* from the *sacking* of cities.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*a bottle of sack.*] The same comic circumstance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakespeare) bl. l. no date:

“*Glotomy.* We shall have a warfare it ys told me,

“*Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?

“*Glotomy.* Mary, here may ye se,

“Here ys harnes inow.

“*Wrath.* Why hast thou none other harnes but thys?

“*Glotomy.* What the devyll harnes should I mys,

“Without it be a *bottell*?

“Another *botell* I wyll go purvey,

“Lest that drynk be scarce in the way,

“Or happely none to sell.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.*——] Certainly, *he'll pierce him*, i. e. Prince Henry will, who is just gone out to seek him. Besides, *I'll pierce him*, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the speech. WARBURTON.

I rather take the conceit to be this. To pierce a vessel is to tap it. Falstaff takes up his bottle which the prince had tossed at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries: *if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same quibble in his *New Inn*, act III:

“Sir Pierce anon will pierce us a new hogthead.”

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the Prince may hear it; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakespeare has the same play on words in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act IV. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*a carbonado of me.*——] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spanish Gypsie* by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“Carbonado thou the old rogue my father,——

“While you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man.”

STEEVENS.

NOT

not such grinning honour as fir Walter hath : Give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.      [Exit.]

## S C E N E   I V .

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmoreland.*

*K. Henry.* Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much :—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*Lan.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*P. Henry.* I beseech your majesty, make up, Left your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Henry.* I will do so :—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

*P. Henry.* Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help :

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
The prince of Wales from such a field as this ;  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

*Lan.* We breathe too long :—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies ; for heaven's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. John and West.*]

*P. Henry.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*K. Henry.* I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for

— thou bleed'st too much :—] History says, the Prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow.      STEEVENS.

Of

Of such an ungrown warrior.

*P. Henry.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all!

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's  
heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Henry.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves  
at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very king. I have two boys,  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear, thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.*]

*P. Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art  
like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; Douglas flyeth.*]

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Henry.* Stay, and breathe a-while:—  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;  
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Henry.* O heaven! they did me too much injury,  
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Henry.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas  
Gawfey. [Exit.

*Enter Hotspur.*

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

*P. Henry.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my  
name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. Henry.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; And would to heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P. Henry.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall  
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter*

*Enter Douglas ; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :  
I better brook the loss of brittle life,  
Than <sup>6</sup> those proud titles thou hast won of me ;  
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my  
flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for ——— [Dies.]

*P. Henry.* For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well,  
great heart !—

<sup>7</sup> Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
<sup>8</sup> A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth

<sup>6</sup> ——— *those proud titles thou hast won of me ;*  
*They wound my thoughts, ———*  
*But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;*  
*And time ——— must have a stop. ——— ]*

Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts ; but thought, being dependent on life, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. Life, on which thought depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and sport of time ; of time, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the Fool in our ancient Moralities. The same allusion occurs in *Measure for Measure* and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Ill-weav'd ambition, &c.* ] A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is loose.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *A kingdom &c.* ]

“ *Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus ;*

“ *Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit.*” OVID.

JOHNSON.

Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so great a show of zeal :—

° But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy misf of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck 't so fat a deer to-day,

° *But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;*] We should read *favour*, face or countenance. He is stooping down here to kiss Hotspur. WAREURTON.

He rather covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghaftlines of death. JOHNSON.

' — *so fair a deer* —] This is the reading of the first edition, and of the other quartos. The first folio has *fat*, which was followed by all the editors.

There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

I find the same quibble in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :

“ Life is as *dear* in *deer*, as 'tis in men.”

Again, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1632, a comedy by Heywood :

“ There's no *deer* so *dear* to him, but he will kill it.”

STEEVENS.

So *fat a deer*, seems to be the better reading, for Turberville, in the *Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chase*, observes :

“ — You shall say by any *deare*, a great *deare*, and not a *sayre deare*, unless it be a *rowe*, which in the fifth year is called a *sayre rowe-bucke*.” TOLLET.

Though



Though <sup>2</sup> many dearer, in this bloody fray :—  
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by ;  
 'Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

*Falstaff, rising slowly.*

*Fal.* Imbowell'd ! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave <sup>3</sup> to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : To die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, 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 have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy<sup>4</sup>, though he be dead : How if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure : yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may he not rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me.—Therefore, firrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [Takes Hotspur on his back.]

*Re-enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.*

*P. Henry.* Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

*Lan.* But, foist ! who have we here ?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead ?

<sup>2</sup> ——— *many dearer,* ——— ] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.  
<sup>3</sup> ——— *to powder me,* ——— ] To powder is to salt. JOHNSON.  
<sup>4</sup> ——— *this gun-powder Percy,* ——— ] I have not any very early edition of this play : query ; whether these words were not added after the powder-plot. FARMER.  
 They are found in the quartos 1598, and 1599. STEEVENS.

*P. Henry.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? I prythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not <sup>s</sup> a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Henry.* Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh <sup>6</sup>: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*Lan.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*P. Henry.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

<sup>5</sup> ——— a double man; ——— ] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double.

<sup>6</sup> ——— I gave him this wound in the thigh: ——— ] JOHNSON: The very learned lord Lyttelton observes, that Shakespeare has applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmesbury, tells us was really done by one of the conqueror's knights to the body of king Harold. I do not however believe that lord Lyttelton supposed Shakespeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

Come

K I N G H E N R Y I V. 423

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back :  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that  
rewards me, heaven reward him ! If I do grow great,  
I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live  
cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

S C E N E V.

*Another part of the field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales,  
Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with  
Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.*

*K. Henry.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—  
Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?  
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary ?  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done, my safety urg'd me to ;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*K. Henry.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon  
too ;  
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt Worcester, and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field ?

E c 4

*P. Henry.*

*P. Henry.* The noble <sup>7</sup> Scot, lord Douglas, when  
he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*K. Henry.* With all my heart.

*P. Henry.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free;  
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries <sup>8</sup>.

*K. Henry.* Then this remains,—that we divide our  
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest  
speed,  
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day;  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *The noble Scot,*—] The old copies bestow this epithet both upon Percy and Douglas. Modern editors had changed it, in the first instance, to *gallant*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speech from the quartos:

“*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

“Which I shall give away immediately.”

But Dr. Johnson judiciously supposes it to have been rejected by Shakespeare himself. STEEVENS.

*Mr. TOLLET's Opinion concerning the MORRIS DANCERS upon his Window.*

THE celebration of May-day, which is represented upon my window of painted glass, is a very ancient custom, that has been observed by noble and royal personages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court both most and lest, to fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." Historians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "rose on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every parish there, or two or three parishes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long." \*Shakespeare says it was "impossible to make the people sleep on May-morning; and that they rose early to observe the rite of May." The court of king James the First, and the populace, long preserved the observance of the day, as Spelman's *Glossary* remarks under the word, *Maiuma*.

Better judges may decide, that the institution of this festivity originated from the Roman *Floralia*, or from the Celtic *la Beltine*, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic ancestors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, lib. xv. c. 8. says "that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendor of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. It appears from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, vol. III. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks chose a summer king and queen for sport to dance about May-poles. There can be no doubt but their majesties had proper attendants, or such as would best divert the spectators; and we may presume, that some of the characters varied, as fashions and customs altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition seems to have been made to the diversion by the introduction of the Morris or Moorish dance into it, which, as Mr.

\* Henry VIII. act V. sc. iii. and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act IV. sc. i.

Peck in his *Memoirs of Milton* with great probability conjectures, was first brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Peter king of Castile, against Henry the Bastard. "This dance," says Mr. Peck, "was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a \* boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." "Thus," as he observes in the words of † Shakespeare, "they made more matter for a May-morning: having as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton, to call some of the representations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Moorish personage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandish ‡ swords or staves in their hands, nor are they in their shirts adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with brass bells about their knees, and such we have upon several of these figures, who may perhaps be the original English performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diversion of our ancestors in all its principal parts. I shall endeavour to explain some of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the description with the front rank, in which she is stationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be designed for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the slabbering bib, as Bavon in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* means a bib for a slabbering child; and this figure has such a bib, and a childish simplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that several of the Morris

\* It is evident from several authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unsullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth Night*, act III. sc. iv. *All's Well that ends Well*, act II. sc. ii.

‡ In the Morisco the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward, says Dr. Johnson's note in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III sc. ix. The Goths did the same in their military dance, says *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xv. c. 23. Haydocke's translation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, book ii. p. 54, says: "There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, *shaking their weapons* after the manner of the Morris with divers actions of meeting &c." "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

dancers

dancers on my window tumbled occasionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aside the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, horn-pipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

It will certainly be tedious to describe the colours of the dresses, but the task is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hose red, and his shoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of summer. The flower seems designed for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like mistake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raising of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the supposition of the like \* practice here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the season of its natural production in this climate. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. It was anciently the custom for maiden ladies to wear their hair † dishevelled at their coronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all splendid solemnities. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head: her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This single example sufficiently explains the dress of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and her stomacher red with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakespeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinshed says, "her hair hanged down," but on her head she had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonsure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle and his ruffet habit denote him to be of the Franciscan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a ruffet or a brown ruffet, as Holinshed, 1586, vol. III. p. 789, observes. The mixture of colours in his habit may be resembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the rising sun, and streak-

\* Markham's translation of Herebath's Husbandry, 1631, observes, "that gilliflowers, set in pots and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmth of the place."

† Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, vol. IV. p. 219, 293. vol. V. p. 332, and Holinshed, vol. III. p. 801, 931; and see *Capilli* in Spelman's *Glossary*.

ed with black; and such perhaps was Shakespeare's Aurora, or "the morn in ruffet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, act I. sc. i. The friar's stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden tassell. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers or budget-bearers. It was \* customary in former times for the priest and people in procession to go to some adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a sort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and such like tokens of the spring; and as the grey friars were held in very great esteem, perhaps on this occasion their attendance was frequently requested. Most of Shakespeare's friars are Franciscans. Mr. Steevens ingeniously suggests, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved mistress, and as she was the queen of May, the Morris friar was designed for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Hood, king of May, as Robin Hood is styled in sir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Universal Kirk* in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-usher. Mr. Steevens considers him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and as it was a custom for betrothed persons to wear some mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the cross-shaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their espousals or contract. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, specifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilliflowers, carnations, and sops in wine. I suppose the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a stock-gilliflower, or the Hesperis, dame's violet or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be designed for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botanist apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure resemble Absolon, the parish clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, such as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hose, and Paul's windows corvin on his shoes, that is, his shoes pinked and cut into holes like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow scrip or pouch, in which he might as treasurer to the company put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier must by the rules of his order carry no money about him. If this figure should not be allowed to be a parish clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or some juggler attendant upon the master of the hobby-horse, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, signifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His

\* See Maii inductio in Cowel's *Law-Dictionary*. When the parish priests were inhibited by the diocesan to assist in the May games, the Franciscans might give attendance, as being exempted from episcopal jurisdiction.

red



red stomacher has a yellow lace, and his shoes are yellow. Ben Jonson mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a short kirtle, and such seems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horse, who was often forgotten or disused in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben \*Jonson's masque of the *Metamorphosed Gypsies*, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*. Our hobby is a spirited horse of pasteboard in which the matter † dances, and displays tricks of legerdemain, such as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c. as Ben Jonson, edit. 1756, vol. I. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the swords in the man's cheeks. What is stuck in the horse's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations. The crimson foot-cloth, fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden tassel, and studded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown; purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knob, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the simplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jesters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only sent for such actors upon great festivals, but out of complaisance to the people was obliged to assist at their plays, though he was averse to publick shews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of a peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left

\* Vol. VI. p. 93. of Whalley's edition, 1756:

"*Cl.* They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

"*Coc.* No, nor a hobby-horse.

"*Cl.* Oh, he's often forgotten; that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongst them, which is the surer mark."

Vol. V. p. 211:

"But see, the bobby-horse is forgot.

"Fool, it must be your lot,

"To supply his want with faces,

"And some other buffoon graces."

† Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 434, mentions a dance by a hobby-horse and six others.

red

red. Such a particoloured \* jacket, and hose in the like manner, were occasionally fashionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonson's, who in Epigram 73, speaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in solemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6 seems to be a clown, peasant, or † yeoman, by his brown visage, notted hair, and robust limbs. In Beaumont's and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him in the file or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his sleeves yellow, striped across or rayed with red, the upper part of his hose is like the sleeves, and the lower part is a coarse deep purple, his shoes red.

Figure 7, by the superior neatness of his dress may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered sleeves, and his yellow stomacher is laced with red. His hose red, striped across or rayed with a whitish brown, and spotted brown. His codpiece is yellow and so are his shoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole is painted yellow and black in spiral lines. Spelman's *Glossary* mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakespeare, in the play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act III. sc. ii. speaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are displayed St. George's red cross or the banner of England, and a white pennon or streamer emblazoned with a red cross terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inspection of the window, that the upright line of the cross, which is disunited in the engraving, should be continuous ‡. Keyser, in p. 78 of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of

\* Holinshed, 1586, vol. III. p. 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonson, vol. VI. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, book v. p. 164, 166. Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

† So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus described: "A nott hede had he, with a brown visage."

‡ Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "—your not-headed country gentleman."

§ St. James was the apostle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the most honourable there; and the ensign that they wore, was white, charged with a red cross in the form of a sword. The pennon or streamer upon the May-pole seems to contain such a cross. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the ensign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumstance we may infer that the glass was painted during the marriage of king Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the ensign of the knights of St. James, see Almon's *Hist. of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *Hist. of Spain*.

May-

May-poles; and that the French used to erect them appears also from Mezeray's *History of their King Henry IV.*, and from a passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly some of the characters in them became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament in April 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the constables and church-wardens, &c. After the Restoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we still on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was especially honoured on the same festival by our Gothic ancestors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the piper, Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted these lines from Drayton's third Eclogue :

“ Myself above Tom Piper to advance,  
 “ Who so bestirs him in the Morris dance  
 “ For penny wage.”

His tabour, tabour stick, and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, and silver-tinctured shield, may denote him to be a squire minstrel, or a minstrel of the superior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181. says: “ Minstrels used a red hat.” Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the sleeves blue, turned up with yellow, something like red muffetees at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment, like a short cloak with arm holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming seems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of *Bulwer's Hudibras*; and something almost similar occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act IV. sc. ii. where the poet mentions, “ Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.” His shoes are brown.

Figures 10 and 11 have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and the latter a Morisco. The bonnet of figure 10 is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red sleeves down the arms, his stomacher white with a red lace, his hose yellow, striped across or rayed with blue, and spotted blue, the under part of his hose blue, his shoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loss to name the pennant-like slips waving from his shoulders, but I will venture to call them side-sleeves or long sleeves, slit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive, or Occlive, about the reign of Richard the Second; or of Henry the Fourth, mentions side-sleeves of pennylefs grooms, which swept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the use or fashion of two pairs of sleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is asked in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*: “ What use is there of any other than arming sleeves, which answer the proportion of the arm?” In *Much ado about Nothing*, act. III. sc. iv. a lady's gown is described with  
 down-

down-sleeves, and side-sleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with sleeves down the arms, and with another pair of sleeves, slit open before from the shoulder to the bottom or almost to the bottom, and by this means unfurnished by the arms and hanging down by her sides to the ground or as low as her gown. If such sleeves were slit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinshed says: "that at a royal mummerly, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered sleeves;" and I consider the bipartite or tripartite sleeves of figures 10 and 11 as only a small variation of that fashion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged sleeves of figures 10 and 11 are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Pilgrim*:

—"That fairy rogue that haunted me  
"He has sleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from these perhaps the fluttering streamers of the present Morris dancers in Suffex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be "without hanging sleeves, waving loose, like sails."

Figure 11 has upon his head a silver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knob. In my opinion he personates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be represented upon my window. He has a post of honour, or, "a station in the valued \* file," which here seems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the master of the hobby-horse denotes preeminence of rank over figure 11, not only by the greater value of the † metal, but by the superior number of points raised upon it. The shoes are blackish, the hose red, striped across or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his cod-piece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow side-sleeves, and red arming sleeves, or down-sleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable. There is great variety in the dresses and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an ocular observation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal description.

Figure 12 is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houses, to make sport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with asses ears on his head. The top of the hood rises into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the

\* The right hand file is the first in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets; the dukes and counts wore silvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raised points of Coronets*.

latter;

latter; and Minshew's *Dictionary*, 1627, under the word *cock's-comb*, observes, that "natural idiots and fools have [accustomed] and still do accustom themselves to wear in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon, &c." His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its scalloped bottom, his doublet is red, striped across or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left side hose yellow with a red shoe, and his right side hose blue, soled with red leather. Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloath-stockings soled with white leather called "cashambles," that is, "Chausses femelles de cuir," as Mr. Anstis, on the Knighthood of the Bath, observes. The fool's bauble and the carved head with asses ears upon it are all yellow. There is in *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, p. 524, a delineation of a fool, or jester, with several bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood with asses ears, a feather, and the resemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jesters seem to have been formerly much carested by the northern nations, especially in the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *joculator regis* might mean such a person.

A gentleman of the highest class in historical literature apprehends, that the representation upon my window is that of a Morris dance procession about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the personages in it rank in the boustrophedon form. By this arrangement, says he, the piece seems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following manner: figure 12 is the well-known fool; figure 11 is a Morisco, and figure 10 a Spaniard, persons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviously forms a sort of middle term betwixt the Moorish and the English characters, having the great fantastical sleeve of the one, and the laced stomacher of the other. Figure 9 is Tom the piper. Figure 8 the May-pole. Then follow the English characters, representing, as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life; figure 7 is the franklin or private gentleman. Figure 6 is a plain churl or villane. He takes figure 5, the man within the hobby-horse, to be perhaps a Moorish king, and from many circumstances of superior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greatest personage of the piece, the monarch of the May, and the intended consort of our English Maid Marian. Figure 4 is a nobleman. Figure 3 the friar, representative of all the clergy. Figure 2 is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1, the lesser fool closes the rear.

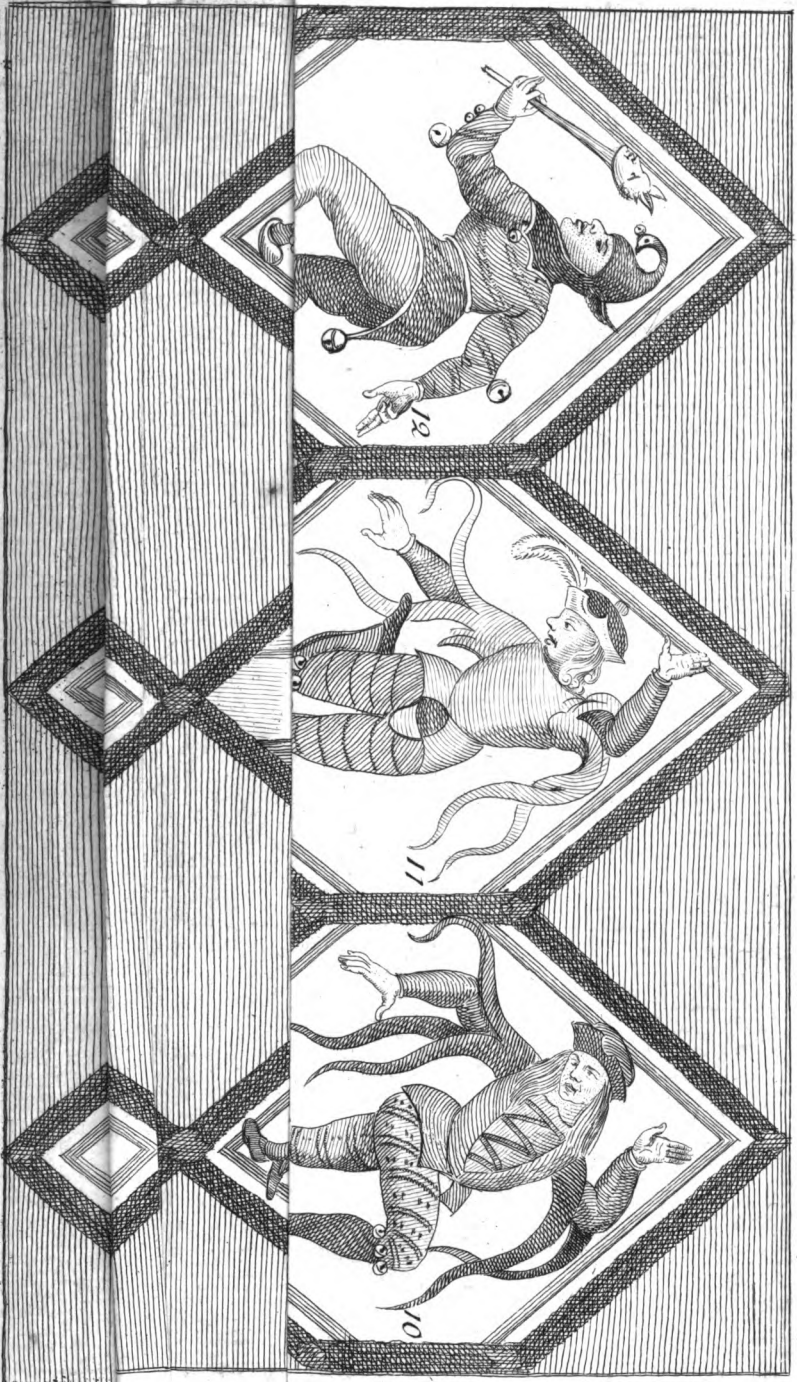
My description commences where this concludes, or I have reversed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not assert that such a disposition was designedly observed by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glass there is no memorial

morial or traditional account transmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the house. The book of *Sports or lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days*, published by king James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles; and as Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Metamorphosed Gypsies* intimates, that Maid Marian, and the friar, together with the often forgotten hobby-horse, were sometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glass might be stained about that time; but my present objections to this are the following ones. It seems from the prologue to the play of *Henry VIII.* that Shakespeare's fools should be dressed "in a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not so habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakespeare, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson assert, and they seem justified in doing so from king Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcomb. I am uncertain, whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of spelling the inscribed inscription upon the May-pole, upon which is displayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red cross and St. Andrew's white cross joined together, which was ordered by king James in 1606, as Stowe's *Chronicle* certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in queen Elizabeth's reign; nor have any of the figures ruffs, which fashion commenced in the latter days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards also I am inclined to suppose they were delineated before the year 1535, when king "Henry VIII. commanded all about his court to poll their heads, and caused his own to be polled, and his beard to be notted, and no more shaven." Probably the glass was painted in his youthful days, when he delighted in May-games, unless it may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almost two centuries.

Such are my conjectures upon a subject of much obscurity; but it is high time to resign it to one more conversant with the history of our ancient dresses. TOLLET.

*Is placed at the end of the 9<sup>d</sup> part of K. Henry IV.*



*Jago's Memorial sculpt.*

**MORRIS DANCERS.**

*W. D. ... of GEORGE WILLIAM BAKER in STRATFORDSHIRE.*





**H E N R Y IV.**

**P A R T II,**

**F f a**

**I N.**



# I N D U C T I O N.

<sup>1</sup> Enter Rumour, <sup>2</sup> painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,

<sup>1</sup> Enter Rumour,—] This speech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but is wholly useless, since we are told nothing which the first scene does not clearly and naturally discover. The only end of such prologues is to inform the audience of some facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the persons of the drama. JOHNSON.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.] This the author probably drew from Holinshed's *Description of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon cost and magnificence: "Then entered a person called *Report*, apparelled in crimson fartin, full of *toongs*, or chronicles." Vol. III. p. 805. This however might be the common way of representing this personage in masques, which were frequent in his own times. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, had long ago exhibited her (*Rumour*) in the same manner:

"A goodly lady, envyroned about

"With *tongues* of fire."——

And so had sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants:

"*Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing

"*Thoughe* with *tonges* I am compassed all arounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*; and by John Higgins, one of the assistants in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanaste*. FARMER.

