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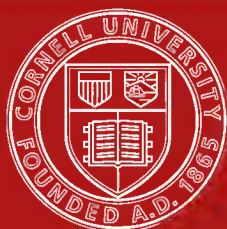
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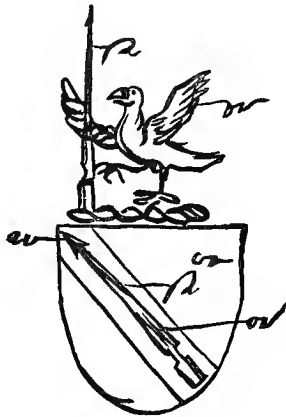
THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, circa 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

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PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO

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The Bankside Shakespeare

XIII.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH



*(The Players' Text of 1600, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the materials
of the first draft of the two parts of
the Henry IV.

BY

WM. H. FLEMING, Esq.

*Secretary of the Shakespeare Society of New York ;
author of " A Bibliography of the
First Folios," etc.*

NEW YORK
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1891

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INTRODUCTION

I.

SHAKESPEARE, on his arrival in London, found the English "Historie" — that is, an historical play which descanted upon the heroic deeds of the English Past — already popular upon the stage. But when he began to write a "Historie" himself, he was, it appears, not satisfied with merely appealing to the patriotism of his countrymen. He did more, — he not only recounted the great achievements of the past, but he also filled his dramas with prophecies of greater deeds to come which should be done by "our English nation," as Falstaff expresses it. He could have said, as Ascham did, in 1545, in his dedication of *Toxophilus* to King Henry VIII., "I have written this English matter in the English tongue for Englishmen." The Trilogy, *1* and *2 Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, more than any other poem in English literature, is a national epic.

Neither was it, prior to Shakespeare, customary to introduce the element of comedy into the "Historie." This was another innovation of Shakespeare. It is the especial characteristic of the first part of the *Henry the Fourth*, that that play, for the first time, combined, with the chronicle, these two elements, comedy and prophecy. Possessing these characteristics, it is not surprising that the success of *1 Henry IV.* was instant and extraordinary. Shakespeare perceived this, and continued the theme in the second part of the play founded upon the Fourth Henry's reign. This latter is the natural outgrowth

of the former. The connection between the two is so intimate and vital that they are not two separate plays, but two parts of the same play, in fact as well as in name.

I am inclined to think the *Second Part* was written very shortly after the *First Part*, while the latter was having its brilliant run at the Globe Theatre, and before it was entered on the Stationers' Register. When the latter was first published in Quarto form it was not described on the title-page as the *First Part*. Based on this fact, some critics have formed the opinion that the second part was not then written.¹ This inference, however, does not follow from that premise, for neither the second nor any other of the following six editions is described on the title-page as *Part I.*² The Lenox Library possesses Ashbee-Halliwell facsimile reprints of the editions of 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, and originals of the editions of 1613 and 1639, but possesses no Quarto edition of *1 Henry IV.* with '*Part I.*' on the title-page.³ The play itself furnishes proof, I think, that it was written before the publication of *Part I.* In line 343 Quarto is the stage-direction "*Old,*" instead of "*Falst.*" When the play was first written, Falstaff appeared as Oldcastle. The latter name was changed to Falstaff before the publication of *Part I.* Here, however, owing to an oversight of the compositor, the change in the manuscript is overlooked, and the word is printed as it was originally penned. But Shakespeare would not have written in his manuscript of *Part II.*

¹ Cf. *Conjectural Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Stokes, p. 58.

² Cf. Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*, 1864, Part viii. pp. 2278, 2279.

³ When Andrew Wyse transferred his rights in *1 Henry IV.* to Mathew Lawe, 25 June, 1603, the entry in the Stationers' Register is, "HENRY the . 4 the firste part." Arber's *Transcript*, vol. iii. p. 239.

Sav. What is he, gentle monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman?
Fast. No, lady, this is a kinsman of justice Silence.

(V. ii.)¹

II.

While the two parts of this play are so closely allied in subject-matter and in date of composition, there are one or two points wherein they radically differ. *Part I.* was issued, in Quarto form, eight times: *Part II.* but once. Why was this? Both parts are amongst the greatest productions of the dramatist. In all likelihood the latter was as popular as the former when presented on the stage. Had that not been so, it is hardly probable that Queen Elizabeth would have asked Shakespeare to write still another play delineating the character of Falstaff. Shakespeare made the production of *Henry V.* contingent on the success of *2 Henry IV.* In the Epilogue to the latter (I take it for granted he wrote that) he says, "If you bee not too much cloyd with fatte meate (*i. e.*, Falstaff), our humble author will continue the storie, with sir John in it, and make you merry with faire Katharine of Fraunce." His audience was not "cloyd"; he did "continue the storie," and *Henry V.* was written and published in Quarto form three times; viz., in 1600, 1602, 1608. *Part I. Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* were certainly profitable ventures for the publisher. The numerous editions of each prove this. Why would not *Part II. Henry IV.*, a connecting link between these two plays, have been equally so?

¹ Gifford's Edition, 1816, vol. ii. p. 173.

There are in the play two passages which are quotations from contemporary books (Q. 1057; 2220-2222); and one reference to a contemporary event (Q. 2597-2600). These throw some light on the question of date. Vide Malone, *Variorum*, 1821, vol. ii. pp. 357-359.

The laws of the Stationers' Company were very strict in regulating the number of copies in an edition. In 1588 no book could be printed to "exceed the number of 1250 or 1500 at one ympression, except any book whatsoever of the nonparielle letter and the brevier letter."¹ The Quartos did not come under this exception. This restriction was in force until 1635, when the number was increased to 1500 or 2000 copies.² After printing whatever of the allowed number was decided upon, the type must be distributed. The law was, "No formes of letters shall be kept standinge to the prejudice of woorkemen at any tyme."³ Arber estimates that the outside number of copies printed in any one of the Quarto editions was 750 to 1000.⁴ We cannot, therefore, account for the difference in the number of editions by the supposition that the one edition of *Part II.* was very large, and the eight editions of *Part I.* were each small.

The reason was, I believe, some disagreement between the publishers as to their business interests. *2 Henry IV.* was entered on the Stationers' Register August 23, 1600, at the same time as *Much Ado About Nothing*, and by the same publishers, viz. ; Andrew Wyse, Wm. Aspley. These are the only two of Shakespeare's plays published jointly by Andrew Wyse and Wm. Aspley. Both plays were very popular, and yet neither of them was ever again issued in Quarto form by them or any other publishers. Andrew Wyse had previously, when alone, published several of the historical plays. On June 25, 1603, he transferred to M. Lawe, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *1 Henry IV.*⁵ No other of the Shakespeare plays was entered in the Stationers' Register for Wm.

¹ Arber's *Transcript*, vol. ii. p. 43.

² *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 43.

³ *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 239.

⁴ *Idem*, vol. iv. p. 26.

⁵ *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 23.

Aspley, either singly or jointly with another publisher, except these two, *2 Henry IV.*, *Much Ado About Nothing*.¹ Further, there is no record of the transfer of these plays to any other publisher. Under all these circumstances I am of opinion that some business complications between Wyse and Aspley prevented the issue of future editions in Quarto, or the transfer of the right to do so, in the case of these two popular plays.

Another difference between the two parts of this play is, that, while in *Part I.* there is comparatively no variation between the Quarto and Folio texts, in *Part II.* there are numerous and important differences between them. There are some passages in Quarto which are not in Folio—*e. g.*, Quarto lines, 425-430; 624-625; 713-717; 910-911; 949-950; 1019-1020; 1029-1030; 1254-1255; 1313-1316; 1657-1659; 1744; 1746. These are brief (generally being not more than two or three lines), and of little importance. They may have been expurgated by the Master of the Revels, or by the author, for purposes of stage representation. The Folio text contains a number of passages which are not in the Quarto; *e. g.*, Folio lines, 223-236; 246-266; 518-521; 533-552; 584-607; 974-996; 1912-1936; 1958-1994. Some of these are quite long, and are amongst the finest in the play. They are so closely connected with the context that without them the play is defective and incomplete. I believe, therefore, they were part of the original manuscript, and were not later additions thereto. When the play was published in Quarto they were stricken out. In some cases² this has been done so bunglingly as

¹ William Aspley was, however, one of the four men who furnished the money to publish the First Folio. See the colophon of the First Folio.

² *E. g.*, Quarto 227. "*North.* I knew of this before," *et seq.* The Folio alone informs us what "this" was. The Folio (246-266)

to prove beyond question the correctness of this opinion. The Quarto text is defective and faulty. It is probably a rough sketch of the play as it was presented on the boards of the Globe Theatre. The Folio text is not free from imperfections, but there are none of importance. It was not printed from the Quarto, but from Shakespeare's manuscript or a transcript thereof, and is our authority for the text of the play. The Quarto represents the acted play; the Folio the play as originally written.

III.

Dismissing *Part I.*, and continuing our study of the text of *Part II.*, the following significant facts are revealed. The passages in the Quarto which are lacking in the Folio are found almost always in the Falstaff scenes. Those which are in the Folio and are omitted in the Quarto are in every instance in the Historical scenes. This would seem to imply that the wit of Falstaff was more popular with the theatre-goers than the more serious accounts of the rebellion. Shakespeare the theatre-manager, recognized this, and when revising, for stage representation, the manuscript of Shakespeare the dramatist, he omitted much of the latter.

While there was but one Quarto of *Part II.*, there are two forms in which it came from the press. Those copies which were first issued, owing to a blunder of the compositor, entirely omitted lines 1257-1371 (what in the Folio is *Actus Tertius, Scena Prima*), which appeared in the later copies. In order to insert them, the compositor reset the

describes the uprising of the Archbishop. The lines being omitted in the Quarto make that text incomplete and defective. Similar instances are Folio lines 533-552; 974-996; 1958-1994.

type for lines 1208-1256 and 1372-1474 inclusive. In so doing, he made some slight typographical changes. The earlier and later forms of the Quarto, in these lines, differ in punctuation, orthography, make-up. The differences, however, are not in the text, but simply trifling typographical variations of the compositor.

In the introduction to *Part I*. I noted the fact that Shakespeare altered the form of the comic drama—he discarded rhyme and blank verse, and introduced prose. How completely he repudiated the old forms is evidenced by the number of colloquialisms he introduced in the comic scenes—'twere, 'tis, yfaith, giues for give me, a for he, afore for before, a for of, and for if, lets for let us, wilt for wilt thou, weele for we will, thou't for thou wilt, of for on, shees for she is, what's for what is, ile nere for I will never, yea for yes. These, and many other colloquialisms, occur only in the comic parts, in the "civil war of wits," and, most frequently, in the Quarto. The Folio has evidently been revised by the editors in this respect. In the historic parts, the two texts, as far as words are concerned, are almost identically the same. Of course there are big cuts in the Quarto, but in passages found both in Quarto and Folio there is very little verbal difference.

There are quite a number of variations between the two texts in the stage directions. The Quarto introduces the following characters: 458, *Fauconbridge*; 693, *Sir John Russell*; 915, *Enter Will*; 1290-1291, *Sir John Blunt*; 1672, *Bardolfe*. There is no part assigned to any of these characters, and therefore they are omitted in the Folio. On the other hand, the Folio alone, 1522-1523, notes the entrance of *Mouldie*, *Shadow*, *Wart*, *Feeble*, *Bullcalfe*. The Quarto, 1257-1258, has the king enter

alone, the Folio *with a page*. In all these instances the Folio is correct. Frequently the entrances are at different places in the dialogue. It is unnecessary to specify further variations, which are numerous. In my opinion, the Folio text is, in these respects, as in most others, more accurate.

IV.

OLDCASTLE, FASTOLF, FALSTAFF.

Did the poet intend, under the latter name, to "body forth" the historic character known as Sir John Oldcastle? Notwithstanding this has long been a mooted point, there still remains great diversity of opinion among critics. Malone maintains "there is no proof whatsoever that Falstaff ever was called Oldcastle in these plays." (*1 and 2 Henry IV.*)¹ A large number of critics, fully as competent to judge, hold an opinion directly the reverse. Which is correct? Data upon which to found a categorical answer do not exist. Those which we have are insufficient, or more or less unreliable. There are some facts about which there can be little question, and which throw light on the subject.

It is indisputable that the London public regarded Falstaff as a caricature of the historic Oldcastle. If they had not, why would the Cobhams have complained to the Queen? Or, why should Shakespeare have made such an emphatic denial on this subject as he did in the epilogue to *2 Henry IV.*? That epilogue, as originally written, ended with the prayer for the Queen. Such was the custom of the time. But, in the Quarto, two other paragraphs follow this prayer, and were, without doubt, a later addition.

¹ *Variorum* Edition, 1821, vol. xvii. p. 32.

The Folio editors, before publishing, revised it, so that the prayer for the Queen concludes the epilogue. The latter of these two paragraphs was written for one definite purpose; viz.: to announce that "*Olde-castle died Martyre, and this (Falstaffe) is not the man.*" Had the public not associated the two names, this formal announcement, which the author carefully and deliberately made, would have been a "wasteful and ridiculous excess" of solicitude. But such an opinion did exist. Hence Shakespeare made this statement denying its accuracy. In my opinion Shakespeare meant exactly what he wrote, "*this,*" Falstaff, "*is not the man,*" Sir John Oldcastle.

The character of Henry V. as depicted in this play is not historically correct. No more is Sir John Falstaff a correct delineation of either of the historic characters, Sir John Oldcastle or Sir John Fastolf. Henry V. did not spend his days in riot, or his nights in stealing. His associates were not boon companions given to all kinds of lawlessness.¹ The story of his assault on the Chief Justice, and imprisonment therefor, is a fiction.² The disagreement between him and his father is probably a gross exaggeration, or else had no foundation in fact.³ Shakespeare took the history for the plays from *The Famous Victories*, and from Holinshed. As he was not writing history, but dramas, it was absolutely immaterial to him whether or not he was accurate. Those who look for history in them misconceive the author's intention, which was simply to produce a great drama. The generic name, a "Historie," does not guarantee all the play so called contains. The Henry V. of the plays was not the historic

¹ Henry the Fifth. Church, pp. 10-21.

² Idem, pp. 22-29.

