

Mr. Safford

1701

THE

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. V.

Shakespeare

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1773

THE

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OF

WILLIAM BENTLEY

1773

T H E
P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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 :

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. BEECROFT, W. STRAHAN, J.
and F. RIVINGTON, J. HINTON, L. DAVIS, HAWES,
CLARKE and COLLINS, R. HORSFIELD, W. JOHNSTON,
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MDCCLXXIII.

P L A Y S

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDUCATION IN THE

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MACBETH

THE TEMPEST

THE WINTER'S TALE

THE WINTER'S TALE
THE TEMPEST
MACBETH
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THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING JOHN.

VOL. V.

A

Persons Represented.

King JOHN.

Prince Henry, *son to the king.*

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

Pembroke,

Effex,

Salisbury,

Hubert,

Bigot,

Faulconbridge, *bastard son to Richard the First.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *suppos'd brother to the bastard.*

James Gurney, *servant to the lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a prophet.*

Philip, *king of France.*

Lewis, *the dauphin.*

Arch-duke of Austria.

Card. Pandulpho, *the pope's legate.*

Melun, *a French lord.*

Chatillion, *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.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton.

A room of state in the palace.

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

King JOHN.

NOW, say, Chatillion, what would France with
us?

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

In my behaviour, ² to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli.

¹ *The troublesome reign of king John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare 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.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in 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. STEEVENS.

The Life and Death ———] Though this play hath this title, 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.

² *In my behaviour,* ———] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author.

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 ³ controul of fierce and bloody
war,
To inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

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.

⁴ 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 ⁵ sullen presage of your own decay.—

An

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.

³ —controul—] *Opposition, from controller. JOHNSON.*

⁴ *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.

⁵ —*Sullen presage—*] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied

An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillion.

[*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 of two kingdoms must
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* ⁶.

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?

[*Exit Sheriff.*]

K. John. Let them approach.—
Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge——

*Re-enter Sheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his
brother* ⁷.

What men are you?

Phil.

plied 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.

⁶ *Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, &c.*] This stage-direction I have taken from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

⁷ —— *and Philip, his brother.*] Though Shakespeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is

Phil. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman
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,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' 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, he 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 whether I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;

not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

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

Matt. Paris, in his History of the Monks of St. Albans, calls him *Falco*, but in his general History *Falcaſus de Breute*, as above.

Holinshead 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.

But

But that I am as well begot, my liege,
 (Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
 Compare out faces; and be judge yourself.
 If old Sir Rôbert did beget us both,
 And were our father, and this son like him;
 O old Sir 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 face⁸,
 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;
⁹ With that half-face would he have all my land:
 A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob.

⁸ *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.

⁹ *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. *Hollingshed, Camden's Remains, &c.* The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in

K I N G J O H N .

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

Phil. Well, Sir, 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.

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

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-cheek'd chitty-face.”

STEEVENS.

That

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. ¹ 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 Faulconbridge,
 And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
² Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
³ And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him ;

And

¹ *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.

² *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. WARBUPTON.

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.

³ *And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him ;*] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is: *If I had his shape—Sir 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*

And if my legs were two such riding rods,
 My arms such eel-skins stuf't; 4 my face so thin,
 5 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Left men should say, Look, where three-farthings
 goes!
 And, to his shape, were heir to all this land;

— *Who now lives to age,
 Fit to be call'd Methusalem his page?* JOHNSON.

4 ——— *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.

5 *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 Sancy*, l. 2. 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 roses were, I believe, only roses composed of ribbands. In Marston'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 in his Humour*, “— This ribband in my ear, or so.” I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of Queensbury's collection at Amersbury, to have seen one with the locks nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands, which terminate in roses. STEEVENS.

'Would

Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir 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.

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 Sir 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 Sir 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, Sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Phil. ⁶ Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what
tho'?

⁷ Something about, a little from the right;

In

⁶ *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what tho'?*] I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by honesty—what then?

JOHNSON.

⁷ *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

⁸ In at the window, or else o'er the hatch,
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.*]

⁹ 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, ¹ *Sir Richard*——*Godamercy, fellow*;—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

² 'Tis too respectful and too sociable

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.

⁸ *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 Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607.

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

⁹ *A foot of honour*——] *A step, un pas*. JOHNSON.

¹ —— *Sir Richard*——] Thus the old copy. The modern editors
arbitrarily read, *Sir Robert*. STEEVENS.

² *'Tis too respectful, &c.*] i. e. *respectful*. So in the old comedy
called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607.

“Seem *respective*, to make his pride swell like a toad with
“*dew.*” So in *The Merchant of Venice*, act 5.

“You should have been *respective,*” &c. STEEVENS.

For your conversing. ³ Now your traveller,——

⁴ He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

⁵ My piked man of countries :——*My dear Sir,*

(Thus

³ *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 Witkipoll a little before his latter journey to Geane*, 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 piketooth byting on your lippe

“ Your brave mustachio's turn'd the Turkie way

“ A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke

“ A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes

“ A slender slop 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.” So 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 B. and Fletcher.

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

⁵ *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

(Thus leaning on my elbow, I begin)
 I shall beseech you——That is question now;
 And then comes answer, ⁶ like an ABC-book:—
 O Sir, says answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment, at your service, Sir.——
 No, Sir, says question; *I, sweet Sir, at yours:*——
⁷ And so, e'er answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And

King Lear, where the reader may find a more ample explanation of this passage. *Piked* may however mean only spruce in dress.

Chaucer says in one of his prologues—“ Fresh and new her geare *ypiked* was.” And in the *Merchaunts Tale*.—“ He kempeth him, and proineth him, and *piketh*.” In Hyrd’s translation of *Vives’s Instruction of a Christian Woman*, printed in 1591. we meet with “ *piked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly* arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have wo—men 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.”

My picked man of countries may signify *my spruce traveller*, or, if a comma be placed after the word *man*, —— “ I catechize

“ *My picked man, of countries.*”

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

⁶ Like an *a, b, c* book.] An *a, b, c* book, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absy* book, is a *catechism*. JOHNSON.

⁷ 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 SERVING instead of *saving*, and all this nonsense is avoided; and the account stands thus, “ E'er answer

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
 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 :
⁸ Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
⁹ But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?
 What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains ¹ to blow a horn before her ?
 O me ! it is my mother—How now, good lady,
 What brings you here to court so hastily ?

“ 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 to-
 “ wards supper.” All this is sensible and humorous ; and the
 phrase of *serv'ing 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.

⁸ *Which though, &c.*] The construction will be mended, if instead of “ which though,” we read “ this though.” JOHNSON.

⁹ *But who comes here—*] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Delilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

¹ *To blow a horn—*] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a post was likely to *horn* her husband. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

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

Phil. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
² Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady. Sir Robert's son! ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

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

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. ³ Philip! — sparrow! — James,
There's toys abroad; ⁴ anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit James.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert ⁵ might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, confess!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

² 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.

³ 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. WARB.

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 remarks, that a Sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

Gascoigne has likewise a poem entitled, *The Praise of Philip Sparrow*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *There's toys abroad, &c.*] *i. e.* idle reports. So in B. Jonson's *Sejanus*.

————— “*Toys, mere toys,*

“*What wisdom's in the streets.*” STEEVENS.

⁵ ———— *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.

We knew 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 honour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Phil. ⁶ Knight, knight, good mother——Basilisco like.

What ! I am dub'd ; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;

I have disclaim'd Sir 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 ?

⁶ 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 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.

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.

⁷ Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly.
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
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 *no*, it had been sin:
Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *Some sins*—] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip king of France, Lewis the dauphin, the archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood

⁸ 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:

And, for amends to his posterity,

¹ 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.

Arthur. 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,

A seal to this indenture of my love;

⁸ *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. DR. GRAY.

¹ *At my importance—*] At my importunity. JOHNSON.

That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with ² that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders ;
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that outmost 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 ³ requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, who 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 Chatillion 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.

² — *that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

³ *To make a more requital, &c.*] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified, in our author's time, *greater*.

Enter Chatillion.

K. Philip. ⁴ A wonder, lady!—Lo, upon thy wish
Our messenger Chatillion is arriv'd.

—What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillion, 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 ⁵ expedient to this town,
His forces strong,¹ his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife.
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,
⁶ 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 ⁷ scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*

⁴ *A wonder, lady! —*] The wonder is only that Chatillion 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. JOHNS.

⁵ — *expedient* —] Immediate, *expeditious*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Bearing their birth-rights, &c.*] So Henry VIII.

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

JOHNSON.

⁷ — *scathe* —] Destruction, waste. JOHNSON.

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand
To parly, or to fight; therefore prepare.

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

Auf. 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 of England, 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!
Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phil. 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 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 Geoffrey's face:—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:—
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey'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,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-mastereft?

K. John.

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

To draw my answer to thy articles ?

K. Phil. From that fupernal judge, that ftirs good
thoughts

In any breast of ftrong authority,

⁸ To look into the blots and ftains 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 chaftife it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer : thy usurping fon.—

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 fon as true,

As thine was to thy husband : and this boy,

Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,

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 fo true begot ;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy fa-
ther.

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

Aust. Peace !—

Faulc. Hear the crier.

⁸ *To look into the blots and ftains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being fo early authorized, and fo much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, tho' *bolts* might be used in that time for *spots* : fo Shakefpeare calls Banquo *spotted with blood*, the *blood-belter'd* Banquo. The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to *disgrace* a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *blots* was only a typographical mistake. JOHNSON.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

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

You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard :
I'll smooke 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 disrobe the lion of that robe !

Faulc. It lies as lightly on the back of him ⁹,
As great Alcides' shews upon an afs :
But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back ;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King Lewis ¹, determine what we shall do strait.

K. Phil.

⁹ *It lies as lightly on the back of him,*

As great Alcides' shews 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, locks as uncouthly on " thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Her- " cules, 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.

I believe Theobald is right, yet the shoes of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much such another occasion. So in *The Isle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606.

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

STEEVENS.

¹ *King Lewis,*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors read —Philip, which appears to be right. It is however observable, that the answer is given in the old copy to Lewis, as if the dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. was meant to have been the

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

King John, this is the very sum of all. ———

England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur I do claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon.—I do defy thee, France.
—Arthur of Britain 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.

Const. 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.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does, or no !
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
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 me not slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The domination, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited on this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,

the speaker. The speech itself, however, seems appropriated to the king, and nothing can be inferred from the folio with any certainty, but that the editors of it were careless and ignorant.

STEEVENS.

Being

Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. ² I have but this 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.—Plague her sin; 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
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

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

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

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

² *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 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

3 It ill befeems this prefence to cry aim
 To thefe ill tuned repetitions.—
 Some trumpet fummon hither to the walls
 Thefe men of Angiers; let us hear them fpeak,
 Whofe title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets found.

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 itfelf:

You men of Angiers, and my loving fubjects——

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

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.——

K. John. For our advantage; — therefore hear us
 firft 4.——

be *her injury*, and the mifery of her *fin*; her fon will be a *beadle*, or cha: iſer, to her *crimes*, which are now all *puniſhed in the perſon of this child.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads,

—— “ plagu'd for her

“ And with her plagu'd; her fin, his injury. STEEVENS.

3 *It ill befeems this prefence to cry aim*

To thefe 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 *raife attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applauſe was *J'aime*, *love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the Engliſh, not eaſily pronouncing *Je*, funk 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*, &c. Ford ſays, “ — and
 “ to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall *cry aim*.”

STEEVENS.

4 *For our advantage; — therefore hear us firſt.* —] If we read
 “ for your advantage” it would be a more ſpecious reaſon for
 interrupting Lewis. T. T.

Theſe

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,
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist 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 sight of us your lawful king,
 (Who, painfully, with much expedient march
 Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
 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 smoak,
 To make a faithless error in your ears:
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let in us, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
 Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

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

Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe
 To him that owns 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 ⁴ of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
 Tho' 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 ;
 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 witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed——

Faulc. (Bastards, and else).

⁴ 'Tis not the roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

The word is used by Decker in his *Comedy of old Fortunatus*, 1600.

—— “ your cries to me are musick

“ And fill the sacred *roundure* of mine ears,” &c. STEEVENS.

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

K. Phil. 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's door,
Teach us some fence! Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, sirrah, with your lionsess,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.—

[*To Austria.*

Aust. Peace! no more.

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. ⁵ Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;

⁵ *Ye 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.

Who,

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 :
 And many a widow's husband groveling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 While 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. ⁶ Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, ring your
 bells ;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 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 ⁷, 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. ⁸ Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire

⁶ *Rejoice, ye 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.

⁷ *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.

⁸ *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.

Of both your armies; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered
 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, vext 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.

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 scowl, 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, how doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;
 And now he feasts, ⁹ mouthing the flesh of men
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

⁹ ——— *mouthing the flesh of men*] The old copy reads ———
moufing STEEVENS.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
 Cry havock ¹, kings ! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, 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 ;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. ² 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 are our fears——until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faul.

¹ *Cry havock, kings !*——] That is, “ command slaughter to
 “ proceed ;” so in another place. “ He with Atè by his side,
 “ Cries, havock !” JOHNSON.

² In former copies :

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 altera-
 tion, 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. Scene 5. The Dauphin says of England,

—— *she is so idly king'd.*

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers³ 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 ;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while⁴, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades ;
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, 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 ?

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, *by*. *Observations and Conjectures*, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766. STEEVENS.

³ — these scroyles of Angiers—] *Escrouvelles*, Fr. *i. e.* scabby, scrophulous fellows.

Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*,

— “ hang them scroyles ! ” STEEVENS.

⁴ *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.

Faulc.

Faulc. An if thou haft 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, againft these faucy walls :
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourfelves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be fo : fay, where will you affault ?

K. John. We from the west will fend destruction
Into this city's bofom.

Auf. I from the north.

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

Faulc. O prudent difcipline ! from north to fouth ;
Auftria and France fhoot in each other's mouth. [*Aside.*
I'll ftir them to it : come, away, away !

Cit. Hear us, great kings : vouchfafe a while to
ftay,
And I will fhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
Win you this city without ftroke, or wound ;
Refcue thofe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come facrifices for the field :
Perfever 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,
Is near to England ; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If luftry love fhould go in queft of beauty,
Where fhould he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If ⁵ zealous love fhould go in fearch of virtue,
Where fhould he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If love, ambitious, fought a match of birth,
Whofe veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete :

⁵ Zealous ſeems here to fignify pious, or influenced by motives of religion. JOHNSON.

If not complete⁶, oh say, he is not she;
 And she again wants nothing (to name want)
 If want it be not, that she is not he.
 He is the half part of a blessed man⁷,
 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 match⁸,
 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 so confident, mountains and rocks
 So free from motion; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay⁹,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That

⁶ *If not complete of, say, &c.*] Sir T. HANMER reads, *O! say.*
 JOHNSON.

⁷ *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.

⁸ ——— *at this match,*
With swifter spleen, &c.] Our author uses *spleen* for any vio-
 lent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So in *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.

⁹ *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

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.

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 unsur'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 ^r, 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 ?

it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *binders*, 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 *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits 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.

^r *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 *represent 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.

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, Poictiers²,
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!

[*Whispering with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

² 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. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading, which he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the old quarto. STEEVENS.

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 aught 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,
(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 Volqueffen, 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. Philip. It likes us well; young princes, close
your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, what I was first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at St. 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,
 Her presence would have interrupted much.—
 Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's 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.*]

Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly ¹ departed with a part:
 And France (whose armour conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
 As God's own soldier) ² rounded in the ear

With

¹ — departed *with a part*:] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous.

So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*,

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

Again, in *The Sad Shepherd*,

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

STEEVENS.

² — rounded in the ear] *i. e.* whispered in the ear. The word

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 ;
 The world, which 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,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity ?
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet :
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
 Well, while 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.

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.”

So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1705,

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

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French king's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

CONSTANCE.

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 provinces?
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.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And, tho' thou now confests 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.

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 ! O boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy fight :
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 ¹, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and ² sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious ³,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content :

¹ *If thou hadst, &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 body, as the manners of thy mind,
“ Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, &c. &c.
“ I had been blest.” STEEVENS.

² — *sightless* —] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

³ — *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.”
So in the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, sc. ult.

———— “ nor scar -
“ Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are
“ Despised,” &c. STEEVENS.

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 these woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

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 ⁴.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief ⁵,

⁴ ——— *makes its owner stout.*] The old editions have, *makes its owner stoop*: the emendation is Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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.

Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it ⁶.

[Sits down on the floor.]

⁶ ——— *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 criticks fancied, that a considerable part of the 2d act was lost ; and that the chasm began here. I had joined in 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 judg'd 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.

Enter

*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 day⁷, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist⁸ ;
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, in the kalendar ?
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 crost :
But on this day⁹, let seamen fear no wreck ;
No bargains break, that are not this day made :

This

⁷ *To solemnize this day, &c.*] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— and plays the alchymist ;] Milton has borrowed this thought, P. L. B. 3.

————— “ when with one virtuous touch

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

⁹ *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 Dutchejs of Malfy*, 1623,

“ By the almanac, I think

“ To choose good days and shun the critical.”

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, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueless : you are forsworn, forsworn !

² You came in arms to spill my 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, ye heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
A widow cries, be husband to me, heaven !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
³ 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.
⁴ O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou

So 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.

² *You came in arms to spill my 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.

³ *Set armed discord, &c.*] Shakespeare makes this bitter curse
effectual. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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
character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I.
to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has con-
joined 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 Vi-
domar,

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 perjurd 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,
 Haft 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,
 5 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Auf. Oh that a man would speak those words to me !

Faul. And hang a calve's skin on those recreant limbs.

domar, viscount of Limoges ; and the archer, who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

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 as his judgment has corrected my errors ; yet such has been his constant solicitude 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. STEEV.

5 *And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calve-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 Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in several places of a *calve'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 Faulconbridge, who means to call Austria a *fool*. 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. STREEVENS.

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

Faulc. And hang a calve's skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. ⁷ Methinks, that Richard's pride and Richard's fall

Should be a precedent to fright you all.

Faulc. ⁸ 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 strait;

“ Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

“ Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.”——

But arm thee, traitor, wronger of renown,

For by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

⁷ *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. 2.) the least mention of 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. POPE.

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 these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity.

JOHNSON.

The lines that compose this speech are in the first sketch of the play printed in 1611, though mixed up with a great number of others on the same subject of altercation, which were very judiciously rejected. STEEVENS.

⁸ I have restored one line more, not merely for the sake of appearing to do something, but because the insertion of it renders the alteration made by Mr. Pope in the succeeding one unnecessary. STEEVENS.

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.

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.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can 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.

⁹ *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.

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. Tho' 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:
Tho' you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I 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 saint,
That takes away by any secret course¹
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:

¹ *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.

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.—

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve'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 ²,
Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee here ³
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch.

² It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *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 ;*

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 would 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 calve's-skin, most sweet lout.

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

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

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*. WARB.

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 risible for any common power of face. JOHNSON.

Trim is *dress*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undrest*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful ? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride stripped of the forbidding forms of dress, and in the anticipation of future enjoyment, the memory of my wrongs is lost.

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

“ *Bur.* Here's a lady gay.

“ *Tip.* A *well-trimm'd* lady !”

STEEVENS.