In a masque presented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin-coat full of winged tongues.

*Rumor* is likewise a character in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield* &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— painted full of tongues.] This direction, which is only to be found in the first edition in quarto of 1600, explains a passage in what follows, otherwise obscure. POPE.

## I N D U C T I O N.

Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth :  
 Upon my tongues continual flanders ride ;  
 The which in every language I pronounce,  
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :  
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ;  
 Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other grief,  
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
 And no such matter ? <sup>3</sup> Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
 My well-known body to anatomize  
 Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?  
 I run before king Harry's victory ;  
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first ? my office is  
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword ;  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
 † And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
Where

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Rumour is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And this worm-eaten hole of ragged stone,*] Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a place of strength  
in

## I N D U C T I O N.

Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick : the posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's  
tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
wrongs. [Exit.

in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

*And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.* THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus &c.* 1594:

“ Besieg'd his fortrefs with his men at arms,

“ Where only I and that Libanio stay'd

“ By whom I live. For when the *hold* was lost &c.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ She is hard by with twenty thousand men,

“ And therefore fortify your *hold*, my lord.”

STEEVENS.

## Persons Represented.

**King Henry the Fourth.**

Henry, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King,* }  
John, duke of Bedford, } *his sons.*  
Humphrey, duke of Gloster,  
Thomas duke of Clarence.

**Earl of Northumberland,** }  
**Scroop, Archbishop of York,** } *against the king.*  
**Lord Mowbray,**  
**Lord Hastings,**  
**Lord Bardolph,**  
**Sir John Colevile,**  
**Travers,**  
**Morton,**

**Earl of Warwick,** }  
**Earl of Westmoreland,** } *of the king's party.*  
**Gower,**  
**Harcourt,**  
**Lord Chief Justice,**

**Falstaff, Poins, Bardolph, Pistol, Peto, and Page.**  
**Shallow, and Silence, country justices.**

**Davy, servant to Shallow.**

**Phang and Snare, two serjeants.**

**Mouldy,** }  
**Shadow,** } *recruits.*  
**Wart,**  
**Feeble,**  
**Bullcalf,**

**Lady Northumberland.**

**Lady Percy.**

**Hoftefs Quickly.**

**Doll Tear-sheet.**

*Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.*

**SCENE, England.**

SECOND PART OF  
HENRY IV.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Northumberland's castle, at Warkworth.*

*The Porter at the gate ; Enter lord Bardolph.*

*Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*Bard.* Tell thou the earl,  
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

<sup>1</sup> *Second Part of Henry IV.*] The transactions comprized in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V. THEOBALD.

This play was enter'd at Stationers' Hall, August 23. 1600.

STEVENS.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First* and *Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only because they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

*Port.*

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*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;  
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*Bard.* Here comes the earl.

*North.* What news, lord Bardolph? every minute  
now

Should be the father of some stratagem:  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an heaven will!

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

*North.* How is this deriv'd?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant Travers, whom I  
sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter*



*Enter Travers.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

*Tra.* My lord, fir John Umfrevile turn'd me back With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd, Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard, A gentleman almost forspent<sup>2</sup> with speed, That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse: He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury. He told me, that rebellion had bad luck, And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold: With that, he gave his able horse the head, And, bending forward, struck his<sup>3</sup> armed heels Against the panting sides of his<sup>4</sup> poor jade Up to the<sup>5</sup> rowel-head; and, starting so, <sup>6</sup>He seem'd in running to devour the way,

<sup>2</sup> — forspent with speed,] To forspend is to waste, to exhaust. So, in fir A. Gorges' translation of *Lucan*, b. vii:

“ ——— crabbed fires forspent with age.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — armed heels] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio 1623, reads *able beels*; the modern editors, without authority, *agile beels*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — poor jade] *Poor jade* is used not in contempt, but in compassion. *Poor jade* means the horse wearied with his journey.

*Jade*, however, seems anciently to have signify'd what we now call a *hackney*; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to a horse kept for show, or to be rid by its master. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

“ Besides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*,

“ And now and then meat for you and your *horse*.”

This is said by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — rowel-head; —] I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *He seem'd in running to devour the way,*] So, in *The Book of Job*, chap. xxxix: “ He swalloweth the ground in fierceness and rage.” The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

“ But with that speed and heat of appetite

“ With which they greedily *devour the way*

“ To some great sports.” STEEVENS.

Staying

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Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur<sup>7</sup>, coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

*Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what;—  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a<sup>8</sup> filken point  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman, that rode by  
Travers,  
Give then such instances of loss?

*Bard.* Who, he?  
He was<sup>9</sup> some hilding fellow, that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter Morton.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, 'like to a title-leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:  
So looks the stroud, whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—  
Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mort.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;

<sup>7</sup> *Of Hotspur, coldspur? — ]* *Hotspur* seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurst, who translated four books of *Virgil*, in 1584, renders the following line:

*Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.*

“To couch not mounting of mayster vanquisher *boatspur*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *— filken point ]* A *point* is a string tagged, or lace.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *— some hilding fellow, — ]* For *bilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. POPE.

<sup>1</sup> *— like to a title-leaf, — ]* It may not be amiss to observe, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman the translator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS.

Where

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son, and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, <sup>2</sup> so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:  
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
This would'st thou say,—Your son did thus, and thus;  
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

*Mort.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:  
But for my lord your son,—

*North.* Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,

<sup>2</sup> —so woe-begone,] This word was common enough amongst the old Scottish and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, lord Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, *far gone in woe*.

WARBURTON.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“Awake, revenge, or we are woe-begone!”

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: “If there were an end of woe, it were nothing to be woe-begone.” Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“So woe-begone, so inly charg'd with woe.”

Again, in a *Looking Glass for London and England*, 1617:

“Fair Alvida, look not so woe-begone.”

Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt, and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than my readers will probably express) proposed the following emendation:

“So dead so dull in look, *Ucalegon*

“Drew Priam's curtain &c.”

The name of *Ucalegon* is found in the third book of the *Iliad*, and the second of the *Æneid*. STEEVENS.

Hath,

Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;  
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mort.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:  
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:  
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;

<sup>3</sup> *Your spirit*—] The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Yet, for all this, say not &c.*] The contradiction in the first part of this speech might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition. I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I hope, seem more commodious; but do not wish the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true reading:

*Bard.* Yet for all this, say not that Percy's dead  
*North.* I see a strange confession in thine eye;  
*Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.  
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;  
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,  
Not he that saith the dead is not alive.*

*Morton.* Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Here is a natural interposition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleased to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *hold'st it fear, or sin,*] Fear for danger.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *If he be slain, say so:*] The words *say so* are in the first folio, but not in the quarto: they are necessary to the verse, but the sense proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

Not

Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

*Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mort.* I am sorry, I should force you to believe  
 That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:  
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
 Rend'ring faint quittance<sup>7</sup>, wearied and out-breath'd,  
 To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down  
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
 In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire  
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)  
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops:  
 \* For from his metal was his party steel'd;

Which

<sup>7</sup> ———faint quittance, ——— ] *Quittance* is return. By *faint quittance* is meant a *faint return of blows*. So, in another play:

“ We shall forget the office of our hand

“ Sooner than *quittance* of desert and merit.” STEEVENS.

\* For from his metal was his party steel'd;

Which once in him abated, ——— ]

The word *metal* is one of those hacknied metaphorical terms, which resumes so much of a literal sense as not to need the idea (from whence the figure is taken) to be kept up. So that it may with elegance enough be said, *his metal was abated*, as well as *his courage was abated*. See what is said on this subject in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. But when the writer shews, as here, both before and after:

“ ———his party steel'd ———

“ Turn'd on themselves like dull and heavy lead,”

that his intention was not to drop the idea from whence he took his metaphor, then he cannot say with propriety and elegance, *his metal was abated*; because what he predicates of *metal*, must be then conveyed in a term conformable to the metaphor. Hence I conclude that Shakespeare wrote:

Which once in him rebated — i. e. blunted.

WARBURTON.

Here is a great effort to produce little effect. The commetator

Which once in him abated, all the rest  
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester  
 Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,  
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,  
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
 Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out  
 A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,  
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,  
 And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
 In poison there is physick ; and these news  
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well :  
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,

tator does not seem fully to understand the word *abated*, which is not here put for the general idea of *diminished*, nor for the notion of *blunted*, as applied to a single edge. *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

'Gan vail his stomach, — ] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

Thus, to *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off. So, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

“ And make the king *vail bonnet* to us both.”

To *vail* a staff is to let it fall in token of respect. Thus, in the same play :

“ And for the ancient custom of *vail-staff*,

“ Keep it still ; claim privilege from me :

“ If any ask a reason, why ? or how ?

“ Say English Edward *vail'd his staff* to you.”

STEEVEN.

Like

Like strengthless hinges, <sup>1</sup> buckle under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
 Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice  
 crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou fickle quoin;  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
 Now bind my brows with iron; And approach

<sup>2</sup> The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring,  
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!

And let this world no longer be a stage,  
 To feed contention in a lingering act;  
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,

<sup>3</sup> And darkness be the burier of the dead!

*Bard.* <sup>4</sup> This strained passion doth you wrong, my  
 lord:

Sweet

<sup>1</sup> —buckle—] Bend; yield to pressure. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The rugged'st hour &c.*] The old edition:

*The ragged'st hour that time and spight dare bring  
 To frown &c.*

There is no consonance of metaphors betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any dignity in the image. On both accounts, therefore, I suspect our author wrote, as I have reformed the text:

*The rugged'st hour &c.* THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *And darkness &c.*] The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *This strained passion &c.*] This line is only in the first edition,  
 VOL. V. G g where

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

*Mort.* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

' You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—  
Let us make head. It was your presumise,  
That, in the dole of blows<sup>6</sup> your son might drop:  
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge  
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:  
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable  
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;  
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,

where it is spoken by Umfrevile, who speaks no where else. It seems necessary to the connection. POPE.

Umfrevile is spoken of in this very scene as absent; the line was therefore properly allotted to Bardolph, or perhaps might yet more properly be given to Travers, who is present, and yet is made to say nothing on this very interesting occasion. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *You cast the event of war, &c.*] The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions till that in folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play are inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery generally, that the insertions are plainly by Shakespeare himself. POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor speaks of more editions than I believe him to have seen, there having been but one edition yet discovered by me that precedes the first folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *in the dole of blows* — ] The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Isebras*, bl. l. no date:

“ Every day she made a *dole*

“ Of many florences gold and hole.”

Again, in the *Island Princess* by B. and Fletcher:

“ — dealing large *doles* of death.” STEEVENS.

More



More than that being which was like to be ?

*Bard.* We all, that are engaged to this loss,  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one :  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;  
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

*Mort.* 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble  
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,——  
The gentle archbishop of York is up,  
With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corps,  
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight :  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion :  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :  
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;  
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;

<sup>1</sup> *The gentle &c.:*] These one-and-twenty lines were added since the first edition. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,:*] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the prince, *If thou see me down, Hal, and bestride me, so ; it is an office of friendship.*

JOHNSON.

⁹ And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

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

## S C E N E   I I.

*A street in London.*

*Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his page bearing his sword  
and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant! ' what says the doctor to  
my water?

*Page.*

⁹ *And more, and less,—*] *More and less means greater and less.*

STEEVENS.

ⁱ ————*what says the doctor to my water?*] The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so much the fashion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This statute was, soon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1628, describes an apothecary thus:

“ ————his house is set round with patients twice or thrice a day, and because they'll be sure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him.”

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

“ I'll make her cry so much, that the physician,

“ If she fall sick upon it, shall want *urine*

“ To find the cause by.”

It will scarce be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a servant in a public riding-school, (from which he was discharged for insufficiency) revived this exploded practice of *water-casting*. After he had amply encreased the

the

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

*Fal.* Men of all forts take a pride to gird<sup>2</sup> at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow; that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson<sup>3</sup> mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. <sup>4</sup>I was never mann'd with  
an

the bills of mortality, and been publicly hung up to the ridicule of those who had too much sense to consult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of English credulity. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— to gird at me: ——— ] i. e. to gibe. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lilly: "We maids are mad wenches; we gird them and flout them &c." Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 6:

" ——— this wondred error grow'th  
" At which our critics gird." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — mandrake, ——— ] *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *I was never mann'd* ——— ] That is, I never before had an agate for my man. JOHNSON.

*I was never mann'd with an agate 'till now*: ——— ] Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals: and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. The Oxford editor alters this to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use (a word indeed which our author uses to express the same thought): but *aglets*, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never set in those metals. WARBURTON.

It appears from a passage in B. and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, that it was usual for justices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain:

" — Thou wilt spit as formally, and shew thy *agate* and hatch'd chain, as well as the best of them."

an agate 'till now : but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; <sup>5</sup> the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : <sup>6</sup> he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dombledon<sup>7</sup> about the fatten for my short cloak, and flops?

Page.

The same allusion is employed on the same occasion in the *Ile of Gulls*, 1633 :

“ Grace, you *Agate!* hast not forgot that yet?”

The virtues of the *agate* were anciently supposed to protect the wearer from any misfortune. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593 : “ — the man that hath the stone *agathes* about him, is surely defended against adversity.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the juvenal*, &c.] This term, which has already occurred in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is used in many places by Chaucer, and always signifies a young man. So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607 :

“ What would't it? I am one of his *juvenals*.”

Again, in *The Art of Jugling or Legerdemain*, 1612 : “ — but thou my pretty *Juvenall*, &c. must lick it up for a restorative &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *he may keep it still as a face-royal*, — ] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So a *stag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this quibbling allusion is to the English *real*, *rial*, or *royal*. The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn six-pence by his *face-royal*, than by the face stamped on the coin called a *royal*; the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *Dombledon* — ] Thus the folio. The quarto 1600 reads—*Dommelton*. This name seems to have been a made one, and designed to afford some apparent meaning. The author might have

*Page.* He said, fir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! <sup>8</sup> to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and <sup>9</sup> if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and <sup>1</sup> the lightness of his wife shines

have written—*Double-done*, from his making the same charge twice in his books, or charging twice as much for a commodity as it is worth. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ———to bear in hand,——] Is, to keep in expectation.

JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

“——How you were borne in hand, how cross——”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,——] That is, if a man by taking up goods is in their debt. To be thorough seems to be the same with the present phrase to be in with a tradesman. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“I will take up, and bring myself into credit.”

So again, in *Northward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: “They will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted.” Again, in the same piece: “Sattin gowns must be taken up.” Again, in *Love Restored*, one of Ben Jonson's masques: “A pretty fine speech was taken up o' th' poet too, which if he never be paid for now, 'tis no matter.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ———the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot be see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—] This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: “*Quid ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu conclusum geris?*” Amph. act I. scene i. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was

G g 4

here

shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

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

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *borns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who says: Προσηύει αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνή σου πορεύσεται, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, κέρατα αὐτῷ ποιήσει, κ' ὁὕτως ἀπίβη. *Onesiroi.* lib. ii. cap. 12. And he copied from those before him. *WARBURTON.*

The same thought occurs in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

“ ——— your wrongs

“ Shine through the *born*, as candles in the eve,

“ To light out others.” *STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> *I bought him in Paul's*,—] At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. *WARBURTON.*

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following:

“ Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to *St. Paul's* for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade.”

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madnesse*, 1596, the devil is described thus:

“ In *Perols* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he meet some rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he speaketh, he makes a mouse an elephant, and telleth them of wonders, done in Spaine by his ancestors, &c. &c.”

I should not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in some measure familiarizes the character of Pistol, which (from other passages in the same pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakespeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his description thus:—“ His courage is boasting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakness, and his end beggary.”

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ ——— get thee a gray cloak and a hat,

“ And walk in *Paul's* among thy cashier'd mates

“ As melancholy as the best.”

I learn from a passage in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a Stee Coneycatcher*, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, so that no debtor could be arrested within its precincts. *STEEVENS.*

*Enter*

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice,<sup>3</sup> and Servants.*

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

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Serv.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

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

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Serv.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Serv.* Sir John,——

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

*Serv.* You mistake me, sir.

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

*Serv.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell

<sup>3</sup> — Chief Justice—] This judge was sir William Gascoigne Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. STEEVENS.

you,

you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You + hunt-counter, hence! avaut!

*Serv.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

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

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* If it please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

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

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

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

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

\* ——— hunt-counter, ——— ] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's servant and the counter-prison. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation may be supported by the following passage in B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ ——— Do you mean to make a hare

“ Of me, to hunt counter thus, and make these doubles,

“ And you mean no such thing as you send about?”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.” STEVENS.

*Fal.*



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

*Ch. Just.* I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

<sup>5</sup> *Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

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

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

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

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in lefs.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

<sup>5</sup> *Fal.* *Very well, my lord, very well:—*] In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this speech stands thus:

Old. *Very well, my lord, very well:—*

I had not observed this, when I wrote my note to *The First Part of Henry IV.* concerning the tradition of Falstaff's character having been first called Oldcastle. This almost amounts to a self-evident proof of the thing being so: and that the play being printed from the stage manuscript, Oldcastle had been all along altered into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight; of which the printers not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name. THEOBALD.

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark. *Old.* might have been the beginning of some actor's name. Thus we have *Kempe* and *Cowley* instead of *Dogberry* and *Verges* in the 4to edit. of *Much Ado*, &c. 1600. STEEVENS.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Cb. Just.* You have mis-led the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath mis-led me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and <sup>6</sup> he my dog.

*Cb. Just.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound ; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

*Fal.* My lord ?

*Cb. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Cb. Just.* What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* <sup>7</sup> A wassel candle, my lord ; all tallow : but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Cb. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Cb. Just.* <sup>8</sup> You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— *he my dog.*] I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat ? JOHNSON.

If the *Fellow's great Belly* prevented him from *seeing his way*, he would want a *dog*, as well as a *blind man*. FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> *A wassel candle, &c.*] A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.*] What a precious collator has Mr. Pope approved himself in this passage ! Besides, if this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humourous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the prince's *ill angel* or *genius* ;

*Fal.* Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light ; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, <sup>9</sup> I cannot tell : Virtue is of so little regard <sup>1</sup> in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd : Pregnancy <sup>2</sup> is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind

nus : which Falstaff turns off by saying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called an *angel*) is *light* ; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight : *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad* ; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiously call restoring lost puns : but if the author wrote a pun, and it happens to be lost in an editor's indolence, I shall, in spite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light. THEOBALD.

“ As *light* as a clipt angel,” is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. Again, in *Merry Tricks* or *Ram alley*, 1611 :

“ — The law speaks profit does it not ? —

“ Faith, some *bad Angels* haunt us now and then.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I cannot tell* :—] I cannot be taken in a reckoning ; I cannot pass current. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— in these *coster-monger times*,—] In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

A *coster-monger* is a *costard-monger*, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *costard*, i. e. a man's head.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Pregnancy*, &c.] *Pregnancy* is readiness. So in *Hamlet*, “ How *pregnant* his replies are ?” STEEVENS.

short ?

short? your chin double? <sup>3</sup> your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? <sup>4</sup> and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, fir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hal-  
lowing and finging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath fever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *your wit single?* —] We call a man single-witted, who attains but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to apply to Falstaff, and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whose misfortune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are to forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn from notions obscured by time; his *wit* is therefore *single*, such as none has any part in but himself. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakespeare meant was, that he had more *fat* than *wit*; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size, yet his wit was not increased in proportion to it. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *antiquity?*] To use the word *antiquity* for old age is not peculiar to *Shakespeare*. So in *Two Tragedies in one*, &c. 1601:

“For false illusion of the magistrates

“With borrow'd shapes of false *antiquity*.” STEEVENS.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: <sup>6</sup> But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; And heaven blefs your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; <sup>7</sup> you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit.*

*Fal.*

<sup>5</sup> ————*would I might never spit white again.*] i. e. May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to spit white is the consequence of inward heat.

So in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594.

“They have sod their livers in sack these forty years; that makes them spit white broth as they do.” Again, in the *Virgin Martyr* by Massinger:

“—I could not have spit white for want of drink.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *But it was always, &c.*] This speech in the folio concludes at *I cannot last ever*. All the rest is restored from the quarto. A clear proof of the superior value of those editions, when compared with the publication of the players. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ————*you are too impatient to bear crosses.*] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff has just asked his lordship to lend him a thousand pound, and he tells him in return, that he is not

to

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with <sup>a</sup> a three-man beetle.—  
A man can no more separate age and covetousness,  
than he can part young limbs and lechery : but the  
gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and  
so both the degrees prevent <sup>9</sup> my curses.—Boy !—

*Page.* Sir ?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse ?

*Page.* Seven groats and two-pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption  
of the purse : borrowing only lingers and lingers it  
out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter  
to my lord of Lancaster ; this to the prince ; this to the  
earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old mistress Ursula,  
whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd  
the first white hair on my chin : About it ; you know  
where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout !  
or, a gout of this pox ! for the one, or the other, plays  
the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do  
halt ; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension  
shall seem the more reasonable : A good wit will  
make use of any thing ; I will turn diseases to com-  
modity <sup>1</sup>. [*Exit.*]

to be entrusted with money. A *cross* is a coin so called, because  
stamped with a cross.

So in *Loue's Labour's lost*, act I. scene iii.

“ ——— crosses love him not.”

Again, in *As you like it*,

“ If I should bear you, I should bear no *cross*.”

And in Heywood's *Epigrams upon Proverbs*, 1562 :

“ Of making a *Crosse*.

“ I will make a *croffe* upon his gate : ye, *croffe* on ;

“ Thy *crosses* be on gates all, in thy purse none.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— a three-man beetle.—] A beetle weilded by three  
men. POPE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— prevent my curses.] To *prevent*, means in this place to  
*anticipate*. So in the *Psalms*—“ Mine eyes *prevent* the night  
watches.”

STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— to commodity.] i. e. Profit, self-interest. So in *K. John* :

“ *Commodity*, the bias of the world.” STEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*The archbishop of York's palace.*

*Enter the archbishop of York, lord Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (earl marshal) and lord Bardolph.*

*York.* Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

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

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;  
And our supplies live largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

*Bard.* The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus ;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point ;  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not <sup>a</sup> step too far  
'Till we had his assistance by the hand :  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

*York.* 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

<sup>a</sup> ——— [*step too far*] The four following lines were added in the second edition. JOHNSON.

*Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with  
hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller<sup>3</sup> than the smallest of his thoughts :  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

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

*Bard.* <sup>4</sup> Yes, in this present quality of war,  
Indeed of instant action : A cause on foot

Lives

<sup>3</sup> *Much smaller*] i. e. which turned out to be much smaller.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>4</sup> *Yes, if this present quality of war,  
Indeed the instant action :*] These first twenty lines were first  
inserted in the folio of 1623.