³ Idem, pp. 30-42.

character.¹ He was the Henry V. of tradition and of the Chronicles. Of that we have ample proof. No more is Falstaff a correct portraiture of the great Lollard martyr. What was the character of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham? Every student of history knows that the result of the keenest historical insight and the most painstaking investigation is a picture, which may be colored by prejudice, darkened by ignorance. Not only are facts difficult to ascertain, but also personal equation of each particular writer becomes an important factor, and may so distort those facts as to make them unreal and false, and convey an erroneous impression. The latter is true in this instance. "To all Roman Catholic writers Oldcastle is a turbulent, dangerous rebel, as well as heretic; to Protestants a loyal subject as well as martyr."² It is hardly necessary to give a *résumé* of all that has been written upon this subject. Readers are referred to *The Paston Letters*, *Fuller's Church History* and *Worthies of England*, to Malone,³ and to Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*.⁴ There is not a scintilla of evidence that Sir John Oldcastle was a drunkard, a buffoon, a highwayman, a coward. But I question if Shakespeare intended to make Falstaff deficient in personal courage.⁵ All of these Falstaff was,

¹ Does not Shakespeare intimate this when he puts into Henry's mouth the contemptuous words, "Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe / After my seeming" 2 *Henry IV.*, Quarto, 2678, 2679.

² Milman, *Latin Christianity*, vol. vii. pp. 404-425.

³ *Variorum*, 1821, vol. xvi. pp. 410-419.

⁴ Eighth Edition, vol. ii. pp. 350-355.

⁵ Quarto, 367. "Iust. . . . your daies service at Shrewsbury, hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on Gadshill."

Quarto, 533-534. "SnareIt may chance cost some of us our liues, for he will stabbe."

Quarto, 536. "Host. . . . a cares not what mischiefe he does, if his weapon be out, he will foynne like any diuell. . . ."

It was an age when personal courage was highly esteemed, and the honor of knighthood prized. Sir John was shrewd enough to perceive this and act accordingly.

possibly excepting the coward. Between the historic character and the Falstaff of the play there is no more resemblance in personal character than between the historical and the poetical Henry V.

Shallow's statement (Quarto, 1397-1398), "then was Iacke Falstaffe (now Sir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norffolke," may or may not be true as applying to Sir John Oldcastle. This same Shallow had said many things which led Falstaff to soliloquize (Quarto 1646-1649), "Lord, Lord, how fubiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this fame staru'd iustice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildnesse of his youth, and the feates he hath done about Turne-bull freet, and euery third word a lie." If, however, Shallow here makes a statement of Sir John Oldcastle which is authentic, it simply proves that Shakespeare took this fact, as he did the name, from the historic material at hand. It does not, in any event, militate against my opinion; viz., that "that trunk of humours, . . . that huge bombard of sack, . . . that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years, . . . that villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff," does not bear any resemblance whatever, either physically, mentally, or morally, to Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Shakespeare's contemporaries accepted his disclaimer about Sir John Oldcastle. At the same time, they could not conceive that he was so entirely unaffected by the partisanship of the day as to create a character which should be purely comic, and not in any way partisan. When the name of Oldcastle was changed to Falstaff, they therefore jumped to the conclusion that the poet had in his mind the historic personage Sir John Fastolf. Here again they were wrong. I do not believe Shakespeare had any more intention of caricaturing

this knight when he changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, than he had of parodying Lord Cobham under the former appellation.

Fastolf was a Knight of the Garter. There is a detailed account of his life in the Register of that Order.¹ De Monstrelet, in his *Chronicles*, gives a description of the "Battle of Pataye," and of the part Fastolf took therein.² Fuller refers to him in his *Worthies of England*.³ The whole subject has been more recently reviewed by Appleton Morgan.⁴ These accounts substantially agree. A careful study of them leads me to the conclusion arrived at by the author (Oldys?) of the article on Fastolf in the *Biographia Britannica*,⁵ "We cannot see any room, either in the time or temper, in the fortunes or employments of this our Worthy, for him to have been a companion with or follower and corrupter of Prince Henry . . . ; nor, that Shakespeare had any view of drawing his Sir John Falstaff from any part of this Sir John Fastolf's character; or so much as pointing at any indifferent circumstance in it, that can reflect upon his memory, with readers conversant in the true history of him." What then has led to the mistaken identity of the Falstaff of the play and the Fastolf of history? Simply what Fuller describes as "the vicinity of sounds," and "the inconsiderable difference in spelling" of the two names. The former was not, nor was he intended by Shakespeare to be, a caricature of the latter. No more was he of Sir John Oldcastle.

The misapprehension arose, originally, out of the

¹ Cf. THE REGISTER of the *Most Noble ORDER of the GARTER*. London, MDCCXXIV., vol. ii. pp. 131-146.

² *The Chronicles of Enguerrand De Monstrelet*, 1810, vol. vi. pp. 249-253; pp. 268-276.

³ Edition MDCCCXL., vol. ii. p. 455.

⁴ *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, pp. 254-267.

⁵ MDCCCL., vol. iii. p. 1900. Written circa 1749.

bitter fanaticism current at that time. Shakespeare, from his lofty elevation of thought and feeling, regarded serenely these conflicts of sectarians. He cared nothing for them ; was uninfluenced by them. Hence, when he perceived the error into which the public was led by the name of Sir John Oldcastle, he withdrew that and substituted therefor, Sir John Falstaff.

The character (and the name as well) was wholly original with the dramatist. It was his own creation. It is ideal, not real. His purpose in the conception of it was, simply and purely, artistic.

WM. H. FLEMING.

NEW YORK, *May* 1, 1890.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 87: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE

{ ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WM. H. FLEMING.
APPLETON MORGAN.



T H E
Second part of Henrie
the fourth , continuing to his death,
and coronation of Henrie
the fift.

With the humours of fir Iohn Fal
staffe, and swaggering
Pittoll.

As it hath been sundrie times publikely
acted by the right honourable, the Lord
Chamberlaine his feruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.



L O N D O N
Printed by V .S. for Andrew Wife, and
William Aspley .
1600.



THE SECOND PART

OF

HENRY THE FOURTH,


CONTAINING HIS DEATH: AND THE CORONATION
OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH.





The second part of Henry the fourth
continuing to his death, and coro-
 nation of Henry the
 fift.

1 *Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.*

2  Pen your eares; for which of you will stop
 3 The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor spe
 4 I from the Orient to the drooping West,
 5 (Making the wind my poste-horse) still vnfo
 6 The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
 7 Vpon my tongues continuall slanders ride,
 8 The which in euery language I pronounce,
 9 Stuffing the eares of men with false reports,
 10 I speake of peace while couert enmity,
 11 Vnder the smile of safety, woundes the world:
 12 And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
 13 13 Make fearefull musters, and prepar'd defence,
 14 Whiles the bigge yeare, swolne with some other grieffe,
 15 Is thought with child by the sterne tyrant Warre?
 16 And no such matter Rumour is a pipe,
 17 Blowne by furrizes, Iealousies coniectures,
 18 And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,




The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,
Containing his Death : and the Coronation
of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

I N D U C T I O N .

Enter Rumour. 1

 Pen your Eares : For which of you will stop 2
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks? 3
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West 4
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still vnfold 5
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth. 6
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride, 7
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce, 8
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports : 9
I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie 10
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World : 11
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I 12
Make fearfull Mufters, and prepar'd Defence, 13
Whil't the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes, 14
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre, 15
And no such matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe 16
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures; 17
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop, 18

19 That the blunt monfter, with vncounted heads,
 20 The ftill difcordant wau'ring multitude,
 21 Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
 22 (My wel knowne body)to ano.homize
 23 Among my houfhold? why is Rumor here?
 24 I runne before King Harries victorie,
 25 Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 26 Hath beaten downe yong Hot-fpurre and his troopes,
 27 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
 28 Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
 29 To fpeake fo true at firft : my office is
 30 To noyfe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
 31 Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-fpurs fword,
 32 And that the King before the Douglas rage,
 33 Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
 34 This haue I rumour'd through the peafant townes,
 35 Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
 36 And this worme-eaten hole of ragged ftone,
 37 When Hot-fpurs father oldNorthumberland
 38 Lies crafty ficke, the poftes come tyring on,
 39 And not a man of them brings other newes,
 40 Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
 41 They bring fsmooth comforts falfe, worfe then true wrong
 42 *exit Rumour.*

43 *Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.*

44 *Bard.* Who keeps the gate here ho? where is the Earle

45 *Porter* What fhall I fay you are?

46 *Bard.* Tell thou the Earle,

47 That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

48 *Porter* His Lordfhip is walkt forth into the orchard,

That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,	19
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,	20
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus	21
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize	22
Among my household? Why is <i>Rumour</i> heere?	23
I run before King <i>Harries</i> victory,	24
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie	25
Hath beaten downe yong <i>Hotspurre</i> , aud his Troopes,	26
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,	27
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I	28
To speake so true at first? My Office is	29
To noyse abroad, that <i>Harry Monmouth</i> fell	30
Vnder the Wrath of Noble <i>Hotspurres</i> Sword :	31
And that the King, before the <i>Dowglas</i> Rage	32
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.	33
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,	34
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,	35
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,	36
Where <i>Hotspurres</i> Father, old Northumberland,	37
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tiring on,	38
And not a man of them brings other newes	39
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From <i>Rumours</i> Tongues,	40
They bring smoothe-Comforts-false, worfe then True-	41
wrongs. <i>Exit.</i>	42

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.</i>	43
<i>L.Bar.</i> Who keeps the Gate heere hoa?	44
Where is the Earle?	45
<i>Por.</i> What shall I say you are?	46
<i>Bar.</i> Tell thou the Earle	47
That the Lord <i>Bar dolfe</i> doth attend him heere.	48
<i>Por.</i> His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,	49

49 Pleafe it your honor knocke but at the gate,
50 And he himfelfe will anfwer. *Enter the Earle Northumb*

51 *Bard.* Here comes the Earle.

52 *Earle.* What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now

53 Should be the father of fome Stratagem,

54 The times are wild, contention like a horfe,

55 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loofe,

56 And beares downe all before him.

59 *Bard.* Noble Earle,

58 I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

59 *Earle* Good, and God will.

60 *Bard.* As good as heart can with:

61 The King is almoft wounded to the death,

62 And in the fortune of my Lord your fonne,

63 Prince Harry flaine outright, and both the Blunts

64 Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,

65 And Westmerland and Stafford fled the field,

66 And Harry Monmouthes brawne the hulke fir Iohn,

67 Is prifoner to your fonne: O fuch a day!

68 So fought, fo followed, and fo fairely wonne,

69 Came not till now to dignifie the times

70 Since Cæfars fortuncs.

73 *Earle* How is this deriu'd?

72 Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

73 *Bar.* I fpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,

74 A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trau*

75 That freely rendred me thefe newes for true.

76 *Earle* Here comes my feruant Trauers who I fent

77 On tuefday laft to liften after newes.

78 *Bar.* My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,

79 And he is furnifht with no certainties,

80 More then he haply may retale from me.

81 *Earle* Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with yo

82 *Trauers* My lord, fir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe

Pleafe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate, 50
 And he himfelfe will anfwer. 51

Enter Northumberland. 52

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle. 53

Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now 54
 Should be the Father of fome Stratagem; 55
 The Times are wilde : Contention (like a Horfe 56
 Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loofe, 57
 And beares downe all before him. 58

L.Bar. Noble Earle, 59

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury. 60

Nor. Good, and heauen will. 61

L.Bar. As good as heart can with : 62

The King is almoft wounded to the death : 63
 And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
 Prince *Harrie* flaine out-right : and both the *Blunts* 65
 Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*, 66
 And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field, 67
 And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*) 68
 Is prifoner to your Sonne. O, fuch a Day,
 (So fought, fo follow'd, and fo fairely wonne) 70
 Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times 71
 Since *Cæfars* Fortunes. 72

Nor. How is this deriu'd? 73

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury? 74

L.Bar. I fpake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
 A Gentleman well bred, and of good name, 76
 That freely render'd me thefe newes for true. 77

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I fent
 On Tuefday laft, to liften after Newes. 79

Enter Trauers. 80

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
 And he is furnifh'd with no certainties, 82
 More then he (haply) may retaille from me. 83

Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you? 84

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Vmfreuill* turn'd me backe 85

- 83 With ioyfull tidings, and being better horft,
 84 Out rode me, after him came furring hard,
 85 A gentleman almoft forefpent with fpeede,
 86 That flopt by me to breathe his bloudied horfe,
 87 He askt the way to Chefter, and of him
 88 I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,
 89 He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
 90 And that yong Harrie Percies fpur was cold:
 91 With that he gaue his able horfe the head,
 92 And bending forward, ftrooke his armed heeles,
 96 93 Againft the panting fides of his poore iade,
 94 Vp to the rowell head, and ftarting fo,
 95 He feem'd in running to deuoure the way,
 96 Staying no longer queftion. *Earle* Ha? againe,
- 97 Said he, yong Harry Percies fpur was cold,
 98 Of Hot-fpurre, Cold-fpurre, that rebellion
 99 Had met ill lucke?
- 104 100 *Bard.* My lord, Ile tell you what,
 101 If my yong Lord your fonne, haue not the day,
 102 Vpon mine honor for a filken point,
 103 Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.
- 104 *Earle* Why fhould that gentleman that rode by Trauer
 105 Giue then fuch instances of loffe?
- 106 *Bard.* Who he?
- 107 He was fome hilding fellow that had ftolne
 108 The horfe he rode on, and vpon my life
 109 Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter*
- 110 *Earle* Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe, *tc*
 111 Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
 112 So lookes the ftrode, whereon the imperious floud,
 113 Hath left a witneft vfurpation.
- 114 Say Mourton, didft thou come from Shrewsbury?
 115 *Mour.* I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,

With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)	86
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head	87
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)	88
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.	89
He ask'd the way to Chester : And of him	90
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury :	91
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,	92
And that yong <i>Harrie Percies</i> Spurre was cold.	93
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,	94
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles	95
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade	96
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,	97
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,	98
Staying no longer question.	99
<i>North.</i> Ha? Againe :	100
Said he yong <i>Harry Percyes</i> Spurre was cold ?	101
(Of <i>Hot-Spurre</i> , cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,	102
Had met ill lucke ?	103
<i>L.Bar.</i> My Lord : Ile tell you what,	104
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,	105
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point	106
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.	107
<i>Nor.</i> Why should the Gentleman that rode by <i>Trauers</i>	108
Giue then such instances of Loffe ?	109
<i>L.Bar.</i> Who, he ?	110
He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne	111
The Horse he rode-on : and vpon my life	112
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.	113

Enter Morton. 114

<i>Nor.</i> Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,	115
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume :	116
So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood	117
Hath left a witnest Vfurpation.	118
Say <i>Morton</i> , did'st thou come from Shrewsbury ?	119
<i>Mor.</i> I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)	120