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 ⁴,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
 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 Sir,
 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.

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 ⁵ by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

⁴ --*so strong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both parties.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *A cased lion*—] All the modern editors read, *a chased lion.* I see little reason for change. *A cased lion,* is a lion irritated by confinement. The author might, however, have written, *a chased lion.* STEEVENS.

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,

⁶ 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

Is to mistake again ; tho' 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 ;

⁷ But thou hast sworn against religion :

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

And

⁶ *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.

⁷ *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.

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,

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 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,

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, known,
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.

Auf. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Faulc. Will't not be ?

Will not a calve'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 ! (ah ! alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth ?) even for that name,

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

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought 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 upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine ho-
nour !——

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.

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

Faulc. Old time the clock-fetter, that bald fexton
time,

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

Blanch. The sun's o'ercaft with blood: fair day,
adieu!

Which is the fide that I muft go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl afunder, and difmember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'ft win:

Uncle, I needs muft pray that thou may'ft lofe:

Father, I may not wifh the fortune thine:

Grandam, I will not wifh thy wifhes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that fide fhall I lofe:

Affured lofs, 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. Coufin, go draw our puiffance together.

[*Exit Faulconbridge.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose hate 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 threatens. To arms!
let's hie!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Changes to a field of battle.

Alarms, excursions : enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;

⁸ Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there ;
⁹ Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,

⁸ *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 devil *fiery*, because he makes the day *hot* ; the author makes him *airy*, because *he hovers in the sky*, and the *heat* and *mischief* are natural consequences of his malignity.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions 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, attributes, &c.

These are described at length in *Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy*, part 1. sect. 2. p. 45. 1632.

“ Of these sublunary devils—Pfellus makes six kinds ; fiery, aerial, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those fairies, satyres, nymphes,” &c.

“ Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ships 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, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones,” &c. PERCY.

⁹ *Thus bath king Richard's son, &c.*] This and the two following lines are taken from the old imperfect sketch by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

And

And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter king John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up ;
my mother
Is assail'd 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 III.

Alarms, excursions, retreat. Re-enter king John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and lords.

K. John. So shall it be ;—your grace shall stay behind,
[*To Elinor.*
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 ; their imprison'd angels
Set at liberty : the fat ribs of peace ¹

Must

¹ ——— *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*. *WARBUR.*

This emendation is better than the former, but yet not necessary. Sir T. HANMER reads, *hungry man*, with less deviation

Must by the hungry now, be fed upon.
Use our commission in its utmost force.

Faulc. ² Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit *Faulc.*

Eli. Comè hither, little kinsman;—hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage,

K. John. [To *Hubert* on the other side.

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.

tion 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 instant*. Shakespeare perhaps used 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.

² *Bell, book, and candle, &c.*] In an account of the Romish
curse given by Dr. Gray, it appears that three candles were ex-
tinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration.

JOHNSON.

I had

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,
 To give me audience : — if the midnight bell
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
³ Sound on unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that furly spirit melancholy
 Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy, thick,
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, 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 watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 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,
 Tho' 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 ;

³ 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 folio) 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 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.* STEEVENS.

He

He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And, wherefoe'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 :
 4 Remember.—Madam, fare you well :

[*Returning to the queen.*]

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.*]

S C E N E IV.

The French court.

Enter king Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and attendants.

K. Philip. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole ^s armada of collected sail
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand.

⁴ 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.

⁵ *A whole armada, &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

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 ⁶ in so fierce a course,
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 foul,
Holding the eternal spirit against her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace !

K. Phil. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Con-
stance !

ference likewise to that glorious period that Shakespear 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 *armada*. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess. JOHNSON.

Armada is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armada* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— in *so fierce a cause*,] We should read *COURSE*, *i. e.* *march*. The Oxford editor condescends to this emendation.

WARBURTON.

Const.

Const. No, I defy 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:
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou siml'st,
 And buss thee as thy wife! 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 I would shake the world;
 And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a ⁷ 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
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

⁷ — *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.

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. ⁸ 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*
 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,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born⁹.

But

⁸ *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.

* — *wiry friends*] The old copy reads, *wiry fiends*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *a gracious creature born.*] *Gracious*, I believe, in this instance, as in some others, means *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,

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;
 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;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well: ¹ 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-cloaths.*

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 sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

Lewis. ² There's nothing in this world, can make
 me joy:

Again, in the same piece,

—— “ they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several gracious postures.” STEEVENS.

¹ —— 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.

² *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.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
 And bitter shame hath spoilt 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.

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, whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
 A 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 :
 F'or he that steeps his safety in ² 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,
³ No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away its 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 this 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 ;

² ——— *true blood*] The blood of him that has the *just*
 claim. JOHNSON.

³ *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.

* 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 reason makes strong actions: let us
go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.]

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

Changes to England.

A prison.

Enter Hubert and executioners.

HUBERT.

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.—
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.

* Or, as a little snow,—] Bacon, in his history of Henry VII. speaking of Perkin's march, observes, that *their snow-ball did not gather as it rolled.* JOHNSON.

Arth.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
 Yet I remember when I was in France,
 5 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So were I 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 it 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 rheum, [*Aside.*]
 6 Turning spiteous 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.

Arth. And will you?

⁵ *Young gentlemen, &c.*] It should seem that this affectation had found its way to England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of *Master Stephen* in *Every Man in his Humour*.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Onos says,
 "Come let's be melancholy." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Turning spiteous torture out of door!*] For torture Sir T. Hanmer reads *nature*, and is followed, I think, without necessity, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

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, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its 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?
Oh! 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. Come forth; do, as I bid you do.

Arth.

⁷ *I would not have believed a tongue BUT HUBERT'S.*] Thus Mr. Pope found the line in the old editions. According to this reading 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

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 boist'rous 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 angrily :

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.

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 :—

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.

— *vixatur 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.

Let

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 boisterous 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 !

⁸ 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. ⁹ 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 ;

¹ There is no malice in this burning coal ;

The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

⁸ This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us. JOHNSON.

⁹ 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 used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.* JOHNSON.

¹ 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.

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, extend,
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 disguis'd.

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,

SCENE II.

Changes to the court of England.

Enter king John, Pembroke², Salisbury, and other lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

² — *Pembroke,*—] As this and others of the historical plays of Shakespeare take up many years, it sometimes happens that the title toward the end of a play does not belong to the person who owned it at the beginning. This earl of Pembroke is William the son of him who was earl at the opening of the piece.

STEEVENS.

Pemb.

Pemb. ³ 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,
⁴ 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 ;
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,
⁵ They do confound their skill in covetousness ;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse :

³ *This once again*———*was once superfluous :*] *This one time more was one time more than enough.* JOHNSON.

⁴ *To guard a title that was rich before,*] *To guard, is to fringe.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *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.

As patches set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more ⁶ 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. ⁷ Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have possess't you with, and think them strong.
 And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
 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,
⁸ To sound the purposes of all their hearts)
 Both for myself and them (but chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and they
 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

⁶ ——— in hiding of the FAULT,

Than did the FAULT ———] We should read FLAW in both places. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fault* means *blemish*. STEEV.

⁷ Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess't 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.

⁸ *To sound the purposes—]* To declare, to publish the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

The rich advantage of good exercise ⁹ ?
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our fuit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
 Which for our good we do no further ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal, that he have 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 :
 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 ¹,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set ² :
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break,

⁹ ——— *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.

¹ *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions.

JOHNSON.

² *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.

Pemb.

Pemb. And when it breaks ³, 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:—
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 achiev'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?

³ *And when it breaks,——*] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impostumated tumour. JOHNSON.

Mef. From France to England ⁴. 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 should be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?

Mef. 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.

K. John. With-hold 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.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter Faulconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faul. 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

⁴ *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.

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 thro' 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 ; imprifon him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety¹, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.—

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

O gentle couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Faulc. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are
full of it :

Befides, I met lord Bigot and lord Salifbury,
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 kinfman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again.
Bring them before me.

¹ *Deliver him to ſafety,———*] That is, *Give him into ſafe
cuſtody.* JOHNSON.

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 !

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, ² five moons were seen to-night :
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,

² ——— [*five moons were seen to-night, &c.*] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians : I have met with it nowhere, 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. DR. GRAY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the old copy of the play. STEEVENS.

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 ³
 Had fallſely thruſt upon contrary feet)
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent.
 Another lean unwafh'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 had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not pro-
 voke me ?

K. John. It is the curſe of kings ⁴, to be attended
 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

³ ——— *ſlippers (which his nimble haſte*

Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet)] I know not how the com-
 mentators underſtand this important paſſage, which in Dr. War-
 burton's edition is mark'd 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
 diſturb'd by the diſorder which he deſcribes. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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.

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, 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 ⁵, or made
 a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
 Or bid me tell my tale in express 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!

⁵ *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, 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.

My

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 ⁶,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;

⁶ *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 entered 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 commonly excited by the flattering views of interest, pleasure, or revenge, the mind is often too much taken up with those ideas to attend, 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,

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. Jehn. 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.⁷ [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A street before a prison.

Enter Arthur on the walls, disguised.

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 St. Edmund's-bury;
It is our safety; and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

⁷ The old 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 it stands at present in the new written copy. STEEVENS.

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 ⁸,
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 ⁹.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence strait.

Sal. The king hath dispossest'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 ¹.

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir ! Sir ! impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true ; to hurt its 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.

⁸ *Whose private, &c.] i. e.* whose private account of the dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

⁹ —— *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) *ore*. There, the common people use it often. Thus, they say, *Ore to-morrow* for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The additions of *ever* or *e'er* is merely augmentative. PERCY.

¹ *To reason*, in Shakespeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

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 be-
held,

Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, altho' 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 unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'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 incense of a vow, a holy vow²;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,

² ——— a holy vow; ———

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,] This is a copy of the
yows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge ³.

Pemb. } Our souls religiously confirm they words.
Bigot. }

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 !

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 ⁴ ;
Lest 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 ⁵ ;
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue so'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

³ ——— *the worship of revenge.*] The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of magistrates. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *true defence* ;] *Honest* defence ; defence in a *good* cause. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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.

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,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

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 innocence.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly favour 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 did'st 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:

⁶ There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou did'st kill this child.

Hub.

⁶ *There is not yet, &c.*] I remember once to have met with an old 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

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
To hang thee on: or wouldst 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 doth thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, the 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 ⁷ 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 ⁸.

tioned 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.

⁷ *The un-owed interest—*] *i. e.* the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] *Wrested pomp is greatness obtained by violence.* JOHNSON.

Now

Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
 A thousand businessses are brief at hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The court of England.

Enter king John, Pandulpho, and attendants.

K. JOHN.

THUS I have 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,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,

And

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.*

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, 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, let it not be said!—Forage, and run⁴

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, silken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread⁵,

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 know⁶,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

⁴ ——— *Forage, and run*] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to *range abroad*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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.

⁶ *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

SCENE II.

Changes to the dauphin's camp at St. Edmund's-bury ⁷.

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 ⁸ 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

cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit John, whom he meant to animate. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *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.

⁸ — *the precedent, &c.] i. e. the original treaty between the dauphin and the English lords.* STEEVENS.

To be a widow-maker ; oh, and there,
 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 griev'd 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,
 That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.

° *And grapple thee, &c.*] The old copy reads, *And cripple thee,* &c. STEEVENS.

¹ *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.

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 posterity,
 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 ² :
 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,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;

² ——— *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.

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 war,
Between this chafis'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 ³ ?
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 set ?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

³ — as I have bank'd their towns ?] *Bank'd their towns* means, thrown up fortifications, or rather entrenchments, before their towns. STEEVENS.

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 outlook 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.

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,
* 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,

* *This unheard sawciness, and boyish troops,*] Thus the printed copies in general ; but *unbeard* 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, sort very well with *unhair'd, i. e. unbearded sawciness.* THEOBALD.

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 hatch⁵;
 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 his voice an armed Englishman;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled 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,
 To fouse the annoyance that comes near his nest.
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Nero's, 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 gauntlets change,
 Their needles to lances, 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;

⁵ ——— take the hatch;] To take the hatch, is to leap the
 hatch. To take a hedge or a ditch is the hunter's phrase.

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 sits
 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.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not
 doubt. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to a field of battle.

Alarms. 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, Faulcon-
 bridge,
 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 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 strait ;
 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to 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 mis-begotten devil, Faulconbridge,
 In spite of spight, 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 ;
² Unthread 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,

² Unthread *the rude eye of rebellion,*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading* 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 ey'd night*. STEEVENS.

He means to recompense the pains you take,
 By cutting off your heads : thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at St. Edmond'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 !

Melin. Have I not hideous death within my view ?
 Retaining but a quantity of life ;
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
 Resolveth from its 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 smoaks about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
 Paying the fine of ³ 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
 In peace ; and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

³ ——— *rated treachery,*] It were easy to change *rated* to *bated* 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.

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 pang of death
 Right in thine eye ⁴. Away, my friends ! new flight ;
 And ⁵ happy newness that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to 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 ;
 And wound our ⁶ tatter'd colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it !——

Enter

⁴ *Right in thine eye.*—] This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. Some of the modern editors read, *fight*, i. e. pitched as a tent is ; others, *fight in thine eye*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *happy newness*, &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *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'a* in its room. Perhaps
 the

Enter a messenger.

Mef. Where is my prince, the dauphin ?

Lewis. Here.—What news ?

Mef. The count Melun is slain ; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fallen of :
And your supplies, which you have wish'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 ?

Mef. Who ever 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.]

S C E N E VI.

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. And whither dost thou go ?

Hub. What's that to thee ?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine ?

the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots,
was at that time common to both nations.

So in *The Downfall of Rob. Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

“ I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave

“ My totter'd colours in this worthless air.”

STEEVENS.

Faulc.

Faulc. 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 ! ⁷ thou 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.

Faulc. Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, 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 ;

⁷ ——— *thou and endless night*] We should read, *eyeless*. So
Pindar calls the moon, the *eye of night*. WARBURTON.

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my powers this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! Conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the orchard in Swinestead-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, 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 insensible: and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;

Which,

Which, ⁸ in their throng and prefs 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;
 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!
⁹ And none of you will bid the winter come
 To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
 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 ungrateful, 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.

⁸ — *in their throng and prefs*—] In their tumult and hurry of reſorting to the laſt tenable part. JOHNSON.

⁹ This ſcene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Wiſe for a Month*, act 4. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh! cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
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:
Strait let us seek, or strait 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 before-hand 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. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

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,

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 a number of the lines. Some of these I have pointed out in the notes, and some I have omitted as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it was the work of some cotemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and other 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 play 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 plays of Shakespeare. I admitted this play some years ago as Shakespeare's own among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of our poet's custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. dispose me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
RICHARD II.

Persons Represented.

King RICHARD the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *duke of York*, } *uncles to the king.*
John of Gaunt, *duke of Lancaster*, }

Bolingbroke, *son to John of Gaunt*, afterwards king
Henry the Fourth.

Duke of Aumerle, *son to the duke of York.*

Mowbray, *duke of Norfolk.*

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl Berkley.

Bushy, }

Bagot, } *servants to king Richard.*

Green, }

Earl of Northumberland.

Percy, *son to Northumberland.*

Lord Ross.

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.

Duchess of Gloucester.

Duchess of York.

Ladies attending on the queen.

*Heralds, two gardeners, keeper, messenger, groom, and
other attendants.*

SCENE, *dispersedly, in several parts of England.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court.

*Enter king Richard, John of Gaunt, with other nobles
and attendants.*

K. RICHARD.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
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 founded him,

¹ *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 Gelley 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 agi curasset." FARMER.

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.

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

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 ² 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 ;
 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 ³ 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,

² — *right-drawn* —] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNS.

³ — *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.

As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;
 By that, and all the rights 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,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin say to Mowbray's
 charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit us
 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 Gloucester'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.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !—
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Mowb.

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 our brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
(As he is but our father's brother's son)
Now, by ⁴ 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,
Disburs'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 Gloucester'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,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;

⁴ — *my scepter's awe,*—] The reverence due to my scepter.

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 :

⁵ 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,

Gaunt. When, Harry? when
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

⁵ *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 rhymes, will not connect at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhyming 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 rhymes must be retained to make out the connection. STEEVENS,

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Norfolk, thrown down ; we bid ; there is
no boot ⁶.

Mowb. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
foot :

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame ;
The one my duty owes ; but ⁷ 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 ;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear :
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 ?

⁸ Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,

⁶ — no boot.] That is, *no advantage, no use*, in delay or refusal. JOHNSON.

⁷ — 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.

⁸ Or with pale beggar face —] *i. e.* with a face of supplication. But this will not satisfy the Oxford editor, he turns it to *haggard fear*. WARBURTON.

Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 9 The slavish motive of recanting fear;
 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 St. 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 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.

Changes to the duke of Lancaster's palace.

Enter Gaunt and dutchefs of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas! 1 the part I had 2 in Gloster's blood
 Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
 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 it sees 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?

9 *The slavish motive*—] *Motive*, for instrument. WARBUR.
 Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

1 — *the part I had*—] That is, my relation of consanguinity
 to Gloucester. HANMER.

2 ——— *in Gloster's blood*] One of the quarto's reads, "in
 "Woodstock's blood." STEEVENS,

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 friend, my life, my Gloster,
 One phial full 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 see'st 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 intitle 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,
 Hath caus'd his death : the which, if wrongfully,
 Let God revenge ; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will : farewell, old Gaunt.
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That

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,

³ A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
 Farewell, 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:
 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 Plashy visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see
 But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
 And what hear there 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.*]

³ *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.

Ἡμισυ ἴης ἀρετῆς ἀπολείνεται δούλιον ἡμῶν.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*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
stayFor nothing but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*]*The trumpets sound, and the king enters with Gaunt,
Busby, 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:
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 thine oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!⁴ *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,

⁴ *Mowbray.*] Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinhead, 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.

To God, my king, and his succeeding issue⁵,
 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!

The 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,
 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:

⁵ ——— [*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.

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!
Farewell, 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 Faulcon'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,
And furbish 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 innocence, and Saint George to thrive!
Mowb.

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
 Ne'er did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle, 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 ⁶,
 Go I to fight : truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, 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 thy right !

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

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,
 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 ;

⁶ *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.

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 hath thrown his warder down.

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 soil'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 swords;

[⁷ And for we think, the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts

With rival-hating envy set you on,

To wake our peace⁸, which in our country's cradle

Draws

⁷ *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.

⁸ *To wake our peace,——
which thus rous'd up——*

Might fright fair peace,] Thus the sentence stands in the common reading, absurdly 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 rous'd up——
————— *fright fair peace.*

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]
 Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
 And harsh-responding 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 :—
 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 ;

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 1593, 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 Shakespear 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.

And

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-flow hours 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,⁹
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
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 engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
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 compassionate¹;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

⁹ *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.

¹ ——— compassionate;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

Mowb. 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 ye.
Lay on your royal sword your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
² (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, regret, or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. ³ Norfolk—so far, as to mine enemy—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm ;

² (*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 : Hobbs and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

³ (*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 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.

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.—
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way ⁴. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses 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 Bol.*]
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,
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 canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ⁵.

⁴ ——— *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.

⁵ *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.