The first clause of this passage is evidently corrupted. All the  
folio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in the same reading, which  
Mr. Pope altered thus :

*Yes, if this present quality of war  
Impede the instant act.*

This has been silently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas  
Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton ; but the corruption is certainly  
deeper ; for in the present reading Bardolph makes the incon-  
venience of *hope* to be that it may cause delay, when indeed the  
whole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the rest  
that are too forward. I know not what to propose, and am  
afraid that something is omitted, and that the injury is irre-  
mediable. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requisite is no more than  
this :

*Yes, in this present quality of war,  
Indeed of instant action.*

*It never, says Hastings, did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope.  
Yes, says Bardolph, it has done harm in this present quality of  
war, in a state of things such as is now before us, of war, indeed  
of instant action. This is obscure, but Mr. Pope's reading is still  
less reasonable.* JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I think we  
might read :

*—if this present quality of war  
Impel the instant action.*

*Hastings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and  
forms*



Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
 We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,  
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,  
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;  
 And when we see the figure of the house,  
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection :  
 Which if we find outweighs ability,  
 What do we then, but draw anew the model  
 In fewer offices ; or, at least, <sup>s</sup> desist  
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,  
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
 And set another up) should we survey  
 The plot of situation, and the model ;  
 Consent upon a sure foundation ;  
 Question surveyors ; know our own estate,  
 How able such a work to undergo,  
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else,  
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
 Using the names of men instead of men :  
 Like one, that draws the model of a house  
 Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,  
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)  
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
 The very utmost man of expectation ;  
 I think, we are a body strong enough,

forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every case like ours, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for supplies, has, without that reinforcement, *impell'd*, or hastily brought on, an immediate action. STEEVENS.

If we may be allowed to read—*instanc'd*, the text may mean—Yes, it has done harm in every case like ours ; indeed it did harm in young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury, which the archbishop of York has just *instanc'd* or given as an example. TOLLET.

<sup>s</sup> — at least,] Perhaps we should read *at last*. STEEVENS.

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*Bard.* What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads: one power against the French,<sup>6</sup>  
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third  
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

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

*Hast.* <sup>7</sup> If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

*Hast.* The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:  
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*York.* <sup>8</sup> Let us on;  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

<sup>6</sup> — *one power against the French,*] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinshed, p. 531. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *If he should do so,*] This passage is read in the first edition thus: *If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to shew what errors may be suspected to remain. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Let us on, &c.*] This excellent speech of York was one of the passages added by Shakespeare after his first edition. POPE.

Their

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :—  
 An habitation giddy and unsure  
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
 O thou fond many ! with what loud applause  
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolinbroke,  
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?  
 And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,  
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;  
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,  
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?  
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave :  
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
 When through proud London he came fighting on  
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
 Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*  
*And take thou this !* O thoughts of men accurst !  
 Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.  
*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?  
*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.  
 [ *Exeunt.* ]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A street in London.*

*Enter Hostess; Phang, and his boy, with her; and  
 Snare following.*

*Host.* Master Phang, have you enter'd the action ?

*Phang.* It is enter'd.

*Host.* Where is your yeoman ? Is it a lusty yeoman ?  
 will a' stand to't ?

H h 3

*Phang.*

*Phang.* Sirrah, where's Snare ?

*Hofst.* O lord, ay ; good master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Phang.* Snare, we must arrest fir John Falstaff.

*Hofst.* Ay, good master Snare ; I have enter'd him and all.

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

*Hofst.* Alas the day ! take heed of him ; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly : he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out : he will foin like any devil ; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

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

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

*Phang.* An I but fist him once ; <sup>9</sup> an he come but within my vice ;—

*Hofst.* I am undone by his going ; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score :—Good master Phang, hold him sure ;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continually to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle ; and he's indited to dinner to the <sup>1</sup> lubbar's head in Lumbart-street, to master Smooth's the silkman : I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. <sup>2</sup> A hun-

<sup>9</sup> ——— if he come but within my vice ;—] Vice or grasp ; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice : there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not so good. POPE.

——— *lubbar's-head*——] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's-head. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *A hundred mark is a long one*——] A long one ? a long what ? It is almost needless to observe, how familiar it is with our poet to play the chimes upon words similar in sound, and differing in signification ; and therefore I make no question but he wrote :

*A hundred mark is a long lone for a poor lone woman to bear :*  
i. e. 100 mark is a good round sum for a poor widow to venture on trust. THEOBALD.

dred

red mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman<sup>3</sup> to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an afs, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

*Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Page.*

Yonder he comes; and that arrant<sup>4</sup> malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Phang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Fal.* How now? who's mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Phang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the fuit of mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

*Hoft.* Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou<sup>5</sup> honey-suckle

<sup>3</sup> — *a poor lone woman*] A lone woman is a desolate, unfriended woman. So in Maurice Kyffin's Translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a lone Woman;" — "tum hæc sola est mulier." In the first part of *K. Henry IV.* Mrs. Quickly had a husband alive. She is now a widow.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *malmsey-nose*—] That is, red nose, from the effect of malmsey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old song of *Sir Simon the King* the burthen of each stanza is this:

"Says old Sir Simon the king,

"Says old Sir Simon the king,

"With his ale-dropt hose,

"And his *malmsey-nose*,

"Sing hey ding, ding a ding." PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> — *honey-suckle villain!* — *honey-sced rogue!* —] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

H h 4

villain!

villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's?  
O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed;  
<sup>6</sup> a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Plang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Hof.* Good people, bring a rescue or two.—'Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

<sup>8</sup> *Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian!<sup>9</sup> I'll tickle your catastrophe!

*Enter the Chief Justice, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

<sup>6</sup> ——— a man-queller, ———] Wicliff, in his *Translation of the New Testament*, uses this word for *carnifex*, Mark vi. 27. "Herod sent a man-queller, and commanded his head to be brought." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Thou wo't, wo't thou? &c.*] The first folio reads, I think, less properly, *thou wilt not? thou wilt not?* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Fal.* *Away, you scullion!* —] This speech is given to the Page in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for Falstaff, but that the boy must not stand quite silent and useless on the stage. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *rampallian!* — *fustilarian!* —] The first of these terms of abuse may be derived from *ramper*, Fr. *to be low in the world*. The other from *fustis*, a club; i. e. a person whose weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a sword.

The following passage however, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639, seems to point out another derivation of *Rampallian*:

"And bold *Rampallian* like, swear and drink drunk."

It may therefore mean a *ramping* riotous strumpet. Thus in *Greene's Ghost haunting Conycatchers*, ——"Here was *Wilee Beguily* rightly acted, and an aged *rampalion* put beside her schoole-tricks." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *I'll tickle your catastrophe.*] This expression occurs several times in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"Oh, it tickles our catastrophe."

Again:

—————"to seduce my blind customers, I tickle his catastrophe for this." STEEVENS.

*Hof.*

*Hof.* Good my lord, be good to me ! I beseech you, stand to me !

*Ch. Just.* How now, fir John ? what, are you brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business ? You should have been well on your way to York. — Stand from him, fellow ; Wherefore hang'st thou on him ?

*Hof.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum ?

*Hof.* It is more than for some, my lord ; it is for all, all I have : he hath eaten me out of house and home ; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his :—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

*Fal.* I think, I am as like to ride the mare, <sup>2</sup> if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, fir John ? Fie ! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation ? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own ?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee ?

*Hof.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon

<sup>2</sup> — to ride the Mare,] The Hostess had threatened to ride Falstaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-mare* ; but his allusion, (if it be not a wanton one) is to the *Gallows*, which was ludicrously called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd Mare*. So, in *Like will to like*, quoth the *Devil to the Collier*, 1587. The *Vice* is talking of *Tyburn* :

“ This piece of land wherto you inheritors are,

“ Is called the land of the *two-legged Mare*.

“ In this piece of ground there is a *Mare* indeed,

“ Which is the quickest *Mare* in England for speed.”

Again :

“ I will help to bridle the *two-legged Mare*

“ And both you for to ride need not to spare.”

STEEVENS.

a parcel-

<sup>3</sup> a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head <sup>4</sup> for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech <sup>5</sup>, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar <sup>6</sup>; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not,

<sup>3</sup> — a parcel-gilt goblet, —] A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet only gilt over, not of solid gold.

So, in B. Jonson's *Alchemist*:

“ ————— or changing:

“ His *parcel-gilt* to massy gold.”

The same expression occurs in many other old plays.

So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

“ She's *parcel* poet, *parcel* fidler already, and they com-

“ monly sing three parts in one.”

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ I am little better than a *parcel-gilt* bawd.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ You *parcel* bawd, all usher, answer me.”

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolfsey's plate, says — “ and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* “ plate.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — for likening his father to a singing-man —] Such is the reading of the first edition; all the rest have for likening him to a *singing-man*. The original edition is right; the prince might allow familiarities with himself, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife,] A *Keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — a mess of vinegar;] So, in *Mucedorus*:

“ I tell you all the *messes* are on the table already,

“ There wants not so much as a *mess* of mustard.”

Again, in an ancient interlude published by *Rastel*; no title or date:

“ Ye mary sometye in a messe of *vergeffe*.”

A *mess* seems to have been the common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. STEEVENS.

when



when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

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

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know, you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

*Hof.* Yes, in troth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo <sup>s</sup> this sneap without

<sup>7</sup> —*I know you have practis'd—*] In the first quarto it is read thus—*You have*, as it appears to me, *practis'd upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman*, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person. Without this, the following exhortation of the chief justice is less proper. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*this sneap—*] A Yorkshire word for rebuke.

POPE.

*Sneap* signifies to *check*; as children easily *sneaped*; herbs and fruits *sneaped* with cold weather. See *Ray's Collection*.

Again, in Brome's *Antipodes*, 1638:

“Do you *sneap* me too, my lord?”

Again:

“No need to come hither to be *sneap'd*.”

Again:

out reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent fawciness: if a man will make curt'fy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but ' answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, master Gower; What news?

*Gower.* The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman,——

*Hof.* Nay, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman;——Come, no more words of it.

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

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the ' German hunting in water-work, is worth

Again:

“——— even as now I was not

“When you *sneap'd* me, my lord.” STEEVENS.

° ——— *answer in the effect of your reputation,*—] That is, answer in a manner suitable to your character. JOHNSON.

¹ *German hunting in water-work,*——] i. e. In water colours. WARBURTON.

So, in Holinshed, p. 819: “The king for himself had a house of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blew *water-work* garnished with yellow and white.” It appears from the same Chronicle, p. 840, that these *painted cloths* were brought from Holland. The *German hunting* was therefore

worth a thousand of \*these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Hof.* Pray thee, fir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, Ia.

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

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

*Fal.* Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on. <sup>3</sup> [*To the officers.*]

*Hof.* Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, &c.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

therefore a subject very likely to be adopted by the artists of that country. STEEVENS.

The *German* hunting, is, I suppose, hunting the *wild boar*. Shakespeare in another place speaks of "a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one." FARMER.

\* — *these bed-hangings,*—] We should read *dead-hangings*, i. e. faded. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading may well stand. He recommends painted canvas instead of tapestry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> [*To the officers.*] I rather suspect that the words *hook on*, *hook on*, are addressed to Bardolph, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the same humour. In this sense the expression is used in *The Guardian*, by Messenger:

"Hook on, follow him, harpies." STEEVENS.

Gower.

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*Gower.* \* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

*Cb. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gower.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Cb. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Cb. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gower.* I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good fir John.

*Cb. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take foldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, master Gower?

*Cb. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, fir John?

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

*Cb. Just.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E   I I.

*Continues in London.*

*Enter prince Henry, and Poins.*

*P. Henry.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

\* *At Basingstoke* — ] The quarto reads, at *Billinggate*. The players set down the name of the place which was the most familiar to them.    STEEVENS.

*Poins.*

*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

*P. Henry.* 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

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

*P. Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: 'and God knows, whether those  
that

<sup>s</sup> —and God knows &c.] This passage Mr. Pope restored from the first edition. I think it may as well be omitted. It is omitted in the first folio, and in all subsequent editions before Mr. Pope's, and was perhaps expunged by the author. The editors, unwilling to lose any thing of Shakespeare's, not only insert what he has added, but recall what he has rejected.

JOHNSON.

I have not met with positive evidence that Shakespeare rejected any passages whatever. Such proof may indeed be inferred from those of the quartos which were published in his life-time, and are declared (in their titles) to have been enlarged and corrected by his own hand. These I would follow, in preference to the folio, and should at all times be cautious of opposing its authority to that of the elder copies. Of the play in question, there is no quarto extant but that in 1600, and therefore we are unauthorized to assert that a single passage was omitted by consent of the poet himself. When the folio (as it often does) will support me in the omission of a sacred name, I am happy to avail myself

that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom : but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world encreases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

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

*P. Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

*Poins.* Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

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

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

*P. Henry.* Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly, upon such a subject.

*P. Henry.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me <sup>6</sup> all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason?

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

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

myself of the choice it offers; but otherwise do not think I have a right to expunge what Shakespeare should seem to have written, on the bare authority of the player-editors. I have therefore restored the passage in question, to the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *all ostentation of sorrow.*] Ostentation is here not boastful shew, but simply shew. *Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— one well studied in a sad ostent

“ To please his grandame.” JOHNSON.

*P. Henry.*

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

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

*P. Henry.* And to thee.

*Poins.* Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a <sup>7</sup> proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

*P. Henry.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

*Enter Bardolph, and Page.*

*Bard.* 'Save your grace!

*P. Henry.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

<sup>8</sup> *Bard.* [*to the page.*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

*Page.* He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face

<sup>7</sup> ——— *proper fellow of my hands;—*] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Poins.* *Come, you virtuous ass, &c.*] Though all editions give this speech to Poins, it seems evident, by the page's immediate reply, that it must be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-house, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being ashamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward bashfulness. THEOBALD.

from the window : at last, I spy'd his eyes ; and, me-  
thought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new  
petticoat, and peep'd through.

*P. Henry.* Hath not the boy profited ?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away !

*P. Henry.* Instruct us, boy : What dream, boy ?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, ' Althea dream'd she was  
deliver'd of a firebrand ; and therefore I call him her  
dream.

*P. Henry.* A crown's-worth of good interpretation.  
—There it is, boy.      [*Gives him money.*]

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from  
cankers !—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hang'd among  
you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*P. Henry.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

*Bard.* Well, my good lord. He heard of your  
grace's coming to town ; there's a letter for you.

*P. Henry.* Deliver'd with good respect.—And how  
doth ' the martlemas your master ?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir ?

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

*P. Henry.* I do allow ' this wen to be as familiar

<sup>9</sup>—*Althea dream'd &c.*] Shakespeare is here mistaken in his  
mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's.  
The firebrand of Althea was real : but Hecuba, when she was  
big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that  
consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *the martlemas, your master ?*] That is, the autumn,  
or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions.  
JOHNSON.

*Martlemas* is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. *Martin*,  
the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in all the  
old plays. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

“ A piece of beef hung up since *Martlemas*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *this wen* ——— ] This swollen excrescence of a man,

JOHNSON.

. with



with me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for, look you, how he writes.

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

*P. Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :—

*Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

*4 P. Henry.* Peace !

*Poins.* <sup>5</sup> *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*—sure he means brevity in breath ; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to*

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the answer is as ready as a borrow'd cap ;—}* But how is a borrow'd cap so ready ? Read *a borrower's cap*, and then there is some humour in it : for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant ; his cap is always at hand.

WARBURTON.

*4 P. Henry.]* All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hammer, have left this letter in confusion, making the prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*—] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of style. I suppose by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæsar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. REVISAL.

*say, as thou usest him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.*

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

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

*Poins.* May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Henry.* Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise fit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Henry.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old<sup>7</sup> frank?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.

*P. Henry.* What company?

*Page.* <sup>8</sup> Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

<sup>6</sup> *That's to make him eat twenty of his words.]* Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists.

WARBURTON.

It is not surely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. Thus in the *Tempest*, *Miranda* talks of playing "for a *score* of kingdoms." *Bushy*, in *K. Richard II.* observes that "each substance of a grief has *twenty* shadows." In *Julius Cæsar*, Cæsar says that the slave's hand "did burn like *twenty* torches." In *K. Lear* we meet with "*twenty* silly ducking observants," and "not a nose among *twenty*."

*Robert Green*, the pamphleteer, indeed obliged an apparitor to eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* the Sumner is compelled to do the like: and says on the occasion,—"I'll eat my *word*." Harpoole replies, "I meane you shall eat more than your own *word*, I'll make you eate all the *words* in the proceffe." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —frank?] Frank is sty. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> *Ephesians, &c.]* Ephesian was a term in the cant of these times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So the host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"It is thine host, thine *Ephesian* calls," JOHNSON.

*P. Henry.*

*P. Henry.* Sup any women with him ?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet ?

*P. Henry.* <sup>1</sup> What pagan may that be ?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, fir, and a kinswo-  
man of my master's.

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

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

*P. Henry.* Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph ;—no  
word to your master, that I am yet come to town :  
There's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, fir.

*Page.* And for mine, fir,—I will govern it.

*P. Henry.* Fare ye well ; go.—This Doll Tear-  
sheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way be-  
tween faint Alban's and London.

*P. Henry.* How might we see Falstaff bestow him-  
self to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be  
seen ?

*Poins.* <sup>2</sup> Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and  
wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*P. Henry.*

<sup>0</sup> ————*Doll Tear-sheet.*] Shakespeare might have taken the hint  
for this name from the following passage in the *Playe of Robyn  
Hoode*, very proper to be played in Maye games, bl. l. no date :

“ She is a trul of trust, to serve a frier at his lust,

“ A prycker, a praucer, a terer of sbetes, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *What pagan may that be ?*] Pagan seems to have been a cant  
term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners.

So, in *The Captain*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher :

“ Three little children, one of them was mine ;

“ Upon my conscience the other two were *Pagans*.”

In the *City Madam* of Massinger it is used (as here) for a prosti-  
tute :

“ ———— in all these places

“ I've had my several *Pagans* billeted.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Put on two leather jerkins*——] This was a plot very un-  
likely

*P. Henry.* From a god to a bull? <sup>3</sup> a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Warkworth Castle.*

*Enter Northumberland, lady Northumberland, and lady Percy.*

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

*L. North.* I have given over, I will speak no more;  
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

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

*L. Percy.* Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

likely to succeed where the prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— a heavy descension!] Other readings have it *declension*. Mr. Pope chose the first. On which Mr. Theobald says, "But why not declension? are not the terms properly synonymous?" If so, might not Mr. Pope say, in his turn, then why not *descension*? But it is not so; and *descension* was preferred with judgment: for *descension* signifies a voluntary going down; *declension*, a natural and necessary. Thus when we speak of the sun poetically, as a chariotteer, we should say his *descension*: if physically, as a mere globe of light, his *declension*.

WARBURTON.

*Descension* is the reading of the first edition.

Mr. Upton proposes that we should read thus by transposition: *From a god to a bull, a low transformation! — from a prince to a prentice, a heavy declension!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

When

When you were more endear'd to it than now ;  
 When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
 Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
 Bring up his powers ; † but he did long in vain.  
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?  
 There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.  
 For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !  
 For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun <sup>5</sup>  
 In the grey vault of heaven : and, by his light,  
 Did all the chivalry of England move  
 To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass  
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
 † He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait :  
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
 Became the accents of the valiant ;  
 For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
 To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,  
 In diet, in affections of delight,  
 In military rules, humours of blood,  
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !  
 O miracle of men !—him did you leave,  
 (Second to none, unseconded by you)  
 To look upon the hideous god of war  
 In disadvantage ; to abide a field,  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
 Did seem defensible :—so you left him :  
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

<sup>4</sup> ————*but he did long in vain,*] Theobald very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote

———*but he did look in vain,* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ————*as the sun*

*In the grey vault of heaven :*] So, in one of our author's poems to his mistress :

“ And truly not the morning *sun* of heaven

“ Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the east, &c.”

STEEVENS.

† *He had no legs, &c.*] The twenty two following lines are of those added by Shakespeare after his first edition. POPE.

To hold your honour more precise and nice  
 With others, than with him ; let them alone ;  
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong :  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
 Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,  
 With new lamenting ancient overlooks.  
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ;  
 Or it will seek me in another place,  
 And find me worse provided.

*L. North.* O, fly to Scotland,  
 'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*L. Percy.* If they get ground and vantage of the  
 king,  
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,  
 First let them try themselves : So did your son ;  
 He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;  
 And never shall have length of life enough,  
 ' To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
 For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my  
 mind,  
 As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

<sup>7</sup> *To rain upon remembrance*—] Alluding to the plant,  
 rosemary, so called, and used in funerals.

Thus, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ For you there's *rosemary* and rue, these keep

“ Seeming and favour all the winter long :

“ *Grace* and *remembrance* be unto you both, &c.”

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms ;  
 so rosemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalic.

WARRBURTON.

Fain

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
 But many thousand reasons hold me back :—  
 I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,  
 'Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*London.*

*The Boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there ?  
 apple-Johns ? thou know'st, fir John cannot endure  
 an apple-John<sup>s</sup>.

2 *Draw.* Mafs, thou fay'st true : The prince once  
 fet a difh of apple-Johns before him, and told him,  
 there were five more fir Johns : and, putting off his  
 hat, faid, *I will now take my leave of thefe fix dry,  
 round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the  
 heart ; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and fet them down : And  
 fee if thou can'ft find out<sup>9</sup> Sneak's noife ; miftrefs  
 Tear-sheet

<sup>s</sup> — an apple-John.] So in *The Ball* by Chapman and Shirley,  
 1639:

“ ——— thy man *Apple-John*, that looks  
 “ As he had been a fennight in the ftraw,  
 “ A ripening for the market.”

This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and  
 shrivelled. It is called by the French, — *Deux-ans.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — Sneak's noife ;— Sneak was a ftreet minftrel, and  
 therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the  
 neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A *noife of muficians* anciently fignified a concert or company of  
 them. In the old play of *Henry V.* (not that of Shakefpeare)  
 there is this paffage :

“ ——— there came the young prince, and two or three more  
 “ of his companions, and called for wine good ftore, and then  
 “ they fent for a *noife of muficians*, &c.

Falftaff addreffes them as a company in another fcene of this  
 play,

So

490 SECOND PART OF

Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. ' Dispatch :  
—The room where they supp'd, is too hot ; they'll  
come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master  
Poins anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins,  
and aprons ; and fir John must not know of it : Bar-  
dolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. Then 2 here will be old utis : It will be  
an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.  
Enter

So, again, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, print-  
ed 1598, the count says :

“ Oh that we had a noise of muscians, to play to this antick as  
“ we go.”

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* :

“ Why, Sir George ; send for Spindle's noise presently.”

Again, in the comedy of *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602 :

“ ——— you must get us music too :

“ Call in a cleanly noise ; the rogues grow lousy.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 :

“ ——— All the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have had  
“ their fiddle-cases pull'd over their ears.”

Again, in *Wily Beguiled* :

“ That we will, i'faith Peg ; we'll have a whole noise of fiders  
“ there.”

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*,  
1612 :

“ There's seven score noise at least of English fiders.”

Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has taken two expressions from  
these plays of Henry IV. and put them into the mouth of *Thersi-*  
*tes* addressing himself to *Achilles* :

“ Where's this great sword and buckler man of Greece ?

“ We shall have him in one of Sneak's noise,

“ And come peaking into the tents of the Greeks,

“ With, — will you have any music, gentlemen ? ———

Among Ben Jonson's *Leges convivales*, is

*Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito.* STEEVENS.

' Dispatch : &c.] This period is from the first edition.

POPE.

2 ——— here will be old utis : —] *Utis*, an old word yet in  
use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French  
*buit, octo*, ab A. S. *eahra Ostaræ festi alicujus*. — Skinner.

POPE.

OL



*Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.*

*Host.* Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality : your pulfidge beats<sup>3</sup> as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose : But, i'faith, you have drank too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this ? How do you now ?

*Dol.* Better than I was. Hem.

*Host.* Why, that was well said ; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes fir John.

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* *When Arthur first in court*<sup>4</sup>—Empty the jordan.—  
*and was a worthy king* : How now, mistress Doll ?

[*Exit Drawer.*]

*Old*, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* signifies festivity in a great degree.

So, in *Lingua*, 1607 :

“ ———there's *old* moving among them.”