- 116 Where hatefull death put on his vglieft maske,
 117 To fright our partie.
 123 118 *Earle* How doth my sonne and brother?
 119 Thou tremblest, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
 120 Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
 121 Euen such a man, so faint, so spirritleffe,
 122 So dull, so dead in looke, so woe begon,
 123 Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
 124 And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
 125 But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
 126 And I, my Percies death, ere thou reportst it.
 127 This thou wouldst fay, Your son did thus and thus,
 128 Your brother thus:fo fought the noble Dowglas,
 129 Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
 130 But in the end, to stop my eare indeed,
 131 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 132 Ending with brother, sonne, and all are dead.
 133 *Meur.* Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,
 134 But for my Lord your sonne:
 135 *Earle* Why he is dead?
 136 See what a ready tongue Suspition hath!
 137 He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
 138 Hath by instinct, knowledge from others eies,
 139 That what he feard is chanced:yet speake Mourton,
 140 Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,
 141 And I will take it as a sweete disgrace,
 142 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
 148 143 *Mour.* You are too great to be by me gainfaid,
 144 Your spirite is too true, your feares too certaine.
 145 *Earle* Yet for all this, fay not that Percie's dead,
 146 I see a strange confession in thine eie,
 147 Thou shakst thy head, and holdst it feare, or sinne,
 148 To speake a truth:if he be slaine,
 149 The tongne offends not that reports his death,
 150 And he doth sinne that doth belie the dead,
 151 Not he which faies the dead is not aliuie,

Where hatefull death put on his vglieft Maske	121
To fright our party.	122
<i>North.</i> How doth my Sonne, and Brother?	123
Thou trembl'ft; and the whiteneffe in thy Cheeke	124
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.	125
Euen fuch a man, fo faint, fo fpiritleffe,	126
So dull, fo dead in looke, fo woe-be-gone,	127
Drew <i>Priams</i> Curtaine, in the dead of night,	128
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.	129
But <i>Priam</i> found the Fire, ere he his Tongue :	130
And I, my <i>Percies</i> death, ere thou report'ft it.	131
This, thou would'ft fay : Your Sonne did thus, and thus :	132
Your Brother, thus . So fought the Noble <i>Douglas</i> ,	133
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.	134
But in the end (to ftop mine Eare indeed)	135
Thou haft a Sigh, to blow away this Praife,	136
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.	137
<i>Mor.</i> <i>Douglas</i> is liuing, and your Brother, yet:	138
But for my Lord, your Sonne.	139
<i>North.</i> Why, he is dead.	140
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath :	141
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,	142
Hath by Inftinct, knowledge from others Eyes,	143
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet fpeake(<i>Morton</i>)	144
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,	145
And I will take it, as a fweet Difgrace,	146
And make thee rich, for doing me fuch wrong.	147
<i>Mor.</i> You are too great, to be (by me) gainfaid :	148
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.	149
<i>North.</i> Yet for all this, fay not that <i>Percies</i> dead.	150
I fee a ftrange Confeflion in thine Eye :	151
Thou fhak'ft thy head, and hold'ft it Feare, or Sinne,	152
To fpeake a truth. If he be flaine, fay fo :	153
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death :	154
And he doth finne that doth belye the dead :	155
Not he, which faves the dead is not aliué :	156

152 Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome newes
 153 Hath but a loofing office, and his tongue
 154 Sounds euer after as a fullen bell,
 155 Remembred tolling a departing friend.
 156 *Bard.* I cannot thinke, my Lord, your sonne is dead.
 162 157 *Mour.* I am fory I should force you to beleeeue,
 158 That which I would to God I had not feene,
 159 But these mine eies saw him in bloody state,
 160 Rendring faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
 161 To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat downe
 162 The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,
 163 From whence with life he neuer more sprung vp.
 164 In few his death, whose spirite lent a fire,
 165 Euen to the dullest peasant in his campe,
 166 Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
 167 From the best temperd courage in his troopes,
 168 For from his mettal was his party steeled,
 169 Which once in him abated, al the rest
 170 Turnd on themfelues, like dull and heauy lead.
 171 And as the thing thats heauy in it selfe,
 172 Vpon enforcement flies with greatest speed:
 173 So did our men, heauy in Hot-spurs losse,
 174 Lend to this weight fuch lightnesse with their feare,
 175 That arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
 176 Than did our fouldiers aiming at their safetie,
 182 177 Fly from the field; then was that noble Worcester,
 178 So foone tane prifoner, and that furious Scot,
 179 The bloody Douglas whose well labouring sword,
 180 Had three times slaine th appearance of the King,
 181 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
 182 Of those that turnd their backs, and in his flight,
 183 Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the summe of all
 184 Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath sent out,
 185 A speedy power to incounter you my lord,
 186 Vnder the conduct of yong Lancafter,
 187 And Westmerland : this is the news at ful.

Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes	157
Hath but a loofing Office : and his Tongue,	158
Sounds euer after as a fullen Bell	159
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.	160
<i>L.Bar.</i> I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.	161
<i>Mor.</i> I am forry, I should force you to beleue	162
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.	163
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,	164
Rend'ring faint quittance (weari'd, and out-breath'd)	165
To <i>Henrie Monmouth</i> , whose swift wrath beate downe	166
The neuer-daunted <i>Percie</i> to the earth,	167
From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.	168
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,	169
Euen to the dullest Peasant in his Campe)	170
Being bruided once, tooke fire and heate away	171
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.	172
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd ;	173
Which once, in him abated, all the rest	174
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heauy Lead :	175
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,	176
Vpon enforcement, flies with greatest speede,	177
So did our Men, heauy in <i>Hotspurres</i> losse,	178
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,	179
That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,	180
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)	181
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester	182
Too soone ta'ne prisoner : and that furious Scot,	183
(The bloody <i>Dowglas</i>) whose well-labouring sword	184
Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,	185
Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame	186
Of those that turn'd their backes : and in his flight,	187
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,	188
Is, that the King hath wonne : and hath sent out	189
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,	190
Vnder the Condu't of yong Lancafter	191
And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.	192

- 188 *Earle* For this I shal haue time enough to mourne,
 189 In poison there is phisicke, and these newes,
 190 Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me sicke:
 191 Being sicke, haue(in some measure)made me wel:
 192 And as the wretch whose feuer-weakned ioynts,
 193 Like strengthlesse hinges buckle vnder life;
 194 Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
 200 195 Out of his keepers armes;euen so my limbes,
 196 Weakened with grieve being now enragde with grieve,
 197 Are thrice themfelus : hence therfore thou nice crutch,
 198 A scaly gauntlet now with ioynts of steele
 199 Must gloue this band and hence thou sickly coife,
 200 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 201 Which princes, flesht with conquest, ayme to hit:
 202 Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
 203 The raggedst houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
 204 To frowne vpon th'inragde Northumberland,
 205 Let heauen kisse earth, now let not Natures hand
 206 Keepe the wild flood confind, let Order die,
 207 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 208 To feed contention in a lingring act:
 209 But let one spirite of the first borne Cain
 210 Raigne in all bosomes, that ech heart being fet
 211 On bloody courses, the rude sceane may end,
 212 And darknesse be the burier of the dead.
 213 *Vmfr.* This strained passion doth you wrong my lord.
- 219 214 *Bard.* Sweet earle, diuorce not wifedom from your hono
 215 *Mour.* The liues of all your louing complices,
 216 Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
 217 To stormy passion must perforce decay.

<i>North.</i> For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.	193
In Poyson, there is Physicke : and this newes	194
(Hauing beene well)that would haue made me ficke,	195
Being ficke, haue in some meafure, made me well.	196
And as the Wretch, whole Feauer-weakned ioynts,	197
Like strengthleffe Hindges, buckle vnder life,	198
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire	199
Out of his keepers armes : Euen fo, my Limbes	200
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,	201
Are thrice themfelues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,	202
A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele	203
Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,	204
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,	205
Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.	206
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach	207
The ragged'ft houre, that Time and Spight dare bring	208
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.	209
Let Heauen kisse Earth : now let not Natures hand	210
Keep the wilde Flood confin'd : Let Order dye,	211
And let the world no longer be a stage	212
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act :	213
But let one spirit of the First-borne <i>Caine</i>	214
Reigne in all bofomes, that each heart being fet	215
On bloody Courfes, the rude Scene may end,	216
And darkneffe be the burier of the dead.	217
	(Honor. 218
<i>L.Bar.</i> Sweet Earle, diuorce not wifedom from your	219
<i>Mor.</i> The liues of all your louing Complices	220
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're	221
To stormy Paffion, must perforce decay.	222
You cast th'euent of Warre(my Noble Lord)	223
And fumm'd the accompt of Chance, before you said	224
Let vs make head : It was your prefurmize,	225
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.	226
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge	227

218 *Bard.* We all that are ingaged to this losse,
219 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous fease,
220 That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
221 And yet we venturd for the gaine propofde,
222 Choakt the respect of likely perill fear'd,
223 And since we are orefet, venture againe:
224 Come, we will al put forth body and goods.
244 225 *Mour.* Tis more then time, and my most noble lord,
226 I heare for certaine, and dare speake the truth.

More likely to fall in, then to get o're :	228
You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable	229
Of Wounds, and Scarres ; and that his forward Spirit	230
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,	231
Yet did you say go forth : and none of this	232
(Though strongly apprehended) could restrain	233
The stiffe-borne Action : What hath then befallne ?	234
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,	235
More then that Being, which was like to be ?	236
<i>L.Bar.</i> We all that are engaged to this losse,	237
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,	238
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one :	239
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,	240
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,	241
And since we are o're-fet, venture againe.	242
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,	243
<i>Mor.</i> 'Tis more then time : And (my most Noble Lord)	244
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth :	245
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp	246
With well appointed Powres : he is a man	247
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.	248
My Lord (your Sonne)had onely but the Corpes,	249
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.	250
For that fame word(Rebellion) did diuide	251
The action of their bodies, from their soules,	252
And they did fight with queafinesse, constrain'd	253
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only	254
Seem'd on our side : but for their Spirits and Soules,	255
This word (Rebellion)it had froze them vp,	256
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop	257
Turnes Infurrection to Religion,	258
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts :	259
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde :	260
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood	261
Of faire King <i>Richard</i> , scrap'd from Pomfret stones,	262
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause :	263

227 *North.* I knew ofthis before, but to fpeake truth,
 228 This prefent grieffe had wipte it from my mind,
 229 Go in with me and counfell euery man,
 230 The apteft way for fafety and reuenge,
 231 Get postes and letters, and make friends with fpeed,
 232 Neuer fo few, and neuer yet more need. *exet.*

233 *Enter fir Iohn alone, with his page bearing his fwor*
 234 *and buckler.*

274 235 *Iohn* Sirra, you giant, what faies the doct̄or to my wate
 236 *Page* He faid fir, the water it felf was a good healthy
 237 but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe difea
 238 he knew for.

239 *Iohn* Men of al forts take a pride to gird at me : the
 240 of this foolifh compoūded clay-man is not able to inu
 241 thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is
 242 on me, I am not only witty in my felfe, but the caufe th
 243 in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow th

244 ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince put thee
 245 feruice for any other reaſon then to fett me off, why
 286 246 haue no iudgement thou horeſon mandrake, thou art
 247 be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heels I was neu
 248 ned with an agot till now, but I wil in-ſet you, neither :
 249 nor filuer, but in vile apparell, and fend you backe aꝰ
 250 your maſter for a ieuell, the iuuenall the prince your

251 whoſe chin is not yet fledge, I will ſooner haue a bear
 252 in the palme of my hand, then he ſhal get one off his c
 253 yet he will not flicke to ſay his face is a face royal, God

Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,	264
Gafping for life, vnder great <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	265
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.	266
<i>North.</i> I knew of this before. But to speake truth,	267
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.	268
Go in with me, and counsell eury man	269
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge :	270
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,	271
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. <i>Excut</i>	272

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page. 273

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what faies the Doct. to my water? 274

Pag. He said fir, the water it felse was a good healthy 275
water:but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more 276
diseases then he knew for. 277

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee : the 278
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able 279
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I 280
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my 281
felse, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere 282
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all 283
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser- 284
uice for any other reafon, then to fet mee off, why then I 285
haue no iudgement. Thou horfon Mandrake, thou art 286
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I 287
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now : but I will sette 288
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and 289
fend you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The 290
Iuuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet 291
fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of 292
my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke : yet he will 293
not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may 294

254 nish it when he will, tis not a haire amisse yet, he may
 255 ftill at a face royall, for a barber shall neuer earne fixe
 256 of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte n
 257 since his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his own
 258 but hees almost out of mine I can assure him:what faic
 259 Dommelton about the faddin for my short cloake :
 260 floppes ?

261 *Boy* He saide fir, you should procure him better a
 262 then Bardolfe, he would not take his band and yours,
 263 not the securitie.

305 264 *fir Iohn* Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray
 265 tongue be hotter, a horeson Achitophel!a rascall:yea
 266 knaue, to beare a gentle man in hand, and then stand v
 267 curity, the horson smoothy-pates doe now weare noth
 268 hic shooes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if :
 269 through with them in honest taking vp, then they mu
 270 vppon security, I had as liue they would put ratsbane

271 mouth as offer to stop it with security, I lookt a shou
 272 sent me two and twenty yards of faddin,(as I am a true
 273 and he sends me security:well he may sleepe in security
 274 hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightnesse of
 275 shines through it:wheres Bardolf, & yet can not he see
 276 he haue his owne lanthorne to light him.

277 *Boy* Hees gone in Smithfield to buy your worship a ho

278 *fir Iohn* I bought him in Paules, and heele buy me
 279 in Smithfield, and I could get me but a wife in the st
 280 were man'd, horfde, and wiu'd.

281 *Enter Lord chiefe Iustice.*

326 282 *Boy* Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the
 283 for striking him about Bardolfe.

284 *fir Iohn* Wait close, I will not see him.

285 *Iustice* Whats hee that goes there?

286 *feru.* Falstaffe, and t please your lordship.

finish it when he will, it is not a haire amiffe yet : he may
 keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
 earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
 he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.
 He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
 mine, I can assure him. What said M.*Dumbledon*, about
 the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops ?

Pag. He said fir, you should procure him better Affu-
 rance, then *Bardolfe* : he wold not take his Bond & yours,
 he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
 Tongue be hotter, a horfon *Achitophel*; a Rasfally-yea-
 forfooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
 stand vpon Security ? The horfon smooth-pates doe now
 weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
 their girdles : and if a man is through with them in ho-
 nest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie : I
 had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
 offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
 sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
 Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleepe in
 Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance : and the
 lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
 he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
 Where's *Bardolfe* ?