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, 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 slander⁶ sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ; and, uncle, bid him so :
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*
 [*Exit.*

Aun. 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.

⁶ *A partial slander*—] That is, the reproach of partiality. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

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.

[⁷ *Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprentice-hood,
To foreign passages; and in the end
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief⁸?

Gaunt. ⁹ All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

⁷ *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.

⁸ ——— *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 method of knowing by whom the alteration was made. STEEVENS.

⁹ *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 the lines inclosed in crotchets are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

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 :

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.

† 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 patiatur 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 Tully* had been translated early enough for Shakespeare to have seen them. STEEVENS.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet
foil, 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 Englishman².

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 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 highway, 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. Farewell.

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 buried in my sorrow's grave.

² ——— 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.

Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,
 And added years to his short banishment,
 He should have had a volume of farewells ;
 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.
 Ourselves, 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 ;
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of similes,
 And patient under-bearing 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 manage must be made, my liege ;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers with too great a court,
 And liberal largesse, are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd 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 Busby.

K. Rich. Busby, what news ?

Busby. 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 ?

Busby. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's
mind,

To help him to his grave immediately !

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our foldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :

Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late !

[*Exeunt.*]

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

London.

A room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in, sick ; with the duke of York.

G A U N T.

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,

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,
 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 stopt with other flattering charms,
 As praises of his state : then there are found
 Lascivious meeters, to whose venom'd sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen :
 Report of fashions in proud Italy ² ;
 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 ³.
 Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse ⁴ ;
 '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 ⁵ rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;

² *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.

³ *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *whose way himself will chuse ;*] Do not attempt to guide him who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *rash* —] That is, *hasty, violent.* JOHNSON.

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 ⁶, 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 ⁷ ;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
⁸ Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
 For Christian service, and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jury

⁶ *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.

⁷ — *less happier lands* ;] So read all the editions, except Hanmer'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.

⁸ *Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,*] The first edition in 4to, 1598, reads,

Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.

The second 4to, 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 ;
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the sepulchre. JOHNSON.

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 :
 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 ?

King. 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 :
 The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast ; I mean, my childrens 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 sick 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. Oh, no ; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich.

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, and in thee, seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy 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,

Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Oh, had thy grandsire, 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:

° Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;

And——

K. Rich.

° *Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;*] *State of law*, i. e. *legal sovereignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *state o'er law*, i. e. *absolute sovereignty*. 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 *favorite* 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 thy royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty,*

K. Rich. — Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Prefuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with a frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek; chafing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now by my feat'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;
¹ And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.

Live

vereignty, 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.

¹ *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.

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:—
² 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. I do beseech your majesty, impute
 His words to wayward sickliness and age:
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

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 ³,
 But only they, hath privilege to live.
 And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance, we do seize to us,

Shakespeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time,
 who is armed with a scythe, which (from its form) was anciently
 called a *crook*. *Crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. STEEV.

² *Love they*—] That is, *let them love*. JOHNSON.

³ — *where no venom else,*] This alludes to the tradition that
 St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles
 of every kind. STEEVENS.

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, not Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

4 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke,
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?

⁴ *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke,*

About his marriage, &c.] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into 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.

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take Hereford's right 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!)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in his letters patents that he hath
 By his attornies-general to sue
 His livery, and ^s 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 seize 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.

^s ——— deny his offer'd homage,] That is, refuse to admit the
 homage, by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

Will. 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!

Will. Tends, what 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 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.

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 seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit fore upon our sails,
6 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 Brittainy, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter 7,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rampton,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Cuoint,
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tail ships, three thousand men of war,

6 *And yet we strike not, &c.] To strike the sails, is, to contract them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.*

7 — *duke of Exeter,]* I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has 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. STEEVENS.

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 ^s our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away with me in post to Ravenspurg :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

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,
 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,

^s *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.”

STEEVENS.

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
 Is coming toward me ; and my inward soul
⁹ 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,

Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo :
 For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
² 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 :

⁹ *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 needleſſy forſaken.

JOHNSON.

² *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.

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,

² As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. '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;

³ For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:

⁴ 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;

But

² *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 sometime felt, is here very forcibly described. JOHNSON.

³ *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.

⁴ *'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:

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 hop'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, ⁵ 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 what is worse,
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry,
The lords of Ros, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-
land,

And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

*I have possess'd him my most stay can be but short. Meas. for Meas.
He is possess'd what sum you need. Merch. 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 what it is, that is not yet known.* In any other interpreta-
tion she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which,
though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative lan-
guage, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation.

JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *might have retir'd his power,*] Might have drawn it
back. A French sense. JOHNSON.

Queen,

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
 And Bolingbroke ⁶ 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,

Busby. 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 ⁷;
 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 this 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!—

⁶ — *my sorrow's dismal heir.*] The author seems to have used *beir* in an improper sense, an *beir* 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.

⁷ *So should I do, I should bely my thoughts;*] This line is found in three of the quarto's, but is wanting in the folio. STEPHENS.

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to Plasby⁸, 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 my⁹ untruth had 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; 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, and 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;

⁸ *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.

⁹ — *untruth*—] That is, *disloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

¹ *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.

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle—
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 impossible.

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.
Farewell. 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. Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The wilds in Gloucestershire.**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 Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :And yet your fair discourse has been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way,

From Ravenspurg to Cotshold, will be found

In Ros 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 sight 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 forsook 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.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor:
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
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 directions to repair to Ravenspurg.

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 a 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 Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross 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 yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross.

Rofs. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far furmounts 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 time²,

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!

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.

² — *the absent time,*] For *unprepared*. Not an inelegant
synecdoche. WARBURTON.

He means nothing more than, *time of the king's absence*.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
 Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 But more than why; why, have they dar'd to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
³ 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, chastize thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
⁴ On what condition stands it, and wherein?

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.

³ *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.

⁴ *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.

And,

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 unthrifts ? ^s 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,
 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 wrongs, 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,

^s ——— *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.

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 common-wealth,
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.*]

6 S C E N E 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

⁶ 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

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.

7 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;
The other, to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*]

Sal. Alas, 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.*]

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.

7 *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.

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.*

BOLINGBROKE.

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 deaths.
 You have mistled '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 ;
 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, and fell'd my forest-woods,
² From mine own windows torn my household coat,

² *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.

⁹ Raz'd out my impres, leaving me no sign,
 Save mens' 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.

Bushy. 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 intreated :
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
 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. ¹ Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
 away ;

[To fight with Glendower and his complices ;]
 A while to work ; and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

⁹ *Raz'd out my impres, &c.*] The *impres* 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 re- “ moved, wheresoever they are fixed, or set.” STEEVENS.

¹ *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, yet 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. Be-

2 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?

Aum. It is, my lord; how brooks your grace the air,

After your 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;
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 ravenous 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,

sides, 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.

² Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act. JOHNSON.

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 soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall fault under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. ³ 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,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
 And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Ann. 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,

³ *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.

⁴ *Behind the globe, &c.*] I should read,

— *the searching eye of heaven is hid*

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world. JOHNS.

Such is the old reading. STEEVENS.

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
 The deputy elected by the lord.
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 Heaven 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

* *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.

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. ⁶ 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 power 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. ⁷ Mine ear is open, and my heart pre-
 par'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.

⁶ *Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.*] Thus the first quarto and the folio. The quarto, 1615, reads,

“Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *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.

Scroop.

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 swells 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 womens' voices,
 Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown.
⁸ Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
⁹ Of double-fatal yew against thy state:
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.
 Against thy feat 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.

¹ Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What

⁸ *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 *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsmen*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsmen* of his patron. *Beadsmen* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for their benefactor. Hanmer 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.

⁹ *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.

¹ *Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?*

What is become of Bushy? 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.

What is become of Busby ? 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 they have 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 in the hollow'd ground.

Aum. Is Busby, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire
 dead ?

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,

Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is he got ?

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *flunk*, 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.

Scroop.

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aun. Where is the duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man
speak :

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 ;
² And that small model of the barren earth,
³ 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 ⁴, some slain in war ;
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 ⁵ 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,

² *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.

³ *Which serves as paste, &c.*] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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.

⁵ *—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 graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

Were

Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle-wall, and farewell king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
⁶ 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,

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 ⁷ 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 four.

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,

⁶ *Tradition,——*] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established or customary homage*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *—— 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. JOHNS.

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York is 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,—
Behrew 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, ⁸ 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 'em 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.*

S C E N E III.

The same. Before the castle.

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

⁸ ——— 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 his 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.

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 me ; 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,
⁹ 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 mistake : the heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and do not oppose
Myself against their will. But who comes here ?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry : what, will not this castle yield ?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against your 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

⁹ *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.

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
 Harry of Bolingbroke, upon 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
 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. ¹ See! see! king Richard doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun

¹ See! see! king Richard doth himself appear,] The following six lines are absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's. It is plain these six and the four following all belong to York. WAR. B.

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,
 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 ;
² But ere the crown, he looks for, live in peace,

Ten

² *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 Mr. Warburton justly observed to me, is a very odd phrase. He supposes ;

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' grafs 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,

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 grafs with blood? Surely
 the two images are too simlar. I have suspected,

Shall ill become the floor of England's face;

i. e. shall make a dismal spectacle on the surface of the king-
 dom'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
 simlar 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 in-
 tention, 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.

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."

So Drayton in *Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Ijabbell*.

"And in the field advance our plumy crest,

"And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast."

STEEVENS.

And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandfire's bones ;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from the 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
 Infranchisement 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.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say—thus the king re-
 turns :

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, shall take it off again

* *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. WARB.
 I see no great difference. JOHNSON.

³ 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.

Ann. 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 ;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
 My gay apparel, 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 saints ;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave ;
 A little, little grave—an obscure grave :—
⁴ Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample ⁵ on their sovereign's head ;

For

³ *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.

⁴ *Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,*

Some way of common trade,—] As specious as this reading appears, Mr. 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 heart 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. JOHNS.

⁵ — *on their sovereign's head ;*] Shakespeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of
 Richard

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.

[*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.*

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.

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 below.*]

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.

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 by 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.*

S C E N E IV.

A garden, in the queen's court.

Enter 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.

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. ⁶ 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.

Queen. ⁷ And I could weep, would weeping do me
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a gardener, and two servants.

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so,
⁸ Against a change: woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and ladies retire.*]

⁶ *Of sorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading, *Of sorrow, or of grief.* Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And I could weep,—*] The old copies read, *And I could sing.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *Against a change: woe is fore-run with woe.*] But what was there in the gardener's talking of state, for matter of so much

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
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 soil'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, ⁹ our firm state ;

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 forerun 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 presignified by public pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. The conceit of rhyming *mocks* with *apricocks*, 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. **JOHNS.**

⁹ — *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 they are at work in. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, 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.**

When

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 times of year
Do wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees;
Lest, 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 will be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York,
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 curst man?

Why

Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how
 Cam'st 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 embassage belong to me ?
 And am I last, that know 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 !
 Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
 I would, the plants¹ 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.*]

¹ *I would, the plants, &c.*] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition ; the gardener'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.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. The parliament-house.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, bishop of Carlisle, abbot of Westminster, herald, officers, and Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL Bagot forth : now freely speak thy mind ;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of ² his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring
tongue

Scorns to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,

I heard you say, " Is not my arm of length,

" That reacheth from the restful English court

" As far as Calais, to my uncle's head ?"

Amongst much other talk that very time,

I heard you say, " You rather had refuse

" The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,

" Than Bolingbroke return to England ;

" Adding withal how blest this land would be,

" In this your cousin's death."

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man ?

Shall I so much dishonour ³ my fair stars,

² ——— *his timeless end.*] *Timeless* for *untimely*. WARB.

³ ——— *my fair STARS,*] I rather think it should be *STEM*,
being of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is
supposed to be influenced by the *stars*, therefore our author,
with his usual licence, takes *stars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

On equal terms to give him chastisement?
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
 That marks thee out for hell. Thou liest, and
 I will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
 In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. ⁴ 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 ⁵.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great. *Sidera singulis attributa nobis et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus, &c.* Lib. 1. cap. 8. Anonymous.

⁴ *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. Fitzwalter 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.

⁵ ——— *my rapier's point.*] Shakspeare 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.

Aum.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwalter, 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!

Another Lord. ⁶ 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 treach'rous 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 Fitzwalter, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis 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.

Fitz. Surry, thou liest.

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.

⁶ *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.

* *From sin to sin.*——] So both the quarto's and folio. I suspect we should read, *From sin to sun*; i. e. from one day to another. STEEVENS.

In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn ;
Engagè it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse ?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
7 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 ⁸ 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,
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 his lands 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
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 ?

⁷ *I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,*] I dare meet him where
no help can be had by me against him. So in *Macbeth*,

——— “ O be alive again,

“ And dare me to the desert with thy sword.” JOHNS.

⁸ ———*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.

Carl. 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, heaven forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
° Yet best befitting 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?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
¹ And shall the figure of God's majesty,

° *Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically,

Yet best befits it me to speak the truth.

But I do not think it is printed otherwise than as Shakespeare wrote it. JOHNSON.

¹ *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 this character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed. The politics of the historian were the politics of the poet. STEEVENS.

His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? oh, 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 the 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' sculls.
 Oh, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the woefullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest childrens' children 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 ² his day of trial.—
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

² — *his day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows; almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of de-throning 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.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, 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,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter king Richard and York.

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.—
Give sorrow leave a-while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
3 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;

³ *The favours, &c.] The countenances; the features.* JOHNS.

4 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.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

5 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 ⁶ 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 :

4 *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.

5 *My care, is loss of care, by old care done ;*] Shakespeare 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.

6 *— my balm ;*] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

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 !
 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 feat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 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,

⁷ — *If thou would'st,*] That is, if thou would'st read over
 a list of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

But they can see ^s 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;
 Make glory base; a sovereign, a slave;
 Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting
 man;

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title;
⁹ 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.

^s — 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. JOHNS.

⁹ *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 than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

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.

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?
Is this the face, which fac'd so many follies,
That 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 laments
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! I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
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
sights.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good ! convey :—¹ conveyers are you
all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*

Boling. ² On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but 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 * 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,

¹ — *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 slight 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.

² On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.] The first 4to, 1598,
reads,

“ Let it be so : and lo on Wednesday next

“ We solemnly proclaim our coronation :

“ Lords, be ready all.” STEEVENS.

* — *as sharp as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation shews that Shakespeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the depofal of Richard. JOHNSON.

3 To bury mine intents, but 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 day⁴. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street in London.

Enter Queen and ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the king will come : this is the way
⁵ To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower ;
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
⁶ 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.—
⁷ O thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;
[To K. Rich.

³ *To bury*——] *To conceal, to keep secret.* JOHNSON.

⁴ 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.

⁵ *To Julius Cæsar's, &c.*] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Here let us rest, if, &c.*] *Here rest, if any rest can harbour here.* MILTON.

⁷ *O thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;*] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appear'st*

Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
 And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
 When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. ⁸ 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. ⁹ I am sworn brother, sweet,
 To grim necessity ; and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. Hye 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,
 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,

pearest 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. JOHNS.

⁸ *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.

⁹ *— I am sworn brother,*—

To grim necessity ;—] I have reconciled myself to neces-
 sity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have
 sustained. JOHNSON.

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, ¹ to quit their grief,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
² 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
 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.

¹ — to quit their grief,] To retaliate their mournful stories.

JOHNSON.

² For why? —] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

North.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's 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 unkifs the oath 'twixt thee and me.

[*To the queen.*

—And yet not so, for with a kifs 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland. I, towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My queen to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas, 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, 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:
³ Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near'.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way be-
ing 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 kifs shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kifs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good
part,

* *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-cr*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

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,
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You wou'd 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,
Bespoke 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,

4 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, mens' 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.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;

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,
 5 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, 6 bear you well in this new spring of
 time,
 Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

4 *Are idly bent*——] That is *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON.

5 *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.” STEEV.

6 — *bear you well*——] That is, conduct yourself with prudence. JOHNSON.

What

What news from Oxford? hold these juffs and triumphs?

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, which hangs without thy bosom?

7 Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:

I will be satisfied, 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 my honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

7 *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.

Dutch.

Dutch. What is 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 sight.—

[*Speaking to the servant.*

York. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass 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 have set 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,

Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York.

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.

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, 'mong 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, 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,
 And wear it as a favour ; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

* *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.

Boling.

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.

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,
[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

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 the 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.

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.

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 !
° Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
¹ Thy overflow of good converts the bad ;
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy transgressing son.

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 within.*

Dutch. What ho, my liege ! for heaven's sake let
me in.

° *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.] Sheer* is pure, transparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. Shakespeare mentions *sheer* ale, and Atterbury says that *sheer* argument is not the talent of man. Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin. STEEV.

In former copies,

¹ *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 goodness, being so abundant, shall excuse his trespasses.” THEOBALD.

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 ² *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.
'This fester'd joint cut off, the rest is 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,
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.*

² — *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 Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*. It is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, 12° ; where it is intitled simply, *A Song of a Beggar and a King*. STEEVENS.

York.

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 crave
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say, stand up,
But pardon first; say 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.

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.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *Pardonnez
moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon, pardon to destroy?
Ah, my four husband, my hard-hearted lord,

³ ——— *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.

That set'st 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. With all my heart
 I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. † But for our trusty brother-in-law—the abbot—

With all the rest of that comforted 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.*

S C E N E 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 ?

† *But for our trusty brother-in-law—the abbot—*] The abbot of Westminster was an ecclesiastic ; but the brother-in-law meant, 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.

Ser.

Ser. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;
As who shall 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.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to 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 humour, like the people of this world ;
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts, of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the world itself
Against the world :
As thus, *Come little ones ;* and then again,
*Is 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, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame
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, 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? [*Music.*]

Ha, ha! keep time: how 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 check 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 ^s with sighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch;

^s ——— *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 second quarto:

“ My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,

“ There watches to mine eyes the outward watch.”

The first folio agrees with the second quarto.

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,

“ Where to,” &c. JOHNSON.

Where to

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears,
 Now, Sir, the sounds that tell 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, ⁶ his Jack o' the clock.
 This music mads me, let it sound no more;
 For, though it have holpe mad men 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 ⁷ 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?

⁸ Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog,
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

⁶ ——— *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 keepst 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.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *in this ALL-HATING world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

⁸ *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*. STEEVENS.

Groom.

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 yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
 In London streets, that coronation-day,
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan *Barbary*!
 That horse, that thou so often hast 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, ⁹ 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, wilt please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

⁹ — by jauncing *Bolingbroke*.] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. B. Johnson uses *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub*:

“ I would I had a few more *geances* of it :

“ And you say the word, send me to Jericho.”

Keep. My lord, I dare not ; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the con-
trary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancafter, and
thee !

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 ?

Wretch, 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 staggers thus my person. 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

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

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 :
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 Fitzwalter.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seeley ;
Two of the dangerous comforted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwalter, 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 I have 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.