Again, in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it* :

“ We shall have *old* breaking of necks then.”

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda* :

“ I shall have *old* laughing.”

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ Here will be *old* filching when the pres comes out of Paul's.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———*your pulfidge beats &c.*] One would almost regard this speech as a burlesque on the following passage in the interlude called the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567. *Infidelity* says to *Mary* :

“ Let me fele your poulfes mistresse Mary, be you sicke ?

“ By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be :

“ Your vaines are as full of blood, lusty and quicke,

“ In better taking truly I did you never see.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *When Arthur first in court*——] The entire ballad is published in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

*Host.*

*Hof.* <sup>5</sup> Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

*Fal.* <sup>6</sup> So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* <sup>7</sup> You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

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

*Dol.* Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

*Fal.*

<sup>5</sup> *Sick of a calm* :—] I suppose she means to say *of a qualm*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *So is all her sect* ;—] I know not why *sect* is printed in all the copies: I believe *sex* is meant. JOHNSON.

*Sect* is, I believe, right. Falstaff means all of her profession. In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594, the word is frequently used:

“*Sil.* I am none of that *sect*.”

“*Can.* Thy loving *sect* is an ancient *sect*, and an honour-  
“able,” &c.

Since the foregoing quotations were given, I have found *sect* so often printed for *sex* in the old plays, that I suppose these words were anciently synonymous. Thus, in Marston's *Infernal Courtiers*, 1631: “Deceives our *sect* of fame and chastity.”

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

“———Modesty was made.

“When she was first intended: when she blushes,

“It is the holiest thing to look upon,

“The purest temple of her *sect*, that ever

“Made nature a blest founder.”

Again, in Whetstone's *Arbour of Vertue*, 1576:

“Who, for that these barons so wrought a slander to her *sect*,

“Their foolish, rash, and judgment false, she sharplie did detect.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *You make fat rascals*, —] Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

So, in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“The heavy hart, the blowing buck, the *rascal*, and  
“the pricket.”

Again,

*Fal.* \* *Your brooches, pearls, and owches;*—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon <sup>9</sup>the charg'd chambers bravely:—

*Dol.*

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abington, 1599*:

“What take you?—Deer.—You’ll ne’er strike *rascal*?”

Again, in *Quarles’s Virgin Widow, 1656*:

“—and have known a *rascal* from a fat deer.” STEEVENS.

\* *Your brooches, pearls, and owches;*—] *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were bosses of gold set with diamonds. POPE.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names as we give that of *carbuncle*, to something very different from gems and ornaments: but the passage deserves not a laborious research. JOHNSON.

*Your brooches, pearls, and owches,*] Is a line in an old song, but I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnson may be supported in his conjecture by a passage in *The Widow’s Tears*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612:

“—As many aches in his bones as there are *ouches* in his skin.”

Again, in the *Duke’s Mistress*, by Shirley, 1638. *Valerie* speaking of a lady’s nose, says:

“It has a comely length, and is well studded

“With *gems* of price; the goldsmith would give money for’t.”

Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *ouches* in their literal sense. So, in *Nash’s Lenten Stuff, &c. 1599*: “—three scarfs, bracelets, chains, and *ouches*.” It appears likewise from a passage in the ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by *Wynkyn de Worde*, that the makers of these ornaments were called *ouchchers*.

“*Owchers, skynners, and cutlers.*”

Dugdale, page 234, in his account of the will of T. de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, in the time of king Edward III. says: “his jewels he thus disposed: to his daughter Stafford, an *ouch* called the eagle, which the prince gave him; to his daughter Alice, his next best *ouch*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —the *charg’d chambers*—] To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610:

“—he has taught my ladies to make fireworks; they can deal in *chambers* already, as well as all the gunners that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the mayor and aldermen land at Westminster.”

Again,

*Dol.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Hof.* Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as 'rheumatic' as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jere! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To *Doll.*

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, 'ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not

Again, in the *Puritan Widow*, 1605:

"—only your *chambers* are licensed to play upon you, and drabs enow to give fire to them."

A *chamber* is likewise that part in a mine where the powder is lodged. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup>—*rheumatic*—] She would say splenetic. HANMER.

I believe she means what she says. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"*Cob.* Why I have my *rewms*, and can be angry."

So, in our author's *Henry V.*

"He did in some fort handle women; but then he was "*rheumatic*," &c.

*Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, signified capricious, humourfome. In this sense it appears to be used in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup>—*as two dry toasts*;—] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup>—*ancient Pistol*—] Is the same as *ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or *ancient*.

JOHNSON.

come

come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best :—Shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here : I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now ;—shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess ?—

*Host.* Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John ; there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me ; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tifick, the deputy, the other day : and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he ;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then ;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil ; for, faith he, you are in an ill name ;*—now he said so, I can tell whereupon ; *for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : Receive,* says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here ;—you would bless you to hear what he said :—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess ; † a tame cheater, he ; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound :

† — a tame cheater,—] Gamester and cheater were, in Shakespeare's age, synonymous terms. Ben Jonson has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater*.

*Greene* in his *Mibil Mumchance* has the following passage : “ They call their art by a new-sound name, as *cheating*, themselves *cheators*, and the dice *chetes*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waives, strais, and such like, be called *chetes*, and are accustomedly said to be *escheted* to the lord's use.” Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our most ancient writers. In the *Bell-man of London* by T. Decker, 5th edit. 1640,

hound : he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.— Call him up, drawer.

*Hof.* Cheater, call you him? <sup>5</sup> I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater : But I do not love swaggering by my troth ; I am the worse, when one says—swagger : feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostefs.

*Hof.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.*

*Pist.* 'Save you, fir John !

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostefs.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, fir John, with two bullets.

*Fa.* She is pistol-proof, fir ; you shall hardly offend her.

*Hof.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets :

1640, the same derivation of the word is given. "Of all which lawes, the highest in place is the *cheating* law, or the art of winning money by false dyce. Those that practice this study call themselves *cheaters*, the dyce *cheators*, and the money which they purchase *cheate* : borrowing the terme from our common lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leetes, as waifes, straies, and such like, are said to be *eschated* to the lordes use, and are called *cheates*." This account of the word is likewise given in *A Manifest Detection of Dice-play*, printed by Vele in the reign of Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:—*] The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater*, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eschuator*, well known to the common people of that time ; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I<sup>6</sup>.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung<sup>7</sup>, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps;<sup>8</sup> an you play the saucy cuttle with me.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll drink no more—for no man's pleasure, I.*—] This should not be printed as a broken sentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in the *London Prodigal* we have, "I scorn service, I." "I am an ass, I," says the stage-keeper in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*; and Kendall thus translates a well-known epigram of Martial:

"I love thee not, *Sabidius*,

"I cannot tell thee why:

"I can saie naught but this alone,

"I do not love thee, I."

In Kendall's collection there are many translations from Claudian, Aufonius, the *Anthologia*, &c. FARMER.

So, in *K. Richard III.* act III. sc. ii.

"I do not like these several councils, I." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I."

Again, in *K. Edw. II.* by Marlow, 1622:

"I am none of these common peasants, I."

The French still use this idiom.—*Jé suis Parisien, moi.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *filthy bung*, —] In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purse; and among an explanation of many of these terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1611, it is said that "*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *an you play the saucy cuttle with me.*] It appears from Greene's *Art of Conny-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the allusion may be to the foul language thrown out by Pistol, which she means to compare with such filth as the *cuttle-fish* ejects. STEEVENS.

Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, fir?<sup>9</sup> What, with two 'points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.* I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.*<sup>2</sup> No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Hof.* No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater,<sup>3</sup> art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? If captains

<sup>9</sup> ——— *what, with two points on your shoulder? much!*] *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *march*. WARBURTON.

I cannot but think the emendation right. This use of *much* I do not remember; nor is it here proved by any example.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is used thus in B. Jonson's *Volpone*:

“ ——— But you shall eat it. *Much!* ”

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ *Much*, wench! or *much*, son!”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:

“ Ay, *much!* when I have neither barn nor garner.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *points*—] As a mark of his commission. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *No more, Pistol, &c.*] This is from the old edition of 1600.

POPE.

<sup>3</sup> *Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, &c.*] Pistol's character seems to have been a common one on the stage in the time of Shakespeare. In a *Woman's a Weathercock* by N. Field, 1612, there is another personage exactly of the same stamp, who is thus described:

“ Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a soldier!

“ That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face,

“ Thy blather chops, and thy robustious words,

“ Fright'it the poor whore, and terribly dost exact

“ A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,

“ Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience,

“ Thou snap'it besides with cheats and cut-purses.”

MALONE.

were



were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! \* He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain ' as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned

\* *He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes.*] That is, he lives at other mens cost, but is not admitted to their tables, and gets only what is too stale to be eaten in the house.

JOHNSON.

It means rather, that he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks shops. *Stew'd prunes*, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pyes and *cakes* are at present. The allusion to *stew'd prunes*, and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in the first part of this historical play.

STEEVENS.

' *— as odious as the word occupy; —*] So, B. Jonson in his *Discoveries*: "Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as, *occupy*, nature," &c.

STEEVENS.

*Occupant* seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wench. So in Marston's *Satires*, 1599: " ——— He with his *occupant*

" Are cling'd so close, like dew-worms in the morne,  
" That he'll not stir."

Again: " Whose senses some damn'd *occupant* bereaves."

Again, in a song by Sir T. Overbury, 1632:

" Here's water to quench maiden's fires,  
" Here's spirits for old *occupiers*." MALONE.

lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. <sup>6</sup> Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, <sup>7</sup> faitors! <sup>8</sup> Have we not Hiren here?

*Hoff.*

<sup>6</sup> *Hold hook and line*,—]. These words are introduced in ridicule, by B. Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609. Of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakespeare had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of *Pistol's* character to be composed: and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusions is not a little obscured.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *faitors!*] *Faitours*, says Minshew's Dictionary, is a corruption of the French word *faiscurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is used in the statute 7 *Rich. II.* c. 5, for evil doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's Dictionary signifies slothful, idle, &c. TOLLBT.

—down *faitors*. i. e. traitors, rascals. So Spenser:

“Into new woes, unweeting, was I cast

“By this false *faitour*.”

The word often occurs in the *Chester Mysteries*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*Have we not Hiren here?*] I have been told that the words—*have we not Hiren here*, are taken from a very old play, entitled, *Hiren, or the Fayré Greeke*, and are spoken by Mahomet when his Bassas upbraided him with having lost so many provinces through an attachment to effeminate pleasures. Pistol, with some humour, is made to repeat these words before Falstaff and his messmates, as he points to Doll Tear-sheet, in the same manner as the Turkish monarch had pointed to *Hiren (Irene)* before the whole assembled divan. This dramatic piece I have never seen; but it is mentioned in that very useful and curious book *The Companion to the Play-house*, as the work of W. Barkstead, published in 1611. Mr. Oldys in a MS. note confirms this circumstance.

It appears likewise from the “Merry conceited Jest of *George Peele, Gentleman*,” who was master of arts in 1579, that a play called *Mahomet and Irene the fair Greek*, had been acted, but was written down by the hero of this pamphlet.

In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks; or, Who would have thought it?* the same quotation is likewise introduced, and on a similar occasion. The prince Polymetes says:

“What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?

“*Have we not Hiren here?*”

Again, in Massinger's *Old Law*:

“Clown. No dancing for me, we have Siren here.

“Cook. Syren! 'twas *Hiren*, the fair Greek, man.”

Again,

*Hof.* Good captain Peefel, be quiet; it is very late :  
I befeek you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pift.* Thefe be good humours, indeed ! Shall pack-  
horses,

And ' hollow-pamper'd jades of Afia,

Which

Again, in *Decker's Satiromastix* :

“ — therefore whilst we have *Hiren* here, fpeak my little  
dish-wafhers.”

Again, in *Love's Miftrefs*, a mafque by T. Heywood, 1636 :

“ — fay ſhe is a foul beaft in your eyes, yet ſhe is my  
*Hyren*.”

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that in Adams's *Spiritual Navigator*, &c. 1615, there is the following paſſage: “ There be firens in the ſea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of theſe firens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain Engliſh, harlots,—ſwimme amongſt us?” Piſtol may therefore mean, Have we not a *ſtrumpet* here? and why I am thus uſed by her? STEVENS.

[ *' hollow-pamper'd jades of Afia*, &c.] Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd fuſtian play, entitled, *Tamburlain's Conqueſts*; or, *The Scythian Shepherd*. THEOBALD.

Theſe lines are addreſſed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot :

“ Holla, you pamper'd jades of Afia,

“ What ! can you draw but twenty miles a day ?”

The ſame paſſage is burleſqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Coxcomb*.

I was ſurprized to find a ſimile, much and juſtly celebrated by the admirers of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, inſerted almoſt word for word in the ſecond part of this tragedy. The earlieſt edition of thoſe books of *The Fairy Queen*, in one of which it is to be found, was publiſhed in 1590, and *Tamburlaine* had been repreſented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to *Perimedes the Blackſmith*, by Robert Greene. The firſt copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

“ Like to an almond-tree ymounted high

“ On top of green Selinis, all alone,

“ With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily,

“ Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one

“ At every little breath that under heaven is blown.”

*Spencer.*

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
Compare with Cæsars, and with ' Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Hof.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs<sup>2</sup>; give crowns like pins;  
<sup>3</sup> Have we not Hiren here?

*Hof.*

“ Like to an almond-tree ymounted high  
“ Upon the lofty and celestial mount  
“ Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd  
“ With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows;  
“ Whose tender blossoms tremble every one  
“ At every little breath from heaven is blown.”

*Marlow's Tamburlaine.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. This was afterwards copied by Congreve's *Bluff* and *Wittol*. *Bluff* is a character apparently taken from this of ancient *Pistol*.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from *Pistol*; but Congreve seems to have copied his *Nol Bluff* more immediately from Jonson's *Captain Bobadil*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Die men like dogs;* —] This expression I find in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ Your lieutenant's an afs.

“ How an afs? *Die men like dogs?*” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Have we not Hiren here?*

*Hof.* *O' my word, captain, there's none such here.*] i. e. Shall I fear that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side? For, as king Arthur's swords were called *Caliburne* and *Ron*; as Edward the Confessor's, *Curtana*; as Charlemagne's, *Joyeuse*; Orlando's, *Durindana*; Rinaldo's, *Furberta*; and Rogero's, *Balifarda*; so *Pistol*, in imitation of these heroes, calls his sword *Hiren*. I have been told, *Amadis du Gaul* had a sword of this name. *Hirir* is to strike: from hence it seems probable that *Hiren* may be derived; and so signify a swashing, cutting sword.—But what wonderful humour is there in the good hostess so innocently mistaking *Pistol's* drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a  
whore

*Hof.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jere! do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then, + Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis : Come, give's some sack.

<sup>5</sup>—*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—

Fear

whore in the house, and therefore telling him, *O' my word, captain, there's none such here; what the good-jer! do you think, I would deny her?* THEOBALD.

As it appears from a former note, that *Hiren* was sometimes a cant term for a mistress or harlot, Pistol may be supposed to give it on this occasion, as an endearing name, to his sword, in the same spirit of fondness that he presently calls it—*sweetheart*. Pistol delights in bestowing titles on his weapon. In this scene he also calls it—*Atropos*. STEEVENS.

—*have we not Hiren here?*]

I know not whence Shakespeare derived this allusion to Arthur's lance. "Accinctus etiam Caliburno gladio optimo, lancea nomine IRON, dexteram suam decoravit," M. Westminsterienfis, p. 98. BOWLE. Geoffery of Monmouth, p. 65, reads *Ron* instead of *Iron*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup>—*feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:

"Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calypolis."

And again, in the same play:

"Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more."

And again:

"Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe,

"With strength and terrour to revenge our wrong."

This line is quoted in several of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiricall Satires*, 1602, has introduced Shakespeare's burlesque of it:

"Feed and be fat my fair *Calipolis*: stir not my beauteous wriggle-tails." STEEVENS.

It is likewise quoted by Marston in his *What you will*, as it stands in Shakespeare. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup>—*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads: "Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta," which is undoubtedly the true reading, but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it. JOHNSON.

K k 4

Pistol

Fear we broad-sides? no, let the fiend give fire :  
Give me some sack;—and, sweet-heart, lye thou  
there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

‘Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera*’s nothing?’

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* ‘Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: What! we have seen the seven stars.’

*Dol.* Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not ‘Galloway nags?’

Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonfaga, who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*:

“ Si fortuna me tormenta,  
“ Il speranza me contenta.”

And sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South Sea*, 1593, throws out the same gingling distich on the loss of his pinnace.

FARMER.

‘Come we to full points here; &c.] That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment? JOHNSON.

‘Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:’] i. e. I kiss thy fist. Mr. Pope will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a woman-slave that is born in one’s house; and that Pistol would kiss Falstaff’s domestic mistress Doll Tear-sheet. THEOBALD.

*Nief, neif, and naif*, are certainly law-terms for a woman-slave. So in *Thoroton’s Antiq. of Nottinghamshire*,—“ Every *naif* or she-villain, that took a husband or committed fornication, paid *marchet* for redemption of her blood 5’s. and 4 d.”

Again, in *Stanyburst’s Virgil*, 1582:

*Me FAMULAM famuloque Heleno transmisi habendam.*

“ Me his *nyese* to his servaunt Helenus full firmelye betroathed.”

I believe *neif* is used by Shakespeare for *fist*. It is still employed in that sense in the northern counties, and by B. Jonson in his *Poetaster*:

“ Reach me thy *neif*.”

Again, in *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Rowley:

“ Oh, sweet Ningle, thy *neif* once again.”

STEEVENS.

‘—Galloway nags?'] That is, common hackneys. JOHNSON.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, 'like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrew?—Then death

Rock me asleep', abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

[Snatching up his sword.

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So; murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you!

*Host.* Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly. [Re-enter Bard.

*Fal.* Have you turn'd him out of doors?

<sup>9</sup> —like a shove-groat shilling:] This expression occurs in *Every Man in his Humour*: “made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling.”

So again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Away slid I, man, like a shovel-board shilling.”

Again, in *Humour's Ordinary* by Samuel Rowlands. Satire 4.

“At shove-groat, venter-point, or crosse and pile.”

I suppose it to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —then death

*Rock me asleep,—*] This is a fragment of an ancient song supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

“O death rock me on slepe,

“Bring me on quiet rest, &c.”

For the entire song, see sir John Hawkins's *General Hist. of Music*, vol. III. p. 31. STEEVENS.

*Bard.*

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*Bard.* Yes, fir. The rascal's drunk : you have hurt him, fir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal ! to brave me !

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape ; how thou sweat'st ? Come, let me wipe thy face ;—come on, you whorson chops :—Ah, rogue ! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies : Ah, villain !

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

*Dol.* Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart : if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter musick.*

*Page.* The musick is come, fir.

*Fal.* Let them play ;—Play, firs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I'faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church. Thou whorson <sup>2</sup> little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

*Enter, behind, prince Henry and Poins, disguised like drawers.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll ! do not speak <sup>3</sup> like a death's head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.*

<sup>2</sup> — *little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig*,—] For *tidy* fir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny* ; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing.

JOHNSON.

*Tidy* has two significations, *timely*, and *neat*. In the first of these senses, I believe, it is used in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ — I myself have given good, *tidie* lambs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *like a death's head* ;] It appears from the following passage in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, that it was the custom

for



*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour is the prince of ?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow : he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

*Dol.* They say, Poin's hath a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit ? hang him, baboon !—his wit is as thick as <sup>4</sup> Tewksbury mustard ; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet <sup>5</sup>.

*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then ?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness ; and he plays at quoits well ; and <sup>6</sup> eats conger and fennel ; and

for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, speaking of some of these, says : — “ as for their death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is always before their eyes, and “ a *death's head* most commonly on their middle finger.” Again, in Massinger's *Old Law* : — “ sell some of my cloaths to buy “ thee a *death's head* and put upon thy middle finger : your least “ considering *bawds* do so much.”

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607 :

“ — as if I were a *bawd*, no ring pleases me but a *death's head*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Tewksbury mustard* ; &c.] *Tewksbury* is a market-town in the county of Gloucester, formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. Dr. GRAY.

<sup>5</sup> — in a mallet.] So, in Milton's *Prose Works*, 1738, vol. I. p. 300 : “ Though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuse and sad as any mallet.” TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> — eats conger and fennel ; and drinks off candles' ends &c.] These qualifications I do not understand. JOHNSON.

*Conger with fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by B. Jonson in his *Bartholomew-Fair*, — “ like a “ long lac'd conger with green fennel in the joll of it.” And in *Philaster*, one of the ladies advises the wanton Spanish prince to abstain from this article of luxury.

Greene likewise in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, calls *fennel* “ women's weeds ” — “ fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens they wish wantonly.”

The qualification that follows, viz. that of swallowing *candles' ends by way of flap-dragons*, seems to indicate no more than that the prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyles's his Supplication to the Devil*, advises hard drinkers, — “ to

and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good graee; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg<sup>7</sup>; and breeds no bate with telling of<sup>8</sup> discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a

—“to have some shoeing horne to pull on their wine, as a rasher on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a candle's end to make it taste the better,” &c.

And Ben Jonson in his *News from the Moon*, &c. a masque, speaks of those who eat candles ends, as an act of love and gallantry; and B. and Fletcher in *Monseur Thomas*: “—carouse her health in cans, and candles' ends.”

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633, a captain says, that his “corporal was lately choak'd at Delf by swallowing a flap-dragon.”

Again, in Shirley's *Constant Maid*, 1640,—“or he might spit flap-dragons from his fire of sack, to light us.”

Again, in TEKNOGAMIA; or, *The Marriages of the Arts*, 1618:—“like a flap-dragon, or a piece of bread sop'd in aqua vitz, and set a fire.”

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:—“have I not been drunk to your health, swallow'd flap-dragons, eat glasses, drank urine, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protested gallantry for your sake?”

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:—“as familiarly as pikes do gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen swallow flap-dragons.” STEEVENS.

A flap-dragon is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the flap-dragon from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup>—wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes that such is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century. “*Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quasi innatae essent, sine plicâ porrectas.*” MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121; STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup>—discreet stories:—] We should read indiscreet. WARBURTON, I suppose by *discreet stories*, is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller. Among the virtues of John Rugby, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly adds, that “he is no tell-tale, no breed-bate.”

STEEVENS,

weak

weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

*P. Henry.* Would not this <sup>9</sup> nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ?

*Poins.* Let's beat him before his whore.

*P. Henry.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance ?

*Fal.* Kifs me, Doll.

*P. Henry.* 'Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanack to that ?

*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon<sup>2</sup>, his man, be not <sup>3</sup> lispng to his master's old tables ; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.*

<sup>9</sup> — *nave of a wheel* — ] *Nave* and *knave* are easily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel* ? I suppose from his roundness. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

So, in the play represented before the king and queen in *Hamlet* :

“ Break all the spokes and fellies of her wheel,

“ And bowl the *round nave* down the steep of heaven.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction !*] This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *the fiery Trigon, &c.*] *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. So, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602. B. 6. chap. 31.

“ Even at the *fiery Trigon* shall your chief ascendant be.”

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a new Praise of the old Asses, &c.* by Gabriel Harvey, 1593: “ — now the warring planet was expected in person, and the *fiery Trigon* seemed to give the alarm.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *lispng to his master's old tables, &c.*] We should read, clasping too *his master's old tables, &c.* i. e. embracing his master's cast-off whore, and now his bawd [*his note-book, his counsel-keeper*]. We have the same phrase again in *Cymbeline* :

“ You clasp young Cupid's tables.” WARBURTON.