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

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
 in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
 were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
 the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch.Iust. What's he that goes there ?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

- 287 *Iust.* He that was in question for the rob'ry?
 288 *seru.* He my Lord, but he hath since done good for
 289 Shrewsbury, & (as I heare,) is now going with some ch
 290 the lord Iohn of Lancaster.
- 291 *Iust.* What to Yorke? call him backe againe.
 292 *seru.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe.
- 293 *Iohn* Boy, tell him I am deafe.
 294 *Boy* You must speake lowder, my master is deafe.
- 295 *Iust.* I am sure he is to the hearing of any thing go
 296 plucke him by the elbow, I must speake with him.
- 297 *seru.* Sir Iohn?
 298 *Falst.* What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not
 299 is there not employment? doth not the King lacke sub
 300 not the rebels need souldiers, though it be a shame to be
 301 side but one, it is worse shame to beg then to be on th
 302 side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell
 303 make it.
- 348 304 *seru.* You mistake me sir.
 305 *Iohn* Why sir, did I say you were an honest man, sett
 306 knighthood and my souldiership aside, I had lied in my
 307 if I had said so.
- 308 *seru.* I pray you sir then set your knighthood, and yo
 309 diership aside, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie i
 310 throate, if you say I am any other then an honest man.
- 311 *Iohn* I giue thee leaue to tell me, so I lay aside that
 312 growes to me, if thou getst any leaue of me, hang me,
 313 takst leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt couer,
 314 auant.
- 360 315 *seru.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you.
 316 *Iust.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you.
 317 *Falst.* My good Lord, God giue your Lordship goo
 318 of day, I am glad to see your lordship abroad, I heard fo
 319 lordship was sicke, I hope your lordship goes abroad
 320 wife, your lordship, though not clean past your youth, h
 321 some smack of an age in you, some relish of the faltnes

- Iust.* He that was in question for the Robbery? 331
- Ser.* He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice 332
at Shrewsbury: and(as I heare) is now going with some 333
Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaster.* 334
- Iust.* What to Yorke? Call him backe againe. 335
- Ser.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.* 336
- Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deafe. 337
- Pag.* You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe. 338
- Iust.* I am fure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. 339
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him. 340
- Ser.* Sir *Iohn.* * 341
- Fal.* What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is 342
there not employment? Doth not the K.lack subiects? Do 343
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be 344
on any side but one, it is worfe shame to begge, then to 345
be on the worst side, were it worfe then the name of Re- 346
bellion can tell how to make it. 347
- Ser.* You mistake me Sir. 348
- Fal.* Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set- 349
ting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had 350
lyed in my throat, if I had said so. 351
- Ser.* I pray you (Sir) then fet your Knighthood and 352
your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you, 353
you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an 354
honest man. 355
- Fal.* I giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that 356
which growes to me? If thou get't any leaue of me, hang 357
me : if thou tak't leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd : you 358
Hunt-counter, hence : Auant. 359
- Ser.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you. 360
- Iust.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, a word with you. 361
- Fal.* My good Lord : giue your Lordship good time of 362
the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad : I heard 363
say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes 364
abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past 365
your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you : some rel- 366

322 in you, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to haue a re-
323 uerend care of your health.

324 *Iustice* Sir Iohn, I sent for you before your expedition to
325 Shrewsbury.

326 *sir Iohn* Andt please your lorchip, I heare his maiefty is re-
327 turnd with some difcomfort from Wales.

328 *Iust.* I talke not of his maiefty, you would not come when I
329 sent for you.

330 *Falst.* And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this
331 fame horson apoplexi.

332 *Iust.* Well, God mend him, I pray you let me speake with
333 you.

334 *Falst.* This appoplexi as I take it?is a kind of lethergie, and't
335 please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the bloud, a horson
336 tingling.

337 *Iust.* What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

338 *Falst.* It hath it originall from much grieffe, from study, and
339 perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cause of his effects
340 in Galen, it is a kind of deafenes.

384 341 *Iust.* I think you are falne into the disease, for you heare not
342 what I say to you.

343 *Old.* Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't please you it is
344 the disease of not listning the maladie of not marking that I
345 am troubled withall.

346 *Iust.* To punish you by the heeles, would amend the atten-
347 tion of your'eares, and I care not if I doe become your
348 phisitian.

349 *Falst.* I am as poore as Iob my lord, but not so pacient,
350 your Lordship may minister the potion of imprifonment to
351 me, in respect of pouerty, but how I should be your pacient to
352 follow your prescriptions, the wise may make som dramme of
353 a scruple, or indeede a scruple it selfe.

386 354 *Iust.* I sent for you when there were matters against you for
355 your life to come speake with me.

356 *Falst.* As I was then aduisde by my learned counfai in the
357 lawes of this land seruice, I did not come.

lish of the faltneffe of Time, and I most humbly beseech 367
your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health. 368

Iust. Sir *Iohn*, I sent you before your Expedition, to 369
Shrewsburie. 370

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maieftie is 371
return'd with some difcomfort from Wales. 372

Iust. I talke not of his Maiefty : you would not come 373
when I sent for you ? 374

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highnesse is falne into 375
this fame whorfon Apoplexie. (you. 376

Iust. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake with 377

Fal. This Apoplexie is(as I take it)a kind of Lethar- 378
gie, a sleeeping of the blood, a horfon Tingling. 379

Iust. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is. 380

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study 381
and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the caufe of 382
his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafenesse. 383

Iust. I thinke you are falne into the diseafe : For you 384
heare not what I say to you. 385

Fal. Very well(my Lord)very well : rather an't please 386
you) it is the diseafe of not Liftning, the malady of not 387
Marking, that I am troubled withall. 388

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the 389
attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physitian 390

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord;but not so Patient : 391
your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprifonment 392
to me, in respect of Pouertie : but how I should bee your 393
Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make 394
some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe. 395

Iust. I sent for you(when there were matters against 396
you for your life)to come speake with me. 397

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Councel, in 398
the lawes of this Land-feruice, I did not come. 399

358 *Iust.* Wel, the truth is fir Iohn, you liue in great infamy.

359 *Falst.* He that buckles himfelfe in my belt cannot liue in
360 leffe.

361 *Iust.* Your meanes are very slender, and your wafte is great.

362 *Falst.* I would it were otherwise, I would my meanes were
363 greater and my wafte slender.

364 *Iust.* You haue misled the youthfull prince.

365 *Falst.* The yong prince hath misled me, I am the fellow with
366 the great belly, and he my dogge.

367 *Iust.* Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies
368 feruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your nights
369 exploit on Gadshill, you may thanke th vnquiet time, for your
370 quiet oreposting that action.

371 *Falst.* My lord.

372 *Iust.* But fince all is well, keepe it fo, wake not a sleeping
373 wolfe.

374 *Falst.* To wake a wolfe, is as bad as smell a fox.

415 375 *Iust.* VVhat you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

376 *Falst.* A wassel candle my lord, al tallow, if I did fay of wax,
377 my growth would approue the truth.

378 *Iust.* There is not a white haire in your face, but should
379 haue his effect of grauity.

380 *Falst.* His effect of grauy, grauie, grauie.

381 *Iust.* You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his
382 ill angell.

383 *Falst.* Not fo my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he
384 that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet
385 in fome respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of
386 fo little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour
387 is turnd Berod, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, & his quick wit
388 wasted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent

389 to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a
390 goosbery, you that are old confider not the capacities of vs that
391 are yong, you doe meafure the heate of our liuers with the bit-
392 terneffe of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our
393 youth, I must confesse are waggis too.

Iust. Wel, the truth is (fir *John*) you liue in great infamy 400
Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cānot liue in leffe. 401

Iust. Your Meanes is very flender, and your waft great. 402
Fal. I would it were otherwise : I would my Meanes 403
were greater, and my waste flenderer. 404

Iust. You haue misled the youthfull Prince. 405

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fel- 406
low with the great belly, and he my Dogge. 407

Iust. Wel, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound : your 408
daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer 409
your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the 410
vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Actiō. 411

Fal. My Lord ? (Wolfe. 412

Iust. But since all is wel, keep it fo: wake not a sleeping 413

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox. 414

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out 415

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow : if I did 416
fay of wax, my growth would approue the truth. 417

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold 418
haue his effect of grauity. 419

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy. 420

Iust. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like 421
his euill Angell. 422

Fal. Not fo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light : but I 423
hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, 424
weighing : and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go : 425
I cannot tell. Vertue is of fo little regard in these Costor- 426
mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnan- 427
cie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in 428
giuing Recknings : all the other gifts appertinent to man 429
(as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a 430
Goofeberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci- 431
ties of vs that are yong : you measure the heat of our Li- 432
uers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the 433
vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagges too. 434

435 394 *Lo.* Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth,
 395 that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue
 396 you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard,
 397 a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken,
 398 your winde short, your chinne double, your wit fingle, and e-
 399 uery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet
 400 call your selfe yong? fie, fie, fie, fir Iohn.

401 *Iohn* My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in
 402 the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round bel-
 403 lie, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of
 404 Anthems: to approue my youth further, I will not: the truth
 405 is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee
 406 that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me
 407 the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the
 408 Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke
 409 it like a sensible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong
 410 lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silke,
 411 and olde sacke.

412 *Lord.* Well, God send the prince a better companion.

454 413 *Iohn* God send the companion a better prince, I cannot
 414 ridde my hands of him.

415 *Lord* Well, the King hath seuerd you: I heare you are go-
 416 ing with lord Iohn of Lancafter against the Archbishop and
 417 the Earle of Northumberland.

418 *Iohn* Yea, I thanke your pretty sweet witte for it: but looke
 419 you pray, all you that kisse my lady Peace at home, that our
 420 armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two
 421 shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweate extraordinarily:
 422 if it be a hot day, & I brandish any thing but a bottle. I would
 423 I might neuer spit white again: there is not a dangerous action
 424 can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Wel, I cannot
 425 last euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our English nation,
 426 if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will
 427 needs say I am an olde man, you should giue me rest: I would
 428 to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is, I
 429 were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured
 430 to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with halloving and finging of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iust. Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iust. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyne not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

467 431 *Lord* Well be honest, be honest, and God bleffe your ex-
432 pedition.

433 *John* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to fur-
434 nish me forth?

435 *Lord* Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to
436 beare croffes : fare you well : commend mee to my confine
437 Westmerland.

438 *John* If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle : A man can
439 no more separate age and couetoufnesse, than a can part yong
440 limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox
441 pinches the other, and so both the degrees preuent my curfes,

442 *Boy* Sir. (boy.

443 *John* What money is in my purse?

444 *Boy* Seuen groates and two pence.

445 *John* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the
446 purse, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the dif-
447 ease is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancafter,
448 this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to
449 olde mistress Vrfula, whome I haue weekely sworne to marry
450 since I perceiud the first white haire of my chin : about it, you

451 know where to finde me : a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this
452 pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great
491 453 toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my
454 color, and my pension shal seeme the more reasonable: a good
455 wit will make vse of any thing; I will turne diseases to commo-
456 ditie.

457 *Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the*
458 *Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.*

497 459 *Bishop* Thus haue you heard our cause, and knowne our
460 And my most noble friends, I pray you al (meanes,
461 Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
462 And first Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

<i>Iust.</i> Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen bleffe your Expedition.	467 438
<i>Fal.</i> Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?	463 470
<i>Iust.</i> Not a peny, not a peny : you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cofin Westmerland.	471 472 473
<i>Fal.</i> If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Couetoufnesse, then he can part yong limbes and letchery : but the Gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the De-grees preuent my curfes. Boy?	474 475 476 477 478
<i>Page.</i> Sir.	479
<i>Fal.</i> What money is in my purse?	480
<i>Page.</i> Seuen groats, and two pence.	481
<i>Fal.</i> I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris <i>Vrfula</i> , whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I percei'd the first white haire on my chin. About it : you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe : for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe : It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing : I will turne diseases to commodity.	482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494

*Exeunt**Scena Quarta.*

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means :
 And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
 Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
 And first (Lord Marshell) what say you to it?

463 *Marsh.* I well allow the occasion of our armes,
 464 But gladly would be better satisfied,
 465 How in our meanes we should aduance our felues,
 466 To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
 467 Vpon the power and puiffance of the King.
 468 *Hast.* Our present musters grow vpon the file,
 469 To fise aud twenty thousand men of choife,
 470 And our supplies liue largely in the hope
 471 Of great Northumberland, whose bofome burnes
 472 With an incensed fire of iniuries.
 473 *Bard.* The question then Lord Hastings standeth thus,
 474 Whether our present fise and twentie thousand,
 475 May hold vp head without Northumberland.
 476 *Hast.* With him we may.
 477 *Bard.* Yea mary, theres the point,
 478 But if without him we be thought too feeble,
 479 My iudgement is we should not step too far.

480 *Bish.* Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
 481 It was yong Hot-spurs cause at Shrewsbury.
 524 482 *Bard.* It was my Lord, who lined himselfe with hope,
 483 Eating the ayre, and promise of supplie,
 484 Flattring himselfe in proiect of a power,
 485 Much smaller then the smallest of his thoughts,
 486 And so with great imagination,
 487 Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
 488 And winking, leapt into destruction.
 489 *Hast.* But by your leauē it neuer yet did hurt,
 490 To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
 But gladly would be better satisfied,
 How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our felues
 To looke with forehead bold and big enough
 Vpon the Power and puifance of the King.

Haft. Our present Mufters grow vpon the File
 To five and twenty thousand men of choice :
 And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
 Of great Northumberland, whose bofome burnes
 With an incensed Fire of Iniuries.

L.Bar. The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus
 Whether our present five and twenty thousand
 May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Haft. With him, we may.

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point :
 But if without him we be thought to feeble,
 My iudgement is, we should not step too farre
 Till we had his Afsiftance by the hand.
 For in a Theame fo bloody fac'd, as this,
 Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmife
 Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
 It was yong *Hotspurres* cafe, at Shrewsbury.

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
 Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
 Flatt'ring himfelfe with Proiect of a power,
 Much fmaller, then the fmallest of his Thoughts,
 And fo with great imagination
 (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
 And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Haft. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
 To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L.Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
 Indeed the instant action : a caufe on foot,
 Liues fo in hope : As in an early Spring,
 We fee th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,

553 491 *Bard.* We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
492 Vſing the names of men in ſteed of men,
493 Like on that drawes the model of an houſe,
494 Beyond his power to build it, who(halfe thorough)
495 Giues o re, and leaues his part created coſt,
496 A naked ſubieſt to the weeping clowdes,
497 And waſte for churliſh winters tyrannie.
498 *Haſt.* Grant that our hopes(yet likely of faire birth)
499 Should be ſtil-borne, and that we now poſſeſt
500 The vtmoſt man of expectation,
501 I thinke we are ſo, body ſtrong enough,
502 Euen as we are to equal with the King.
503 *Bard.* What, is the King but ſiue and twenty thouſand?
504 *Haſt.* To vs no more, nay not ſo much, Lord Bardolfe,
505 For his diuiſions, as the times do brawle,
506 And in three heads, one power againſt the French,
507 And one againſt Glendower perforce a third
508 Muſt take vp vs, ſo is the vnſirme King
509 In three diuided, and his coffers found
510 With hollow pouertie and emptineſſe.