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 fullen black, incontinent:

I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—

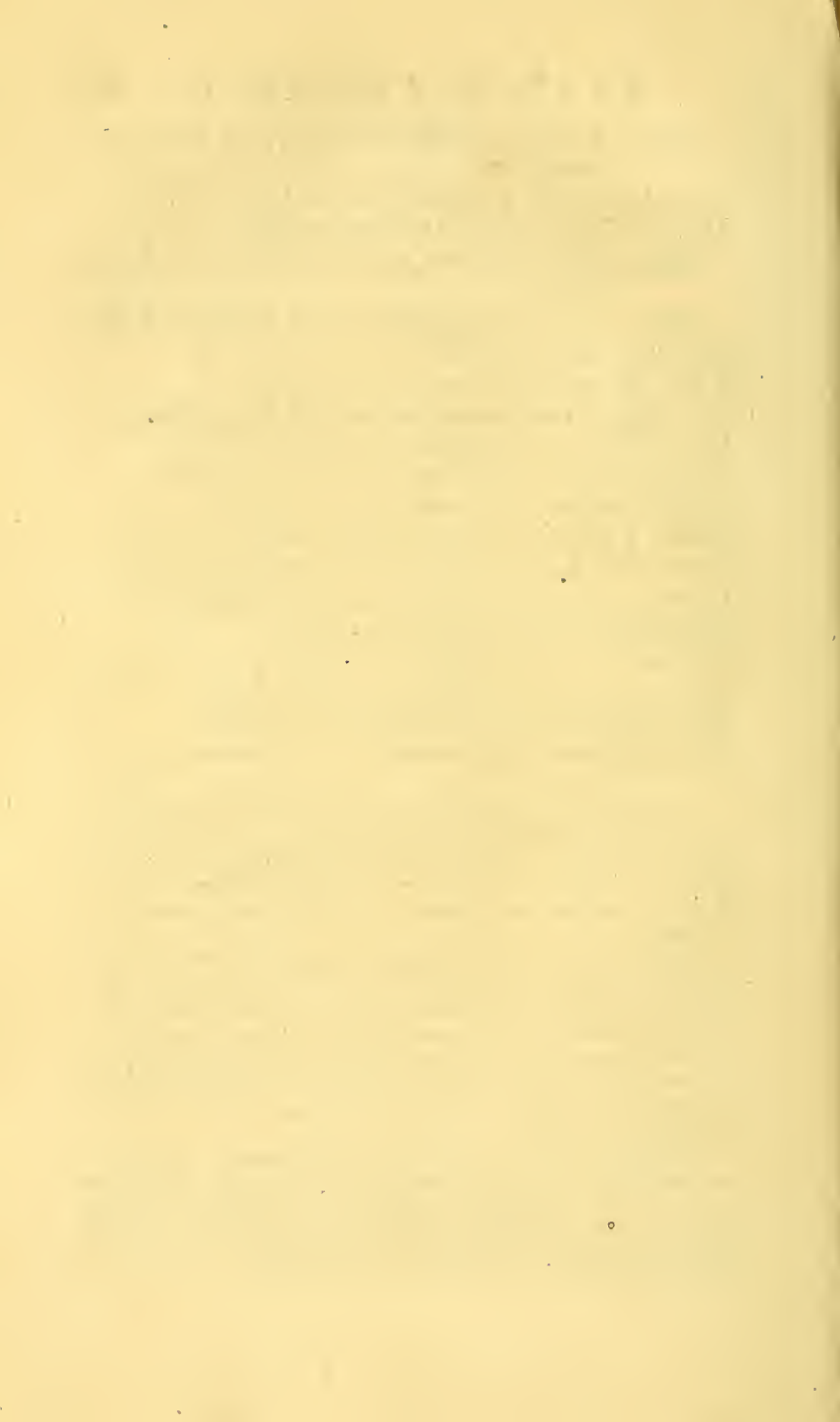
March sadly after; grace my mourning here,

In weeping over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes* *.

* This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Hollinshed*, 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,



THE FIRST PART OF

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

HENRY, Surnamed HOTSPUR.

Persons Represented.

King H E N R Y the Fourth.

Henry, *prince of Wales*, } *sons to the king.*
John, *duke of Lancaster*, }

Worcester.

Northumberland.

Hotspur.

Mortimer.

Archbishop of York.

Douglas.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir Michael.

Westmorland.

Sir Walter Blunt.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur.*

Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to
Mortimer.*

Hoftefs Quickly.

*Sheriff, vintner, chamberlain, drawers, two carriers,
travellers, and attendants.*

The persons of the drama were first collected by Rowe.

S C E N E, *England.*

THE FIRST PART OF
HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court in London.

Enter king Henry, lord John of Lancaster, earl of Westmorland, and others.

KING HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
² Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in frows a-far remote.

¹ *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.

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 his 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.

² *Find we a time for frightened 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.

No

³ No more the thirsty entrance of this foil
 Shall daub her lips with her own childrens' blood ;

³ *No more the thirsty entrance of this foil*

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. WARB.

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 foil 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 foil* 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 antient copies neither have *trempe* nor *damp* ; the first 4to of 1599, that of 1622, the folio of 1623, and the 4to of 1639, all read,

No more the thirsty entrance of this foil

Shall daube her lips with her own childrens' blood.

The folios of 1662 and 1634 read, by an apparent error of the press, *Shall damp 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 foil

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 foil ;*

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*, *occurrents*, *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. STEEVENS.

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces. 4 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,
 5 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldiers now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs

4 ——— *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 so 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.

5 *As far as to the sepulchre, &c.*] The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a 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 law 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.

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 Westmorland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding ⁶ this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
⁷ 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 corpses there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
⁸ 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 others, did, my gracious
 lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood-day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

⁶ ——— *this dear expedience.*] For *expedition.* WARBURTON.

⁷ *And many limits*————] *Limits for estimates.* WARBURTON.

⁸ *By those Welshwomen done*————] Thus Holinshed: "The
 " shameful villainy used by the Welshwomen toward the dead
 " carcasses, was such as honest ears would be ashamed to hear."

STEEVENS.

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon spent 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 foil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this feat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news:
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 9 Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plain. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas, and the earls
 Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

9 *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.

I have since met with this passage in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 33. of which the reader may try if he can make any use.

“ Fish are saved three manner of ways, but for every of which they are first salted, and piled up, row by row, in square heaps, which they term *bulking*, where they so remain for some days, until the superfluous matter of the blood and salt be soaked from them.”

Bulk is likewise apparently used for a dead body in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1615.

“ Had I the heart to tread upon the *bulk*

“ Of my dead father?”

And again, in *The Love of King David and fair Bethsabe*, 1599,

“ And in some ditch amidst this darksome wood

“ Bury his *bulk* beneath a heap of stones.” STEEVENS:

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin

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-cloaths, 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,
cousin,

Of this young Percy's pride ? ¹ 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 ;

² Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

¹ ——— *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.

² *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.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
 And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
 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,
³ Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An apartment of the prince's.

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 old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten ⁴ 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 we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars ; and not by Phœbus, *be, that wand'ring knight so fair.* And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king— as God save thy grace (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none)—

³ *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.

⁴ — *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.

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve 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, ⁵ let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; ⁶ got with swearing, *lay by*; and spent with crying, *bring*

⁵ In former editions,

— *let not us, that are squires 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 moonshine; they could not steal the fair daylight. I have ventured to substitute *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 purchase of honest labour and industry by day. THEOBALD.

It is true, as Theobald has observed, that they could not steal *the fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us, who are body squires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a disgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day may probably mean to disgrace it. STEEVENS.

⁶—*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, WARE.

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. 7 And is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. 8 As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the
the

7 *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. 1. sc. 2.

Philematium.

“ Jam pridem 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 messem.”

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the prince's question. STEEVENS.

8 *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 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 Old-

the castle; 9 and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal.

castle, 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 4. 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. STEEVENS.

9 — *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 Serjeants.

So in *The Comedy of Errors*, act 4.

“ A devil in an *everlasting garment* hath him.

“ A fellow all in *buff.*”

In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, I meet with

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?

Fal. Weil, thou hast called 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 pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be a gallows standing in England, when thou art king; and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

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." STEEVENS.

— *I'll be a brave judge*.] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry V*.

Hen. 5. "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:

P. Henry.

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 fort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. ² For obtaining of suits? —

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as ³ a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

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 ⁴ a hare, or ⁵ the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal.

² *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.

³ *— 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 *he-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*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *— a hare, —*] A hare may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

⁵ *— 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

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury families; and art, indeed, ⁶ the most comparative, rascallest, sweet young prince—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, 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. ⁷ O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto 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?

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.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *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 3. sc. 2. of this play, and apparently in the same sense:

“ ——— stand the push

“ Of every beardless vain *comparative*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ 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.

Fal.

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. ⁸ Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'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.—

⁸ 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 so characteristic as to be infallibly applied to the speaker. Theobald's triumph over the other editors might have been abated by a confession, that the first edition gave him at least a glimpse of the emendation. JOHNSON.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou 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 thou art 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 morning, 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 victuals for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night at 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.

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 is neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, ⁹ if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

⁹ — *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.*

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. Farewell, you shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewell, thou latter spring ! Farewell, all-hallown summer !

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet hony lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. ¹ Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid ; yourself and I will not be there : and when

¹ 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.

they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in fet-ting forth?

Poins. Why, we will fet 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 upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll fet upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like, 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 buckram² 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 fights 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 the³ 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 in East-cheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

² — *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*. T. T.

³ — *reproof* —] Reproof is confutation. JOHNSON.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit Poins.*]

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 ⁴ shall I falsify mens' hopes ;

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

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.*]

⁴ — *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.

S C E N E

SCENE 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,
⁵ I will from henceforth rather be myself,
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;

⁵ *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.

Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in *The New Inn*, act 1. sc. 6.

"You cannot think me of that coarse *condition*

"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

And that fame 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 Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory ;
And majesty might never yet endure

⁶ 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.*

You were about to speak.

[*To Northumberland.*

North. Yes, 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 was 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, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble-land ⁷ at harvest-home.

He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held

⁸ A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He

⁶ *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.

⁷ —— at *harvest-home*.] That is, at a time of festivity.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *A pouncet-box*, ——] A small box for musk or other perfumes

He gave his nose, and took't away again ;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 9 Took it in snuff:— and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandfome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me : amongst the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 ' I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

fumes then in fashion : the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name ; from *poinsoner*, 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 *pounded*, with a cover.”

STEEVENS.

9 *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 lost* :

“ You marr the light, by taking it *in snuff*.” STEEVENS.

1 *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.

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 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 !)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This 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 foldier.—
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not this 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
² To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry.

² *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 printed 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

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 ;
 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 ? ³ and indent with fears,
 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.

“ 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. WARBURTON.

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.

³ — *and indent with fears,*] The reason why he says, bar-
 gain 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 an-
 other *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 com-
 position with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy,
 who by disobedience have lost and forfeited their honours and
 themselves ? JOHNSON.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

4 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war ; 5 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 sedy 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,

4 *He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,*
But by the chance of war ;——] A poor apology for a soldier, 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 encag'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 to 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 Glendower's hands, 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.

5 ——— *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. JOHNS.

Upon

Upon agreement of sweet Severn's flood ;
 6 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid 7 his crisp head in the hollow bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

8 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,

6 *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.

7 — *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.”

Perhaps Shakespeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. STEEVENS.

8 *Never did bare and rotten policy*] All the quarto's which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *buse*. I believe *bare* is right: “ Never did policy lying open to detection so colour its workings.” JOHNSON.

I will not fend them.—I will after strait,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 9 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause
 a while :

Here comes your uncle.

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,
 1 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and cankered 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 2 an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him ; was he not proclaim'd,
 By Richard that is dead, 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

9 *Although it be with hazard, &c.*] So the first folio, and all the following editions. The quarto's read,

Although I make a hazard of my head. JOHNSON.

1 *But I will lift the downfall'n Mortimer*] The quarto of 1599 reads, *down-trod* Mortimer ; which is better. WARE.

All the quarto's that I have seen read *down-trod*, the three folio's read *down-fall*. JOHNSON.

2 ——— *an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

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

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you.—Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
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, ³ 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.

³ ——— *this canker, Bolingbroke ?*] The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton. STEEVENS.

Revenge the jeering, and † disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes unto 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,
5 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. 6 By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To

† — *disdain'd* —] For disdainful. JOHNSON.

5 *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.*] That is of a spear laid across. WARBURTON.

6 *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 wear her dignities without a rival—what then ? Why then,

By heav'n, methinks it were an easy leap

To pull bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon :

i. e. though some great and shining character, in the most elevated orb,

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 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 :
 7 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

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." WARB.

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.

⁷ *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 conforing, nor a separation. WARB.

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 show of dignities and honours." JOHNSON.

Wor. He apprehends ^s 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;
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, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
⁹ 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.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

^s —— *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.

⁹ *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.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongu'd 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,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time—what do ye 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 Ravenspur.

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 ¹ *infant fortune came to age*—

And, *gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin*—

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.

[*To Hotspur.*

Deliver them 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.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd—

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The archbishop.

¹ — *infant fortune came to age,*—] Alluding to what passed in
King Richard, act 2. sc. 3. JOHNSON.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.

² 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 a-foot, thou still ³ lett'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
To save our heads, ⁴ by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
⁵ The king will always think him in our debt;

And

² *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. JOHNS.

³ ——— *lett'st slip.*] To let slip is, to loose the greyhound.

JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *by raising of a head:*] A *head* is a body of forces.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *The king will always, &c.*] This is a natural description
of

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. Farewell, 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.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An inn at Rochester.

Enter a carrier with a lanthorn in his hand.

I CARRIER.

H EIGH 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 packt. What, ostler !

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

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.

I Car,

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's faddle, put a few flocks in the point : the poor jade is wrung in the withers, ¹ out of all cefs.

Enter another carrier.

2 *Car.* Peafe and beans are ² as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the ³ bots: this houfe is turn'd upside down, fince Robin oftler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd fince the price of oats rofe : it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the moft villainous houfe in all London road for fleas: I am ftung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mafs, there's ne'er a king in Chriftendom could be better bit than I have been fince the firft cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas ⁴ like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, oftler!—Come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, ⁵ and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-crofs.

¹ —*out of all cefs.*] The Oxford Editor not understanding this phrafe, has alter'd it to—*out of all cafe*. As if it were likely that a blundering tranfcriber fhould change fo common a word as *cafe* for *cefs*: which, it is probable, he understood no more than this critic; but it means *out of all meafure*: the phrafe being taken from a *cefs*, tax, or fubfidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of meafure, it was faid to be, *out of all cefs*. WARBURT.

² —*as dank*—] *i. e.* wet, rotten. POPE.

³ —*bots*:—] Are worms in the ftomach of a horfe. JOHNSON.
A bots light upon you is an imprecation frequently repeated in the play of *Henry V.* already quoted. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*like a loach*.] A loch (Scotch) a lake. WARBURT.

⁵ —*and two razes of ginger*,—] As our author in feveral paffages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to diftinguifh it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former fignifies no more than a fingle root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it. THEOBALD.

1 *Car.*

I Car. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my panniers 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?

Enter Gads-bill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. ⁶ I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

I Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee 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 up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. *[Exeunt Carriers.]*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain!—

Cham. ⁷ At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieft no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ft the plot how.

⁶ *I think it be two o'clock.]* The carrier, who suspected Gads-hill, strives to mislead him as to the hour, because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*.

STEEVENS:

⁷ *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.

STEEVENS.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a ⁸ 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. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with ⁹ St. Nicholas' clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I-pr'ythee keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st St. Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood 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 Sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st,

⁸ *Franklin*] Is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

⁹ *St. Nicholas' clarks*,—] 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's clarks*.

WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or *St. Nicholas's knights*.

“ A mandrake grown under some heavy tree,

“ There, where *St. Nicholas's knights* not long before

“ Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee.”

Glareanus Vadianus's Panegyric upon *Tom. Coryat*.

DR. GRAY.

In the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda* I met with the following passage, which confirms Dr. Gray's observation. Piston, a servant, who is taken in the act of picking a dead man's pocket, apologizes for himself in this manner:

——“ thro' pure good will,

“ Seeing he was going towards heaven, I thought

“ To see if he had a passport from *St. Nicholas*, or not.”

Again in *Shirley's Match at Midnight*, 1633.

“ I think yonder come prancing down the hills from

“ Kingston, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clarks*.”

Again in *The Hollander*,

——“ to wit, divers books, and *St. Nicholas's clarks*.”

So in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

——“ We are prevented;—

“ *St. Nicholas's clerks* are stepp'd up before us.”

STEEVENS.

he's

he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans 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. ¹ I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny-strikers; none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity; ² burgomasters, and great one-eyers; such as can hold in; ³ such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than think;

¹ — *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-hu'd-malt-worms*,—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

² — *burgo-masters, and great one-eyers.*—] “Perhaps, “*oneraires, 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, which 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 Hanmer 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 one-eyers*, or *greatone-éers*, as we say *privateer, auctioneer, circuiteer*. This is I fancy the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

³ — *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

think; and think 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. 4 She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; 5 we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invifible.

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.*

4 *She will, she will; justice bath liquor'd her.*] A satire on chicane in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it.

WARBURTON.

5 — *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 sight. 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 invisibility?”

Again in *B. Jonson's New Inn.*

“ ——— I had

“ No medicine, Sir, to go invifible,

“ No *fern-seed* in my pocket.” *STEEVENS.*

Cham.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase⁶, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; ⁷ *Homo* is a common name to all men.—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The road by Gads-hill.

Enter prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter. I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins! and be hang'd, Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!——

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

⁶ *Purchase*,—] Is the term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. JOHNSON.

——— *in our purchase*,—] *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. So in *Henry V.* act 3.

“ They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*.”

So Chaucer,

“ And robbery is holde *purchase*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *Homo is a name, &c.*] Gads-hill had promised as he was a *true man*, the chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a *false thief*; to which Gads-hill answers, that though he might have reason 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.

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 ⁸ 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 ⁹ medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drank medicines. Pains! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll ¹ rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to 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

⁸ ——— *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.

⁹ ——— *medicines to make me love him*,—] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder*. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *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.

afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, ² 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. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own ³ 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.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Stand.—

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our fetter; I know his voice.

⁴ *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.

² *To colt*—] Is, to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *heir-apparent garters!*—] Alluding to the order of the garter, in which he was enrolled as heir-apparent.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *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 fetter; I know his voice.—*Bardolph, what news?* This is absurd; he knows *Gads-hill* to be the *fetter*, and asks *Bardolph what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the later 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 fetter, &c.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, &c. JOHNSON.

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'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

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 blefs 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, ^s gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here!

^s ——— gorbellied—] i. e. fat and corpulent.

See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*.

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. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter thieves again at the other part of the stage.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two 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 them.*]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and posselt 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:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

This word is likewise used by Sir Thomas North in his translation of *Plutarch*.

Nath, 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 Swislers omnipotent galeaze breeches.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A room in the castle.

⁶ *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 itself, 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 commends the plot; and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, ⁷ I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself?
Lord

⁶ *Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.

Mr. EDWARDS'S MS. Notes.

⁷ ——— *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. 2.

“ This feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, tho'
“ now it be my poor fortune to wear it.”

Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there 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! 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 thy 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;

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, act iii. sc. 4.

“ ——— for a garter,

“ Or the least *feather* in her bounteous *fan*.”

So 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.”

STEEVENS.

Cry,

Cry, *Courage! to the field!* and thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palifadoes, frontiers^s, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current 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,
 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?

^s 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 boundaries of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In *Ive'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.

Serv.