This emendation is very specious. I think it right. JOHNSON.

I believe

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

*Dol.* Nay, truly; I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvey young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome 'till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *lisp* a little in his courtship; or might assume an affected softness of speech, like Chaucer's *Frere*: late edit. Prol. v. 266:

“Somwhat he *lisped* for his wantonneffe,

“To make his English swete upon his tonge.”

Or, like the *Page* in the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, who “*Lisps* when he list to catch a chambermaid.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “—He can carve too and *lisp*.”

STEEVENS.

Certainly the word *clasp* better preserves the *integrity of the metaphor*, or perhaps, as the expression is *old tables*, we might read *licking*: Bardolph was *kissing* the *hostess*; and old ivory books were commonly cleaned by *licking* them. FARMER.

\* ——— a kirtle of? ] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following passages may serve to shew that it was something different from a *gown*. “How unkindly she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of silk.” *Greene's Art of Legerdemaine*, &c. 1612. Again, in one of *Stanyburss's* poems, 1582:

“This *gowne* your lovemate, that *kirtle* costlye she craveth.”

*Bale*, in his *Actes of English Notaries*, says that Roger earl of Shrewsbury sent “to Clunyake in France, for the *kyrtle* of holy Hugh the abbot.” Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*. “Half a dozen taffata gowns or sattin *kirtles*.” *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben. Jonson. STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

*P. Henry.* *Poins.* Anon, anon, fir.

*Fal.* <sup>5</sup> Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou *Poins*, his brother?

*P. Henry.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

*Fal.* A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*P. Henry.* Very true, fir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now heaven blefs that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

*Dol.* How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

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

*P. Henry.* You whoreson <sup>6</sup> candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

*Host.* 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Henry.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

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

*P. Henry.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

<sup>5</sup> *Ha! a bastard &c.*] The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—candle-mine,—*] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

*P. Henry.* No! to dispraise me; and call me—  
pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal!

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse; Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned; none;—no, boys, none.

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

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too,

*P. Henry.* For the women,—

*Fal.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, <sup>7</sup> and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

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

<sup>7</sup> —and burns, poor soul!] This is fir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, *she is in hell already, and burns poor souls.* The venereal disease was called in these times the *brennyng* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

*Host.*

*Hof.* All victuallers<sup>s</sup> do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

*P. Henry.* You, gentlewoman,——

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

*Hof.* Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter Peto.*

*P. Henry.* Peto, how now? what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts, Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

*P. Henry.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the fourth  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Poins.*]

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,  
and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More

\* — all victuallers do so:] The brothels were formerly screened under pretext of being *victualling houses* and *taverns*.

So, in Webster and Rowley's *Cure for a Cuckold*:

“ This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling house*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c.”—Now Sir this fellow, in revenge, informs against the *barwd* that kept the house, &c.”

Again, in *Gascoigne's Glass of Government*, 1575:

“ — at a house with a *red lattice* you shall find an old *barwd* called Pandarina, and a young *damsel* called Lamia.” Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines a *victualling house* thus: “ A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season*.” STEEVENS.

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knocking at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

*Bard.* You must away to court, fir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musicians, firrah [*To the Page*].—Farewel, hostefs;—farewel, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewel, Farewel. [*Exeunt Fal. and Bard.*]

*Hof.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*within*] Mistress Tear-sheet,——

*Hof.* What's the matter?

*Bard.* Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

*Hof.* O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The palace.*

*Enter king Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.*

*K. Henry.* Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

<sup>o</sup> O run, Doll, run; run good Doll.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, O run, Doll run, run: Good Doll, come: *She comes* *Glubber'd: Yea, will you come, Doll?* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> This first scene is not in my copy of the first edition.

JOHNSON.

There are two copies of the same date; and in one of these, the scene has been added. STEEVENS.

And



And well consider of them : Make good speed.—

[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep !—O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?  
 Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;  
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
 O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 \* A watch-case, or a common larum bell ?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf'ning clamours in the <sup>3</sup>slippery clouds,  
 That,

\* *A watch-case, &c.*] This alludes to the watchman set in gar-  
 rison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarm-bell,  
 which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching dan-  
 ger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but  
 at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty.  
 These alarm-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shake-  
 speare. HANMER.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *slippery clouds,*] The modern editors read *strawds*.  
 The old copy, ——— *in the slippery clouds* ; but I know not what  
 advantage is gained by the alteration, for *strawds* had anciently  
 the same meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many instances of this  
 use of the word from *Drayton*. So in his *Miracles of Moses* :

“ And the stern thunder from the airy *strawds*,

“ To the sad world, in fear and horror-spake.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem on Inigo Jones* :

“ And peering forth of Iris in the *strawds*.”

That, with the hurly <sup>4</sup>, death itself awakes ?  
 Can't thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king ? <sup>5</sup> Then, happy low, lie down !  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter Warwick, and Surrey.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty !

*K. Henry.* Is it good morrow, lords ?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

A moderate tempest would hang the waves in the *strowds* of a ship ; a great one might poetically be said to suspend them on the *clouds*, which were too *slippery* to retain them.

So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ ——— I have seen

“ Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage and foam

“ To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*.”

Drayton's *airy strowds* are the airy covertures of heaven ; which plain language are the *clouds*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That, with the hurly,*] *Hurly* is noise, derived from the French *burler* to howl, as *burly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Then, happy low, lie down!*] Evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*. These two lines making the just conclusion from what preceded. “ If sleep will fly a king and consort itself “ with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneasy the “ crown'd head.” WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has not admitted this emendation into his text: I am glad to do it the justice which its author has neglected.

JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading seems to be this : “ You, who “ are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to “ rest ! the head that wears a crown lies too uneasy to expect “ such a blessing.” Had not Shakespeare thought it necessary to subject himself to the tyranny of rhyme, he would probably have said : — “ then happy low, sleep on !”

*Sir W. D'Avenant* has the same thought in his *Law for Lovers* :

“ *How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low !*”

STEEVENS.

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* <sup>6</sup> Why, then, good morrow to you. Well,  
my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*K. Henry.* Then you perceive, the body of our  
kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* <sup>7</sup> It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;  
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little medicine: —

<sup>8</sup> My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*K. Henry.* O heaven! that one might read the book  
of fate;

And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see

<sup>6</sup> In the old edition :

*Why then good morrow to you all, my lords:*

*Have you read o'er, &c.]* The king sends letters to Surrey  
and Warwick, with charge that they should read them and attend  
him. Accordingly here Surrey and Warwick come, and no-  
body else. The king would hardly have said, " Good morrow to  
to you all," to two peers. THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton have received this  
emendation, and read *well* for *all*. The reading either way is of  
no importance. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,]* What would he have  
more? We should read :

*It is but as a body slight distemper'd.* WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. *Distemper*, that is, according to  
the old physic, a disproportionate mixture of humours, or in-  
equality of innate heat and radical humidity, is less than actual  
*disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases.  
The difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the  
same as between *disposition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.]* I believe Shake-  
speare wrote *school'd*; tutor'd, and brought to submission.

WARBURTON.

*Cool'd* is certainly right. JOHNSON.

The beachy girdle of the ocean  
 Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,  
 And changes fill the cup of alteration  
 With divers liquors ! <sup>9</sup> O, if this were seen,  
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,  
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
 'Tis not ten years gone,  
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,  
 Were they at wars : It is but eight years, since  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;  
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot ;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
 Gave him defiance. <sup>1</sup> But which of you was by,  
 (You, <sup>2</sup> cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To Warwick*,  
 When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,  
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?  
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which*  
*My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;—*

<sup>9</sup> ——— O, if this were seen, &c.] These four lines are supplied from the edition of 1600. WARBURTON.

My copy wants the whole scene, and therefore these lines.

There is some difficulty in the line,

*What perils past, what crosses to ensue ;*

because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing crosses. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *But which of you was by, &c.*] He refers to *King Richard*, act V. scene ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Cousin Nevil,*] Shakespeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of king Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of *Salisbury*. STEEVENS.

Though

Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent ;  
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :—  
*The time shall come*, thus did he follow it,  
*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,*  
*Shall break into corruption* :—so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time's condition,  
 And the division of our amity.

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :  
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,  
 And weak beginnings, lie entreaured.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;  
<sup>3</sup> And, by the necessary form of this,  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;  
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
 Unless on you.

*K. Henry.* <sup>4</sup> Are these things then necessities ?  
 Then let us meet them like necessities :—  
 And that same word even now cries out on us ;  
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland  
 Are fifty thousand strong.

<sup>3</sup> *And, by the necessary form of this,*] I think we might better read :

*The necessary form of things.*

The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read :

*And by the necessary form of these.*

i. e. the things mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Are these things then necessities ?*

*Then let us meet them like necessities ;—*] I am inclined to read :

*Then let us meet them like necessity.*

That is, with the resistless violence of necessity ; then comes more aptly the following line :

*And that same word even now cries out on us,*

That is, the word *necessity*. JOHNSON.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord ;  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the fear'd :—Please it your grace,  
 To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth,  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
 A certain instance, that Glendower is dead,  
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;  
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
 Unto your sickness.

*K. Henry.* I will take your counsel :  
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
 We would, dear lords, 'unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E    I I.

*Justice Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire*<sup>6</sup>.

*Enter Shallow meeting Silence, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c. behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on ; give me  
 your hand, fir, give me your hand, fir : an early  
 stirrer,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *unto the Holy Land.*] This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the present distribution, I should propose that this scene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloucestershire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the rest. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Justice Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire.*] From the following passage in *The Returne from Parnassus*, 1606, we may conclude that *Kempe* was the original *Justice Shallow*.—*Burbage* and *Kempe* are introduced instructing some Cambridge students to act.—*Burbage* makes one of the students repeat some lines of *Hieronymo* and *K. Rich.* III. *Kempe* says to another, “ Now for you—methinks you

stirrer, <sup>7</sup> by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, fir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, fir; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

*Shal.* I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black <sup>9</sup> George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and <sup>1</sup> Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such  
fwinge-

you belong to my tuition; and your face methinks would be good for a foolish Mayor, or a foolish Justice of Peace."—And again—"Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my selfe, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am."—It appears from Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, that he likewise played the Clown. "What can be made of a ropemaker more than a clowne? Will Kempe, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a merriment one of these dayes." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ———by the rood.] i. e. The cross. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> Silence.] The oldest copy of this play was published in 1600. It must however have been acted somewhat earlier, as in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: "No, lady, this is a kinsman to Justice Silence." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — George Bare, —] The quarto reads *George Barnes*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — Will Squele a Cotswold man, —] The games at Cotswold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of these I have seen accounts in several old pamphlets; and Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, meant to have him

<sup>2</sup> swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again : and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas <sup>3</sup> were ; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy ; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk <sup>4</sup>.

*Sil.*

him understood to be one, who was well versed in those exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution.

I suppose the following passage in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, contains an allusion of the same kind :

“ By my fayth ye are wont to be as bold

“ As yt were a *lyon* of Cottyswold.”

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600 :

“ You old state ruffin, you *lyon* of Cotfoll.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — swinge-bucklers — ] Swinge-bucklers and swastb-bucklers were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakespeare.

Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says : “ *Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an olde foole to leave playing the *swastb-buckler*.”

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Carast says, “ — when I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *swing'd a sword and buckler*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — bona-robas — ] i. e. Ladies of pleasure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. So, in *The Bride* by Nabbes, 1640 :

“ Some *bona-roba* they have been sporting with.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy ; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. ] The following circumstances, tending to prove that Shakespeare altered the name of *Oldcastle* to that of *Falstaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled “ The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre *Sir John Oldcastle* Knight, Lord Cobham,” 18mo. 1601, *Oldcastle*, relating the events of his life, says :

“ Within the spring-tide of my flowering youth,

“ He [his father] stept into the winter of his age ;

“ Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)

“ That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais* page.”

Again, in a pamphlet entitled “ The wandering Jew telling fortunes to Englishmen,” 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the last century) is the following passage in the *Glutton's* speech : “ I do not live by the sweat of my brows, but am almost dead with sweating. I eat much, but can talke little. *Sir John Oldcastle* was my great grandfather's father's uncle. I come of a *huge* kindred.” REED.

Different



*Sil.* This fir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

*Shal.* The same fir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate<sup>5</sup>, when he was a crack<sup>6</sup>, not thus high: and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

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

Different conclusions are sometimes drawn from the same premises. Because Shakespeare borrowed a single circumstance from the life of the *real Oldcastle*, and imparted it to the *fictitious Falstaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, because *Falstaff* was known to possess one feature in common with *Oldcastle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falstaff* was only *Oldcastle* in disguise? Hence too might have arisen the story that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a story sufficiently specious to have imposed on the writer of the "Wandering Jew," as well as on the credulity of *Field*, *Fuller*, and others, whose coincidence has been brought in support of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Skogan's head*—] Who *Scogan* was, may be understood from the following passage in *The Fortunate Isles*, a masque by Ben Jonson, 1626:

"Methinks you should enquire now after *Skelton*,

"And master *Scogan*.

—— " *Scogan*? what was he? ——

"Oh, a fine gentleman, and a master of arts

"Of *Henry the Fourth's* times, that made disguises

"For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal

"Daintily well," &c.

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called "*Scogan*, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's Houfe." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *a crack*,] This is an old islandic word, signifying a boy or child. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was surnamed *Krake*. See the story in *Edda*, Fable 63.

TYRWHITT.

*Sil.*

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet ?

*Sil.* Dead, fir.

*Shal.* Dead !—See, see !—he drew a good bow ;—And dead !—he shot a fine shoot :—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead !—he would have <sup>7</sup> clapp'd i'the clout at twelve score ; and carry'd you a fore-hand shaft a <sup>8</sup> fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now ?

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

*Shal.* And is old Double dead !

*Enter Bardolph and his boy.*

*Sil.* Here come two of fir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Bard.* <sup>9</sup> Good morrow, honest gentlemen : I beseech you, which is justice Shallow ?

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

*Bard.* My captain, fir, commends him to you ; my captain, fir John Falstaff : a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, fir ; I knew him a good back-sword man : How doth the good knight ? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth ?

<sup>7</sup> — clapp'd in the clout — ] i. e. Hit the white mark.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — fourteen and fourteen and a half, — ] That is, fourteen score of yards. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Good morrow, &c.] The quarto gives this as well as the following part of the speech to Bardolph. The folio divides it between Shallow and him. I have followed the quarto. STEEVENS.

*Bard.*

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a foldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, fir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: 'very good; a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon, fir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a foldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Shal.* It is very just:—Look, here comes good fir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good fir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

'———*very good, a good phrase.*] *Accommodate* was a modish term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us: "You are not to cast or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, &c. but use them properly in their places as others." Discoveries. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command*. His definition of it is admirable, and highly satirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate speakers or writers, when they should define, to put their hearers off with a synonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the same term differently *accommodated*; as in the instance before us. WARBURTON.

The same word occurs in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff:

"The woman does not understand *the words of action*."

STEEVENS.

*Shal.*

*Sbal.* No, fir John; it is my coufin Silence, in commiffion with me.

*Fal.* Good mafter Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen fufficient men?

*Sbal.* Marry, have we, fir. Will you fit?

*Fal.* Let me fee them, I befeech you.

*Sbal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me fee, let me fee, let me fee. So, fo, fo, fo: Yea, marry, fir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do fo, let them do fo.—Let me fee; Where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an't please you.

*Sbal.* What think you, fir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, ftrong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

*Sbal.* Ha, ha, ha! moft excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack ufe: Very fingular good!—Well faid, fir John; very well faid.

*Fal.* Prick him.

*Moul.* I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy, you fhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were fpent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Sbal.* Peace, fellow, peace; ftand afide; Know you where you are?—For the other, fir John:—let me fee;—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Ay marry, let me have him to fit under: he's like to be a cold foldier.

*Sbal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.*

*Shal.* Here, fir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shal.* My mother's son, fir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, fir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for<sup>2</sup> we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, fir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, fir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, fir John?

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

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, fir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Feeble.* Here, fir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Feeble.* A woman's taylor, fir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, fir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

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

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's taylor! well said,

<sup>2</sup> ————— we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.] That is, we have in the muster book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men.

JOHNSON.

COURT.

courageous Feeble ! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's taylor well, master Shallow ; deep, master Shallow.

*Feeble.* I would, Wart might have gone, fir.

*Fal.* I would, thou wert a man's taylor ; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands : Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Feeble.* It shall suffice, fir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next ?

*Shal.* Peter Bull-calf of the green !

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*Bull.* Here, fir,

*Fal.* Trust me, a likely fellow !—Come, prick me Bull-calf, 'till he roar again.

*Bull.* Oh ! good my lord captain,——

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd ?

*Bull.* O lord, fir ! I am a diseas'd man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou ?

*Bull.* A whorison cold, fir ; a cough, fir ; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, fir.

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

*Shal.* There is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, fir ;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, fir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George's fields ?

*Fal.* No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.*

*Shal.* Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

*Fal.* She lives, master Shallow.

*Shal.* She could never away with me<sup>s</sup>.

*Fal.* Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a<sup>9</sup> bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot chuse but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five years ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, fir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, fir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, and Justices.*]

*Bull.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd, fir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, fir, I

<sup>s</sup> *She could never away with me.*] This expression of dislike is used by *Maurice Kyffin*, in his translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: "All men that be in love can ill away to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—*such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*bona-roba.*] A fine showy wanton. JOHNSON.

*Bona-roba* was, in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. It is used in that sense by B. Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEEVENS.

do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling; and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, fir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, fir.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

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

*Bard.* Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Feeble.* 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.*]

*Fal.* Come, fir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you:—' I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, fir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you chuse for me.

*Shal.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home 'till you are past service<sup>1</sup>:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

*Shal.*

<sup>1</sup> ——— *I have three pound* ——— ] Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:* ] This should surely be: "For you, Mouldy, you have stay'd at home," &c. *Falstaff* has before a similar allusion, " 'Tis the more time thou wert used."

<sup>3</sup> There is some mistake in the number of recruits: Shallow says, that



*Shal.* Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to chuse a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes<sup>1</sup>, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbet's-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spate me the great ones.—Put me a <sup>6</sup> caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.*

that Falstaff should have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three*: Wart, Shadow, and Feeble. FARMER.

—*stay at home till you are past service*:] Perhaps this passage should be read and pointed thus: “For you, Mouldy, stay at home *still*; you are past service:—” TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> —*the thewes*,—] i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. So, again!

“For nature crescent, does not grow alone

“In *thewes* and bulk.”

In other ancient writers this term implies manners, or behaviour only. *Spenser* often uses it; and I find it likewise in *Gascoigne's Glass of Government*, 1575:

“And honour'd more than bees of better *thewes*.”

Shakespeare is perhaps singular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *assemblance of a man*?] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*assemblage*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —*swifter than he that gibbet's-on the brewer's bucket*.] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, <sup>7</sup> bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Skal.* He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green <sup>8</sup>, when I lay at Clement's-inn, (<sup>9</sup> I was then fir Dagonet in Arthur's show)

So, in the *Masque of Flowers*, 1613: “The serjeant of Kawatha carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a caliver.”

It is singular that Shakespeare, who has so often derived his sources of merriment from recent customs or fashionable follies, should not once have mentioned *tobacco*, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praise or its condemnation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *bald shot.*—] *Shot* is used for *shooter*, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *Mile-end green,*] It appears from Stowe's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702.) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised at *Mile-end*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — (*I was then fir Dagonet in Arthur's show*)—] The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy wight fir Dagonet, is from Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“*Boy.* Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's apprentice to court a king's daughter.

“*Cit.* Will it so, fir? You are well read in histories; I pray you, what was fir Dagonet? Was he not apprentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices of London*, where they tofs their pikes so, &c.” THEOBALD.

The story of fir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Arthur*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. “When papistry,” says Aſcham in his *School-maſter*, “as a standing pool, overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue ſaving certain books of chivalry, as they ſaid, for paſſtime and pleaſure; which books, as ſome ſay, were made in monaſteries by idle monks. As one for example, *La Mort d'Arthur*.” In this romance fir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Shakespeare would not have ſhewn his *juſtice* capable of repreſenting any higher character. JOHNSON.

*Arthur's*

show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus : and 'a would about, and about,

*Arthur's show* seems to have been a theatrical representation made out of the old romance of *Morte Arture*, the most popular one of our author's age. Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's 'squire.

Theobald remarks on this passage : " The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy knight (sir Dagonet) is from Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*."

The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* have not observed that the design of that play is founded upon a comedy called *The Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem* ; as it hath been diverse Times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood, 1612. For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his 'squire, &c. so in Heywood's play, four apprentices accoutre themselves as knights, and go to Jerusalem in quest of adventures. One of them, the most important character, is a goldsmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdasher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon it, contains many satirical strokes against Heywood's comedy, the force of which are entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's prologue, or first scene, a citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he " will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things."

Again, act I. scene i. Rafe says, " Amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a grocer-errant : I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf ? My elder brother Tim shall be my trusty 'squire, and George my dwarf."

In the following passage the allusion to Heywood's comedy is demonstrably manifest, act iv. scene i.

" Boy. It will shew ill-favour'dly to have a grocer's prentice court a king's daughter.

" Cit. Will it so, Sir ? You are well read in histories ; I pray you who was sir Dagonet ? Was he not prentice to a grocer in London ? Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, where they tofs their pikes so."

In Heywood's comedy, Eustace the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France ; and in the frontispiece the four prentices are represented in armour tilting

about, and come you in, and come you in : *rah, tab, tab*, would 'a fay ; *bounce*, would 'a fay ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come ; — I shall never see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, master Shallow. — God keep you, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you ; — Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renew'd : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* I would you would, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Shallow, and Silence.*]

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. — On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. — [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] — As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same stary'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done ? about Turnbull-street ;

and with javelins. Immediately before the last quoted speeches we have the following instances of allusion.

“ *Cit.* Let the Sophy of Persia come, and christen him a child.

“ *Boy.* Believe me, sir, that will not do so well ; 'tis flat ; it has been before at the Red Bull.”

A circumstance in Heywood's comedy ; which, as has been already specified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burlesque, Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances. WARTON.

In sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits* is an allusion to this play of Heywood :

“ I'd lose my wedding to behold these *Dagonets*.”

STEEVENS.

“ — about Turnbull-street ; — ] In an old comedy call'd *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, this street is mentioned again :

“ — Sir,

and every third word a lie, ducor paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheefeparing: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invifible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake<sup>2</sup>: he came ever

“ ——— Sir, get you gone,  
“ You fwaggering, cheating, *Turnbull-street* rogue.”

Nath, in *Pierce Pennileffe his Supplication*, commends the sisters of *Turnbull-street* to the patronage of the devil.

In *The Inner Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619:

“ 'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houfes,  
“ ——— caufe fpoit in Shoreditch,  
“ And deface *Turnbull*.”

Again, in Middleton's comedy, called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a French bawd fays: —“ J'ay une fille qui parle un peu François; elle converfera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys, en *Turnbull-street*.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* —“ Here has been fuch a hurry, fuch a din, fuch difmal drinking, swearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-street*.”

Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Pefle*:

“ ——— this my lady dear,  
“ I stole her from her friends in *Turnbull-street*.”

*Turnbull* or *Turnmill Street* is near Cow-crofs, Weft Smithfield.

The continuator of *Stowe's Annals* informs us that *Weft Smithfield*, (at prefent the horfe-market) was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their fkill at fword and buckler. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— were invifible:] The folio and quarto read, by an apparent error of the prefs, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe firft made the neceffary alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— call'd him mandrake:] This appellation will be fomething illuftrated by the following paffage in *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee*, compofed by T. Cutwode, Efqyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the archbifhop of Canterbury and the bifhop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41ft year of queen Elizabeth.