Hope giues not fo much warrant, as Dispaire	537
That Frofts will bite them. When we meane to build,	538
We firft furuey the Plot, then draw the Modell,	539
And when we fee the figure of the houfe,	540
Then muft we rate the coft of the Erektion,	541
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,	542
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell	543
In fewer offices? Or at leaft, defist	544
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,	545
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,	546
And fet another vp) fould we furuey	547
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;	548
Confent vpon a fure Foundation :	549
Queftion Surueyors, know our owne eftate,	550
How able fuch a Worke to vndergo,	551
To weigh againft his Oppofite? Or elfe,	552
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,	553
Vfing the Names of men, inftead of men :	554
Like one, that draws the Modell of a houfe	555
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)	556
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Coft	557
A naked fubiekt to the Weeping Clouds,	558
And wafte, for churlifh Winters tyranny.	559
<i>Haft.</i> Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)	560
Should be ftill-borne : and that we now poffeff	561
The vtmoft man of expectation :	562
I thinke we are a Body ftrong enough	563
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.	564
<i>L.Bar.</i> What is the King but foue & twenty thoufand?	565
<i>Haft.</i> To vs no more : nay not fo much Lord <i>Bardolf</i> ,	566
For his diuifions (as the Times do braul)	567
Are in three Heads : one Power againft the French,	568
And one againft <i>Glendower</i> : Perforce a third	569
Muft take vp vs : So is the vnfirm King	570
In three diuided : and his Coffers found	571
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptineffe.	572

511 *Bish.* That he should draw his feuerall strengths together,
512 And come against vs in full puiffance,
513 Need not to be dreaded.

514 *Haft.* If he should do so, French and Welch he leaues his
515 back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles neuer feare that.

579 516 *Bar.* Who is it like should leade his forces hither?

517 *Haft.* The Duke of Lancafter and Westmerland:

518 Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Momnouth:

519 But who is substituted against the French

520 I haue no certaine notice.

608 521 *Bish.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and fet on?

<i>Ar.</i> That he should draw his feuerall strengths together	573
And come against vs in full puiffance	574
Need not be dreaded.	575
<i>Hast.</i> If he should do so,	576
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch	577
Baying him at the heeles : neuer feare that.	578
<i>L.Bar.</i> Who is it like should lead his Forces hither ?	579
<i>Hast.</i> The Duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmerland :	580
Againſt the Welch himſelfe, and <i>Harrie Monmouth.</i>	581
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,	582
I haue no certaine notice.	583
<i>Arch.</i> Let vs on :	584
And publiſh the occaſion of our Armes.	585
The Common-wealth is ſicke of their owne Choice,	586
Their ouer-greedy loue hath ſurfetted :	587
An habitation giddy, and vnſure	583
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.	589
O thou fond Many, with what loud applauſe	590
Did'ſt thou beate heauen with bleſſing <i>Bullingbrooke,</i>	591
Before he was, what thou would'ſt haue him be ?	592
And being now trimm'd in thine owne deſires,	593
Thou (beaſtly Feeder) art ſo full of him,	594
That thou prouok'ſt thy ſelfe to caſt him vp.	595
So, ſo, (thou common Dogge) did'ſt thou diſgorge	596
Thy glutton-boſome of the Royall <i>Richard,</i>	597
And now thou would'ſt eate thy dead vomit vp,	598
And howl'ſt to finde it. What truſt is in theſe Times ?	599
They, that when <i>Richard</i> liu'd, would haue him dye,	600
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.	601
Thou that threw'ſt duſt vpon his goodly head	602
When through proud London he came fighting on,	603
After th'admired heeles of <i>Bullingbrooke,</i>	604
Cri'ſt now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,	605
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)	606
<i>" Paſt, and to Come, ſeemes beſt; things Preſent, worſt.</i>	607
<i>Mow.</i> Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on ?	608

522 *Host.* We are Times subiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

523 *Enter Hostesse of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.*

524 *Hostesse* Master Phang, haue you entred the action?

525 *Phang* It is entred.

526 *Host.* Wheres your yeoman? ift a lusty yeoman? wil a stand
527 too't?

528 *Phang* Sirra, wheres Snare?

529 *Host.* O Lord I, good master Snare.

617 530 *Snare* Here, here.

531 *Phang* Snare, we must areft fir Iohn Falstaffe.

532 *Host.* Yea good master Snare, I haue entred him and all.

533 *Snare* It may chaunce cost some of vs our liues, for he will
534 stabbe.

535 *Host.* Alas the day, take heed of him, he stabd me in mine
536 owne house, most beastly in good faith, a cares not what mischief
537 chiefe he does, if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any di-
538 uell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

539 *Phang* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

540 *Host.* No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

541 *Phang* And I but fist him once, and a come but within my
542 view.

543 *Host.* I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an in-
544 finitiue thing vpon my score, good maister Phang holde him
545 sure, good master Snare let him not scape, a comes continually
546 to Pie corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and he
547 is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert streete to
548 master Smooths the silk man, I pray you since my exion is en-
549 tred, and my case so openly knowne to the worlde, let him be
550 brought in to his answer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a
551 poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and
552 borne, and haue bin fubd off, and fubd off, and fubd off, from
553 this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on, there is

Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon. 609

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

- Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.* 610
Hostesse. Mr.*Fang*, haue you entred the Action? 611
Fang. It is enter'd. 612
Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lufty yeoman? 613
 Will he stand to it? 614
Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*? 615
Hostesse. I, I, good M.*Snare*. 616
Snare. Heere, heere. 617
Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaffe*. 618
Hof. I good M.*Snare*, I haue enter'd him, and all. 619
Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab 620
- Hostesse.* Alas the day: take heed of him : he stabd me 621
 in mine owne house, and that most beaftly : he cares not 622
 what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will 623
 foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, 624
 nor childe. 625
Fang. If I can clofe with him, I care not for his thrust. 626
Hostesse. No, nor I neither : Ile be at your elbow. 627
Fang. If I but fitt him once: if he come but within my 628
 Vice. 629
Hof. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an 630
 infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M.*Fang* hold him 631
 fure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continu- 632
 antly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a sad- 633
 dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in 634
 LombardstREET, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, since 635
 my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe so openly known to the 636
 world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke 637
 is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue 638
 borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and 639
 fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to 640

554 no honefty in fuch dealing, vnleffe a woman fhould be made
642 555 an affe, and a beaft, to beare euery knaues wrong : yonder he

556 comes, and that arrant malmfie-nofe knaueBardolfe with him,
557 do your offices, do your offices mafter Phãg, & mafter Snare,
558 do me, do me, do me your offices.

559 *Enter fir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.*

560 *Falst.* How now, whose mare's dead?whats the matter?

561 *Phang* I arrest you at the fute of miftris, quickly.

562 *Falst.* Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines
563 head, throw the queane in the channell.

651 564 *Host.* Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the chan-
565 nel, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou baftardly rogue, murder murder,
566 a thou honifuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the
567 Kings?a thou honifeed rogue, thou art a honifeed, a man quel-
568 ler, and a woman queller.

569 *Falst.* Keepe them off Bardolfe.

570 *Offic.* A reskew, a reskew.

571 *Host.* Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot
572 thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempfeed.

573 *Boy* Away you scullian, you rampallian, you futilarian, ile
574 tickle your cataftrophe.

575 *Enter Lord chiefe iustice and his men.*

576 *Lord* What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

577 *Hostesse* Good my lord be good to me, I befeech you stand
578 to me.

579 *Lord* How now fir Iohn, what are you brawling here?

580 Doth this become your place, your time, and bufineffe?

581 You fhould haue bin well on your way to Yorke:

582 Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'ft thou vpon him.

583 *Host.* O my moft worfhipful Lord, and't please your grace
584 I am a poore widdow of Eastcheape, and he is arrested at my
585 fute.

586 *Lord* For what fumme?

587 *Host.* It is more then for fome my Lord, it is for al I haue, he
588 hath eaten me out of houfe and home, he hath put all my sub-

be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles 641
 a woman should be made an Affe and a Beast, to beare e- 642
 uery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.* 643
 Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bar-* 644
dolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: *M. Fang,* 645
& M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices. 646

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter? 647

Fang. Sir *John,* I arreft you, at the fuit of Mift. *Quickly.* 648

Falst. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe* : Cut me off the 649
 Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel. 650

Hof. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. 651

Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, mur- 652
 der, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods of- 653
 ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-feed Rogue, thou art 654
 a honyfeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller. 655

Falst. Keep them off, *Bardolfe.* *Fang.* A rescu, a rescu. 656

Hof. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou 657
 wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue. Do thou Hempseed. 658

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil- 659
 lirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter. Ch. Iustice.* 660

Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa. 661

Hof. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you 662
 stand to me. 663

Ch. Iust. How now sir *John?* What are you brauling here? 664
 Doth this become your place, your time, and bufineffe? 665

You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke, 666
 Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him? 667

Hof. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your 668
 Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre- 669
 sted at my fuit. *Ch. Iust.* For what summe? 670

Hof. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all 671
 I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath 672

589 flance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue some of it out a-
590 gaine, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

591 *Falst.* I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any van-
592 tage of ground to get vp.

593 *Lord* How comes this fir Iohn? what man of good temper
679 594 would endure this tempest of exclamation, are you not apha-
595 med to inforce a poore widdow, to so rough a course to come
596 by her owne.

597 *Falst.* What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

688 598 *Host.* Mary if thou wert an honest man, thy selfe and the
599 mony too:thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell guilt goblet,
600 fitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a sea cole
601 fire, vpon wednesday in Wheefon weeke, when the prince
602 broke thy head, for liking his father to a finging man of Win-
603 for, thou didst sweare to me thē, as I was washing thy wound,
604 to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canst thou deny
605 it, did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife come in then and
606 cal me gossip Quickly, comming in to borrow a messe of vine-

607 gar, telling vs she had a good dish of prawnes, whereby thou
608 didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill
609 for a greene wound, and didst thou not, when she was gone
610 down stayers, desire me, to be no more so familiarity, with such
611 poore people, saying that ere long they should cal me madam,
612 and didst thou not kisse me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie shil-
613 lings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, denie it if thou canst.

614 *Falst.* My lord this is a poore made foule, and she saies vp
615 and downe the towne, that her eldest sonne is like you, she
616 hath bin in good case and the trueth is pouerty hath distracted
617 her, but for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may haue re-
618 dresse against them.

619 *Lo.* Sir Iohn fir Iohn, I am wel acquainted with your maner
620 of wrenching the true cause, the false way: it is not a confident
621 brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more then
622 impudent sawcines from you can thrust me from a leuel con-

put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will
 haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights,
 like the Mare.

Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue
 any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch: Iust. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of
 good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?
 Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to fo
 rough a course, to come by her owne?

Falst. What is the grosse fumme that I owe thee?

Hofst. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man)thy selfe, &
 the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell
 gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round
 table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,
 when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a sin-
 ging man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then(as I
 was washing thy wound)to marry me, and make mee my
 Lady thy wife.Canst y^e deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech*
 the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quick-*
ly? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs,
 she had a good dish of Prawnes:whereby y^e didst desire to
 eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene
 wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe
 staires)desire me to be no more familiar with such poore
 people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?
 And did'it y^e not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I
 put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule:and she sayes
 vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you.She
 hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distract-
 ed her : but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I
 may haue redresse against them.

Iust. Sir *Iohn*, fir *Iohn*, I am well acquainted with your
 maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way.It is not
 a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come
 with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can

623 sideration: you haue as it appeares to me practifde vpon the
624 easie yeelding fpirite of this woman, and made her ferue your
625 vfes both in purfe and in perfon.

711 626 *Host.* Yea in truth my Lord.

627 *Lo.* Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her and vn-
628 pav the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe
629 with fterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

630 *Falst.* My Lord I will not vndergoe this fnepe without re-
631 ply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent fawcineffe, if a man
632 wil make curtfie and fay nothing, he is vertuous, no my Lord
633 my humble duty remembred, I will not bee your futer, I fay
634 to you I do defire deliuerance from thefe officers, being vpon
635 hafy employment in the Kings affayres.

721 636 *Lord* You fpeake as hauing power to do wrong, but an-
637 fwer in th'effect of your reputation, and fatisfie the poore wo-
638 man.

639 *Falst.* Come hither hofteffe.

640 *Lord* Now mafter Gower, what newes. *enter a meffenger.*

641 *Gower* The King my Lord, and Harry prince of Wales,
642 Are neare at hand, the ref the paper tells.

643 *Falst.* As I am a gentleman!

644 *Host.* Faith you faid fo before.

645 *Falst.* As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

646 *Host.* By this heaunly ground I tread on, I muft be faine to
647 pawne both my plate, & the tapeftry of my dining chambers-

648 *Falst.* Glaffes glaffes is the onely drinking, and for thy wals
649 a pretty fleight drollery, or the ftorie of the prodigal, or the
650 Iarman hunting in waterworke, is worth a thoufand of thefe
651 bed hangers, and thefe flie bitten tapeftrie, let it be x. P if thou

652 canft: come, and twere not for thy humors, theres not a better
653 wench in England, goe wafh thy face and draw the action,
654 come thou muft not be in this humor with me, doft not know
655 me, come, come, I know thou wafteft on to this.

656 *Host.* Pray thee fir Iohn let it be but twentie nobles, ifaith
657 I am loath to pawne my plate fo God faue me law.

thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman. 709 710

Hofl. Yes in troth my Lord. 711

Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance. 712 713 714

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcineffe: If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remēbred) I will not be your futor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires. 715 716 717 718 719 720

Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman. 721 722 723

Falst. Come hither Hofteffe. *Enter M. Gower* 724

Ch. Iust. Now Master *Gower*; What newes? 725

Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henrie* Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles. 726 727

Falst. As I am a Gentleman. 728

Hofl. Nay, you said so before. 729

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it 730

Hofl. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dining Chambers. 731 732 733

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worih a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't fet on to this. 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742

Hofl. Prethee (*Sir Iohn*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la. 743 744

658 *Falst.* Let it alone, ile make other shift, youle be a foole ftill.

659 *Hoft.* Well, you shall haue it, though I pawne my gowne,
660 I hope youle come to supper, youle pay me al together.

661 *Falst.* Wil I liue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke
662 on. *exit hostesse and sergeant.*

752 663 *Hoft.* Will you haue Doll Tere-sheet meete you at supper,

664 *Falst.* No more words, lets haue her.

665 *Lord.* I haue heard better newes.