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him strait.—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. ⁹ Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are tost with.

In faith, 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. ¹ Away,

Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with ² mamnets, and to tilt with lips:

We

⁹ *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.

¹ *Hot.* *Away, away, you trifler!*

—— *love! I love thee not,*] This I think would be better thus,

Hot. *Away, you trifler!*

Lady. *Love!*

Hot. *I love thee not.*

This is no time, &c. JOHNSON.

² —— *mamnets,*—] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies dressed in the fashion, says, “they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and
“ blood,

We must have bloody noses, and ³ 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 ye 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'horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go; nor reason, where about:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy
No lady closer; for I well believe,
⁴Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far I will 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.*]

“ 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*.” STEEVENS.

³ —— *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 uni-
versal reception. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know*;} This line is
borrow'd from a proverbial sentence——“ A woman conceals
“ what she knows not.” See *Ray's Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

The Boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.

Enter prince Henry and Poins.

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 fourscore hogheads. I have founded 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 conscience, that though I 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 ⁵ 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, 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,

⁵ ——— *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*.”

So 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.

that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of fugar, clapt even now into my hand by an ⁶ under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, than *Eight skillings and sixpence*, and *You are welcome, Sir*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir: 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 bye-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the fugar; 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!——

7 *Enter Francis the drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.—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, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'rlady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

⁶ —— *under-skinker*,—] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table.

JOHNSON.

7 *Enter Francis the drawer.*] 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.

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, Sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the fugar thou gavest me; 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, Sir! 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, crystal-button, ⁸ knot-pated, agat-ring, ⁹ puke-stocking, caddice-

⁸ —— *knot-pated*,—] It should be printed as in the old folio's, *nott-pated*. So in Chaucer's *Cant. Tales* the *Yeman* is thus described,

“ A *nott head* had he with a brown visage.”

A person is 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*. Vid. Ray. *Coll.* p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo, p. II. vid. Jun. *Etym.* ad verb. PERCY.

So in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612,

“ —— your *nott-beaded* country gentleman.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —— *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

¹ caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown ² bastard is your only drink: for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet

“ appeare on Good Fryday in their *perwke 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 Barret’s *Al-vearie*, an old Latin and English dictionary, printed 1580, I find a *puke* colour explained as being a colour between ruffet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

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 the colour. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *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 Glapthorne’s *Wit in a Constable*, 1639,

“ ——— doft hear,

“ My honest *caddis-garters*.”

This is an address to a servant. STEEVENS.

² ——— *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.”

So in *Every Woman in her Humour*, com. 1609,

“ Canary is a jewel, and a fig for *brown bastard*.”

So.

doublet will fully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis!—

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; 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 Sir 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!—

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

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. What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer

So again in *The Honest Whore*, a comedy, by Decker, 1635,

“ ————What wine sent they for?”

“ *Ro.* Bastard wine, for it had been truly begotten, it

“ would not have been asham'd to come in. Here's six-

“ pence 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.

STEEVENS.

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.—³ 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 pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. ⁴ Rivo, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and Amen!—Give me a cup of

³ — *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 foldier. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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 acquaint-

“ ance, cry *Rivo* ho! laugh and be fat,” &c.

So in Marston's *What you will*, 1607,

“ Sing, sing, or itay, we'll quaffe or any thing,

“ *Rivo*, faint Mark!” STEEVENS.

fack,

sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on 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? ⁵ pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal.

⁵ ——— *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 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 own, that the reader who looks for sense as the words stand at present, must be indebted for it to Mr. Theobald.

Fal. You rogue, ⁶ here's lime in this sack too: 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

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 fine 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. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *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 dropfy, 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 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.

say!

say! — 7 I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs.—A plague on all cowards, I say still!

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, 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 whorson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and Poin's there? [To Poin's.]

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

7 ——— *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 makes Cutberd tell Morose that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers."

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.

Fal. I call the 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. You are strait 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. [*He drinks.*]

A plague on all cowards, still say I!

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 escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; ^s my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* [*Shows his sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man.—All would not do. A plague on all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

^s ——— *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, Sirs, 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.

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 ye 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 murther'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 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.

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.

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. ⁹ Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his 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 mis-begotten knaves, in ² Kendal green, came at my back, 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,

⁹ *Their points being broken—Down fell his 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 absum*, was *to untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

² *Kendal—*] Kendal in Westmorland, as I have been told, is a place famous for dying cloths, &c. with several very bright colours. *Kendal green* is repeatedly mentioned in the old play of *Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

“ Off then I wish you with your *Kendal green*,

“ Let not sad grief in fresh array be seen.”

Again,

“ Bateman of Kendall gave us *Kendall green*.”

Again,

“ _____ all the woods

“ Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,

“ Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington.”

Again,

“ Off then I wish you with your *Kendall green*.”

Again,

“ Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*.”

STEEVENS.

thou

thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool; thou whorson obscene greasy ³ tallow-catch——

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 strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell 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 sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,——

Fal. Away, ⁴ 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

³ —— *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-ketch*——] May mean a ship loaded with tallow. In *Henry VIII.* Shakespeare uses the word *ketch* for a vessel:

“ That such a *ketch* can with his very bulk

“ Take up the rays of the beneficial sun.”

We still say a *bomb-ketch* for a vessel loaded with the implements of bombardment. STEEVENS.

⁴ —— *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.*] 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.

yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck——

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't 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 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 knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter ; 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, by the lord, 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. Henry. Content :—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah !—no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter

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, ⁵ there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. ⁵ 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!

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, to make them bleed; and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was ⁶ the blood of true men. I

⁵ ——— *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.

⁶ ——— *the blood of true men.*] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest men*, opposed to thieves. JOHNS.

did

did that I did not do these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert ⁷ taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst ⁸ fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest 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. ⁹ Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of ¹ bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal.

⁷ ——— 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?”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *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.

⁹ *Hot livers and cold purses.*] That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *beat the liver*.

JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *bombast* ?] Is the stuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, observes, that in his time “the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, *bom-*
“*basted*,

Fal. My own knee! When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; ² I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague on fighting and grief! it blows up a man like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad; here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must go 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 ³ upon the cross of a Welsh hook: what a plague call you him—

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 a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

“*basted*, 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 pound of *bombast* at least.” *Bombast* is cotton. STEEVENS.

² ——— *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.*] Aristophanes has the same thought,

Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν ἔν ἐμέ γ' ἄν διελεύσαις. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

RAWLINSON.

³ ——— *upon the cross of a Welsh hook:—*] 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 *Welch-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 *Welch-book*.”

So in Ben Jonson's *Masque for the Honour of Wales*:

“——— Owen Glendower, with a *Welse booke*, and a goat-skin on his back.”

The *Welch book* is probably a weapon of the same kind with the *Lochabar axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with this weapon at the battle of Preston-pans,

STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a
 4 pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well; that rascal has good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct! Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand 5 blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. 6 You may buy Lnd now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we should 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 afeard, thou being heir ap-

4 ——— *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 equip'd one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great with the same weapon. STEEVENS.

5 ——— *blue caps*—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*. JOHNSON.

6 *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.

parent? Could the world pick thee out three such 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 com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and ⁷ this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. ⁸ 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.

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 ⁹ king Cambyfes' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is ¹ my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.—

⁷ ——— [*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 *King 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.

⁸ *Thy state, &c.*] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-royalty. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— [*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.

¹ ——— [*my leg.*] That is, my obeisance to my father.

JOHNSON.

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.*

Hof. O rare! he doth it like one of those harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain ——² Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for³ though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. 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 lieth the point; Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove⁴ a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son

² *Harry, I do not only marvel, &c.*] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time. WARBURTON.

³ —— *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 Hogsden, 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.”

So in *The Fawn*, a comedy, by Marston, 1606:

“For indeed, Sir, a repress'd fame mounts like camomile,
“the more trod down the more it grows.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —— *a micher, ——*] *i. e.* truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. WARBURTON.

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 keep'st: for, Harry, now do I 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. ⁵ If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily 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,

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 *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.”

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“ Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *If then the fruit, &c.*] This passage is happily restored by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a ⁶ rabbit-fucker, or a poulterer'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 companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that ⁷ boulding-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted ⁸ Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend

⁶ ——— *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. Judiciales*, 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.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *boulding-hutch*—] *Bolting-kutch* is, I think, a *meal-bag*. JOHNSON.

——— *a boulding-hutch*—] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *boulded*. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *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 the richness of the pastures. 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.

STEEVENS.

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 ⁹ cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would ¹ 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 it: but that he is (saying your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. ² 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 lov'd. No, my good lord;

⁹ — *cunning*,—] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning: it signified *knowing*, or *skilful*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *take me with you*.] That is, go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

² *If sack and sugar be a fault, &c.*] *Sack and 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.) "sift 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 by the company, he adds, "at last, by sum en-treaty, and many fair words, with *sak and suger*, we sweeten him again." p. 52. 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."

STEEVENS.

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 plump Jack, and banish all the world.

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 behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: 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, ³ hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk

³ — *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

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 is 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 gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. ⁴ 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, 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. Henry. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

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. Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *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 for the absence of Falstaff, than by obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. STEEVENS.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think it be 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 ;
5 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 be they? read them.

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

Item, Sawce, 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 halfpenny-worth 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

[*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, *Excunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent the Prince and Poins.* JOHNSON.

morning:

morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and ⁶ I know his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our ⁷ induction full of prosperous hope.

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; sit, 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.

⁶ — I know his death will be a march of twelvescore.—]
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 twelvescore off.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — induction—] That is, entrance; beginning.

JOHNSON.

Hot.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: ⁸ at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning creffets; and at my birth
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had 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.

⁹ Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, 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

⁸ — 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.

⁹ *Diseased nature*—] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

To tell you once again, that at my birth
 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,
 Who 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 hast power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I've 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 bootless home, and weather-beaten, back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather
 too !

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend.

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,
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
 I'll have the current in this place damm'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. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the oppos'd continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this 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;
For I was train'd up in the English court,
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave ¹ the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it 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 ² 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;

¹ ——— *the tongue*—] The English language. JOHNSON.

² ——— *a brazen candlestick turn'd,*] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, was anciently written *canstick*. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. STEEVENS.

But,

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 :

³ (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 doateth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose. Sometimes he angers me,
With telling ⁴ of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing griffin, and a moulting raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—
He held me the last night at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils names
That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, *kum,—and well,—go*
to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;

³ (*I'll haste the writer*)—] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

⁴ —— 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*, fo. 20.

POPE.

So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, written by Phaer, the old 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.”

STEEVENS.

Worfe

Worse than a smoaky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cat's, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and ⁵ 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 intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are ⁶ 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 shews 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,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth mens' 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.

⁵ ————— profited

In strange concealments;—] Skilled in wonderful secrets.

JOHNSON.

⁶ ————— too wilful-blame;] This is a mode of speech with
which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read *too wil-*
ful-blunt, or *too wilful-bent*; or thus,

Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful. JOHNS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight 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 foldier 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 answers him in the same.]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady speaks 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 parly 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 thou melt, then will she run mad.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,
7 Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

⁷ *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.

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
⁸ And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
⁹ Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harnes'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
 By that time will ¹ our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:

² And those musicians, that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
 Yet strait 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 is so humorous.
 By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for
 you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still,
 ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

⁸ *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, pleas'd and delighted. WARBURTON.

⁹ *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.

¹ *our book, —]* Our paper of conditions.

JOHNSON.

² *And those musicians, that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air —————*

Yet, &c.] The particle *yet* being used adverbally, must have a particle of concession preceding it. I read therefore

And tho' th' musicians —————

WARBURTON.

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. ³ Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Come, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 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'd'st further than Finbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth*,
And such protest of pepper-ginger-bread,
To ⁴ velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

³ *Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.*] I do not plainly see what is a woman's fault. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *velvet guards,*—] To such as have their cloaths adorned with shreds 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 says, “they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard “four or six fingers broad at the least.”

So in a comedy called *Histrionastix*, 1610,

“Out on these *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,
“These simpering fashions simply followed.”

STEEVENS:

Hot. ⁵ 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Robin-red-breast teacher. If 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 is drawn; we will but seal, And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to 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,
⁶ 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, ⁷ 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,

⁵ 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, &c.] I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

⁶ For some displeasing service—] Service for action, simply. WARBURTON.

⁷ — in thy passages of life,] In the passages of thy life. STEEVENS.

Such poor, such base, ⁸ such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
 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.

⁹ 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 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,
 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.

⁸ — *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.

⁹ *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.

The

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,
 Had still kept ¹ 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?*
² And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from mens' hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus I did 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 ³ rash bavin wits,

¹ ——— *loyal to possession*;—] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

² *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.

³ ——— *rash, bavin wits,*] *Rash* is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. JOHNSON.

Soon kindled, and soon burnt: ⁴ carded his state,
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
⁵ And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
⁶ Of every beardless, vain comparative:
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enscoff'd himself to popularity:
 That, being daily swallow'd by mens' 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,

⁴ ——— *carded his state,*] In former copies,
 ——— 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,

————— 'SCARDED *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, *raffs*, *barvin wits*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *And gave his countenance, against his name,*] Made his presence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

⁶ *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.

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,
 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. [*Weeping.*]

P. Henry I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art at this hour, was Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspur ;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
⁷ 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,

⁷ *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 hast only the *shadowy right of lineal succession*, while he has real and solid power. JOHNSON.

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,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and ⁸ 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,
⁹ And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

⁸ ——— dearest—] Dearest is most fatal, most mischievous.
 JOHNSON.

⁹ 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* means only some decoration usually worn by
 knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a tro-
 phy from an enemy. So in this play,

Then let my favours hide thy bloody face:
 where he must have meant his scarf.

So 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

Which,

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,
 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 bonds;
 And I will die an 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 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 Westmorland 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 Glo'stershire : 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.

Changes to the Boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I 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 pepper-corn, ¹ 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, to make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; diced, not above seven times a week ; went to a

¹ ——— *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. Perhaps the allusion is to the taper form of this machine.

STEEVENS.

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 ² the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man does of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell fire, and Dives that liv'd 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*: 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, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as ³ good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe.

² ——— *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 to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. JOHNSON.

The *knights of the burning lamp*, and the *knights of the burning pestle*, are both the heroes of separate romances. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *good cheap*—] Cheap is market, and *good cheap* therefore is a *bon-marchè*. JOHNSON.

This

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 fure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, ⁴ dame Partlet the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquired, 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.

Host. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir 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 boulders of them.

This expression is 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." STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *dame Partlet*—] Dame Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

Host.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir 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: ⁵ what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make ⁶ a younker of me? ⁷ Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have

⁵ ——— [*what call you rich?*] A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— [*a younker of me?*] This contemptuous distinction is very common in the old plays. So in B. and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ I fear he'll make an afs of me, a *younker*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *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 humorously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood's *Works*, imprinted at London 1598, 4to, 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 chap. 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

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 if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him 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, ^s 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

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. STEEVENS.

^s ——— *Newgate fashion.*] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

bonds

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. 9 There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd
prune;

[*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 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 fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing 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, 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*, Sir, *stew'd-prune* cash, Sir."

Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the sirrop or liquor of *stew'd prunes*," is not the least insisted on.

prune; no more truth in thee than in ¹ a drawn fox; and for woman-hood, ² maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hofst. Say, what thing? what thing?

In *The Knave of Harts*, a collection of satyrical poems, 1612, a whoring 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 wanton 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.

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.

¹ ——— 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 Morofo.” STEEVENS.

² ——— 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 Robin Hood was living then,

“Which now is quite forgot,

“And so was fayre *maid Marian*,” &c. PERCY.

In *The Witch of Edmonton*, act iii. sc. i. is the following passage:

“———— Have we ever a witch in the morrice?

“No, no; no woman's part, but *maid Marian* and the
“*hobby-horse*.” STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

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, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; 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 ow'd 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,
 VOL. V. X truth,

truth, or 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 whorson, impudent, ³ imbos's'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. ⁴ And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrongs. 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 pr'ythee, 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.

³ ——— *impudent, imbos's'd rascal,—*] *Imbos's'd* is swollen, puffy. JOHNSON.

⁴ *And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrongs.*] 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.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st; and ⁵ do it with unwash'd hands too.

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 thereabout! 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 Westmorland.—

Go, ⁶ Pains, 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, Peto, and Bard.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast, come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*]

⁵ —— do it with unwash'd hands too.] i. e. Do it the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —— Pains, to horse,—] I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Pains. I suppose the copy had only a P——. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the prince, but lieutenant to Falstaff. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The camp near Shrewsbury.**Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

HOTSPUR.

WELL said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth,
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the Douglas 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 foethers; 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——

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:

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. Heavens! how has he the leisure to be sick
 In such a justling time? who leads his powers?
 Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot.

⁷ *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

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
⁸ On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
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;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim 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 ⁹ therein should we read

The

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 inquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character. WARBURTON.

⁸ On any soul remov'd,—] On any *less* near to himself; on any whose interest is *remote*. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— therein should we read

The very bottom, and the soul of hope;] To read *the bottom*
and

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:

¹ A comfort of retirement lives in this.

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.

² 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

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.

¹ *A comfort of retirement*—] A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

² *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 first explanation.

“ ——— They say, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed
“ they may stand to't.”

Again, in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher,

“ ——— since he will be

“ An ass against the *hair*.” STEEVENS.

May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause :
 For well you know, ³ we of the offering side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
 This absence of your father 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.

³ — *we of the offering side*—] All the later 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 off'ring 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 : 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.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my foul!

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmorland, 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 hath 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 his comrades, that daunt the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. ⁵ All furnish'd, all in arms,

All

* *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakespeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince, "he was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-duck, or doe, in a large park."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *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

- 6 All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
 Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd :
 7 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.
 8 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 9 His cuiffes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rife

beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

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 wind, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. I should have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the same reading. 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*, sign. 2.

“ This said, he *whisk'd* his particolour'd wings.”

T. T.

6 *All plum'd like estridges, &c.*] All dressed like the prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. GRAY.

7 *Glittering in golden coats like images ;*] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days ; where they are bedecked in gilt robes richly laced and embroidered. STEEVENS.

8 *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 visiere 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*.) 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,

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.

9 *His cuiffes on his thighs, —*] *Cuiffes*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE,

The

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury ;
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
¹ And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun 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 smoaky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
 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.

² Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse—
 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.

The reason why his *cuisse*s are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisse*s are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity. JOHNSON.

¹ *And witch the world—*] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

² *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 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.

Doug.

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.

Changes to a public 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. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my 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
4 souc'd gurnet. I have mis-us'd the king's press damnably,

³ ——— lieutenant Peto—] This passage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— souc'd gurnet.] This is a dish mentioned in that very laughable poem call'd *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.”

damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty foldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pres me none but good housholders, yeomens 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, ⁵ worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I prest me none but such toasts and butter, 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 foldiers ; but discarded unjust servingmen, ⁶ younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers

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* !” STEEVENS.

⁵ — [*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. Shakspeare, perhaps, wrote a *struck sorel*, 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 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.

Both the quarto's and folio's 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 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. STEEVENS.