“ Upon the place and ground where *Caltha* grew,  
“ A mightie *mandrag* there did Venus plant;  
“ An object for faire *Primula* to view,  
“ Refembling man from thighs unto the flank,” &c.

ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the 'over-scutcht hufwives, that he heard the carmen whistle, and fware—they were his 'fancies, or his good-nights. 'And now is this vice's dagger become

The rest of the description might prove yet farther explanatory; but on some subjects silence is less reprehensible than information.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *over-scutcht* ———] That is whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimcd*. The word *hufwives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women.

JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says, that an *over-scutch'd hufwife* is a strumpet. *Over-scutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-scutch'd* is the same as *over-scotch'd*. A *scutch* or *scotch* is a cut or lash with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *fancies or his goodnights*.] Fancies and Goodnights were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Goodnights* is published among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And now is this vice's dagger* ———] By vice here the poet means that droll character in the old plays (which I have several times mentioned in the course of these notes) equipped with asses ears and a wooden dagger. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon.

THEOBALD.

"Vice's dagger," and "Like the old vice," This was the name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shown upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dreis was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of harlequin and scaramouch. Minshew, and others of our more modern critics, strain hard to find out the etymology of the word, and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need look no farther for it than the old French word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Visage* does now: from this in part came *Visdase*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. It may be imagined therefore that *Visdase*, or *Vis d'asne* was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shortened down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*. [VICE. A person in our old plays. The word is an abbreviation of *Device*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery,

come a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then <sup>6</sup> he burst his head, for crouding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he <sup>7</sup> beat his own name: for you might have tress'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a <sup>8</sup> philosopher's

machinery, and then originally called a *Device*, or *Vice*. In these representations he was a constant and the most popular character, afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The smith's machine called a *Vice*, is an abbreviation of the same sort.—Hamlet calls his uncle “a *vice* of kings,” a fantastic and *factitious* image of majesty, a mere *puppet* of royalty. See Jonson's *Alchemist*, act I. sc. iii:

“And on your stall a *puppet* with a *vice*.” WARTON.

<sup>6</sup> — he burst his head, —] Thus the folio and quarto. The modern editors read *broke*. To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. Thus B. Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, translates the following passage in Horace:

“——*fracta* pereuntes cuspide Gallos.”

“The lances *burst* in Gallia's slaughter'd forces.”

So, in *The Old Legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton*:

“But syr Bevis so hard him thrust, that his shoulder-bone  
“ he *burst*.”

Again, in the second part of *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“Whose chariot wheels have *burst* th' Assyrian's bones.”

Again, in Holinshed, p. 809: “——that manie a speare was *burst*, and manie a great stripe given.”

To *brast* had the same meaning. Barrett, in his *Alvearie* or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, calls a house-breaker, “a breaker and *braster* of doors.” The same author constantly uses *burst* as synonymous to *broken*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — beat his own name:] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — philosopher's two stones —] One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this passage too much. A philosopher's two stones is only more than the philosopher's stone.

pher's two stones to me: 'If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exeunt,

stone. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this passage, but without reason. Gower has a chapter in his *Confessio Amantis*, "Of the three stones that philosophres made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expressly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar clesed*; and that it is a water made of the four elements. Face, in the *Alchymist*, assures us, it is "a stone, and not a stone." FARMER.

That the ingredients of which this *Elixir*, or *Universal Medicine*, was composed, were by no means difficult of acquisition, may be proved by the following conclusion of a letter written by *Villers Duke of Buckingham* to *King James I.* on the subject of the *Philosopher's Stone*. See the second volume of *Royal Letters* in the *British Museum*, No. 6987, Art. 101.

"— I confess, so longe as he confel'd the meanes he wrought by, I despis'd all he said: but when he tould me, that which he hath given your soverainship to preserve you from all sicknes ever hereafter, was extracted out of a t—d, I admir'd the fellow; and for theis reasons: that being a stranger to you, yett he had found out the kind you are come of, and your natural affections and appetis; and so, like a skillful man, hath given you natural sicke, which is the onlie meanes to preserve the radicall humrs: and thus I conclude: My sow is healthfull, my divill's luckie, myself is happie, and needs no more than your blessing, which is my trew *Philosophers stone*, upon which I build as upon a rocke:

Your Majesties most humble slave & doge

*Stinie.*

The following passage in the dedication of *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and certaine Satyres*, 1598, may prove that the *Elixir* was supposed to be a stone before the time of Butler:

"Or like that rare and rich *Elixir stone*,

"Can turne to gold leaden invention." STEEVENS.

"If the young dace — ] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, *Fallstaff* may, with great propriety, devour *Shallow*. JOHNSON.

ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.*

*York.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gualtree forest<sup>1</sup>, an't shall please your grace.

*York.* Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*York.* 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold fortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we had in him touch  
ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis Gualtree forest,] "The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within Galtree forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them." Holinshed, page 529. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

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

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

*Enter Westmoreland.*

*York.* What well-appointed leader's fronts us here?

*Mozw.* I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.

*York.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;  
What doth concern your coming?

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

<sup>2</sup> *Let us sway on, —*] We should read, *sway* on; i. e. march on. WARBURTON.

I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed *sway*."

JOHNSON.

The word is used in *Holinshed*, English Hist. p. 986. "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground, &c." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* Part 3. act II. sc. v:

"Now *sways* it this way, like a mightie sea

"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;

"Now *sways* it that way, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *—well-appointed leader—*] *Well-appointed* is completely accounted: So in the *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"Ten thousand valiant, *well-appointed* men."

Again, in *The Ordinary* by Cartwright:

"*—Naked piety*

"Dares more, than fury *well-appointed*." STEEVENS.

Came

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
 + Led on by bloody youth, <sup>5</sup> guarded with rage,  
 And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary ;  
 I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
 Of base and bloody insurrection  
 With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd ;  
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd ;  
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd ;  
 Whose white investments figure innocence,<sup>6</sup>  
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war ?  
 Turning your books to <sup>7</sup> graves, your ink to blood,  
 Your

\* <sup>4</sup> *Led on by bloody youth*,—] I believe Shakespeare wrote *beady youth*. WARBURTON.

*Bloody youth* is only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — guarded with rage,—] *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress, it means the same as *faced, turned up*. Mr. Pope, who has been followed by succeeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the reading both of quarto and folio. Shakespeare uses the same expression in the former part of this play :

“ Velvet guards and Sunday citizens,” &c.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ Let him have a livery more guarded than his fellows.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Whose white investments figure innocence*,—] Formerly, (says Dr. Hody, *Hist. of Convocations*, p. 141.) all bishops wore white even when they travelled. GRAY:

By comparing this passage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Gray's notes, we learn that the white investment meant the episcopal rochet; and this should be worn by the theatric archbishop.

TOLLET.

<sup>7</sup> *Turning your books to graves*,—] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaves*, and is followed by sir Thomas HAMMER.

JOHNSON.

We

Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

*York.* <sup>8</sup> Wherefore do I this?—so the question  
stands.

Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of the *Discourses on the Art Military*, written by sir John Smythe, Knight, 1589, *greaves* are mentioned as necessary to be worn; and Ben Jonson employs the same word in his *Hymenei*:

“—upon their legs they wore silver *greaves*.”

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

“Arm'd with their *greaves* and maces.”

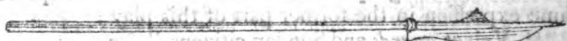
Again, in the 2nd canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Drayton:

“Marching in *greaves*, a helmet on her head.”

Warner, in his *Albions England*, 1602, b. 12. ch. 69. spells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakespeare:

“The tashes, cushies, and the *graves*, staff, pensell, baifes, all.”

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war of the following shape and dimensions. The wooden cut exhibits two sorts of *glaiives*, such as were used by our forefathers. *Glave* is the *Erse* word for a *broad-sword*, and *glais* is *Welsh* for a *hook*.



[<sup>8</sup> *Wherefore*, &c.] In this speech, after the first two lines, the next twenty-five are either omitted in the first edition, or added in the second. The answer, in which both the editions agree, apparently refers to some of these lines, which therefore may be probably supposed rather to have been dropped by a player desirous to shorten his speech; than added by the second labour of the author. JOHNSON.

I take

I take not on me here as a physician;  
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
 Troop in the throngs of military men:  
 But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,  
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
 \* And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
 By the rough torrent of occasion;  
 And have the summary of all our griefs,  
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;  
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
 And might by no suit gain our audience:  
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
 \* We are deny'd access unto his person  
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
 (Whose memory is written on the earth  
 With yet-appearing blood) and the examples  
 Of every minute's instance, (present now)  
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:

\* In former editions:

*And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,* } This is said in answer to Westmoreland's upbraiding the archbishop for engaging in a course which so ill became his profession:

— you, my lord archbishop,

*Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd, &c.*

So that the reply must be this:

*And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere.* WARBURTON.

\* *We are deny'd access:*— } The archbishop says in Holinshed: "Where he and his company were in arms, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free access, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers, as were about him."

STEEVENS.

Not

<sup>2</sup> Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal deny'd ?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
<sup>3</sup> And consecrate commotion's civil edge ?

*York.*

<sup>2</sup> *Not to break peace,—*] “ He took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth.” Archbishop's speech in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And consecrate, &c.*] In one of my old quartos of 1600 (for I have two of the self-same edition; one of which, it is evident, was corrected in some passages during the working off the whole impression) I found this verse. I have ventured to substitute *page* for *edge*, with regard to the uniformity of metaphor. Though the sword of rebellion, drawn by a bishop, may in some sort be said to be consecrated by his reverence. THEOBALD.

*And consecrate commotion's civil edge ?*] So the old books read. But Mr. Theobald changes *edge* to *page*, out of regard to the uniformity (as he calls it) of the metaphor. But he did not understand what was meant by *edge*. It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes. As to the cant of uniformity of metaphor in writing, this is to be observed, that changing the allusion in the same sentence is indeed vicious, and what Quintilian condemns: “ Multi quum initium à tempestate sumserint, incendio aut ruinâ finiunt.” But when one comparison or allusion is fairly separated from another, by distinct sentences, the case is different. So it is here; in one sentence we see “ the book of rebellion stamp'd with a seal divine;” in the other, “ the sword of civil discord consecrated.” But this change of the metaphor is not only allowable, but fit. For the dwelling overlong upon one, occasions the discourse to degenerate into a dull kind of allegorism. WARBURTON.

What Mr. Theobald says of two editions seems to be true; for my copy reads, *commotion's bitter edge*; but *civil* is undoubtedly right; and one would wonder how *bitter* could intrude if *civil* had been written first; perhaps the author himself made the change.

JOHNSON.

SINCE

*York.* \* My brother-general, the common-wealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

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

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

*West.* O my good lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,

Since I began to print this play, I have seen both the copies,  
but they both concur in reading *bitter*. Unless there be a third  
copy, Theobald has said what is not true. STEEVENS.

\* *My brother general, &c.*——

*I make my quarrel in particular.*] The sense is this: “My  
brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distri-  
bute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his  
own house, to brothers born, by giving some all, and others  
none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance that  
honours are unequally distributed;” the constant birth of male-  
contents, and source of civil commotions. WARBURTON.

In the first folio the second line is omitted, yet that reading, un-  
intelligible as it is, has been followed by sir T. Hanmer. How  
difficultly sense can be drawn from the best reading the expli-  
cation of Dr. Warburton may show. I believe there is an error in  
the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

*My quarrel general, the common-wealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.*

That is, my *general* cause of discontent is public mismanagement;  
my *particular* cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother,  
who had been beheaded by the king’s order. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is mentioned in the 1st part of the play:

“The archbishop——who bears hard  
“His brother’s death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.”

STEEVENS.

\* *Construe the times to their necessities,*] That is, Judge of what  
is done in these times according to the exigencies that over-rule us,  
JOHNSON.

And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
<sup>6</sup> Either from the king, or in the present time,  
 That you should have an inch of any ground  
 To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd  
 To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,  
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

*Mowb.* What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
 That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?  
 The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
 Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:  
 And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—  
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
 Their neighing courfers daring of the spur,  
<sup>7</sup> Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,  
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through fights of steel<sup>8</sup>,  
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid  
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,  
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw:  
 Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,  
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know  
 not what:

The earl of Hereford was reputed then  
 In England the most valiant gentleman;

<sup>6</sup> *Either from the king, &c.*] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Their armed staves in charge, &c.*] An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —fights of steel,—] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Vissere*, Fr. STEEVENS.

Who



Who knows, on whom fortune would then have  
smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
° And blest'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,  
That he will give you audience : and wherein  
It shall appear, that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so ;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :  
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;  
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—  
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

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

*Hast.* Hath the prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,

° *And blest'd and grac'd more than the king himself.*] The two  
oldest folios, (which first gave us this speech of Westmoreland)  
read this line thus :

*And blest'd and grac'd and did more than the king.*

Dr. Thirlby reformed the text very near to the traces of the cor-  
rupted reading. THEOBALD.

To hear, and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

*West.* <sup>1</sup> That is intended in the general's name :  
I muse, you make so slight a question.

*York.* Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this  
schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :—

Each several article herein redrefs'd ;

All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are infnew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true <sup>2</sup> substantial form ;

And present execution of our wills

<sup>3</sup> To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ;

We

<sup>1</sup> *That is intended in the general's name :*] That is, This power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can ask a question so trifling. JOHNSON.

The word *intended* is used very licentiously by old writers.

Thus, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, 1606 :

“ For princes are great marks upon whom many eyes are intended.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *substantial form ;*] That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ;*] This schedule we see consists of three parts: 1. A redrefs of general grievances. 2. A pardon for those in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very strangely expressed.

*And present execution of our wills*

*To us, and to our purposes, confin'd.*

The first line shews they had something to demand, and the second expresses the modesty of that demand. The demand, says the speaker, is confined to us and to our purposes. A very modest kind of restriction truly ! only as extensive as their appetites and passions. Without question Shakespæare wrote,

*To us and to our properties confin'd ;*

i. e. we desire no more than security for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreasonable demand. WARBURTON.

This passage is so obscure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me than to read *confin'd* for *confin'd*. That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands according to our declared purposes. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read *confirm'd*. This would obviate every difficulty. STEEVENS.

I believe

\* We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I shew the general. Please you,  
lords,

† In fight of both our battles we may meet :  
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame !  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*York.* My lord, we will do so. [Exit *West.*

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

*Hast.* Fear you not that : if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
As our conditions shall insist upon<sup>6</sup>,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every flight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :

‡ That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,

I believe two lines are out of place. I read :

*This contains our general grievances,  
And present executions of our wills ;  
To us and to our purposes confin'd.* FARMER.

\* *We come within our awful banks again,]* Awful banks are the  
proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :  
“ From the society of awful men.”

We might read—lawful. STEEVENS.

† *In fight of both our battles we may meet :]* The old copies  
read,

————— we may meet  
At either end in peace ; which heaven so frame !

That easy but certain change in the text, I owe to Dr. Thirlby.  
THEOBALD.

‡ — insist upon,—] The old copies read—*confist.* STEEVENS.

‡ *That were our loyal faiths &c.]* In former editions :

*That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love.*

If *royal faith* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it  
without much violence done to the language. I therefore read,  
with sir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural,  
and suitable to the intention of the speaker. JOHNSON.

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

*York.* No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is  
weary

<sup>8</sup> Of dainty and such picking grievances :  
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
And therefore will he <sup>9</sup> wipe his tables clean ;  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land,  
As his misdoubts present occasion :  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

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

*York.* 'Tis very true ;—

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

<sup>8</sup> *Of dainty and such picking grievances :*] I cannot but think  
that this line is corrupted, and that we should read,

*Of picking out such dainty grievances.* JOHNSON.

*Picking* means piddling, insignificant. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *wipe his tables clean ;*] Alluding to a table-book of slate,  
ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

*Mowh,*

*Mowb.* Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter Westmoreland.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in heaven's name then set forward.

*York.* Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others : from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, officers, &c.*

*Lan.* You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;—

And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—

My lord of York, it better shew'd with you, When that your flock, assembled by the bell, Encircled you, to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text ;

Than now to see you here an iron man<sup>1</sup>,

Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword<sup>2</sup>, and life to death.

That man, that fits within a monarch's heart,

<sup>1</sup> — an iron man,] Holinshed says of the archbishop, that “ coming forth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprife in hand.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Turning the word to sword, &c.] A similar thought occurs in the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554 :

“ Into the *sworde* the churche kaye

“ *Is turned*, and the holy bede, &c.” STEEVENS,

And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
 In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,  
 It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of God?  
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
 To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself;  
 The very opener, and intelligencer,  
 Between the grace, <sup>3</sup> the sanctities of heaven,  
 And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place;  
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable? <sup>4</sup> You have taken up,  
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;  
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,  
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

*York.* Good my lord of Lancaster,  
 I am not here against your father's peace:  
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
 The time mis-order'd doth, <sup>5</sup> in common sense,  
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,  
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
 The parcels and particulars of our grief;  
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,  
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the sanctities of heaven,*] This expression Milton has copied:

“Around him all *the sanctities of heaven*

“Stood thick as stars.” JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *You have taken up,*] To *take up* is to levy, to raise in arms.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *in common sense,*] I believe Shakespeare wrote *common fence*, i. e. drove by self-defence. WARBURTON.

*Common sense* is the general sense of general danger.

JOHNSON.

With

With grant of our most just and right desires ;  
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

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

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;  
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :  
<sup>6</sup> And so, success of mischief shall be born ;  
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
 Whiles England shall have generation.

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

*West.* Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,  
 How far-forth you do like their articles ?

*Lan.* I like them all, and do allow them well :  
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;  
 And some about him have too lavishly  
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—  
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;  
 Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,  
 Discharge your powers<sup>7</sup> unto their several counties,  
 As we will ours : and here, between the armies,  
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;  
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,  
 Of our restored love, and amity.

*York.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*Lan.* I give it you, and will maintain my word :

<sup>6</sup> *And so, success of mischief—*] *Success* for succession.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Discharge your powers—*] It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed. "The earl of Westmorland using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades : in the meane time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point." STEEVENS.

And

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:  
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain,

[*Exit Captain.*]

*York.* To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what  
pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely: but my love to you  
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

*York.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

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

*York.* Against ill chances, men are ever merry<sup>8</sup>;  
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

*West.* <sup>9</sup> Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden  
forrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-  
morrow.

*York.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be  
true.

[*Shout.*]

*Lan.* The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how  
they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been chearful, after victory.

*York.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither party loser.

*Lan.* Go, my lord,

<sup>8</sup> *Against ill chances men are ever merry;*] Thus the poet describes Romeo as feeling an *unaccustom'd* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Therefore be merry, coz;—*] That is, Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON.

And



K I N G H E N R Y I V. 555

And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit West.*  
 And, good my lord, so please you, ' let our trains  
 March by us ; that we may peruse the men  
 We should have cop'd withal.

*York.* Go, good lord Hastings,  
 And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*  
*Lan.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

*Re-enter Westmorland.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to  
 stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*Lan.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already :  
 Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
 East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,  
 Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

*West.* Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the  
 which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mow-  
 bray,—

Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

*West.* Is your assembly so ?

*York.* Will you thus break your faith ?

*Lan.* I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,  
 Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,

' ———let our trains &c.] That is, Our army on each  
 part, that we may both see those that were to have opposed us.

JOHNSON.

I will

I will perform with a most christian care.  
 But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due  
 Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours,  
 Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
 Fondly brought here<sup>2</sup>, and foolishly sent hence.—  
 Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;  
 Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—  
 Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;  
 Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.<sup>3</sup> [*Exeunt.*  
*[Alarum. Excursions.*

## S C E N E III.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter Falstaff, and Colevile, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, fir ? of what condition are you ; and of what place, I pray ?

<sup>4</sup> *Cole.* I am a knight, fir ; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

<sup>2</sup> *Fondly brought here, &c.] Fondly* is foolishly. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid* :

“ What wight so *fond* such offer to refuse ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Exeunt.]* It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrible violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Cole.* *I am a knight, fir ; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.*

*Fal.* *Well then, Colevile is your name ; a knight is your degree, and your place, the Dale. Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough. So shall you still be Colevile of the Dale.*

But where is the wit, or the logic of this conclusion ? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus :

—— *Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough.* ——

He may then justly infer,

*So shall you still be Colevile of the Dale.* TYRWHITT.

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep* ; a *dale* is a deep place ; a *dungeon* is a deep place : he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*. JOHNSON.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale<sup>s</sup>.

*Cole.* Are not you sir John Falstaff?

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

*Cole.* I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

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

*Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.*

*Lan.* 'The heat is past, follow no farther now;—  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit West.*

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

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow,

<sup>s</sup> — *Colevile of the dale.*] “At the king's coming to Durham, the lord Hastings, *Sir John Colevile of the Dale*, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded.” Holinshed, p. 530. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The heat is past, —*] That is, the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge. JOHNSON.

an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken fir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the <sup>7</sup>hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,——I came, saw, and overcame.

*Lan.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*Lan.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*Lan.* Thine's too thick to shine.

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

*Lan.* Is thy name Colevile?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*Lan.* A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,

<sup>7</sup> ——*the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,——*] The quarto reads, "the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, *their* coffin." I have followed the folio. The modern editors read, but without authority, "the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome *there, Caesar.*"

STEEVENS.

That

That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they fold themselves : but  
thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away ; and I  
thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter Westmoreland.*

*Lan.* Have you left pursuit ?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*Lan.* Send Colevile, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution.—

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords ;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick :

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him ;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go  
through Glostershire : and, when you come to court,  
stand my good lord 'pray, in your good report.

*Lan.* Fare you well, Falstaff : ' I, in my condition,  
shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.*

\* —stand my good lord 'pray, in your good report.] We must  
either read, *pray* let me stand, or, by a construction somewhat  
harsh, understand it thus : Give me leave to go—and—stand.  
To stand in a report, referred to the reporter, is to persist ; and  
Falstaff did not ask the prince to persist in his present opinion.

JOHNSON.

Stand my good lord, I believe, means only stand my good friend,  
(an expression still in common use) in your favourable report of  
me. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew* :

“ I pray you stand good father to me now.” STEEVENS.

° —I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.] I know not well  
the meaning of the word condition in this place ; I believe it is the  
same with temper of mind : I shall, in my good nature, speak  
better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

I believe

*Fal.* I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, ' this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good <sup>2</sup> sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours<sup>3</sup> which environ it: makes it apprehensive<sup>4</sup>, quick, forgetive<sup>5</sup>, full of nimble, fiery, and

I believe it means, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as a commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak of you better than you deserve.

So, in the *Tempest*, Ferdinand says:

“——— I am, *in my condition*,

“A prince, Miranda——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —*this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—*] Falstaff speaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*sherris-sack*——] This liquor is mentioned in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*It ascends me into the brain, and dries me up there—the crudy vapours*——] This use of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So, Latimer, p. 91, “Here cometh *me* now these holy fathers from their counsels.” “There was one wiser than the rest, and he comes *me* to the bishop.” Edit. 1571. p. 75. BOWLE.

<sup>4</sup> —*apprehensive*,] i. e. Quick to understand.

So, in the *Revenge's Tragedy*, 1608:

“Thou'rt a mad *apprehensive* knave.”

Again, in *Every man out of his Humour*:—“You are too quick, too *apprehensive*.” In this sense it is now almost disused. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —*forgetive*,—] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.

delect-

delectable shapés; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil<sup>6</sup>; 'till sack commences it<sup>7</sup>, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

<sup>6</sup> — kept by a devil, — ] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — till sack commences it, — ] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. The author of *The Revival* would read—*commerces* it. STEEVENS.