666 *Falst.* Whats the newes my lord?

667 *Lord* Where lay the King to night?

668 *Mess.* At Billingsgate my Lord.

669 *Falst.* I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

670 *Lord* Come all his forces backe?

762 671 *Mess.* No, fifteen hundred foot, fise hundred horse

672 Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancafter,

673 Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop,

674 *Falst.* Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

675 *Lord* You shall haue letters of me presently,

676 Come, go along with me, good maister Gower.

677 *Falst.* My lord.

678 *Lord* Whats the matter?

679 *Falstaffe* Maister Gower, shall I intreate you with mee to
680 dinner?

681 *Gower* I must waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you
682 good fir Iohn.

683 *Lord* Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,

684 Being you are to take fouldiers vp

685 In Counties as you go.

686 *Falstaffe* Will you suppe with mee maister Gower?

687 *Lord* What foolish maister taught you these manners, fir
688 Iohn?

689 *Falstaffe* Maister Gower, if they become me not, hee was a

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift : you'l be a fool
fill. 745 746

Hof. Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my
Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me al-
together ? 747 748 749

Fal. Will I liue ? Go with her, with her : hooke-on,
hooke-on. 750 751

Hof. Will you haue *Doll Teare-shcet* meet you at sup-
per ? 752 753

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her. 754

Ch.Iust. I haue heard bitter newes. 755

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?) 756

Ch.Iu. Where lay the King last night ? 757

Mef. At Basingstoke my Lord. 758

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes
my Lord ? 759 760

Ch.Iust. Come all his Forces backe ? 761

Mef. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fise hundred Horfe
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbifhop. 762 763 764

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L? 765

Ch.Iust. You shall haue Letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre.* 766 767

Fal. My Lord. 768

Ch.Iust. What's the matter ? 769

Fal. Master *Gowre*, shall I entreate you with mee to
dinner ? 770 771

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir *John.* 772 773

Ch.Iust. Sir *John*, you loyter heere too long, being you
are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go. 774 775

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gowre*? 776

Ch.Iust. What foolish Master taught you these man-
ners, Sir *John* ? 777 778

Fal. Master *Gowre*, if they become mee not, hee was a 779

690 foole that taught them mee : this is the right fencing grace, my
 691 Lord, tap for tap, and fo part faire.
 692 *Lord* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

693 *Enter the Prince, Poynes, fir Iohn Ruffel, with other.*

786 694 *Prince* Before God, I am exceeding weary.
 695 *Poynes* Ist come to that? I had thought wearines durst not
 696 haue attacht one of fo hie bloud.
 697 *Prince* Faith it does me, though it difcolors the complexi-
 698 on of my greatnes to acknowledge it : doth it not shew vildly
 699 in me, to defire smalle beere?
 700 *Poynes* Why a Prince should not be fo loofely studied, as
 701 to remember fo weake a composition.
 702 *Prince* Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for
 703 by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature smalle beere.
 704 But indeed these humble considerations make me out of loue
 705 with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to mee to remember
 706 thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take note how
 707 many paire of filke stockings thou hast with these, and those
 708 that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of
 709 thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and another for vse. But that
 710 the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb
 711 of linnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou
 712 hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low Coun-
 713 tries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether those
 714 that bal out the ruines of thy linnen shal inherite his kingdom:
 715 but the Midwiues say, the children are not in the fault where-
 716 vpon the world increafes, and kinreds are mightily strengthe-
 717 ned.

Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing	780
grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and fo part faire.	781
<i>Ch. Iust.</i> Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great	782
Foole.	<i>Exeunt</i> 783

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe,</i>	784
<i>and Page.</i>	785
<i>Prin.</i> Trust me, I am exceeding weary.	786
<i>Poin.</i> Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durft	787
not haue attach'd one of fo high blood.	788
<i>Prin.</i> It doth me: though it discolours the complexion	789
of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew	790
vildely in me, to desire small Beere?	791
<i>Poin.</i> Why, a Prince should not be fo loosely studied,	792
as to remember fo weake a Composition.	793
<i>Prince.</i> Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely	794
got : for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Crea-	795
ture, Small Beere. But indeede these humble confidera-	796
tions make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a	797
disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know	798
thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of	799
Silk stockings y ^e haft? (Viz. these, and those that were thy	800
peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy	801
shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But	802
that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for	803
it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'ft	804
not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, be-	805
cause the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to	806
eate vp thy Holland.	807

808 718 *Poynes* How ill it followes, after you haue labored so hard,
 719 you should talke so ydely! tell me how many good yong prin-
 720 ces woulde doe so, their fathers being so ficke, as yours at this
 721 time is.

722 *Prince* Shall I tel thee one thing *Poynes*?

723 *Poynes* Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

724 *Prince* It shall ferue among wittes of no higher breeding
 725 then thine.

726 *Poynes* Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you
 727 will tell.

728 *Prince* Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I should bee sad
 729 now my father is ficke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it
 730 pleases me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be sad,
 731 and sad indeede too.

732 *Poynes* Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

733 *Prince* By this hand, thou thinkest me as farre in the diuels
 734 booke, as thou and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and perfisiance,
 735 let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inward-
 736 ly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as
 737 thou arte, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of for-
 738 rowe.

829 739 *Poynes* The reason.

740 *Prince* What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

741 *Poynes* I woulde thincke thee a most princely hypocrite.

742 *Prince* It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte
 743 a blessed fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans
 744 thought in the world, keeps the rode way better then thine,
 745 euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what
 746 accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

747 *Poynes* Why because you haue been so lewd and so much
 748 engrafted to *Falstaffe*. *Prince* And to thee.

749 *Poynes* By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with
 750 mine owne eares the worst that they can say of me is, that I am
 751 a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands,

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz*?

Poin. Yes : and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to : I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke : 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.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke : and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought : and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes : neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine : euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of

752 and thofe two things I confeffe I cannot helpe : by the mafle
753 here comes Bardolfe.

754 *Enter Bardolfe and boy.*

846 755 *Prince* And the boy that I gaue Falstaffe, a had him from
756 me Chriftian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd
757 him Ape.

758 *Bard.* God faue your grace.

759 *Prince* And yours moft noble Bardolfe.

760 *Poynes* Come you vertuous affe, you bashfull foole, muft
761 you be blufhing, wherefore blufh you now? what a maidenly
762 man at armes are you become? ift fuch a matter to get a pottle-
763 pots maidenhead?

764 *Boy* A calls me enow my Lord through a red lattice, and I
765 could difcerne no part of his face from the window, at laft I
766 fpied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale
767 wiues peticote and fo peept through.

768 *Prince* Has not the boy profited?

769 *Bard.* Away you horfon vpright rabble, away.

770 *Boy* Away you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

771 *Prince* Instruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

772 *Boy* Mary my lord, Altheas dreampt ſhe was deliucred of
773 a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

867 774 *Prince* A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis
775 boy.

776 *Poynes* O that this bloffome could be kept from cankers!
777 well, there is fixpence to preferue thee.

778 *Bard.* And you do not make him hangd among you, the gal-
779 lowes ſhall haue wrong.

873 780 *Prince* And how doth thy mafter Bardolfe?

781 *Bard.* Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to
782 towne, theres a letter for you.

783 *Poynes* Deliuerd with good refpect, and how doth the mar-
784 tlemaffe your mafter?

785 *Bard.* In bodily health fir.

my hands : and thofe two things I confesse I cannot helpe. 844
 Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*. 845

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, he had him 846
 from me Christian, and fee if the fat villain haue not trans 847
 form'd him Ape. 848

Enter Bardolfe. 849

Bar. Saue your Grace. 850

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*. 851

Poin. Come you pernicious Ass, you bathfull Foole, 852
 must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what 853
 a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a 854
 matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head? 855

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red 856
 Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the 857
 window : at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had 858
 made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peep- 859
 ed through. 860

Prin. Hath not the boy profited? 861

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away. 862

Page. Away, you rascally *Altheas* dreame, away. 863

Prin. Instruēt vs Boy : what dreame, Boy? 864

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was de- 865
 liuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream. 866

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation : 867
 There it is, Boy. 868

Poin. O that this good Bloffome could bee kept from 869
 Cankers : Well, there is six pence to preferue thee. 870

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, 871
 the gallowes shall be wrong'd. 872

Prince. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*? 873

Bar. Well, my good Lord : he heard of your Graces 874
 comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you. 875

Poin. Deliu'er'd with good respect: And how doth the 876
 Martlemas, your Master? 877

Bard. In bodily health Sir. 878

786 *Poynes* Mary the immortall part needes a phisitian, but that
787 moues not him, though that be ficke, it dies not.

788 *Prince* I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my
789 dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

790 *Poynes* Iohn Falstaffe Knight, euery man must know that
791 as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that
792 are kin to the King for they neuer picke their finger, but they
793 saye, theres some of the Kings bloud spilt : how comes that
794 (saies he)that takes vppon him not to conceiue the answer is as
795 ready as a borrowed cap : I am the Kings poore cofin, fir.

796 *Prince* Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from
797 Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falstaffe knight, to the sonne of
798 the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

799 *Poynes* Why this is a certificate.

800 *Prince* Peace.

801 I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

899 802 *Poynes* He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded,
803 I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue
804 thee, be not too familiar with *Poynes*, for he misuses thy fa-
805 uours so much, that he sweares thou art to mary his sifter Nel,
806 repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farwel.

807 Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as
808 thou vnest him, Iacke Falstaffe with my family,
809 Iohn with my brothers and sistes, and fir Iohn
810 with all Europe.

811 *Poynes* My Lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him
812 eate it.

813 *Prince* Thats to make him eate twenty of his words, but do
814 you vse me, thus Ned? must I marrie your sifter?

815 *Poynes* God fend the wench no worfe fortune, but I neuer
816 said so.

914 817 *Prince* Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian : 879
but that moues not him : though that bee sicke, it dyes 880
not. 881

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with 882
me, as my dogge : and he holds his place, for looke you 883
he writes. 884

Poin. Letter. Iohn Falstaffe Knight : (Euery man must 885
know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) 886
Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer 887
pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings 888
blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon 889
him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow- 890
ed cap : I am the Kings poore Cofin, Sir. 891

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch 892
it from *Iaphet*. But to the Letter : —*Sir Iohn Falstaffe,* 893
Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neereſt his Father, Harrie 894
Prince of Wales, greeting. 895

Poin. Why this is a Certificate. 896

Prin. Peace. 897

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie. 898

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath:short-winded. 899
I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee 900
not too familiar with Pointz, for hee miſuſes thy Fauours ſo 901
much, that he ſweares thou art to marrie his Siſter Nell. Re- 902
pent at idle times as thou mayſt, and ſo farewell. 903

Thine, by yea and no : which is as much as to ſay, as thou 904

veſt him. Iacke Falſtaffe with my Familiars : 905

Iohn with my Brothers and Siſter:& Sir 906

Iohn, with all Europe. 907

My Lord, I will ſteepe this Letter in Sack, and make him 908
eate it. 909

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. 910
But do you vſe me thus *Ned*? Muſt I marry your Siſter? 911

Poin. May the Wench haue no worſe Fortune. But I 912
neuer ſaid ſo. 913

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & 914

818 fpirits of the wife fit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your ma-
819 fter here in London?

820 *Bard.* Yea my Lord.

821 *Prince* Where fups he? doth the old boare feede in the old
822 Franke?

823 *Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheape.

824 *Prince* VVhat companie?

825 *Boy* Ephefians, my lord, of the old church.

826 *Prince* Sup any women with him?

827 *Boy* None my lord, but old miftris Quickly, and miftris Dol
828 Tere-fheet.

829 *Prince* VVhat Pagan may that be?

830 *Boy* A proper gentlewoman. fir, and a kinfwoman of my
831 mafters.

832 *Prince* Euen fuch kinne as the parifh Heicfors are to the
833 towne bull, fhall we steale vpon them Ned at fupper?

834 *Poynes* I am your fhadow my Lord, ile follow you.

835 *Prince* Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your ma-
836 fter that I am yet come to towne;theres for your filence.

837 *Bar.* I haue no tongue fir,

838 *Boy* And for mine fir, I will gouerne it.

839 *Prince* Fare you well : go, this Doll Tere-fheete fhould be
840 fome rode.

940 841 *Poyns* I warrant you, as common as the way between S,Al-
842 bons and London.

843 *Prince* How might we fee Falftaffe beftow himfelf to night
844 in his true colours, and not our felues be feene?

845 *Poynes* Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite
846 vpon him at his table as drawers.

847 *Prince* From a god to a bul, a heauy defcenfion, it was Ioues
848 cafe, from a pince to a prentife, a low transformation, that fhall
849 be mine, for in enery thing the purpofe muft weigh with the
850 folly, follow me Ned, *exeunt.*

- the spirits of the wife, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs : Is 915
 your Master heere in London ? 916
- Bard.* Yes my Lord. 917
- Prin.* Where suppes he ? Doth the old Bore, feede in 918
 the old Franke ? 919
- Bard.* At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape. 920
- Prin.* What Company ? 921
- Page.* Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church. 922
- Prin.* Sup any women with him ? 923
- Page.* None my Lord, but old Miftris *Quickly*, and M. 924
Doll Teare-sheet. 925
- Prin.* What Pagan may that be ? 926
- Page.* A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinfwoman 927
 of my Masters. 928
- Prin.* Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the 929
 Towne-Bull ? 930
- Shall we steale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper ? 931
- Poin.* I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you. 932
- Prin.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your 933
 Master that I am yet in Towne. 934
- There's for your silence. 935
- Bar.* I haue no tongue, sir. 936
- Page.* And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it. 937
- Prin.* Fare ye well : go. 938
- This *Doll Teare-sheet* should be some Rode. 939
- Poin.* I warrant you, as common as the way betweene 940
 S. Albans, and London, 941
- Prin.* How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to 942
 night, in his true colours, and not our selues be feene ? 943
- Poin.* Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and 944
 waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers. 945
- Prin.* From a God, to a Bull ? A heauie declension : It 946
 was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low tranf- 947
 formation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the pur- 948
 pose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned.* *Exeunt* 949

851 *Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie,*

- 952 852 *North.* I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
853 Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
854 Put not you on the vifage of the times,
855 And be like them to Percy troublefome.
856 *Wife* I haue giuen ouer, I will fpeake no more,
857 Do what you wil, your wifedome be your guide.
858 *North.* Alas fweete wife, my honor is at pawne,
859 And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.
860 *Kate* O yet for Gods fake, go not to thefe wars,
861 The time was father, that you broke your word,
862 When you were more endeere to it then now,
863 When your owne Percie, when my hearts deere Harry,
864 Threw many a Northward looke, to fee his father
865 Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.
866 Who then perfwaded you to ftay at home?
867 There were two honors loft, yours, and your fonnes,
868 For yours, the God of heauen brighten it,
869 For his, it ftucke vpon him as the funne
870 In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light
871 Did all the Cheualry of England moue
872 To do braue acts, he was indeede the glaffe
973 873 Wherein the noble youth did dreffe themfelues.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie. 950
951

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter, 952
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires: 953
Put not you on the vifage of the Times, 954
And be like them to Percie, troublefome. 955

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeak no more, 956
Do what you will : your Wifedome, be your guide. 957

North. Alas (ſweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne, 958
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it. 959

La. Oh yet, for heauens fake, go not to theſe Warrs ; 960
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word, 961
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now, 962
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-*Harry*, 963
Threw many a Northward looke, to ſee his Father 964
Bring vp his Powres : but he did long in vaine. 965
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home ? 966
There were two Honors loſt; Yours, and your Sonnes. 967
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it : 968
For His, it ſtucke vpon him, as the Sunne 969
In the gray vault of Heauen : and by his Light 970
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue 971
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaſſe 972
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreſſe themſelues. 973
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate : 974
And ſpeaking thicke (which Nature made his blemifh) 975
Became the Accents of the Valiant. 976
For thoſe that could ſpeake low, and tardily, 977
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuſe, 978
To ſeeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate, 979
In Diet, in Affections of delight, 980

874 *North.* Beshrew your heart,
 875 Faire daughter, you do draw my spirites from me,
 876 With new lamenting ancient ouersights,
 877 But I must go and meete with danger there,
 878 Or it will seeke me in an other place,
 879 And find me worfe prouided.