⁶ — [*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.

of a calm world and a long peace; 7 ten times more 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

7 ——— *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. Mr. Warburton, who understands it in the second construction, has suspected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation. ——— “How is an old-
“ fac'd *ancient*, or *ensign*, dishonourably ragged? on the con-
“ trary, 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 strongest 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 sar-
“ castical 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 two 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.* STEEVENS.

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 ⁸ gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them 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 St. Albans, or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter prince Henry and Westmorland.

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 Westmorland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir 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 to-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; ⁹ 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.

⁸ ——— gyves on;—] i. e. shackles. POPE.

⁹ ——— good enough to tofs:—] That is, to tofs upon a pike. JOHNSON.

West.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

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, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Skrewsbury.

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

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of ¹ 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's 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!

¹ ——— *such great leading*——] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.

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
 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 shire:
 And, when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came to be but duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery, and beg his peace,
 With tears of innocence 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,
 They, more and less, 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 following him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor;

² Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg,
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lay 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, ³ task'd the whole state.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
 (Who is, if every owner were right 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
⁴ This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

² *Upon the naked shore, &c.*] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *task'd the whole state.*] I suppose it should be *tax'd* the whole state. JOHNSON.

Task'd is here used for *tax'd* ; it was common anciently 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*." STEEVENS.

⁴ *This head of safety ;—*] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.

—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. It may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

YORK. *The archbishop's palace.*

Enter the archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

York. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this ⁵ sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord Mareschal;
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.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

York. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: for, Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was ⁶ in the first proportion)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was ⁷ a rated sinew too,

⁵ ——— *sealed brief*] A brief is simply a letter. JOHNS.

⁶ ——— *in the first proportion*] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *a rated sinew too,*] So the first edition, *i. e.* accounted a strong aid. POPE.

A rated sinew signifies a strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

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 Westmorland, and warlike Blunt ;
 And many more corrivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

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, Sir 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, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

³ 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 Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and 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 ⁹ to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[The trumpet sounds.]

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

K. Henry. 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:

⁸ *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. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *to his purposes* ;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. JOHNS.

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to't? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-aborred 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 fought 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. Peace, chewet, peace.

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

Prince. *Peace, chewet, peace.*] This, I take to be an arbitrary refinement of Mr. Pope's; nor can I easily agree, that *chewet* 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 *chewet*, or *chuet*, 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 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 Catherine, 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 as probable that the prince alludes. Both the quarto's and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. STEEVENS.

Wor.

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, ² my staff of office I did 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 out-dare
 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 feat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
 To this, we swore 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 ;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
 And the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in the 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,
³ As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,

² ——— my staff of office——] See *Richard the Second*.

JOHNSON.

³ *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.

That even our love durst not come near your fight
 For fear of swallowing : but with nimble wing
 We were forc'd, for safety's sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
 Whereby ⁴ 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 ⁵ articulated,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 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,
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
⁶ 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,

⁴ ——— *we stand opposed, &c.]* We stand in opposition to you. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *articulated,]* i. e. Drawn out, article by article.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,]* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *more valued young*. I think the present gingle has more of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

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 misled 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, with 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.]*

Manent prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, ⁷ and bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

⁷ —— 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.

P. Henry. Nothing but a coloffus 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.

⁸ [*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. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can honour fet to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no skill in furgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd a 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; ⁹ honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Hotspur's camp.

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

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

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

⁸ *Exit prince Henry.*] This *exit* is remarked by Mr. Upton.
JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *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 we are 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.
¹ 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 ² 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 Westmorland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmorland.

¹ *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 Alabaster.
 JOHNSON.

² ——— *an adopted name of privilege,*
A hare-brain'd Hotspur,——] The name of Hotspur will privilege him from censure. JOHNSON.

Hot,

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,
³ And Westmorland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose 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 talking? 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;
Making you ever better than his praise.
⁴ By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you.

And,

³ *And Westmorland, that was engag'd,*—] Engag'd is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmorland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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

And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 5 He made a blushing cital of himself,
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there 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 wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear
 6 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 ;

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.

5 *He made a blushing cital of himself,]* Cital for taxation.

POPE.

6 *Of any prince, so wild, at liberty.]* Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman.

JOHNSON.

To

To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long,
 Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 And 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,
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
⁷ Now—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on;
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace:
⁸ For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The trumpets sound.]

S C E N E III.

*The King entereth with his power. Alarm to the battle.
 Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head?

⁷ 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 in Dieu* is the present motto of the earl of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Conforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate.

PERCY.

⁸ For, heaven to earth,—] i. e. One might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

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.

Fight, Blunt is slain; then enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus,
I never had triumph'd over a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas! no. I know his face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. Ah! 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,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Other alarms, enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape a shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate.—

a ——— *shot-free at London,*—] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missile weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt? there's honour for you; ¹ here's no vanity!—I am as 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. ² Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,
as

So Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*,

“ And it is yll commynge, I have heard say,
“ To the end of a *spot*, and beginnyng of a fray.”

STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *here's no vanity!*—] In our author's time the negative, in a 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 altered it to *there's vanity!* WARB.

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 villainy!*
“ 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!”

STEEVENS.

² *Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms.*—] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious frier surmounted

as I have done this day. 3 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?

Fal. Ay, Hal, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

[*The prince draws it out, and finds it a bottle of sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. 5 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 6 a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give

furmounted 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, had made this Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

3 *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.

4 ——— *sack a city.*] A quibble on the word *sack*.

JOHNSON.

5 *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 as 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.

6 ——— *a carbonado of me.*] A carbonado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

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 IV.

*Alarm, excursions. Enter the king, the prince, lord
John of Lancaster, and the earl of Westmorland.*

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,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so.—

My lord of Westmorland, 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 West-
morland,

Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake, come.

[Exeunt P. John and West.

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-
caster;

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
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

[Exit.

Enter

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 countefeit:
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.]

Chearly, my lord; how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton strait.

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 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

Than ⁷ 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 !

⁸ Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
⁹ A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
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 :—
¹ But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I thank myself.

⁷ ——— 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 sublimary things, must itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Ill-weav'd ambition, &c.]* A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is loose.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *A kingdom, &c.]*

Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus

Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit. Ovid. JOHNSON.

¹ *But let my favours hide thy mangled face,]* We should read *favour*, face or countenance. He stooping down here to kiss Hotspur. WARBURTON.

He rather covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death. JOHNSON.

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignominy 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 miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck ² so fair a deer to-day,

Though ³ many a 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 ⁴ 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, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he

² ——— *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.

³ ——— *many a dearer*——] Many of greater value.

JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *to powder me,*——] To powder is to salt.

JOHNSON.

would

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.

Enter prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

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 pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears:

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not⁵ a double man; but if I am 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 either to be 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 the 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 believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it on my death, I gave him this wound in the

⁵ ——— a double man;—] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. JOHNSON.

thigh: 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.—

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 trumpets found 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.*]

SCENE V.

The trumpets sound. Enter king Henry, prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster, earl of Westmorland, 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

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant 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 bruis'd,
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.

Lan. ⁶ I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains, that we divide our
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmorland,
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 far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ *I thank your grace, &c.*] These two lines are added from the quarto. POPE.

I suspect that they were rejected by Shakespeare himself.

THE SECOND PART OF

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King HENRY V.

INDUCTION.

¹ *Enter Rumour, ² painted full of tongues.*

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,

¹ *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*, apparalled

“ In crimson sattin, full of *toongs*, or chronicles.”

Vol. 3. 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 fyre.”——

And so had Sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants,

“ *Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing

“ Thoughte 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 Albanacte*.

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*. STEEVENS.

² —— *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 slanders ride;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and 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? ³ 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

³ ——— *Rumour is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker.

JOHNSON.

† *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. -

Persons

Persons Represented.

King HENRY the Fourth.

Prince Henry.

Prince John of Lancaster.

Humphry of Gloucester.

Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland,

The Archbishop of York,

Mowbray,

Hastings,

Lord Bardolph,

Travers,

Morton,

Colevile,

Warwick,

Westmorland,

Surrey,

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,

Wart,

Feeble,

Bullcalf,

} *country soldiers.*

} *against the king.*

} *of the king's party.*

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

5 THE SECOND PART OF

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's castle.

Enter lord Bardolph; the Porter at the door.

BARDOLPH.

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.

⁵ *The 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.

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. 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, if 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 Westmorland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so 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 spoke 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, Sir 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 fore-spent with speed, That stopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied 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 * armed heels Against the panting sides of his ⁶ poor jade Up to the ⁷ rowel-head; and, starting so, ⁸ He seem'd in running to devour the way, Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—again?—
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, 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 ⁹ silken point
I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

* ——— *armed heels*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio 1623, reads *able heels*; the modern editors, without authority, *agile heels*. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *poor jade*] *Poor jade* is used not in contempt, but in compassion. *Poor jade* means the horse wearied with his journey. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *rowel-head*;—] I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike. JOHNSON.

⁸ *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.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *silken point*] A *point* is a string tagged, or lace.

JOHNSON.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who he?
He was ¹ 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, ² like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic 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;
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, ³ so woe-be-gone,
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;

¹ ——— *some hilding fellow,*—] For *bilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. POPE.

² ——— *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.

³ ——— *so woe-be-gone,*] The 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.

Your

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,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. 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 gain'd :

⁴ Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. ⁵ Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
 I see a strange confession in thine eye :

Thou

⁴ *Your spirit—*] The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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, tolling a departing friend.*

Thou shak'st thy head ; and ⁶ hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. ⁷ 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 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, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry 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 ;
⁸ For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

And

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.

⁶ ——— bold'st it in fear, or sin,] Fear for danger.

WARBURTON.

⁷ 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.

⁸ 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

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 veil 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 Westmorland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physic; and these news
 That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well.
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,

See what is said on this subject in *Love's Labour 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 commen-
 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 veil his stomach,—] Began to fall his courage, to
 let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

Like strengthless hinges, ¹ 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 sickly quouif;
 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
² 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,

³ And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Bard. ⁴ This strained passion doth you wrong, my
 lord!

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort.

¹ — buckle—] Bend; yield to pressure. JOHNSON.

² *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.

³ *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.

⁴ *This strained passion, &c.*] This line is only in the first edition,

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.
 5 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, 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 befall'n,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 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'erfet, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

edition, 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 given 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.

5 *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.

Mort.

Mort. 'Tis more than time: and my most noble
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:

⁶ 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;
⁷ Tells them; he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
⁸ 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.*]

⁶ *The gentle, &c.*] These one-and-twenty lines were added since the first edition. JOHNSON.

⁷ *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.

⁸ *And more, and less,—*] More and less mean greater and less. STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Changes to a street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you, giant! ⁹ what says the doctor to my water?

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

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird 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 whor-

⁹ ——— *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 Caius, the founder of the college in Warwick-lane, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a physician, 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?* 1608, 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.” STEEVENS.

son¹ mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. ² I was never mann'd with 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; ³ 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 it will, it is not a hair amiss yet: ⁴ he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowning, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is

¹ ——— *mandrake*,—] Mandrake is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

² *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.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *the Juvenal*, &c.] This word, which has already occurred in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour lost*, is used in many places by Chaucer, and always signifies a young man. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *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 the poet meant to quibble. A *royal* (or *real*) is a Spanish coin valued at six-pence. The jest intended must consist in the allusion to the smallness of the piece of money.

STEEVENS.

almost

almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dombledon about the fatten for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, 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 whorson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth-knave! ⁵ to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand up on *security*!—The whorson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and ⁶ if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand for *security*. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked 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 ⁷ the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet can he not see, though

⁵ ——— to bear in hand,—] Is, to keep in expectation.

JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— 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 *Every Man out of his Humour*,

“ I will take up, and bring myself into credit.”

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

“ They will take up, I warrant you, where they may
“ be trusted.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.] This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: *Quæ ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu conclusum geris*. Amph. act. i. scene 1. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of horns for cuckoldom, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who says, Περσειπείν αὐτῶν ὅτι ἡ γυνὴ σου πορεύσει, καὶ τὸ λεγομένην, κέρατα αὐτῶ ποιήσει, καὶ οὕτως ἀπέβη. Ὀνειροί. lib. 2. cap. 12. And he copied from those before him. WAREBURTON.

he

he have his own lanthorn to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

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

Fal. ⁸ 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.

Enter Chief Justice 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.

⁸ *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 *Powls* 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.” STEEVENS.

Page.

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! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

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 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 gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You ^o hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

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

^o ——— *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.”

STEVENS.

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.

Cb. 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.

Cb. 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 whorson apoplexy.

Cb. 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 whorson tingling.

Cb. Just. What, tell you me of it? be it as it is.

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

Cb. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

¹ *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.

Cb. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend

¹ *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 itage 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.

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 drachm of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

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

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my counsel learned in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Cb. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Cb. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

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 ² 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.

² —— *be my dog.*] I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

Fal. ³ A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.—

Ch. Just. ⁴ You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

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. ⁵ I cannot tell: virtue is of so little regard ⁶ in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy 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

³ *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.

⁴ *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 humorous 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: 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. STEEVENS.

⁵ *I cannot tell:—*] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current. JOHNSON.

⁶ *— 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.

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.

Cb. 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 short? your chin double? ⁷ your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? fie, fie, fie, Sir 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 hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box 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.

Cb. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

⁷ ——— *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*; and that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size, yet his wit was not increased in proportion to it. STEEVENS.

Fal. Heaven fend the companion a better prince!
I cannot rid my hands of him.

Cb. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry. I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

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, if I brandish any thing but my bottle,⁸ 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 for ever—⁹ 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.

Cb. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Cb. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; ¹ you are too impatient

⁸ ——— would I might never spit white again.] i. e. May I never have my stomach heated 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.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *But it was always, &c.*] This speech in the folio concludes at *I cannot last for ever*. All the rest is restored from the quarto's. A clear proof of the superior value of those editions, when compared with the publication of the players. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— you are too impatient to bear crosses.] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff has just asked his lordship
to

impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmorland. *[Exit.]*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with ² 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 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 Westmorland; and this to old Mrs. Urfula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. 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 commodity.

[Exeunt.]

to lend him *a thousand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entrusted with money. A *crofs* is coin so called, because stamped with a cross.

So in *Lycy's Labour lost*, act i. scene 3.

“ ——— *crosses* love him not.”

So 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 this gate, ye *croffe* on

“ Thy *crosses* be on gates all, in thy purse none.”

STEEVENS.

² ——— *a three-man beetle.*—] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

SCENE III.

Changes to the archbishop of York's palace.

*Enter archbishop of York, 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 not³ 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.

³ ——— *step too far*] The four following lines were added
in the second edition. JOHNSON.

Bard.

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 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. † Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action; a cause on foot

† *Yes, in 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 irreme-
diable. 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, in-
deed 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 the present quality of war
Impel the instant action.*

Hastings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and
forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every case like
ours, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for sup-
plies, has, without that reinforcement, *impell'd* or hastily brought
on an immediate action. STEEVENS.

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 a-new the model
 In fewer offices? or, at least, desist
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
 (Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model;
 Consent upon a sure foundation;
 Question surveyors; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men:
 Like one that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
 The utmost man of expectation,
 I think we are a body strong enough,
 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,
 And one against Glendower; perforce a third
 Must take up us: so is the unfirm king

In three divided; and his coffers found
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. ⁵ 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 Westmorland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French
I have no certain notice,

York. ⁶ Let us on;

And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath forfeited.—

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
And now, being 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?

⁵ *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.

⁶ *Let us on, &c.*] This excellent speech of York was one of the passages added by Shakespeare after his first edition. POPE.

They,

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.
[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A street in London.

*Enter Hostess, with two officers, Phang, his boy, and
Snare following.*

HOSTESS.

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 it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay, good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. 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.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd
me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares
not

not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foine like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

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

Hof. No, nor I neither:—I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but fist him once; ⁷ if he come but within my vice.

Hof. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good master Phang, hold him sure; good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, saving your manhoods, to buy a faddle; and he is indited to dinner to the ⁸ Lubbar's-head in Lumbart-street, to Mr. 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. ⁹ A hundred mark is a long lone for a poor lone woman 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 ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

⁷ ——— *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.

⁸ ——— *Lubbar's-head*——] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's-head. JOHNSON.

⁹ *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.

Enter

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and the boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant ¹ 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 suit of Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

Hof. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou ² honey-suckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey-feed rogue! thou art a honey-feed, ³ a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue! a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue or two; ⁴ thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-feed!

¹ ——— *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.

² ——— *honey-suckle villain*——*honey-feed rogue*!——] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

³ ——— *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.

⁴ ——— *thou wo't, wo't thou?* &c.] The first folio reads, I think, less properly, *thou wilt not? thou wilt not?* JOHNSON.

Fal.

5 Fal. Away, you scullion, you rampallion, you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter Chief Justice attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hof. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.

—Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou 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, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

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

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 on

⁵ *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.

⁶ 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 ⁷ for likening his father to a singing-man of Windfor; 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 good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, 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

⁶ ——— 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 Wolfey's plate, says—“ and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— 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.

you.

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.

Cb. 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. ⁸ I know you have practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Cb. 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 ⁹ this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sawciness: if a man will court'sy 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 desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Cb. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but ¹ answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

⁸ *I know you have practised—*] In the first quarto it is read thus—*You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.* Without this the following exhortation of the chief justice is less proper. JOHNSON.

⁹ *——— 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*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *——— answer in the effect of your reputation,——*] That is, answer in a manner suitable to your character. JOHNSON.

Enter

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 ² German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of ³ 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, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make another 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?

² *German hunting in water-work,——*] i. e. In water-colours.
WARBURTON.

³ *—— 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.

Fal.

Fal. Will I live?—Go with her, with her: hook on, hook on. ⁴ [*to the officers.*]

Hof. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoftefs, Bardolph, and Serjeant.*]

Cb. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Cb. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. ⁵ At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is 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 intreat you with me to dinner?

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

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

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Cb. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

⁴ [*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 same expression is used in *The Guardian*, by Messenger,

“*Hook on, follow him, harpies.*” STEEVENS.

⁵ *At Basingstoke, —*] The quarto reads, at Billingsgate.

STEEVENS.

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

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Continues in London.

Enter prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

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

P. Henry. It doth 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: ⁶ and God knows whether those that

⁶ — and God knows, &c.] This passage Mr. Pope re-flored 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

that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaseth, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

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 lying 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'll 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

fore 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 at all. Such proof may indeed be inferred from those of the quarto's 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 have no colour for supposing 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 of the choice it offers; but otherwise do not think I have a right to omit 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.

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 ⁷ 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.

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 roadway better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have seemed 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 mine own ears. The worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a ⁸ 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 !

⁷ ——— *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.

⁸ ——— *proper fellow of my hands ;—*] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man. JOHNSON.

Bard.

9 Bard. [to the boy.] Come, you virtuous afs, 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 from the window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and methought 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 whorson 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.

9 Poins. Come, you virtuous afs, &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.

¹ — *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.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth ² 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 ³ this wen to be as familiar 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: ⁴ the answer is as ready as a borrow'd 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.

² ——— *the Martlemas, your master?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *this wen*—] This swoln excrecence of a man.

JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *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.

A borrow'd cap;—] What is borrowed is ready to be returned when the owner calls for it; or when we consider that the speaker is a thief, by his own confession, and that to *borrow* was the common cant term for the act of stealing, it may mean, that the answer was as ready at hand as any thing that lay in the way of a thief. I see no need of alteration.

STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

⁵ *P. Henry.* Peace!

Poins. ⁶ *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 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. ⁷ 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 sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

⁵ *P. Henry.*] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confusion, making the prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *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.

⁷ *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. STEEVENS.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old ⁸ frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. ⁹ Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. ¹ What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman 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, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, 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 between St. Albans and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

⁸ ——— *frank?*] Frank is sty. POPE.

⁹ *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.

¹ *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*.”

STEEVENS.

Poins. ² Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? ³ 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.

² Put on two leather jerkins—] This was a plot very unlikely to succeed where the prince and the drawers were all known, but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability. JOHNSON.

³ ——— 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 charioteer, 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.

North.

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,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; ⁴ 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 struck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.
⁵ 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.

⁴ ——— *but he did long in vain!*] Theobald very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote

——— *but he did look in vain!* STEEVENS.

⁵ *He had no legs, &c.*] The twenty-two following lines are of those added by Shakespeare after his first edition. POPE.

Never, O never do his ghost the wrong,
 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 oversights !
 But I must go and meet with danger there ;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

L. North. 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
⁶ 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 his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

⁶ *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. WARBURTON,

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.

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 Sir John cannot endure
 an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mafs! thou sayest true. The prince once
 set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him
 there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his
 hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry,
 round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the
 heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and
 see if thou can'st find out 7 Sneak's noise; mistress
 Tear-sheet

7 ——— *Sneak's noise*;—] Sneak was a street minstrel, and
 therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the
 neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A *noise of musicians* anciently signified a concert or company
 of them. In the old play of *Henry V.* (not that of Shakespeare)
 there is this passage:

“ ——— there came the young prince, and two or three
 “ more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and
 “ then they sent for a *noyse of musftians,*” &c.

Falstaff addresses them as a company in the tenth scene of
 this play.

So again in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, print-
 ed 1598, the count says,

“ Oh that we had a *noise of musicians*, to play to this anticke
 “ as we go.”

Again in *The Merry Devil of Edmouton*,

“ 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

Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. ⁸ Dispatch!
—The room where they suppd 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 Sir John must not know of it. Bar-
dolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. Then ⁹ here will be old Utis: it will be
an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an ex-
cellent good temporality: your pulfidge beats as ex-
traordinarily 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 marvel-
lous 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 Sir John.

Again in *West-ward 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.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Dispatch!* &c.] This period is from the first edition.

POPE.

⁹ ——— *here will be old Utis:*—] *Utis*, an old word yet
in use in some countries, signifying a merry festival, from the
French *huit, octo*, ab A. S. *eahtra. Oðavæ festi alicujus.*—
Skinner. POPE.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly
a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* sig-
nifies festivity in a great degree.

So in *Lingua*, 1607,

“ ——— there's *old* moving among them.”

So 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.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court—empty the jordan—and was a worthy king* : how now, mistress Dol.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Hof. ¹ Sick of a calm : yea, good sooth.

Fal. ² 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. ³ You make fat rascals, mistress Dol.

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, Dol : we catch of you, Dol, we catch of you : grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry ; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. ⁴ *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

¹ *Sick of a calm* :—] I suppose she means to say of a *qualm*.
STEEVENS.

² *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 honourable,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ *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.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *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.

furgery bravely; to venture upon ⁵ the charg'd chambers bravely——

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as ⁶ rheumatic ⁷ as two dry toasts; you cannot bear with one another's confirmities. What the good-ger! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To *Dol.*

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bour-

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 ouches,] 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.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —— *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.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —— *rheumatic*—] She would say splenetic. HANMER.

I believe she means what she says. So Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*,

“ *Cob.* Why, I have my *rewme*, and can be angry.”

So in *Henry V.*

“ He did in some sort 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.

⁷ —— *as two dry toasts*;—] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

deaux

deaux 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 no body cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ⁷ ancient Pistol is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not 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 Tisick, 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 where-upon) 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 blest you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

⁷ — *ancient Pistol*—] Is the same as *ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or *ancient*.
JOHNSON..

Fal.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostefs; ⁸ a tame cheater, he: you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? ⁹ 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.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an if it were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir 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, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, Sir; you shall hardly offend her.

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

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion!

⁸ — a tame cheater,—] Gamester and cheater were, in Shakespeare's age, synonymous terms. Ben Jonson has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater*. STEEVENS.

⁹ 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 *eschearer*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*.

WARBURTON.

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, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, ¹ if you play the faucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, Sir?—² what, with two ³ points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. ⁴ No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Hofst. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of

¹ ——— if you play the faucy cuttle with me.] It appears from Greene's *Art of Conny-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife with which the sharpers of that age cut out 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 *scuttle-fish* ejects. STEEVENS.

² ——— 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!”

Much is frequently used as an expression of disdain.

STEEVENS.

³ ——— points—] As a mark of his commission. JOHNSON.

⁴ No more, Pistol, &c.] This is from the old edition of 1600. POPE.

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! ⁵ He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* ⁶ as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort'd; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Dol.

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 damn'd lake, to the infernal deep; where Erebus and tortures vile also. ⁷ Hold hook and line, say I; down! down, dogs! down, faitors! ⁸ have we not Hiren here?

Hoff.

⁵ *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.

⁶ ——— *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.

⁷ *Hold hook and line*, ———] These words are introduced in ridicule, by B. Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *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 Fayre 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 them before Fal-

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet, it is very late; I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horses

And ⁸ *hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,*

Which

staff and his messmates, as he points to Doll Tear-sheet, in the same manner as the Turkish monarch pointed to *Hiren (Irene)* before the whole assembled divan. This dramatic piece I have never seen; and it is mentioned only in that very useful and curious book *The Companion to the Play-house*, as the work of W. Barkstead, published in 1611. Of this play, however, I suppose there must have been some earlier edition.

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 Hyren here?*”

Again, in Massinger's *Old Law*,

“*Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren here.

“*Cook.* Syren! 'twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, man.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia, &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 Asia,

“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 celebrated by the admirers of *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, inserted almost word for word in this tragedy which enjoyed at once the good fortune of being censured by Theobald, and praised by Ben Jonson. The first edition of those books of *The Fairy Queen*, in which it is to be found, was published in 1590, and *Tamburlaine* made its appearance in the same year. Every one who is acquainted with the fertility of Spenser's imagination, must suppose the dramatic writer to have been the plagiarist.

“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.”

Spenser.

“Like

*Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with 9 Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?*

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

Bard. Begone, good Ancient. This will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;
1 have we not Hiren here?

“ 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.”

Marloe’s Tamerlaine.

STEEVENS.

9 — *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.

1 — *have we not Hiren here?*

Host. *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, *Fusberta*; 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 in the house, and therefore telling him, *O’ my word, captain, there’s none such here; what the good-ger! do you think, I would deny her?* THEOBALD.

Hof. O' my word, captain, there's none such here, What the good-ger? do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then ² *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:* come, give me some sack. ³ *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

Fear we broad sides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack; and, sweet-heart, lye thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*

⁴ Come we to full points here; and are *& cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. ⁵ Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol.

² — *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 lyon'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.”

The part of Pistol is almost made up of quotations from old absurd plays. This line is quoted in several of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602, has introduced Shakespeare's burlesque of it. STEEVENS.

³ *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero 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.

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.

⁴ *Come we to full points here, &c.*] That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no farther entertainment. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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 Dol Tear-sheet. THEOBALD.

Nief;

Dol. Thrust him down stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not ⁶ galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, ⁷ 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.

Hofst. 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.

Hofst. 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.

Nief, neif, and naf, 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."

I believe *neif* is here used for *fist*. It is still used 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.

⁶ — *galloway nags*?] That is, common hackneys. JOHNS.

⁷ — *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*." I suppose it to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board.

STEEVENS.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson, little valiant villain, you!

Hoft. 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?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, Sir, 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 tofs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canyafs thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter musick.

Page. The musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee,
Doll. A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I'faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church. Thou whorson^s 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?

^s — *little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,*—] For *tidy* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-big* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter prince Henry and Poins.

Fal. Peace, good Doll, do not speak ⁷ like a death's head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

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, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit ? hang him, baboon !—his wit is as thick as ⁸ Tewksbury mustard, there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

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 ⁹ eats conger and fennel ;
and

⁷ — *like a death's head* ;] It appears from the following passage in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, that it was the custom 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.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *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.

⁹ — *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.”

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 his Supplication to the Devil*, advises hard drinkers,—“ to have some shooping 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 better,” &c.

In

and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of ¹ discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this * nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us 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.

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633, a captain says, that his "corporal was lately choak'd at Delf by swallowing a *flap-dragon*."

So 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 vitæ, “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, stab'd arms, and done all the offices of “protested gallantry for your sake?”

So 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 topers' dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

¹ — *discreet stories* :—] We should read *indiscreet*. WARB.

* — *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.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. ² Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not ³ lisp^{ing} to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

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

Fal. I am old, I am old.

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

Fal. What stuff wilt thou 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 will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so. Prove, that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. ⁴ 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?

² *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.

³ — *lisp^{ing} to his master's old tables, &c.* We should read, *clasp^{ing} 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. JOHNS.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *lisp* a little in his courtship.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Ha! a bastard, &c.* The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

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

P. Henry. Very true, Sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hof. Oh, 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 whorfon mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Dol.*

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 whorfon ^s candle-mine, you ; how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman ?

Hof. Blessing on 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.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on my 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

^s — candle-mine, —] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

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, ⁶ 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.

Host. All victuallers do so. What is 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.

⁶ —— and burns, poor soul !] This is Sir 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 *brennyng* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

Host. 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 south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpluck'd. More knocking at the door?—How how? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, Sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd. Farewell, 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. Farewell, farewell. *[Exit.]*

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

Bard. Mistress Tear-sheet—

Host.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miftrefs Tear-sheet come to my mafter.

Hof. ⁷ O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. · S C E N E I.

The palace in London.

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,

And well confider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit page.*]

How many thousands of my pooreft subjects
Are at this hour afleep! O gentle fleep,
Nature's foft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And fteep my fenfes in forgetfulnefs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ft thou in fmoaky cribs,
Upon uneafy pallets ftretching thee,
And hufh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy flumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coftly ftate,
And lull'd with founds of fweeteft melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ft thou with the vile
In loathfome beds; and leav'ft the kingly couch

⁷ O run, Doll, run; run good, good Doll.] Thus the folio.
The quarto reads, O run, Doll run, run good Doll, come: *ſhe*
comes blubber'd. Yea will you come, Doll? STEEVENS.

¹ This firft ſcene is not in my copy of the firft edition.

JOHNSON.

A watch-

² A watch-case, or a common alarm 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 deafning clamours in the ³ slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, 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 the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? ⁴ 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 ?

² *A watch-case, &c.]* This alludes to the watchmen set in garrison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarm-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. 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 Shakespeare. HANMER.

³ ——— *slippery shrouds,]* Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads, ——— *in the slippery clouds.* STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *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 it-
 “ self 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! STEEVENS.

War.

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. ⁹ 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 king-
dom,

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. ¹ It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine:

² 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

⁹ 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 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.

¹ *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 inequality 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.

² *My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.]* I believe Shakepeare 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! ³ 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. ⁴ But which of you was by
 (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To War.*
 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:*
 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 will come, thus did he follow it,
*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption:* so went on,

³ ——— 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.

⁴ *But which of you was by, &c.*] He refers to *King Richard*, act v. scene 2. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all mens' 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 intreasur'd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
5 And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gues,
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. 6 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.

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.

5 *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.

6 *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.

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, ⁷ unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to justice Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, justices ; with Mouldy, Shallow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on ; give me your hand, Sir : an early stirrer, ⁸ 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, Sir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford
still, is he not ?

Sil. Indeed, Sir ; 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.

⁷ ——— *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.

⁸ ——— *by the rood.*] i. e. The cross. POPE.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Sbal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black⁹ George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and¹ Will Squele a Cotswold man, you had not four such² swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the Bona-roba's 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.

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

Sbal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, 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.

Sbal. 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?

⁹ — George Bare,—] The quarto reads *George Barnes*.

STEEVENS.

¹ — 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 understood to be one who was well versed in those exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution. STEEVENS.

² — swinge-bucklers,—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-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 *swash-buckler*."

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa says, "—when "I was a scholar in Padua, saith, then I could have *swing'd a "sword and buckler*," &c. STEEVENS.

Sil. Truly, coufin, I was not there.

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

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Skal. 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 ³ clapp'd in the clout at twelve score, and carried you a fore-hand shaft a ⁴ 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.

Skal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and Page.

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

Bard. ⁵ Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

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

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

Skal. He greets me well, Sir: I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

³ —— *clapp'd in the clout*—] i. e. Hit the white mark.

WARBURTON.

⁴ —— *fourteen and fourteen and a half*,—] That is, fourteen score of yards. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Good morrow, &c.*] The quarto gives this as well as the following line to Bardolph. The folio divides them between Shallow and Bardolph. I have followed the quarto.

STEEVENS.

Bard.

Bard. Sir, pardon; a foldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Sbal. It is well faid, Sir; and it is well faid indeed too. *Better accommodated!*——it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrafes, furely, are, and ever were, very commendable. *Accommodated!*——it comes of *accommodo*: ⁶ very good, a good phrafe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir; I have heard the word. Phrafe, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrafe: but I will maintain the word with my fword, to be a foldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. *Accommodated*; that is, when a man is, as they fay, accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Sbal. It is very juft.—Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worfhip's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to fee you well, good mafter Robert Shallow.—Mafter Sure-card, as I think——

Sbal. No, Sir John; it is my coufin Silence, in commiffion with me.

⁶ ——*very good, a good phrafe.*] *Accommodate* was a modifh term of that time, as Ben Jonfon informs us: “ You are not to caft or wring for the perfumèd terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, fpirit, &c. but ufe 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 fatirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate fpeakers or writers, when they fhould define, to put their hearers off with a fynonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the fame term differently *accommodated*; as in the inftance before us. WARBURTON.

The fame word occurs in Jonfon's *Every Man in his Humour*,

“ Hoftefs, *accommodate* us with another bed-ftaff:

“ The woman does not underftand *the words of action*.”

Fal. Good master 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 sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir. Will you fit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so. Yea, marry, Sir. Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call. Let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! Things that are mouldy lack use. Very singular good! Well said, Sir John; very well said.

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 shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent,

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace. Stand aside. Know you where you are? For the other, Sir John:—Let me see—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad.

Shal. My mother's son, Sir.

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, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him; for ⁷ we have a number of shadows do fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir 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, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

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, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick

⁷ ——— we have a number of shadows do 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.

the woman's taylor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, Sir.

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 be a private foldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

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, Sir.

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. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whorson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, Sir.

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 called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; 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, Sir 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. Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal.

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Sbal. She could never away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Sbal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a ³ *bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Sbal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose 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.

Sbal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen!—Hah, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Sbal. That we have, that we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, *Hem, boys*.—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—Oh, the days that we have seen! Come, come!

Bull. [*aside to Bardolph.*] Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go: and yet, for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for my own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, Sir, 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 hath no-body

³ ——— *bona-roba.*] A fine showy wanton. JOHNSON.

Bona-roba was, in our author's time, the common term for a strumpet. It is used in that sense by B. Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEEVENS.

to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she's old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death; I will never bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an it be not, so. No man is 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 art a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith, I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Sbal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—⁹ I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to: well.

Sbal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Sbal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bull-calf.— For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

Sbal. 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 choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblage 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

⁹ ——— *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.

hammer;

hammer; come off and on ¹ swifter than he that gibbets 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 spare me the great ones. Put me a ² caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

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, ³ bald, shot. Well said, Wart; thou art a good scab. Hold, there is a tester for thee.

Skal. He is not his craft-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-End-Green, when I lay at Clement's-Inn (⁴ I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show)

¹ ——— *swifter than he that gibbets 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.

² ——— *caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *bald, shot.*] *Shot* is used for *shooter*, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— (*I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*)—] The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy wight Sir 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 prentice to court a king's daughter.

“*Cit.* Will it so, Sir? You are well read in histories; I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice 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 Sir 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 pastime and pleasure; which books, as some
“ say,

show) there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about,

“ say, were made in monasteries by idle monks. As one for example, *La Mort d' Arthur*.” In this romance Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Shakespeare would not have shewn his *justice* capable of representing any higher character:

JOHNSON.

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 satyrical strokes against Heywood's comedy; the force of which is 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 1. Rafe says, “ Amongst all the worthy books of atchievements, 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 1.

“ Boy. It will shew ill-favouredly 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

about, and come you in, and come you in; *rab, tab, tab*, would he say; *bounce*, would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he 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 bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: 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 Shal. and Sil.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. 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 starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done s'about Turnbull-street; and

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 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.

5 — *about Turnbull-street*; —] In an old comedy call'd *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, this street is mentioned again:

“ ——— Sir, get you gone,

“ You swaggering, cheating, Turnbull-street rogue.”

Nash,

and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight ⁶ were invisible. He was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey; and the whores called him Mandrake. He came ever in the rere-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the ⁷ over-scutcht hufwives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his ⁸ Fancies, or

Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's* 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-houses,
 “ ————— cause spoil in Shore-ditch,
 “ And deface *Turnbull*.”

Again, in Middleton's comedy, called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*; a French bawd says, — “ J'ay une fille qui parle un peu François, elle conversera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys, en *Turnbull-street*.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* — “ Here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal drinking, swearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-street*.” Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*,

“ ————— this my lady dear,
 “ I stole her from her friends in *Turnbull-street*.”

Turnbull or *Turnmill Street* is near Cow-crofs, West Smithfield. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— were invisible.] The folio and quarto read, by an apparent error of the press, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe first made the necessary alteration. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— over-scutcht ———] That is whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *hufwives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women. JOHNS.

The explanation of either commentator is somewhat disputable. Ray, among his north country words, says, indeed, that an *over-switch'd hufwife* is a strumpet. *Over-scutch'd*, I believe, is derived from something more ancient than either whips, carts, or the *fumus lupanaris*. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— Fancies, or his *Goodnights*.] Fancies and *Goodnights* were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Goodnights* is published among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

his Goodnights. ⁹ And now is this vice's dagger become 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 ¹ he burst his head for crouding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he ² beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hoboy 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 ³ philosopher's two stones to me. ⁴ If the young dace be a bait

⁹ *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.

¹ — *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*.” STEEVENS.

² — *beat his own name*:] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

³ — *philosopher's two stones* —] One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of baser 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. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *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, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature,
but I may inap at him. Let time shape, and there's
an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to a forest in Yorksbire.

*Enter the archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and
Coleville.*

YORK.

WHAT is this forest call'd ?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, 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 have in him, touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

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.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
¹ Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmorland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.

York. Say on, my lord of Westmorland, 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
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
² Led on by bloody youth, ³ guarded with rage,

And

¹ *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.

² *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.

³ ——— *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 :

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,
 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 ⁴ graves, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to launces ; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

York. ⁵ 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,

“ Velvet guards and Sunday citizens,” &c.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*,

“ Let him have a livery more guarded than his fellows.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *graves*—] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaves*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNS.