It seems probable to me, that Shakespeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement*; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act*: for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those boards of learning, which have entitl'd them to their several degrees in arts, law, physic, and divinity. TYRWHITT.

*Enter Bardolph.*

How now, Bardolph ?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire ;  
and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire :  
\* I have him already tempering between my finger  
and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.  
Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*The palace at Westminster.*

*Enter king Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloster, &c.*

*K. Henry.* Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.

<sup>9</sup> Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish :  
Only, we want a little personal strength ;  
And pause us, 'till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

\* — *I have him already tempering &c.*] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. WARBURTON.

This custom is likewise alluded to in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, 1625, a comedy, by Middleton :

“ You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal.”

Again, in *Your Five Gallants* by Middleton, no date :

“ Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters.”

Again, in *Cbaucer's Marchante's Tale*, v. 9304 :

“ Right as men may warm wax with handes plie.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Our navy is address'd,* — ] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. So in *Henry V.*

“ — for our march we are address'd.” STEEVENS.

*War-*



*War.* Both which, we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*K. Henry.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*Glo.* I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind-  
for.

*K. Henry.* And how accompanied?

*Glo.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Henry.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,  
with him?

*Glo.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

*Glo.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of  
Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;  
Thou hast a better place in his affection,  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
And noble offices thou may'st effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—  
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.  
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity:  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;  
As ' humorous as winter, and as sudden

\* ———humourous as winter,——] That is, changeable as  
the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that  
he is humourous as wind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1607:

“ You know that women oft are *humourous*.”

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

“ ———A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition,  
*humourous as the air*, &c.”

Again, in the *Silent Woman*: “ ———as proud as May, and as  
*humourous as April*.” STEEVENS.

As flaws <sup>2</sup> congealed in the spring of day.  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :—  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope ;  
 'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;  
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;  
 That the united vessel of their blood,  
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)  
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
 As aconitum <sup>3</sup>, or <sup>4</sup> rash gun-powder.

*Cl.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Henry.* Why art thou not at Windfor with him,  
 Thomas ?

*Cl.* He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

<sup>2</sup>——— *congealed in the spring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*.  
 WARBURTON.

So, Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609 :

“ Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary

“ Than any northern gust, or southern *flaw*.”

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ And saw a dreadful southern *flaw* at hand.”

*Chapman* uses the word in his translation of Homer ; and, I believe, *Milton* has it in the same sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> as aconitum,——] The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ ——till from the foam

“ The dog belch'd forth, strong aconitum sprung.”

Again, “ With aconitum that in tartar springs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——*rash gun-powder.*] *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* And how accompanied ? can'st thou tell that ?

*Cl.* With Poin, and other his continual followers.

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

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite : —

The prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,  
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attain'd,  
 Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,  
<sup>6</sup> But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,  
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
 Cast off his followers : and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

<sup>5</sup> — *bis affections* — ] His passions ; his inordinate desires. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *But to be known and hated.* ] A parallel passage occurs in Terence :

“ —quo modo adolescentulus

“ Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,

“ Mature ut cum cognorit perpetuo oderit.”

ANONYMOUS.

## 566 SECOND PART OF

*K. Henry.* 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave  
her comb  
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

*Enter Westmoreland.*

*West.* Health to my sovereign! and new happiness  
Added to that which I am to deliver!  
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
Are brought to the correction of your law;  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive every where.  
The manner how this action hath been borne,  
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;  
With every course, <sup>8</sup> in his particular.

*K. Henry.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

*Enter Harcourt.*

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of!  
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English, and of Scots,

<sup>7</sup> 'Tis seldom, when the bee &c.] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— in his particular.] We should read, I think, in *this* particular; that is, in this detail, in this account, which is minute and distinct. JOHNSON.

*His* is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. The modern editors have too often made the change; but yet it should be remembered, that by repeated changes the history of a language will be lost. STEEVENS.

Are

Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :  
The manner and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Henry.* And wherefore should these good news  
make me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news ;  
And now my fight fails, and my brain is giddy :—  
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Sinks down.*

*Glo.* Comfort, your majesty !

*Cl.* O my royal father !

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look  
up !

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

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

*Glo.*

<sup>9</sup> *Hath wrought the mure,*—] i. e. The wall. POPE.

*Wrought it thin,* is made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought*  
is the preterite of *work*.

*Mure* is a word used by Heywood in his *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“Till I have scal'd these mures, invaded Troy.”

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611 :

“Girt with a triple mure of shining brags.”

Again, in his *Iron Age*, 2nd Part, 1632 :

“Through mures and counter-mures of men and steel.”

The same thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. b. 4.  
*Daniel* is likewise speaking of the sickness of *K. Henry IV.*

“As that the walls worn thin, permit the mind

“To look out thorow and his frailties find.”

*Glo.* <sup>1</sup> The people fear me; for they do observe  
<sup>2</sup> Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:  
<sup>3</sup> The seasons change their manners; as the year  
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Cl.* The river hath thrice flow'd<sup>4</sup>, no ebb between:  
 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
 Say, it did so a little time before

That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*Glo.* This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

*K. Henry.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me  
 hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

<sup>5</sup> Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.*

The first edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakespeare.

Dryden has the same thought:

“The foul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in the light thro' chinks which time has made.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The people fear me;—*] i. e. Make me afraid; which sense the Oxford editor not taking, alters it to *fear it*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Unfather'd heirs,—*] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The seasons change their manners;—*] This is finely expressed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harsh*, *mild* and *soft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *The river hath thrice flow'd,—*] This is historically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Unless some dull and favourable hand*] Thus the old editions read it, evidently corrupt. Shakespeare seems to have wrote:

*Unless some doleing favourable hand—*

*Doleing*, i. e. A hand using soft melancholy airs.

WARBURTON.

I rather think that *dull* signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing. *Doleing* cannot be received without some example of its use,

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here <sup>6</sup>.

Cl. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

[They convey the King to an inner part of the room.]

Enter prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the duke of Clarence ?

Cl. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !

How doth the king ?

use, which the commentator has not given, and my memory will not supply. JOHNSON.

*Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.]*

So, in the old anonymous Henry V.

“ ——— Depart my chamber,  
“ And cause some music to rock me a sleep.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.]* It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying.

Holinshed, p. 541, speaking of the death of king Henry IV. says : — “ During this his last sickness, he caused his crowne, (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenlie his pangs so sore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had bene from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had bene departed, covered his face with a linen cloth.”

“ The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lack of his crowne ; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered ; Sir, to mine and all men's judgments you seemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparant took that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire sonne, (said the king with a great sigh) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have doone ; &c.” STEEVENS.

Glo.

*Glo.* Exceeding ill.

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

*Glo.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*P. Henry.* If he be sick  
With joy, he will recover without phyfic.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords :—sweet prince,  
Speak low ;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cl.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with us ?

*P. Henry.* No ; I will sit and watch here by the  
king. [Exeunt all but prince Henry.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep't the ports of slumber <sup>7</sup> open wide

To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !—

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound <sup>8</sup>,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

<sup>7</sup> —the *ports* of slumber] are the *gates* of slumber. So, in *Timon* : “ —Our uncharged *ports*.” So, in Ben Jonson's 80th Epigram : “ —The *ports* of death are fins —” *Ports* is the ancient military term for gates. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*homely biggen bound*, —] A kind of cap, at present worn only by children ; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns,

So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher, 1639 :

“ —were the devil sick now,

“ His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a *biggin*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone* :

“ Get you a *biggin* more, your brain breaks loose.”

STEEVENS.



Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep,  
That from<sup>9</sup> this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:  
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it fits,—

[Putting it on his head.

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole  
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me: This from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.*

Cl. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your  
grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my  
lords?

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

K. Henry. The prince of Wales? Where is he?  
let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the chamber where we  
stay'd.

<sup>9</sup> — *this golden rigol* — ] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is used by any author but Shakespeare, who introduces it likewise in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“About the mourning and congealed face

“Of that black blood, a watry *rigol* goes.” STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

*K. Henry.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*K. Henry.* The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose  
My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—  
This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you  
are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains  
with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee,<sup>1</sup> tolling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets;

Our thighe pack'd with wax, our mouths with ho-  
ney,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

<sup>2</sup>Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

<sup>1</sup> ——— tolling from every flower] This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admission of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Yield his engrossments—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

*Re-enter Warwick.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
'Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

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

*K. Henry.* But wherefore did he take away the  
crown?

*Re-enter Prince Henry.*

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt lords, &c.*

*P. Henry.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Henry.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

<sup>3</sup> ——— seal'd up my expectation;] Thou hast confirmed my  
opinion. JOHNSON.

Thou

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
 To stab at † half an hour of my life.  
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear;  
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form,  
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!  
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness!  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
 ‡ England shall double gild his treble guilt;

England

\* ——— *half an hour of my life.*] It should be remembered that Shakespeare uses the same words alternately as monosyllables and dissyllables. Mr. Rowe, whose ear was accustomed to the utmost harmony of numbers, and who, at the same time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet's manner, first added the word *frail* to supply the syllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word—*hower*, as it was anciently pronounced.

So, Ben Jonson, in the *Case is alter'd*, 1609:

“By twice so many *howers* as would fill

“The circle of a year.”

The reader will find many more instances in the soliloquy of *K. Henry VI.* P. 3. act II. sc. v. The other editors have followed Rowe. STEEVENS.

‡ *England shall double gild his treble guilt;*] Evidently the nonsense of some foolish player: for we must make a difference between

England shall give him office, honour, might :  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do <sup>6</sup> when riot is thy care ?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

twesp what Shakespeare might be supposed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are of the latter kind ; therefore such lines are by no means to be esteemed his. But except Mr. Pope, (who judiciously threw out this line) not one of Shakespeare's editors seem ever to have had so reasonable and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set upon correcting this author. WARBURTON.

I know not why this commentator should speak with so much confidence what he cannot know, or determine so positively what so capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is indeed such as disgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with the *daggers hid in thought, and whetted on the flinty heart* ; and the answer which the prince makes, and which is applauded for wisdom, is not of a strain much higher than this ejected line. JOHNSON.

How much this play on words was admired in the age of Shakespeare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time, who have frequently indulged themselves in it. So, in Marlow's *Hero and Leander*, 1637 :

“ And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,  
 “ The god of gold a purpose *guilt* his limbs,  
 “ That, this word *guilt* including double sense,  
 “ The double *guilt* of his incontinence  
 “ Might be express'd.”

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwit*, a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600 :

“ O sacred thirst of gold, what can'st thou not ? —  
 “ Some term thee *gilt*, that every soule might reade  
 “ Even in thy name thy *guilt* is great indeede.”

MALONE.

\* ——— *when riot is thy care?*] i. e. *Curator*. A bold figure. So Eumæus is stiled by Ovid, *Epist.* i.

“ ——— *immundæ cura fidelis haræ.*” TYRWHITT.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my  
tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
And He that wears the crown immortally,  
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
Which my most <sup>8</sup> true and inward-duteous spirit  
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending!  
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die;  
And never live to shew the incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)  
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,  
Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,  
Preserving life <sup>9</sup> in medicine potable:*

<sup>7</sup> *Let me no more &c.*] This is obscure in the construction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit;* or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit.* I know not which is right. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *—true—*] Is loyal. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—in medicine potable:*] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

So, in the character of the *Doctor of Physicke* by Chaucer, late edit. v. 446:

“For gold in phisike is a cordial.” STEEVENS.

But

*But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head;  
To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murder'd my father,—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

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

*K. Henry.* O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,  
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the 'soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
And I had many living, to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,  
Wounding supposed peace: 'all these bold fears,

<sup>1</sup>—soil—] Is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Wounding supposed peace:] Supposed for undermined. WARBURTON.

Rather counterfeited, imagined, not real. JOHNSON.

Thou see'st, with peril I have answered :—  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument ; and now my death  
<sup>4</sup> Changes the mode : for what in me was purchas'd,  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,  
 So thou the garland wear'st <sup>5</sup> successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;  
 And all thy friends <sup>6</sup>, which thou must make thy  
 friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,  
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now  
<sup>7</sup> To lead out many to the Holy Land ;

Left

<sup>3</sup> ——— all these bold fears] We should certainly read :  
 ——— all their bold feats,

i. e. plots, commotions of conspirators. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. *Fear* is here used in the active sense, for that which causes fear. JOHNSON.

*These bold fears* are *these audacious terrors* To *fear* is often used by Shakespeare for to *fright*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Changes the mode:—] *Mode*, here, does not signify fashion, but time and measure in singing, or the pitch in speaking: *Modus*, a word peculiar to the ancient drama: for the metaphor is continued from the words immediately preceding:

————— as a scene

Acting that argument ——— WARBURTON.

*Mode* is here, in its usual sense, the form or state of things. Nothing is more easy than to make obscurities and clear them.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— successively.] By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> And all thy friends, ———] Should not we read? ———

And all my friends ——— TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> To lead out many to the Holy Land;] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Shakespeare, I think, wrote:

To lead our many — our many or *meiny*, i. e. our people.

WARBURTON.

As



Left rest, and lying still, might make them look  
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.  
 \* How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

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

*Enter lord John of Lancaster, Warwick, &c.*

*K. Henry.* Look, look, here comes my John of  
 Lancaster.

*Lan.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal  
 father!

*K. Henry.* Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,  
 son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy fight,  
 My worldly business makes a period.—  
 Where is my lord of Warwick?

*P. Henry.* My lord of Warwick!

As plausible as this emendation is, I think it wrong. The sense is: *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad.* This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful. JOHNSON.

\* *How I came &c.*] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

*K. Henry.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerufalem, my noble lord.

*K. Henry.* Laud be to God !—even there my life  
must end ?

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerufalem ;  
Which vainly I fuppos'd, the Holy Land :—  
But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;  
In that Jerufalem fhall Harry die. [ *Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Shallow's feat in Glofterfhire.*

*Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.*

*Shal.* <sup>1</sup> By cock and pye, fir, you shall not away  
to-night.—What, Davy, I fay !

*Fal.* You must excuse me, mafter Robert Shallow.

*Shal.*

<sup>9</sup> *Laud be to God !—even there my life must end.*] “ At length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerufalem. Then said the king ; Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerufalem.” Holinshed, p. 541.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *By cock and pye,—*] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 : “ By cock and pie and mousetfoot ;” as well as by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ophelia likewise says :

“ ——— By cock they are to blame.”

*Cock* is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz.

*Shal.* <sup>2</sup> I will not excuse you ; you shall not be excus'd ; excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not be excus'd.—Why, Davy !

*Enter Davy.*

*Davy.* Here, fir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy ; let me see :—yea, marry, William cook<sup>3</sup>, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

*Davy.*

viz. *Cocks-bones, cocks-wounds, by cock's mother, and some others.* The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, shewing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks Πίναξ, or the index. Though the word Πίναξ signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies *οανίς ἐξορραφισμῶν*, a painted table or picture ; and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, these likewise were called Πίναξ, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, Π's or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows :—“ Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pic*, and the manifold changes,” &c. RIDLEY.

Again, in *Wily Beguiled* :

“ Now by *cock and pie* you never spake a truer word in your life.”

*Cock's body, cock's passion, &c.* occur in the old morality of *Hyck Scorner*.

Again, in the *Two angry Women of Abington, 1599* :

“ Merry go sorry, *cock and pie*, my hearts.”

In the *Puritan Widow, 1605*, there is a scholar of the name of *Pye-board*.

A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I will not excuse you ; &c.*] The sterility of justice Shallow's wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> William cook, *bid him come hither.*] It appears from this instance, as well as many others, that anciently the lower orders of people had no surnames, but in their stead were content to adopt

*Davy.* Marry, fir, thus;—<sup>4</sup> those precepts cannot be serv'd: and, again, fir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

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

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid:—fir John, you shall not be excus'd.

*Davy.* Now, fir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, fir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, fir?

*Shal.* Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse<sup>5</sup>. Use his men

the titles of their several professions. The cook of William Canynge, the royal merchant of Bristol, lies buried there under a flat stone, near the monument of his master, in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. On this stone are represented the ensigns of his trade, a skimmer and a knife. His epitaph is as follows: *Hic jacet WILLM<sup>o</sup> COKE quondam serviens WILLM<sup>i</sup> CANYNGES mercatoris villæ Bristol; cujus animæ propitiatur Deus.* Lazarillo in the *Woman Hater* of B. and Fletcher, expresses a wish to have his tomb adorned in a like manner:

“ ——— for others' glorious shields,  
“ Give me a voider; and above my hearse,  
“ For a trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— those precepts cannot be serv'd:—] Precept is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — A friend i' the court, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5540:

“ Friend-

mén well, Davy ; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worfe than they are back-bitten, fir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy. About thy bufinefs, Davy.

*Davy.* I befeech you, fir, to countenance William Vifor of Woncot againft Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, againft that Vifor ; that Vifor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worfhip, that he is a knave, fir : but yet, God forbid, fir, but a knave fould have fome countenance at his friend's request. An honeft man, fir, is able to fpeak for himfelf, when a knave is not. I have ferv'd your worfhip truly, fir, thefe eight years ; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againft an honeft man, I have but a very little credit with your worfhip. The knave is mine honeft friend, fir ; therefore, I befeech your worfhip, let him be countenanc'd.

*Shal.* Go to ; I fay, he fhall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, fir John ? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, mafter Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to fee your worfhip.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind mafter Bardolph :—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the page.*] Come, fir John,

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good mafter Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horfes. [*Exeunt Shallow, Bardolph, &c.*]——If I were faw'd into quantities, I fhould make four dozen of fuch <sup>6</sup> bearded hermit's-ftaves as

“ Friendship is more than cattell,

“ For frende in courte aie better is,

“ Than peny is in purfe, certis. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— bearded hermit's ftaves ——— ] He had before called him the ftarved juftice. His want of flefh is a ftanding jeft.

JOHNSON.

mafter

master Shallow<sup>7</sup>. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or <sup>8</sup>two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a <sup>9</sup>fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*Shal.* [*within*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

<sup>7</sup> — *master Shallow.*] *Shallow's* folly seems to have been almost proverbial. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1610:

“ — We must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *two actions* — ] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *fellow that never had the ache* — ] That is, a young fellow, one whose disposition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The court, in London.*

*Enter the earl of Warwick, and the lord Chief Justice.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice? whither  
away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;

And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would, his majesty had call'd me with  
him:

The service that I truly did his life,

Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think, the young king loves you  
not.

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

*Enter lord John of Lancaster, Gloster, and Clarence, &c.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:—  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

*Lan.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

*Glo. Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Lan.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*Lan.*

*Lan.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*Glo.* O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

*Lan.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the forrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

*Cl.* Well, you must now speak fir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct<sup>1</sup> of my soul;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

<sup>2</sup> A ragged and forestall'd remission.—

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him,

*War.* Here comes the prince.

<sup>1</sup> —impartial conduct— ] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*imperial*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> A ragged and forestall'd remission.—] *Ragged* has no sense here. We should read:

*A rated and forestall'd remission.*

i. e. A remission that must be sought for, and bought with supplication. WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *forestall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *forestall'd* remission, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge. JOHNSON.

*Enter*



*Enter King Henry.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

*K. Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.——

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English,<sup>3</sup> not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry, Harry:—Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

*Lan. &c.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*K. Henry.* You all look strangely on me:—and you  
most; *[To the Ch. Just.]*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*K. Henry.* No! How might a prince of my great  
hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

<sup>3</sup> —— *not the Turkish court;*] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death.

JOHNSON.

The

The immediate heir of England ! † Was this easy ?  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father ;  
 The image of his power lay then in me :  
 And, in the administration of his law,  
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the king whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment<sup>5</sup> ;

Whereon,

† — *Was this easy ?* ] That is, Was this not grievous ? Shakespeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;* ] I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable passage worthy of a note. The chief justice, in this play, was *ist* William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as necessary.

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client ; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue in the court of Wards the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt ; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne chief justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an insult on his person, and the court wherein he presided, is thus related by sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled the Governour : “ The moste renomed prince king Henry the fyfte, late kyng of Englande, duryng the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his seruantes, whom he well fauoured, was for felony by him committed, arraigned at the kynges benche : whereof the prince being aduertised, and incensed by lyghte persones aboute him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his seruant stode as a prisoner, and commaunded hym to be vngyued and fet at libertie: wherat all men were abashed, reserued the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the prince, to be contented, that his seruaupt might be ordred, accordyng to the aunciente lawes of this realme: or if he wolde haue hym faued from the rigour of the lawes, that he shulde opteyne, if he moughte, of the kyng his father,

Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,

And

father, his gracious pardon, wherby no lawe or iustyce shulde be derogate. With whiche answere the prince nothyng appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeoured him selfe to take away his seruant. The iuge considering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby insue, with a valyant spirite and courage, commanded the prince vpon his alegeance, to leaue the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came vp to the place of iugement, men thynking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge sittynge styll without mouing, declaring the maiestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an assured and bolde countenance, had to the prince, these wordes followyng,

‘ Syr, remembre your selfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng  
‘ your soueraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedi-  
‘ ence, wherfore estefooones in his name, I charge you desyste of  
‘ your wylfulnes and vnlauffull enterprife, & from hensforth giue  
‘ good example to those, whyche hereafter shall be your propre  
‘ subiectes. And nowe, for your contempte and disobedience,  
‘ goo you to the pryson of the kynges benche, wherenvto I com-  
‘ mytte you, and remayne ye there prisoner vntyll the pleasure of  
‘ the kyng your father be further knowen.’

“ With whiche wordes beinge abashed, and also wondrynge at the meruaylous grauitie of that worthypfulle iustyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doynge reuerence, departed, and wente to the kynges benche, as he was commanded. Whereat his seruantes disdaynyng, came and shewed to the kyng all the hole affaire. Whereat he awhyles studyenge, after as a man all rauyshed with gladnesse, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde heuen, abraided, sayng with a loude voice, ‘ O mercyfull God,  
‘ howe moche am I, aboute all other men, bounde to your infinite  
‘ goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iuge, who fear-  
‘ eth nat to minister iustyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre  
‘ semblably, and obeye iustyce?’

And here it may be noted, that Shakespeare has deviated from history in bringing the chief justice and Henry V. together, for it is expressly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies in Yorkshire*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See Dugd. *Origines Juridic.* in the *Chronica Series*, fol. 54. 56. Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently occurs

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;  
 6 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :  
 Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,  
 7 And mock your workings in a second body.  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son 8 :  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained ;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And, in your power, so silencing your son 9 :——  
 After this cold consideration, sentence me ;  
 And, as you are a king, speak ' in your state,——  
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

curs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and resolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment of the prince, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour. Sir J. HAWKINS.

In the foregoing account of this transaction, there is no mention of the prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the chief justice.—Speed, however, who quotes Elyot, says, on I know not what authority, that the prince gave the judge a blow on the face. MALONE.

6 *To trip the course of law, ——*] To defeat the process of justice ; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner.

JOHNSON.

7 *To mock your workings in a second body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. JOHNSON.

8 *—— and propose a son :*] i. e. Image to yourself a son, contrive for a moment to think you have one. So in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ —— a thousand deaths I could *propose*.” STEEVENS.

9 *—— so silencing your son :——*] The old copies read :

—— *soft* silencing your son. STEEVENS.