1008 880 *Wife* O flie to Scotland,
 881 Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
 882 Haue of their puiffance made a little taste.
 883 *Kate* If they get ground and vantage of the King,
 884 Then ioyn you with them like a ribbe of steele,
 885 To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
 886 First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
 887 He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
 888 And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
 889 To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
 890 That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
 891 For recordation to my noble husband.
 1015 892 *North.* Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
 893 As with the tide, fweld vp vnto his height,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,	981
He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,	982
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,	983
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue	984
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,	985
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,	986
In dif-advantage, to abide a field,	987
Where nothing but the fount of <i>Hotspurs</i> Name	988
Did feeme defensible: fo you left him.	989
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghoft the wrong,	990
To hold your Honor more precife and nice	991
With others, then with him. Let them alone:	992
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.	993
Had my sweet <i>Harry</i> had but halfe their Numbers,	994
To day might I (hanging on <i>Hotspurs</i> Necke)	995
Haue talk'd of <i>Monmouth's</i> Graue.	996
<i>North.</i> Behrew your heart,	997
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,	998
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-fights.	999
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,	1000
Or it will seeke me in another place,	1001
And finde me worfe provided.	1002
<i>Wife.</i> O flye to Scotland,	1003
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,	1004
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.	1005
<i>Lady.</i> If they get ground, and vantage of the King,	1006
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,	1007
To make Strength stronger, But, for all our loues,	1008
Firft let them trye themfelues. So did your Sonne,	1009
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:	1010
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,	1011
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,	1012
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,	1013
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.	1014
<i>North.</i> Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde	1015
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,	1016

894 That makes a ftill ftand, running neither way,
 895 Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
 896 But many thoufand reafons hold me backe,
 897 I will refolue for Scotland, there am I,
 898 Till time and vantage craue my company.

exeunt.

899

Enter a Drawer or two.

900 *Francis* What the diuel haft thou brought there apple
 901 Iohns?thou knoweft fir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

902 *Draw.* Mas thou faift true, the prince once fet a difh of ap-
 903 ple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fwe more fir
 904 Iohns, and putting off his hat, faid, I will now take my leaue of
 905 thefe fix drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angered him to
 906 the heart, but he hath forget that.

907 *Fran.* Why then couer and fet them downe, and fee if
 908 thou canft find out Sneakes Noife, miftris Tere-fheet would
 909 faine heare fome mufique.

910 *Dra.* Difpatch, the roome where they fupt is too hot, theife
 911 come in ftraight.

912 *Francis* Sirra, here wil be the prince and mafter Poynes a-
 913 non, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and fir
 914 Iohn muft not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

915

Enter Will.

1089 916 *Dra.* By the mas here will be oll vtis, it wil be an excellent
 917 fratagem.

918 *Francis* Ile fee if I can find out Sneake.

exit

That makes a still-stand, running neyther way, 1017
 Faine would I goe to meete the Arch-bilhop, 1018
 But many thoufand Reafons hold me backe. 1019
 I will refolue for Scotland: there am I, 1020
 Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.* 1021

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers. 1022

1. *Drawer.* What haft thou brought there? Apple- 1023
 Iohns? Thou know'ft Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple- 1024
 Iohn. 1025

2. *Draw.* Thou fay'ft true: the Prince once fet a Dish 1026
 of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were five 1027
 more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, faid, I will now 1028
 take my leaue of the fe fixe drie, round, old-wither'd 1029
 Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for- 1030
 got that. 1031

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and fet them downe: and 1032
 fee if thou canft finde out *Sneakes* Noyfe; Miftris *Teare-* 1033
sheet would faine haue fome Mufique. 1034

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Mafter 1035
Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, 1036
 and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* muft not know of it: *Bardolph* 1037
 hath brought word. 1038

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Vtis*: it will be an ex- 1039
 cellent stratagem. 1040

2. *Draw.* Ile fee if I can finde out *Sneake.* *Exit.* 1041

919 *Enter mistress Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.*

920 *Quickly* Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an
921 excellent good temperalitie. Your pulfidge beates as extraor-
922 dinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you
923 is as red as any rose, in good truth law : but yfaith you haue
924 drunke too much cannaries, and thats a maruelous searching
925 wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can fay, whats this,
926 how do you now?

1050 927 *Tere.* Better then I was:hem.

928 *Qui.* Why thats well faid, a good heart's worth gold : loe
929 here comes fir Iohn.

930 *enter fir Iohn.*

931 *fir Iohn* When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and
932 was a worthy King : how now mistress Doll?

933 *hoft.* Sicke of a calme, yea good faith.

934 *Falst.* So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are
935 ficke.

936 *Tere.* A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the
937 comfort you giue me?

938 *Falst.* You make fat rascals mistress Dol.

939 *Tere.* I make them?gluttonie, and diseafes make, I make
940 them not.

941 *Falst.* If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to
942 make the diseafes Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you
943 graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

944 *Doll* Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

945 *Fa.* Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to ferue brauely,
946 is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with
947 his pike bent brauely, and to furgerie brauely, to venture vpon
948 the chargde chambers brauely.

949 *Doll* Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your
950 selfe.

1073 951 *hoft* By my troth this is the old fashon, you two neuer meet

Enter Hofteffe, and Dol. 1042

Hofst. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie : your Pulfidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would defire ; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rofe : But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous fearing Wine ; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can fay what's this. How doe you now ?

Dol. Better then I was : Hem. 1050

Hofst. Why that was well faid : A good heart's worth 1051

Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *John.* 1052

Enter Falstaffe. 1053

Falst. When Arthur first in Court--(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King : How now Miftris *Dol* ?

Host. Sick of a Calme : yea, good-footh. 1056

Falst. So is all her Sect : if they be once in a Calme, they are fick. 1058

Dol. You muddie Rafcall, is that all the comfort you giue me ? 1060

Falst. You make fat Rafcalls, Miftris *Dol.* 1061

Dol. I make them ? Gluttonie and Difeafes make them, I make them not. 1063

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Difeafes (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you : Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that. 1066

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels. 1067

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches : For to ferue brauely, is to come halting off : you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely ; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely. 1072

Hofst. Why this is the olde fashion : you two neuer 1073

952 but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rew
 953 matique as two dry tofts, you cannot one beare with anothers
 954 cõfirmities, what the goodyere one muft beare, & thatmuft be

955 you, you are the weaker veffell, as they fay, the emptier veffell,

956 *Dorothy* Can a weake empty veffell beare fuch a huge full
 957 hogthead?theres a whole marchãts venture of Burdeux ftuffe
 958 in him, you haue not feene a hulke better ftufft in the hold.

959 Come, ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the
 960 wars, and whether I fhall euer fee thee againe or no there is no
 961 body cares.

962

Enter drawer.

1088 963 *Dra.* Sir, Antient pistol's belowe, and would fpeake with
 964 you.

965 *Dol* Hang him fwaggering rafcal, let him not come hither
 966 it is the foule-mouthd ft rogue in England.

967 *hoft.* If he fwagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I
 968 muft liue among my neighbours, Ile no fwaggerers, I am in
 969 good name, and fame with the very beft: fhut the doore, there
 970 comes no fwaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue
 971 fwaggering now, fhut the doore I pray you.

972 *Fal.* Dost thou heare hosteffe?

973 *Host.* Pray ye pacifie your felfe fir Iohn, there comes no
 974 fwaggerers here.

975 *Fal.* Dost thou heare?it is mine Ancient.

976 *Ho.* Tilly fally, fir Iohn, nere tel me:& your ancient fwag-
 977 grer comes not in my doores : I was before maifter Tificke
 978 the debuty tother day, & (as he faid to me)twas no longer ago
 979 than wedfday laft, I good faith, neighbor Quickly, fayes he,
 980 maifter Dumbe our minifter was by then, neighbor Quickly
 981 (faies he)receiue thofe that are ciuil, for (faide he)you are in an

meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
 good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toftes, you can-
 not one bear with anothers Confirmities. What the
 good-yere? One muft beare, and that muft bee you :
 you are the weaker Veffell ; as they fay, the emptier
 Veffell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Veffell beare fuch a huge
 full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture
 of Burdeux-Stuffe in him : you haue not feene a Hulke
 better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee
Iacke : Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I
 fhall euer fee thee againe, or no, there is no body
 cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistoll* is below, and would
 fpeake with you.

Dol. Hang him, fwaggering Rascal, let him not
 come hither : it is the foule-mouth'dft Rogue in Eng-
 land.

Host. If hee fwagger, let him not come here : I muft
 liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers : I am
 in good name, and fame, with the very best : fhut the
 doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere : I haue not
 liu'd all this while, to haue fwaggering now : fhut the
 doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'ft thou heare, *Hosteffe*?

Host. Pray you pacifie your felfe (*Sir Iohn*) there comes
 no Swaggerers heere.

Falst. Do'ft thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (*Sir Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient
 Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before *Maſter*
Tiſtick the Deputie, the other day : and as hee faid to me,
 it was no longer agoe then Wedneſday laſt : Neighbour
Quickly (ſayes hee;) *Maſter Dombe*, our Miniſter, was by
 then : Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thofe that

982 ill name : now a faide fo, I can tell whereupon. For (faies he)
 983 you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take
 984 heede what ghefts you receiue, receiue (faies he) no fwagge-
 985 ring companions : there comes none here : you would bleffe
 986 you to heare what he faid : no, Ile no fwaggrers.

1129 987 *Falst.* Hees no fwaggrer hosteffe, a tame cheter yfaith, you
 988 may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not
 989 fwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any
 990 shew of refistance, call him vp Drawer.

991 *Hofst.* Cheter call you him? I will barre no honest man my
 992 houle, nor no cheter, but I do not loue fwagering by my troth,
 993 I am the worse when one faies fwagger : feele maisters, how I
 994 shake, looke you, I warrant you.
 995 *Tereft.* So you do hosteffe.
 996 *Hofst.* Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twere an aspen
 997 leafe, I cannot abide fwaggrers.

998 *Enter antient Pistol, and Bardolfes boy.*

1129 999 *Pistol* God faue you fir Iohn.

1000 *Fal.* Welcome ancient Pistoll, heere Pistoll, I charge you
 1001 with a cuppe of sacke, do you discharge vpon mine hosteffe.

1002 *Pist.* I will discharge vpon her fir Iohn, with two bullets.

1003 *Fal.* she is pistoll proffe : fir, you shall not hardely offend
 1004 her.

1005 *Hofst.* Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink
 1006 no more than will do me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

1007 *Pist.* Then, to you mistress Dorothy, I will charge you.

1008 *Doro.* Charge me? I scorne you, scuruy companion : what

are Ciuill ; for (fayth hee) you are in an ill Name : now 1109
 hee faid fo, I can tell whereupon : for(fayes hee) you are 1110
 an honest Woman, and well thought on ; therefore take 1111
 heede what Guefts you receiue : Receiue (fayes hee) no 1112
 fwaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You 1113
 would bleffe you to heare what hee faid. No, Ile no 1114
 Swaggerers. 1115

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer(Hofteffe:)a tame Cheater, 1116
 hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey- 1117
 hound : hee will not fwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if 1118
 her feathers turne backe in any shew of refiftance. Call 1119
 him vp (Drawer.) 1120

Hofst. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest 1121
 man my houfe, nor no Cheater : but I doe not loue fwag- 1122
 gering ; I am the worfe when one fayes, fwagger : Feele 1123
 Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you. 1124

Dol. So you doe, Hofteffe. 1125

Hofst. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Af- 1126
 pen Leafe : I cannot abide Swaggerers. 1127

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy. 1128

Pist. 'Saucy you, Sir *Iohn*. 1129

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here(*Pistol*) I charge 1130
 you with a Cup of Sacke : doe you difcharge vpon mine 1131
 Hofteffe. 1132

Pist. I will difcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two 1133
 Bullets. 1134

Falst. She is Piftoll-prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly of- 1135
 fend her. 1136

Hofst. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets : I 1137
 will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans 1138
 pleafure, I. 1139

Pist. Then to you (Miftris *Dorothie*) I will charge 1140
 you. 1141

Dol. Charge me? I fcorne you (fcuicie Companion) 1142

1009 you poore bafe rascally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you
1010 mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maister.

1011 *Pist.* I know you mistress Dorothy.

1012 *Doro.* Away you cutpurse rascall, you filthy bounge, away,
1013 by this wine Ile thrust my knife in your mouldie chappes, and
1014 you play the sawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale raf-
1015 call, you basket hilt stale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray
1016 you fir : Gods light, with two points on your shoulder?much.

1017 *Pist.* God let me not liue, but I will murther your ruffe for
1018 this.

1019 *fir Iohn* No more Pistol, I would not haue you go off here,
1020 discharge your selfe of our company, Pistoll.

1154 1021 *Hofst.* No, good captaine Pistoll, not here, sweete captaine.

1022 *Doro.* Captaine, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou
1023 not ashamed to be called Captaine?and Captaines were of my
1024 mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names
1025 vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a captaine? you
1026 flauie, for what?for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy
1027 house:hee a captaine!hang him rogue, he liues vpon mowldy
1028 stewd pruinis, and dried cakes:a captaine?Gods light these vil-
1029 laines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which
1030 was an excellent good worde before it was il forted, therefore
1031 captains had neede look too't.