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 *Hymenæi* :

“ -- upon their legs they wore silver *greaves*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *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.

And

And we must bleed for it : of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmorland,
 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,
⁶ 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 danger 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,
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace, indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

⁶ In former editions :

And are inforc'd from our most quiet there,] This is said in answer to Westmorland'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. WARBURT.

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,
7 And consecrate commotion's civil edge?

York. 8 My brother-general, the common-wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

7 *And consecrate, &c.*] In one of my old quarto's 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 sumferint, 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 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.

8 *My brother general, &c.*——

I make my quarrel in particular.] The sense is this, "My
" brother general, the common-wealth, which ought to distri-
" bute

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,
¹ Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
² Or 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 ?

“ 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, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly sense can be drawn from the best reading the explication 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 publick mismanagement ; my *particular* cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

¹ *Construe the times to their necessities,*] That is, Judge of what is done in these times according to the exigencies that overrule us. JOHNSON.

² *Or 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.

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 courses daring of the spur,
 3 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have 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, or 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:
 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 doated on,
 4 And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
 Here comę I from our princely general,

³ *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.

⁴ *And bless'd and grac'd more than the king himself.*] The two oldest folio's (which first gave us this speech of Westmorland) read this line thus;

And bless'd and grac'd and did more than the king.

Dr. Thirlby reform'd the text very near to the traces of the corrupted reading. THEOBALD.

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 my 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,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. ⁵ That is intended in the general's name :
I muse, you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of Westmorland, this
schedule,

For this contains our general grievances.
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true ⁶ substantial form ;

⁵ *This 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.

⁶ — *substantial form ;*] That is, By a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

And present execution of our wills

⁷ To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;

⁸ 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,

⁹ 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

⁷ *To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;*] This schedule we see consists of three parts, 1. A redress 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 confin'd to us and to our purposes.* A very modest kind of restriction truly ! only as extensive as their appetites and passions. Without question Shakespeare 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 *consign'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.

⁸ *We come within our awful banks again,]* *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

⁹ *In fight of both our battles we may meet, &c.]* 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. Thirby. THEOBALD.

As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action.

¹ That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
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

² 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 ³ 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.

¹ *That, were our loyal faiths, &c.*] In former editions:

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love.

If *royal faiths* 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.

² *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. STEEVENS.

³ *Wipe his tables clean;*] Alluding to a table-book of slate, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

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.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmorland.

Enter Westmorland.

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 God's name then
set forward.

York. Before, and greet his grace.—My lord, we
come. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and
others: from the other side prince John of Lancaster,
Westmorland, 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,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning

Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 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 heaven?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;
 To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself;
 The very opener, and intelligencer
 Between the grace, ⁴ and 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? ⁵ You have taken up,
 Under the counterfeit 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 Westmorland,
 The time mis-order'd doth, ⁶ 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,

⁴ ——— *the sanctities of heaven,*] This expression Milton has copied,

“ Around him all the sanctities of heaven

“ Stood thick as stars.” JOHNSON.

⁵ *You have taken up,*] To take up is to levy, to raise in arms. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *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.

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 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 :
 7 And so success of mischief shall be born,
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
 shallow,
 To found 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 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 :
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army

⁷ *And so success of mischief—]* *Success* for succession.

This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Coleville.*]

York. To you, my noble lord of Westmorland.

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 ;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. ⁸ Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden for-
row

Serves to say thus :—some good thing comes to-mor-
row.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true. [*Shouts.*]

Lan. The word of peace is render'd ; hark ! how
they shout.

Mowb. This had been cheerful 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,

And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit West.*]

—And, good my lord, so please you, ⁹ let our trains

⁸ *Therefore be merry, coz ;—* That is, Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *let our trains, &c.* That is, Our army on each part, that we may both see those that were to have opposed us. JOHNSON.

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 took their course
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 Mowbray ;—
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,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.

Some

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.¹ [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarm. Excursions.*

S C E N E III.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

² *Cole.* I am a knight, Sir; 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.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am. Do you yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat,

¹ [*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.

² *Cole.* *I am a knight, Sir; 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.

Observations and Conjectures, &c.
printed at Oxford, 1766.

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.

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 Westmorland.

Lan. 3 The heat is past, follow no farther now; Call in the powers, good cousin Westmorland.

[*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, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I speeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility; I have founder'd nineſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir 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 4 the hook-noſ'd fellow of Rome—I came, ſaw, and overcame.

3 *The heat is paſt,*—] That is, the violence of reſentment, the eagerneſs of revenge. JOHNSON.

4 ——— *the hook-noſ'd fellow of Rome,*—] The quarto reads, “the hook-noſ'd fellow of Rome, their coſin.” I have fo low'd the folio. The modern editors read, but without authority, “the hook-noſ'd fellow of Rome *there*, *Cæſar*.”

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 enforc'd, 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
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 sold themselves : but
thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis ;
and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmorland.

Lan. Now 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.

[*Ex. with Colevile.*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords ;
I hear the king, my father, is fore 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 Glo'stershire: and when you come to court, 'pray, ⁵ stand, my good lord, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: ⁶ I, in my condition, shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, ⁷ 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 ⁸ sherris-sack hath

⁵ ——— *stand, my good lord, 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.

⁶ ——— *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 it means, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as a general officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak of you better than you deserve. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *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.

⁸ ——— *sherris-sack—*] This liquor is mentioned in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, ⁹ forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd over 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 pufillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth 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, ¹ till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father; he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

⁹ — *forgetive*,—] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.

¹ — *till sack commences it*,—] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. The author of *The Revisal* would read *commences it*. STEEVENS.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: ² I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away, [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

The palace at Westminster.

Enter king Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

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,
* 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 a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government,

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

K. Henry. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windfor.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

² — I have him already tempering, &c.] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. WARB.

This custom is likewise alluded to in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a comedy, by Middleton,

“ You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal.”

STEEVENS.

* *Our navy is address'd,* —] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. So in *Henry V.*

“ — for our march we are address'd.” STEEVENS.

Glou. No, my good lord ; he is in prefence here.

Cl. 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 haft a better place in his affection
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
 And noble offices thou may'ft 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 carelefs 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 ³ humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws ⁴ congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :—
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

³ ——— *humorous as winter,*—] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind. JOHNSON.

So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1607,

“ ——— be not dismay'd for what is past,

“ You know that women oft are *humorous*.”

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson,

“ ——— A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, *humorous as the air*,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *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*.”

STEEVENS.

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-per-force, the age will pour it in)
 Shall never leak, though it doth work as strong
 As Aconitum, or ⁵ rash gun-powder.

Cl. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas ?

Cl. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell
 that ?

Cl. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them : therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, 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,
 Oh, with what wings shall ⁶ his affection fly
 Toward fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

⁵ ——— *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.

⁶ ——— *his affection*—] His passions ; his inordinate de-
 sires. JOHNSON.

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,
 7 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.

K. Henry. 8 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave
 her comb

In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmorland!

Enter Westmorland.

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 unheath'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 9 in his particular.

K. Henry.

7 *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.

8 *'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.

9 ——— *in his particular.*] We should read, I think, in
 this

K. Henry. O Westmorland, 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,
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 the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Sinks down.*]

Glou. Comfort your majesty!

Cla. Oh, 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.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:

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 generally made the change, but the dregs of the original chaos are not yet entirely purged off.

STEEVENS.

The

The incessant care and labour of his mind

¹ Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin that life looks through, and will break out,

Glou. ² The people fear me; for they do observe

³ Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature.

⁴ The seasons change their manners; as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Clu. The river hath thrice flow'd, 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.

Glou. This apoplex 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;

⁵ Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

¹ *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*. STEEVENS.

² *The people fear me;*—] i. e. Make me afraid; which sense
the Oxford Editor not taking, alters it to *fear it*.

WARBURTON.

³ *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.

⁴ *The seasons change their manners;*—] This is finely expressed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *barsh*, and *mild* and *soft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

⁵ *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, which the commentator has not given, and my memory will not supply. JOHNSON.

K. Henry,

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon the pillow here.

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?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

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'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!—

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!

—This

—This sleep is found, indeed; this is a sleep
 That from ⁶ 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! Glouceſter! Clarence!

Enter Warwick and the reſt.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majeſty? How fares your
 grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my
 lords?

Cla. 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.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we
 ſtay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from
 my pillow?

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

⁶ — *this golden rigol*—] *Rigol* means a circle. I know
 not that it is uſed by any other author. STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

478 THE SECOND PART OF

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, ⁷ tolling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs are pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

⁸ Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

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,

⁷ ——— 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 hemisticks. 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.

⁸ Yield his engrossments—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
 With such a deep demeanor 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 ?

Enter prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry :—
 Depart the chamber ; leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt lords.*

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 assur'd of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.

What !

° ——— seal'd up my expectation :] Thou hast confirmed
 my opinion. JOHNSON.

* ——— half an hour of my life.] It should be remembered
 that Shakespeare uses the same words alternately as monosylla-
 bles and dissyllables. Mr. Rowe, whose ear was accustomed to
 the utmost harmony of numbers, and who, at the same time,
 appears

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,
 Henry 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:
² England shall double gild his treble guilt;

appears to have been unacquainted with the poet's manner, first added the word *frail* to supply the syllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word *bower*. The other editors have followed Rowe. STEEVENS.

² *England shall double gild his treble guilt;*] Evidently the nonsense of some foolish player: for we must make a difference between 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 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 bid in thought, and whetted on the flinty hearts*; 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.

England

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 on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do ³ when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

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,
⁴ Let me no more from this obedience rise;
 Which my most ⁵ 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)

³ ——— *when riot is thy care?*] i. e. *Curator*. A bold figure. So *Eumæus* is stiled by *Ovid*, *Epist* i.

“ — *immundæ cura fidelis haræ.*” *T. T.*

⁴ *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.

⁵ ——— *true*—] Is loyal. JOHNSON.

I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depend-
"ing

"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 ⁶ in med'cine potable:
"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,

⁶ ——— in med'cine potable:] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that 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.

Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 For all the ⁷ foil of the atchievement 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,
⁸ Wounding supposed peace. ⁹ All these bold fears
 Thou seest with peril I have answered ;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument ; and now my death
¹ Changes the mode : for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
 So thou the garland wear'ft ² successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'ft more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all thy friends, 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

⁷ ——— foil—] Is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

⁸ Wounding supposed peace.] Supposed for undermined. WARBURTON.

Rather counterfeited, imagined, not real. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— 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.

¹ 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.

² ——— successively.] To order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can.

JOHNSON.

To be again displac'd : which to avoid
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
³ To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 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.
⁴ 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

³ *To lead out many to the Holy Land;*] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Shakespeare, I think, wrote,

To lead out many.—our many or meiny, i. e. Our people.

WARBURTON.

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.

⁴ *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.

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!—

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, 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 Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's seat in Glostershire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-
night.

What! Davy, I say!—

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.
Shal.

^a *By cock and pye,—*] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, 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. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-avounds*, by *cock's mother*, and some others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices,

Sbal. ² I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd. Why, Davy! —

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Sbal. Davy, Davy, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus:—³ Those precepts cannot be serv'd: and, again, Sir — Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Sbal. With red wheat, Davy. But, for William cook:—Are there no young pigeons?

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 *πιναξ*, or the index. Though the word *πιναξ* signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies *σανιξ* *ἐξωγραφημένη*, a painted table or picture; and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painter's tables hung up in a frame, these likewise were called *Πίνακες*, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, *Πί'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 *Pie*, and the manifold changes,” &c. DR. RIDLEY.

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.

² *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.

³ ——— *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.

Davy,

Davy. Yea, Sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd. [*Goes to the other side of the stage.*]

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had.—And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckly 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, Sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

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

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the Hill.

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

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

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? Come, off

with your boots. Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph. And welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. [*Exeunt Shallow, Silence, &c.* Bardolph, look to our horses.——If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such ⁴ bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens' 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 ⁵ two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervellums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a ⁶ fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders!

O, you

⁴ —— *bearded hermit's-staves*——] He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest.

JOHNSON.

⁵ —— *two actions*——] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNSON.

⁶ —— *fellow that never had the ache*——] That is, a young fellow.

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.*]

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?

Cb. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Cb. Just. I hope not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Cb. 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.

Cb. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously on me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter lord John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

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!

fellow, one whose disposition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

Cb. Just.

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

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

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. 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 Sir 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 of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg

⁷ A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

⁷ *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.

I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter prince Henry.

Cb. Just. Heaven save your majesty!

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, ma-
jesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, ^s 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 Cb. Just.]*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Cb. 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?

^s ——— not the Turkish court;] Not the court where the
prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death.

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! ⁹ 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,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
¹ 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,
² And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts; make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power so silencing your son.—
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak ³ in your state

⁹ *Was this easy?*] That is, Was this not grievous? Shakespeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

¹ *To trip the course of law,*—] To defeat the process of justice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner.

JOHNSON.

² *To mock your workings in a second body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *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.

What

What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

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 increase

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words;—

“Happy am I, that have a man so bold

“That dares do justice on my proper son;

“And no less happy, having such a son,

“That would deliver up his greatness so

“Into the hand of justice.”—⁴ You did commit me;

For which I do commit into your hand

The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;

With this ⁵ remembrance, that you use the same

With a 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;

⁶ My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my affections;

And with his spirit ⁷ sadly I survive,

To mock the expectations of the world;

⁴ — *You did commit me, &c.*] So in the play on this subject, antecedent to that of Shakespeare, *Henry V.*

“You sent me to the Fleet; and, for revengement,

“I have chosen you to be the protector

“Over my realm.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *remembrance,*—] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

⁶ *My father is gone wild*—] Mr. Pope, by substituting *wail'd* for *wild*, without sufficient consideration, afforded Mr. Theobald much matter of ostentatious triumph. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *sadly I survive,*] *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to wild. JOHNSON.

To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, which 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 ^s the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best 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,
 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 Gloucestershire.

*Enter Falstaff, Shadow, 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

^s —— *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 natu-
 rally 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.

grafting,

grafting, with ⁹ a dish of carraways, and so forth.—
Come, cousin Silence—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren. Beggars all, beggars all, Sir John. Marry, good air. Spread, Davy, spread Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your servingman, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, 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 chear, [Singing,
And praise heaven for the merry year;*

When flesh is cheap and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there;

So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, sit. Master Page, good master Page, sit; ² proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink.

⁹ — *a dish of carraways, &c.*] A comfit or confectio[n] so called in our author's time. A passage in *De l'igneuil 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'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut son Dragier; et il est raporté 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.

² — *proface.*] Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. HANMER.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (says Mr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

drink. But you must bear ; ² the heart's all. [*Exit, Sbal.* Be merry, master Bardolph ; and, my little foldier 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,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.*

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.

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-foule, in the character of Friar Rush, tempt his brethren with “ choice of dishes.”

“ To which *proface* ; with blythe lookes fit yee.”

To these instances produced by Mr. Farmer, I may add one more from *Springs for Woodcocks*, an ancient collection of epigrams,

“ *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.

So, 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*.”

So, in *The Downfall of Robert E. of Huntington*, 1601,

“ ——— Father, *proface*

“ To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man.”

STEEVENS.

² ——— *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.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Sbal. Davy—— [*Setting them before Bardolph.*]

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight—
A cup of wine, Sir?

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.*³ *Fill up the cup, and let it come,
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

Sbal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'st
any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Wel-
come, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too.
I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the ⁴ cavaleroes
about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, Davy——

Sbal. You'll crack a quart together? Ha—will you
not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Sbal. I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I
can assure thee that. He will not out; he is true-
bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

³ *Fill up the cup, &c.*] This passage has hitherto been printed
as prose, but I am informed that it makes a part of an old song,
and have therefore restored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*cavaleroes*—] This was the term by which an airy, splen-
did, irregular fellow was distinguished. The soldiers of king
Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affect-
ed in opposition to the four faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. Look, who's at the door there: ho—who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. [Singing] ⁵ *Do me right, and dub me knight,*
⁶ *Samingo.* Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

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

[*Re-enter Davy.*

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.

⁵ *Do me right, &c.] To do a man right and to do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper expected a bumper should be drank to his toast. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *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, intitled, *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1604, *Bacchus* sings the following catch:

“ Monsieur Mingo, for quaffing doth surpafs
“ In cup, in can, or glafs;
“ God Bacchus do me right
“ And dub me knight.

“ *Domingo.*”

Perhaps *Domingo* is only the burthen of some old song.

STEEVENS.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, ⁷ but goodman Puff of Barfon.

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?

⁸ 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 Fury's lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir—If, Sir, 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, Sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, ⁹ Bezonian? speak or die.

⁷ — *but goodman Puff of Barfon.*] A little before William Vifor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards' 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.

⁸ *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 lost*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Bezonian? speak or die.*] So again Suffolk says in 2d *Henry VI*.

“Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.”

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. 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 ' 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

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. Bisognoso, a needy 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 *Besonian*.”

In *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy by Chapman, 1612, the primitive word is used :

“ — spurn'd out by grooms, like a base *Besogno*!”

And again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a comedy, 1606,

— “ If he come like to your *Besogno*, your boor, so he be
“ rich, they care not.” STEEVENS.

' — — *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.

horses ;

horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

² *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 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 delivered 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. ³ Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on. I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; if the child I go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to some body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

² *Where is the life that late I led, &c.*] Words of an old ballad. WABURTON.

³ *Nut-book, &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 particular 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 passage—"She's the king's *nut-book*, that when any "filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

STEEVENS.

Bead. If it do, you shall have ⁴ 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, ⁵ thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you ⁶ blue-bottle rogue!—You filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear ⁷ half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she-knight-errant; come,

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come. Bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!—

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you rascal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ — 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. STEEVENS.

⁵ — 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.

⁶ — blue bottle rogue!] A name, I suppose, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

⁷ — half-kirtles.] Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half-kirtle* was, I suppose, 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 dress'd 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.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

A public place near Westminster-abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. ⁸ More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two of the 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 he 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 bestowed the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. *[To Shallow.]* But it is 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.

Pist. ⁹ 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.

⁸ *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.

⁹ *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.

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.

Skal. '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 hands.

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 sound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, ² most royal
imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

¹ '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 phantastic 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.

² — 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. STEEVENS.

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-iwell'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. ⁴ Know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men: —

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For 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:

³ ——— *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.

⁴ ——— *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 touched 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 humorous 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.

Till then I banish thee on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my mis-leaders,
 5 Not to come near our person by ten miles.
 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, Sir 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

⁵ *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 Poins, 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. Shakspeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of 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 fol-
 " lowers 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 pre-
 " sence." STEEVENS.

your

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 Sir 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, Sir John.

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, and prince John.

Ch. Just. ⁶ 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, spera 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 they are banish'd, till their conversations appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are,

⁶ ——— 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.

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,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.*]

† I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" As this 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 trisler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trisler. This character is great, original, and just.

Piercy is a rugged soldier, 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,

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 unfailing 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 fallies 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.

EPILOGUE¹.

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. ² 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

¹ This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. JOHNSON.

² All the gentlemen, &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.

E P I L O G U E.

fair Catherine of France ; where, for any thing, I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions ; ³ 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.

³ — *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 the Fifth. STEEVENS.

END OF VOLUME THE FIFTH.