10 *—— in your state,*] In your regal character and office, not with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of a legislator. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

*K. Henry.* You are right, justice, and you weigh  
this well ;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :

And I do wish your honours may encrease,

'Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—

*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,*

*That dares do justice on my proper son :*

*And not less happy, having such a son,*

*That would deliver up his greatness so*

*Into the hands of justice.*—<sup>2</sup> You did commit me :

For which, I do commit into your hand

The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;

With this <sup>3</sup> remembrance,—That you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;

You shall be as a father to my youth :

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;

And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—

<sup>4</sup> My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my affections ;

And

<sup>2</sup> ——— *You did commit me : &c.*] So in the play on this subject, antecedent to that of Shakespeare :

“ You sent me to the Fleet ; and, for revengement,

“ I have chosen you to be the protector

“ Over my realm.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *remembrance,*—] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *My father is gone wild*—] Mr. Pope, by substituting *wild* for *wild*, without sufficient consideration, afforded Mr. Theobald much matter of ostentatious triumph. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.

A passage in *K. Henry V.* act 4. sc. 1. very strongly confirms the reading of the text :

“ The

And with his spirit <sup>5</sup> sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectations of the world ;  
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, 'till now :  
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;  
 Where it shall mingle with <sup>6</sup> the state of floods,  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament :  
 And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ; —  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. —

[To the lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 As I before remember'd, all our state :

“ The courses of his youth promis'd it not :  
 “ The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
 “ But that his *wildness*, mortified in him,  
 “ Seem'd to *die* too.”

So, in *K. Henry VIII* :

“ And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 “ Goodnets and he fill up one monument.”

A kindred thought is found in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And so suppose am I ; for in his grave  
 “ Assure thyself my love is buried.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *sadly I survive,*] *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to wild. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *the state of floods,*] i. e. The assembly, or general meeting of the floods : for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally introduced the following :

*Now call we our high court of parliament.*

But the Oxford Editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loss for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of state*.

WARBURTON.

And

And (heaven consigning to my good intents)  
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—  
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Shallow's seat in Glostershire.*

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page,  
 and Davy.*

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

*Fal.*

' ——— a dish of carraways, &c.] A comfit or confection so called in our author's time. A passage in *De Vigneul Marville's Melanges d'Histoire et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat : “ Dans le dernier siecle ou l'on avoit le goût delicat, on ne croioit pas pouvoir vivre sans Dragées. Il n'étoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut son Dragier ; et il est rapporté dans l'histoire du duc de Guise, que quand il fut tué à Blois il avoit son Dragier à la main.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himself with this note of Dr. Warburton's, but without producing a happy illustration of the passage. The dish of *carraways* here mentioned was a dish of apples of that name. GOLDSMITH.

Whether Dr. Warburton, Mr. Edwards, or Dr. Goldsmith is in the right, I cannot determine, for the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix* leaves the question undecided :

“ By this handful of *carraways* I could never abide to say grace.”

“ ——— by these *comfits* we'll let all slide.”

“ By these *comfits* and these *carraways* ; I warrant it does him good to swear” —

“ ——— I am glad, lady Petula, by this *apple*, that they please you.”

That *apples*, *comfits*, and *carraways*, at least were distinct things, may be inferred from the following passage in the old bl. l. interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, no date :

“ What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,

“ What callyng for *biskettes*, *cumfettes*, and *carowaisies*.”

*Fal.* You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Sbal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, fir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy, spread Davy: well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

*Sbal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, fir John.—By the mafs<sup>2</sup>, I have drank too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, firrah! quoth-a,—

*We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,*

[Singing.]

*And praise heaven for the merry year;*

*When flesh is cheap and females dear<sup>3</sup>,*

*And lusty lads roam 'here and there;*

*So merrily, and ever among so merrily, &c.*

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Sbal.* Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

In *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1630:

“For apples, carrawaies, and cheefe.”

There is a *pear*, however, called a *carraway*, which may be corrupted from *caillouel*, Fr. So in the French *Roman de la rose*:

“Ou la poire de *caillouel*.”

Chaucer, in his version of this passage, says:

“With *caleweis*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *By the mafs*, — ]

“In elder's time, as ancient custom was,

“Men swore in weighty causes *by the masse*;

“But when the *masse* went down (as others note)

“Their oathes were, by the crosse of this same groat, &c.”

*Springs for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 221.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> This very natural character of justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occasion:

*When flesh is cheap, and females dear.*

Here the double sense of the word *dear* must be remembered.—

*Ever among* is used by Chaucer in the *Roman of the Rose*:

“*Ever among* (tothly to faine)

“I suffre note and mochil paine.” FARMER.

*Davy.*



*Davy*. Sweet fir, fit;—I'll be with you anon;—  
most sweet fir, fit.—Master page, good master page,  
fit: †Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in  
drink.

† — *proface*—] Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good  
may it do you. HANMER.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (says Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no  
argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatist, addressed his readers long  
before :

“ Readers, reade this thus ; for preface, *proface*,

“ Much good may it do you,” &c.

So, Taylor, the water-poet, in the title of a poem prefixed to  
his *Praise of Hempseed* :

“ A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, preapace, or preface; and  
*proface*, my masters, if your stomachs serve.”

Decker, in his comedy, *If this be not a good play the Devil is in  
it*, makes Shackle-soule, in the character of Friar Ruff, tempt his  
brethren “ with choice of dishes :”

“ To which *proface* ; with blythe lookes fit yee.”

I am still much in doubt whether there be such an Italian word  
as *profaccia*. Baretto has it not, and it is more probable that we  
received it from the French ; *proface* being a colloquial abbrevia-  
tion of the phrase.—*Bon prou leur face*, i. e. Much good may it  
do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou*.

To these instances produced by Dr. Farmer, I may add one  
more from *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606,  
Ep. 110 :

“ *Proface*, quoth Fulvius, fill us t'other quart.”

And another from Heywood's *Epigrams* :

“ I came to be merry, wherewith merrily

“ *Proface*. Have among you,” &c.

Again, in *The wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638 :

“ The dinner's half done, and before I say grace

“ And bid the old knight and his guest *proface*.”

Again, in *The Downfal of Robert E. of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

“ ——— Father, *proface* ;

“ To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man.”

Again, from *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad one*, 1630 :

“ — Gloria Deo, Sirs *proface*,

“ Attend me now while I say grace.”

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 538 : “ — the cardinall came  
in booted and spurred, all sodainly amongst them, and bade them  
*proface*.” STEEVENS.

So, in Nashe's *Apologie for Pierce Penniless*, 1593 :

Q 9 2

“ A

drink. But you must bear; 'The heart's all. [*Exit.*

*Shal.* Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little  
soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* [*Singing*] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*

*For women are shrews, both short and tall:*

*'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all<sup>6</sup>,*

*And welcome merry shrove-tide.*

*Be merry, be merry, &c.*

*Fal.* I did not think, master Silence had been a man  
of this mettle.

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

*Re-enter Davy.*

*Davy.* There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before Bardolph.*

*Shal.* Davy,——

*Davy.* Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—

A cup of wine, fir?

*Sil.* [*Singing*] *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,*

*And drink unto the leman mine;—*

*And a merry heart lives long-a.*

*Fal.* Well said, master Silence.

*Sil.* An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet  
of the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, master Silence!

*Sil.* *'Fill the cup, and let it come;*

*I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

“A preface to courteous minds—as much as to say *proface*,  
much good may do it you! would it were better for you!”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —[*the heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the  
entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act  
as master of the house. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> [*'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*] Mr. Warton, in his  
*Hist. of English Poetry*, observes, that this rhyme is found in a poem  
by Adam Davie, called the *Life of Alexander*:

“Merry swithe it is in halle

“When the berdes waweth alle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> [*'Fill the cup, &c.*] This passage has hitherto been printed  
as prose, but I am told that it makes a part of an old song, and  
have therefore restored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

*Shal.*

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, befhrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*]; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to mafter Bardolph, and to all the <sup>s</sup> cavaleroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to fee London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might fee you there, Davy,——

*Shal.* You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, mafter Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yes, fir, in a pottle pot.

*Shal.* I thank thee:—The knave will ftick by thee, I can affure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll ftick by him, fir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

*Shal.* Why, there fpoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*]

*Sil.* [Singing] <sup>o</sup> *Do me right, and dub me knight:*

<sup>1</sup> *Samingo.*—Is't not fo?

*Fal.*

<sup>s</sup> —*cavaleroes*] This was the term by which an airy, splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. The foldiers of king Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in oppofition to the four faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> *Do me right, &c.*] *To do a man right* and *to do him reason*, were formerly the ufual expreffions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper fhould be drunk to his toaft.

So, in Ben Jonfon's *Silent Woman*, Captain Otter fays in the drinking fcene: "Ha' you *done me right*, gentlemen?"

Again, in *The Bondman* by Maffinger:

"These glaffes contain nothing;—*do me right*,

"As e'er you hope for liberty."

Again, in Glaphorne's comedy of *The Hollander*:

"A health, muficians, gentlemen all, &c.

"I have *done you right*." STEEVENS.

So, in the *Widow's Tears* by Chapman, 1612:

"*Ero.* I'll pledge you at twice.

"*Lyf.* 'Tis well done. *Do me right*."

Fal. 'Tis fo.

Sil. Is't fo? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

[Re-enter Davy.  
Davy.

It was the custom of the good fellows in Shakespeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on *their knees*, to the health of their mistresses. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening.

So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608 :

"They call it knighting in London, when they drink upon *their knees*. —Come follow me; I'll give you all the *degrees* of it in order." MALONE.

—[*Samingo*.] He means to say, *San Domingo*. HANMER.  
Of *Samingo*, or *San Domingo*, I see not the use in this place.

JOHNSON.

Unless Silence calls Falstaff St. Dominic from his fatness, and means, like Dryden, to sneer at sacerdotal luxury, I can give no account of the word. In one of Nash's plays, entitled, *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch :

"Monsieur Mingo, for quaffing doth surpass

"In cup, in can, or glass;

"God Bacchus do me right

"And dub me knight.

"Domingo."

*Domingo* is only the burden of the song.

Again, in *The letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunced by seaven Satyres, upon the bottome of Diogenes Tubbe*, 1600.

Epigram I.

"Monsieur *Domingo* is a skilfull man,

"For muche experience he hath lately got,

"Proving more phisicke in an alehouse can

"Than may be found in any vintner's pot;

"Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,

"And this he speakes, being fingle-penny-lind.

"For when his purse is swolne but sixpence bigge,

"Why then he sweares:—Now by the Lord I thinke

"All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;

"A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke.

"And thus his praise from beer to wine doth goe,

"Even as his purse in pence doth ebbe and flowe."

STEVENS.

*Samingo*, that is *San Domingo*, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shewn. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and I remember a black-letter

*Davy.* An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court? let him come in.—

*Enter Pistol.*

How now, Pistol?

*Pist.* Sir John, 'save you, sir!

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* Indeed I think 'a be; <sup>2</sup> but goodman Puff of Barfon.

letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo*, or a *fignior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *saint* or *fignior*, was the *burden*. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character. WARTON.

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order says thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxi: "Sanctus Dominicus sit nobis semper amicus, cui canimus—siccatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant nisi ventres." Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burthen of a drinking song. TOLLET.

In Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, we meet with

"Doe me right, and dub me knight, *Balurdo*."

FARMER.

<sup>2</sup> —but goodman Puff of Barfon.] A little before, William Visor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Gloucestershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little; for sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickshire.

STEEVENS.

—goodman Puff of Barfon.] *Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull. PERCY.

Mr. Tollet has the same observation, and adds that *Woncot* may be put for *Wolphmancote*, vulgarly *Owencote*, in the same county. Shakespeare might be unwilling to disguise the satire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of sir Thomas Lucy. STEEVENS.

*Pist.* Puff?

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

*Fal.* I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of  
this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John*\*. [Sings,

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, fir,—If, fir, you come with  
news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways;  
either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, fir,  
under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, 'Bezonian? speak, or die.

*Shal.*

\* *Let king Cophetua &c.*] Lines taken from an old bombast  
play of *King Cophetua*; of whom, we learn from Shakespeare,  
there were ballads too. WARBURTON.

See *Love's Labour's lost*. JOHNSON.

\* — *Scarlet and John*.] This scrap (as Dr. Percy has ob-  
served in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*)  
is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pin-  
dar of Wakefield*. STEEVENS.

\* — *Bezonian? speak or die*.] So again Suffolk says in the  
2d part of *Henry VI*:

“Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.”

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with  
our poet. Bisognofo, a heedy person; thence metaphorically, a  
base scoundrel. THEOBALD.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennyleffe his Supplication*, &c. 1595, says:

“Proud lords do tumble from the towers of their high descents,  
and be trod under feet of every inferior *Befonian*.”

In

*Sbal.* Under king Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the fourth? or fifth?

*Sbal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:  
When Pistol lies, do this; and<sup>6</sup> fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door: the things I speak, are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good news?

*Fal.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—Oh, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph.—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my command:

In *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy by Chapman, 1612, the primitive word is used:

“ — spurn'd out by grooms, like a base *Befogno* !”

And again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a comedy, 1606:

“ — “ If he come like to your *Befogno*, your boor, so he be rich, they care not.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— fig me, like

*The bragging Spaniard.*] To *fig*, in Spanish, *bigas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, “ a fig for you.”

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ With fowling browes their follies checke,

“ And so give them the *fig*, &c.” STEEVENS.

ment.

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ment. Happy are they which have been my friends;  
and woe to my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

<sup>7</sup> *Where is the life that late I led, say they :*

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*A street in London.*

*Enter hostess<sup>8</sup> Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die,  
that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my  
shoulder out of joint.

*Bead.* The constables have deliver'd her over to  
me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I  
warrant her: There hath been a man or two, lately,  
kill'd about her.

*Dol.* <sup>9</sup> Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll  
tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; if the

<sup>7</sup> *Where is the life that late I led, &c.]* Words of an old ballad.

WARBURTON.

The same has been already introduced in the *Taming of a Shrew*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Enter hostess &c.]* This stage-direction in the quarto edit. of  
1600, stands thus: "*Enter Sincklo, and three or four officers.*"  
And the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to those speeches, which in  
the later editions are given to the *Beadle*. This is an additional  
proof that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players. See the  
note on the *Taming of the Shrew*, act I. sc. i. TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> *Nut-hook, &c.]* It has been already observed on the *Merry  
Wives of Windsor*, that *nut-book* seems to have been in those times  
a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A *nut-book* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out  
at windows by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it.  
Greene, in his *Arte of Conny-catching*, has given a very particu-  
lar account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-book* was probably  
as common a term of reproach as *rogue* is at present. In an old  
comedy, intitled *Match me in London*, 1631, I find the following  
pas-



the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

*Hof.* O the Lord, that fir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

*Bead.* If it do, you shall have 'a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Dol.* I'll tell thee what, 'thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as foundly swing'd for this, you 'blue-bottle

passage—"She's the king's *nut-book*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "To go a fishing with a *cranke* through a window, or to set lime-twigs to catch a pan, pot, or dish." Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"—picking of locks and *booking* cloaths out of window."

Again, in the *Jew of Malta*, by Marlow, 1633:

"I saw some bags of money, and in the night I

"Clamber'd up with my *books*."

Hence perhaps the phrase *By book or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tuffer and Spenser. The first uses it in his *Husbandry* for the month of March, the second in the 3d book of his *Faery Queene*. In the first volume of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 183, the reader may find the cant titles bestowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *bookers*, or anglers; and Decker, in the *Bell-man of London*, 5th edit. 1640, describes this species of robbery in particular. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *a dozen of cushions* — ] That is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeit pregnancy, So in Massinger's *Old Law*:

"I said I was with child, &c. Thou saidst it was a *cushion*," &c.

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher, &c.* 1592: "—to weare a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *thou thin man in a censer!* ] These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives*, calls Slender a *laten bilboe*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *blue bottle rogue!* ] A name, I suppose, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr.

bottle-rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear <sup>4</sup> half-kirtles.

*Bead.* Come, come, you the knight-errant; come.

*Hof.* O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

*Hof.* Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

*Dol.* Goodman death! goodman bones!

*Hof.* Thou atomy, thou <sup>5</sup>!

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *flesh fly*, commonly called a *bluc-bottle*.

FARMER.

The same allusion is in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

“Now *blue-bottle*! what flutter you for, sea-pie?”

The serving men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dress in which a strumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633: —“let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip.” Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dress of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: “And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beadles and other bawdy officers, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *half-kirtles*.] Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half-kirtle* was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dressed they say—Such a one looks like a w — in a bed-gown. See *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1612: —“forty shillings I lent her to redeem two *half-silk kirtles*.”

STEEVENS.

The dress of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. So, in *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: “Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied gown*, wench, and let it go.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *thou atomy, thou*!] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is designed. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“For thee, for thee, thou *otamie* of honour,

“Thou worm of majesty” — STEEVENS,

*Dol.*

KING HENRY IV. 605

*Dol.* Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal <sup>o</sup> !  
*Bead.* Very well. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*A public place near Westminster abbey.*

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

1 *Groom.* <sup>7</sup> More rushes, more rushes.  
 2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.  
 1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come  
 from the coronation : Dispatch, dispatch.  
 [Exeunt Grooms.]

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.*

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

*Pist.* 'Bless thy lungs, good knight !

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [To *Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shews my earnestness of affection.

*Pist.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

<sup>6</sup> — you rascal !] In the language of the forest, *lean deer* were called *rascal deer*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *More rushes, &c.*] It has been already observed, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. *Caius de Ephemera*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 :

“ Sir as secret as *rushes* in an old lady's chamber.”

STEEVENS.

*Shal.*

*Shal.* <sup>3</sup> It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

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

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

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

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds.

*The trumpets found. Enter the King, and his train.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

*Pist.*

<sup>3</sup> *It doth, it doth, it doth.*] The two little answers here given to Pistol, are transferred by sir T. Hanmer to Shallow, the repetition of *it doth* suits Shallow best. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *'Tis all in every part.*] The sentence alluded to is:

“ 'Tis all in all, and all in every part.”

And so doubtless it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, *'tis all in all*. To which this fantastic character adds, with some humour, *and all in every part*: which, both together, make up the philosophic sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pistol's phraseology.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *God save thy grace, king Hal!* — ] A similar scene occurs in

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, ' most royal imp of fame !

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy !

*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you speak ?

*Fal.* My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

*King.* I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy prayers ; How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so ' profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandizing ; ' know, the grave doth gape  
For

in the anonymous Henry V. Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *most royal imp of fame !* ] The word *imp* is perpetually used by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny :

“ And were it not thy royal *impe*

“ Did mitigate our pain,” &c.

Here Fulwell addresses Anne Boleyn, and speaks of the young Elizabeth.

Again, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 :

“ ——— Amurath mighty emperor of the east,

“ That shall receive the *imp* of royal race.”

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607 :

“ Young *imps* of honour.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603 :

“ ——— “ From hence I bring

“ A pair of martial *imps* ———”

*Imp-yn* is a Welsh word, and primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker. So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603 :

“ Like th' ancient trunk of some disbranched tree

“ Which Æol's rage hath to confusion brought,

“ Disarm'd of all those *imps* that sprung from me,

“ Unprofitable stock, I serve for nought.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *profane* ; ] In our author it often signifies *love of talk* without the particular idea now given it. So, in *Othello* : “ Is he not a *profane* and very liberal counsellor.” JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Know, the grave doth gape*

*For thee thrice wider than for other men.*

*Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;* ] Nature is highly touch-  
ed

For thee thrice wider than for other men :—  
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;  
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was ;  
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turn'd away my former self ;  
 So will I those that kept me company.  
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
 Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots :  
 'Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,—  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
 ' Not to come near our person by ten miles.

For

ed in this passage. The king having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity : he assumes the air of a preacher ; bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider, &c.* and is just falling back into Hal, by an humourous allusion to Falstaff's bulk ; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight, with

*Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;*

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shews us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, interest, or reason. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Not to come near our person by ten miles.*] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poinz, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action ; and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakespeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his  
 his

For competence of life, I will allow you ;  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—  
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,  
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on.

[Exit King, &c.]

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, fir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

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

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, fir John.

his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. JOHNSON.

The dismissal of Falstaff was founded on a historical fact. Stowe says, that “ K. Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence.”

In the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, (with Shakespeare's name prefixed to it, 1600,) K. Henry V. is made to enquire after his old companions, as if they were still carrying on their former occupations: “ Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain is so fat, he cannot get on's horse; but methinks Poinz and Peto should be stirring hereabouts.” STEEVENS.

*Fal.* Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter the Chief Justice, Prince John, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* 'Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the fleet; Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,——

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent Lancaster, and Chief Justice.*

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

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*Lan.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*Lan.* I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords, and native fire, As far as France: I heard a bird so sing<sup>1</sup>, Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king. Come, will you hence?<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> —to the fleet;] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the king; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *I heard a bird so sing,*] This phrase, which I suppose to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The rising in the North*:

“*I heare a bird sing in mine eare,*

“*That I must either fight or flee.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, “*O most lame and impotent conclusion!*” As this play



play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

*In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakespeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifer is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifer. This character is great, original, and just,

Percy is a rugged foldier, choleric, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailling power

power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.      JOHNSON.

# E P I L O G U E<sup>4</sup>.

Spoken by a Dancer.

**FIRST**, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. <sup>5</sup> All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with

<sup>4</sup> This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> All the gentlewomen, &c.] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it*. JOHNSON.

fair

## E P I L O G U E.

*fair Katharine of France*<sup>6</sup>: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; <sup>7</sup> for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> — and make you merry with fair Katharine of France:—] I think this is a proof that the French scenes in *Henry V.* however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this passage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was *fair Katharine* to make the audience merry, but by speaking broken English? The conversation and courtship of a great princess, in the usual style of the drama, was not likely to afford any merriment. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> — for Oldcastle died a martyr, &c.] This alludes to a play in which sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff. POPE.

The reader will find this assertion disputed in a note on the play of *Henry V.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that it was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus at the end of *New Custom*:

“ Preserve our noble Q. Elizabeth, and her councill all.”

And in *Lochrine*:

“ So let us pray for that renowned maid, &c.”

And in Middleton's *Mad World my Masters*: “ This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord *Overmuch* and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress.” FARMER.

Thus, at the end of Preston's *Cambyfes*:

“ As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,

“ And for her honourable council, the truth that they may  
“ use,

“ To practise justice, and defende her grace eche day;

“ To maintaine God's word they may not refuse,

“ To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws  
“ abuse:

“ Befeeching God over us she may reign long,

“ To be guided by truth and defended from wrong.”

“ Amen, q. Thomas Preston.”

So, at the end of *All for Money*, a morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:

“ Let us pray for the queen's majesty our sovereign governour,

“ That she may raign quietly according to God's will, &c.”

Again, at the end of *Lussy Juventus*, a morality, 1561:

“ Now let us make our supplications together,

“ For the prosperous estate of our noble and virtuous king,” &c.

Again,

## E P I L O G U E.

Again, at the end of the *Disobedient Child*, an interlude by Thomas Ingeland, bl. l. no date:

“ Here the rest of the players come in, and kneele downe all together, eche of them sayinge one of these verses:”

“ And last of all, to make an end,

“ O God to the we most humblye praye,

“ That to queen Elizabeth thou do sende

“ Thy lyvely pathe, and perfect waye, &c. &c.”

Again, at the conclusion of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

“ Which God preserve our noble queen,

“ From perilous chance which hath been scene;

“ And send her subjects grace, say I,

“ To serve her highnes patiently!”

Again, at the conclusion of a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

“ And may her days of blisse never have end,

“ Upon whose lyfe so many lyves depend.”

Again, at the end of *Apus and Virginia*, 1575:

“ Befeeching God, as duty is, our gracious queene to save,

“ The nobles, and the commons eke, with prosperous life I crave.”

Lastly, sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, finishes with these words: “ But I will neither end with sermon nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L. ( ) players, who when they have ended a baudie comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion, kneele downe solemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and maister.”

Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex and Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEVENS.

## E N D O F V O L U M E T H E F I F T H.

