1166 1032 *Bard.* Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

1033 *Falst.* Hearke thee hither mistress Dol.

1034 *Pist.* Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could
1035 teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

1036 *Boy* Pray thee go downe.

1037 *Pist.* Ile see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this
1038 hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile also : holde
1039 hooke and line, say I:downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue
1040 we not Hiren here?

1041 *Host.* Good captaine Peefell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I
1042 befeeke you now aggrauate your choller.

what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen- 1143
 Mate : away you mouldie Rogue, away ; I am meat for 1144
 your Master, 1145

Pist. I know you, Miftris *Dorothie*. 1146

Dol. Away you Cut-purfe Rascall, you filthy Bung, 1147
 away : By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie 1148
 Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away 1149
 you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you. 1150
 Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on 1151
 your shoulder? much. 1152

Pist. I will murther your Ruffe, for this, 1153

Hof. No, good Captaine *Pistol* : not heere, sweete 1154
 Captaine. 1155

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, 1156
 art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines 1157
 were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for ta- 1158
 king their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. 1159
 You a Captaine? you flauie, for what? for tearing a poore 1160
 Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houfe? Hee a Captaine? hang 1161
 him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and 1162
 dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make 1163
 the word Captaine odious : Therefore Captaines had 1164
 neede looke to it. 1165

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient. 1166

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Miftris *Dol.* 1167

Pist. Not I : I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I 1168
 could teare her : Ile be reueng'd on her. 1169

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe. 1170

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first : to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, 1171
 to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde 1172
 also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I : Downe : downe 1173
 Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here? 1174

Hof. Good Captaine *Peefel* be quiet, it is very late : 1175
 I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler. 1176

1043 *Pist* These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horſes, and
 1044 hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie
 1045 mile a day, compare with Cæſars and with Canibals, and tro-
 1046 iant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and
 1047 let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

1048 *Hofl.* By my troth captane, these are very bitter words

1049 *Bard.* Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle
 1050 anon.

1051 *Pist.* Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not
 1052 Hiren here?

1053 *Hofl.* A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what
 1054 the goodyeare do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake
 1055 be quiet.

1192 1056 *Pist.* Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues
 1057 some sacke, *ſi fortune me tormente ſperato me contento*, feare we
 1058 brode fides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and
 1059 ſweet hartlie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are &
 1060 cæteraes, no things?

1061 *Falſt.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

1062 *Pist.* Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue seene
 1063 the feuen starres.

1064 *Dol.* For Gods sake thrust him downe staires, I cannot indure
 1065 such a fustian rafcall.

1066 *Pist.* Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway
 1067 nagges?

1068 *Falſt.* Quaithe him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat phil-
 1069 ling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be no-
 1070 thing here.

1208 1071 *Bard* Come, get you downe staires.

1072 *Pist.* What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then
 1073 death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then
 1074 let grieuons gaffly gaping wounds vntwinde the sifters three,
 1075 come Atropose I fay.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack- 1177
 Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which can- 1178
 not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæsar*, and 1179
 with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne 1180
 them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall 1181
 wee fall foule for Toyes? 1182

Hofl. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter 1183
 words. 1184

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a 1185
 Brawle anon. 1186

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: 1187
 Haue we not *Hiren* here? 1188

Hofl. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. 1189
 What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? 1190
 I pray be quiet. 1191

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, 1192
 giue me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me con-* 1193
tente. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: 1194
 Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: 1195
 Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* no- 1196
 thing? 1197

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet. 1198

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue 1199
 seene the feuen Starres. 1200

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such 1201
 a Fustian Rascall. 1202

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo- 1203
 way Nagges? 1204

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat 1205
 shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee 1206
 shall be nothing here. 1207

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres. 1208

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee em- 1209
 brew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull 1210
 dayes: why then let grieuous, gaffly, gaping Wounds, 1211
 vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I fay. 1212

1076 *Hofst.* Heres goodly stufte toward.

1077 *Falst.* Giue me my rapier, boy.

1078 *Dol* I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

1079 *Fal.* Get you downe flaires.

1080 *Hofst.* Heres a goodly tumult, ile forfwearre keeping houfe a-
1081 fore ile be in thefe tirrits and frights, fo, murder I warant now,
1082 alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked wea-
1083 pons.

1084 *Dol.* I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rafcal's gone, ah you hor-
1085 fon little vliaunt villaine you.

1086 *Hofst.* Are you not hurte i'th groyne?me thought a made a
1087 fhrewd thrust at your belly.

1088 *Fal.* Haue you turnd him out a doores?

1089 *Bar.* Yea fir, the rafcal's drunke, you haue hurt him fir i'th
1090 fhoulder.

1091 *Fal.* A rafcall to braue me?

1229 1092 *Dol* A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou
1093 fwatft, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horfone
1094 chops:a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as He-
1095 ctor of Troy, woorth fiue of Agamemnon, & ten times better
1096 then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

1097 *Fal.* Ah rafcally flauel! I will toffe the rogue in a blanket.

1098 *Dol* Do and thou darft for thy heart, and thou doft, ile can-
1099 uas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

1100 *Boy* The musique is come fir. *enter musicke.*

1101 *Fal.* Let them play, play firs, fit on my knee Doll, a rafcall
1102 bragging flauel! the rogue fled from me like quickfiluer.

1103 *Dol* Yfaith and thou followdft him like a church, thou
1104 horfon little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou
1105 leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch
1106 vp thine old body for heauen.

- Host.* Here's good stufte toward. 1213
- Fal.* Giue me my Rapier, Boy. 1214
- Dol.* I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw. 1215
- Fal.* Get you downe stayres. 1216
- Host.* Here's a goodly tumult : Ile forweare keeping 1217
houfe, before Ile be in thefe tiritts, and frights. So: Mur- 1218
ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea- 1219
pons, put vp your naked Weapons. 1220
- Dol.* I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Rascall is gone : ah, 1221
you whorfon little valiant Villaine, you, 1222
- Host.* Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee 1223
made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly. 1224
- Fal.* Haue you turn'd him out of doores? 1225
- Bard.* Yes Sir : the Rascall's drunke : you haue hurt 1226
him (Sir) in the shoulder. 1227
- Fal.* A Rascall to braue me. 1228
- Dol.* Ah, you fweet little Rogue, you : alas, poore Ape, 1229
how thou fweat'ft? Come, let me wipe thy Face : Come 1230
on, you whorfon Chops : Ah Rogue, I loue thee : Thou 1231
art as valorous as *Heſtor* of Troy, worth fiue of *Agamem-* 1232
non, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies : ah 1233
Villaine. 1234
- Fal.* A rascally Slaue, I will toffe the Rogue in a Blan- 1235
ket. 1236
- Dol.* Doe, if thou dar'ft for thy heart : if thou doo'ft, 1237
Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes. 1238

Enter Musique. 1239

- Page.* The Musique is come, Sir. 1240
- Fal.* Let them play : play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* 1241
A Rascall, bragging Slaue : the Rogue fled from me like 1242
Quick-filuer. 1243
- Dol.* And thou followd'ft him like a Church: thou 1244
whorfon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt 1245
thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and 1246
begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen? 1247

1107

Enter Prince and Poynes.

1249 1108 *Fal* Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do
1109 not bid me remember mine end.

1110 *Dol* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

1111 *Fal.* A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a
1112 good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

1113 *Dol* They say Poines has a good wit.

1114 *Fal.* He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke
1115 as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is
1116 in a mallet.

1117 *Dol* Why does the prince loue him so then?

1118 *Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies
1119 at quoutes well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off
1120 candles endes for flappe-dragons , and rides the wilde mare
1121 with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares
1122 with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like
1123 vnto the signe of the Legge , and breedes no bate with tel-
1124 ling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has

1125 that shew a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the
1126 prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another, the
1127 weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

1128 *Prince* Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut
1129 off?

1274 1130 *Poynes* Lets beate him before his whore

1131 *Prince* Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule
1132 clawd like a parrot.

1133 *Poynes* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres
1134 out liue performance.

1135 *Falst.* Kiffe me Doll,

1136 *Prince* Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what
1137 saies th'Almanacke to that?

1138 *Poyns* And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

1248

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not speake like a Deaths- 1249
head: doe not bid me remember mine end. 1250

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of? 1251

Fal. A good fhallow young fellow: hee would haue 1252
made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread 1253
well. 1254

Dol. They fay *Poines* hath a good Wit. 1255

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is 1256
as thicke as Tewksburie Muftard: there is no more con- 1257
ceit in him, then is in a Mallet. 1258

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him fo then? 1259

Fal. Befcaufe their Legges are both of a bigneffe: and 1260
hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, 1261
and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides 1262
the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd- 1263
flooles, and fwears with a good grace, and weares his 1264
Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and 1265
breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and fuch 1266
other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that fhew a weake 1267
Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits 1268
him; for the Prince himfelfe is fuch another: the 1269
weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their 1270
Haber-de-pois. 1271

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his 1272
Eares cut off? 1273

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore. 1274

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll 1275
claw'd like a Parrot. 1276

Poin. Is it not ftrange, that Desire fhould fo many 1277
yeeres out-liue performance? 1278

Fal. Kiffe me *Dol.* 1279

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? 1280
What faves the Almanack to that? 1281

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, 1282

- 1139 liping to his mafter, old tables, his note booke, his counfel kee.
 1140 per?
 1285 1141 *Falst.* Thou doft giue me flattering buffes.
 1142 *Dol* By my troth I kiffe thee with a moft conftant heart.

 1143 *Falst.* I am old, I am old.
 1144 *Dol.* I loue thee better then I loue, ere a fcuruy yong boy of
 1145 them all.
 1146 *Fal.* What ftuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I fhall receiue mony
 1147 a thurday, fhalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry fong come a

 1148 growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

 1149 *Dol.* By my troth thou't fet me a weeping and thou faift to
 1150 proue that euer I drefse my felfe handfome til thy returne, wel
 1151 hearken a'th end.
 1152 *Fal.* Some facke Francis.
 1153 *Prince, Poynes* Anon anon fir.
 1154 *Falst.* Ha? a bastard fonne of the Kings? and arte not thou
 1155 Poynes his brother?
 1156 *Prince* Why thou globe of finfull continents, what a life
 1157 doft thou leade?
 1158 *Falst.* A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a
 1159 drawer.
 1160 *Prince* Very true fir, and I come to drawe you out by the
 1161 eares.
 1309 1162 *Hofl.* O the Lord preferue thy grace:by my troth welcom
 1163 to London, now the Lord bleffe that fweete face of thine, O
 1164 Iefu, are you come from Wales?
 1165 *Falst.* Thou horfon madde compound of maieftie, by this
 1166 light, flefh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.
 1167 *Doll* How?you fat foole I fcorne you.
 1168 *Poynes* My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge,
 1169 and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

 1170 *Prince* You horfon candlemine you, how vildly did you

- be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Booke, 1283
his Councell-keeper? 1284
- Fal.* Thou do'ſt giue me flatt'ring Buffes. 1285
- Dol.* Nay truly, I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant 1286
heart. 1287
- Fal.* I am olde, I am olde. 1288
- Dol.* I loue thee better, then I loue ere a ſcuruie young 1289
Boy of them all. 1290
- Fal.* What Stoffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I ſhall 1291
receiue Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt haue a Cappe 1292
to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, 1293
wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am 1294
gone. 1295
- Dol.* Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: 1296
proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome, till thy re- 1297
turne: well, hearken the end. 1298
- Fal.* Some Sack, *Francis.* 1299
- Prin.Poin.* Anon, anon, Sir. 1300
- Fal.* Ha? a Baſtard Sonne of the Kings? And art not 1301
thou *Poines*, his Brother? 1302
- Prince.* Why thou Globe of finfull Continents, what 1303
a Life do'ſt thou lead? 1304
- Fal.* A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art 1305
a Drawer. 1306
- Prince.* Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out 1307
by the Eares. 1308
- Hofl.* Oh, the Lord preferue thy good Grace: Wel- 1309
come to London. Now Heauen bleſſe that ſweete Face 1310
of thine: what, are you come from Wales? 1311
- Fal.* Thou whorſon mad Compound of Maieſtie: by 1312
this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome. 1313
- Dol.* How? you fat Foole, I ſcorne you. 1314
- Poin.* My Lord, hee will driue you out of your re- 1315
uenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the 1316
heat. 1317
- Prince.* You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vildly 1318

1171 ſpeake of me now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill gentle-
1172 oman?

1173 *Hoſt.* Gods bleſſing of your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my
1174 troth.

1175 *Falſt.* Didſt thou heare me?

1176 *Prince* Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne
1177 away by Gadſhil, you knew I was at your backe, and ſpoke it,
1178 on purpoſe to trie my patience.

1327 1179 *Falſt.* No, no, no, not ſo, I did not thinke thou waſt within
1180 hearing.

1181 *Prince* I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe,
1182 and then I know how to handle you.

1183 *Falſt.* No abuſe Hall a mine honour, no abuſe.

1184 *Prince* Not to diſpraiſe me, and cal me pantler and bread-
1185 chipper, and I know not what?

1186 *Fal.* No abuſe Hall.

1187 *Poynes* No abuſe?

1188 *Falſt* No abuſe Ned i'th worlde, honeſt Ned, none, I diſ-
1189 praiſde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall
1190 in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a
1191 carefull friend and a true ſubieſt, and thy father is to giue me
1192 thanks for it, no abuſe Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes
1193 none.

1194 *Prince* See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize,
1195 doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe
1196 with vs: is ſhe of the wicked, is thine hoſteſſe here of the wic-
1197 ked, or is thy boy of the wickcd, or honeſt Bardolfe whoſe zeal
1198 burnes in his noſe of the wicked?

1348 1199 *Poynes* Anſwer thou dead elme, anſwer.

1200 *Falſt.* The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable,
1201 and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing
1202 but roſt mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about
1203 him, but the diuel blinds him too.

1204 *Prince* For the weomen,

did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, ver- 1319
 tuous, ciuill Gentlewoman? 1320

Hofl. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by 1321
 my troth. 1322

Fal. Didst thou heare me? 1323

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you 1324
 ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, 1325
 and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience. 1326

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast 1327
 within hearing. 1328

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull 1329
 abuse, and then I know how to handle you. 1330

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse. 1331

Prince. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and 1332
 Bread-chopper, and I know not what? 1333

Fal. No abuse (*Hal.*) 1334

Poin. No abuse? 1335

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none. 1336
 I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked 1337
 might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue 1338
 done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and 1339
 thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hal.:*) 1340
 none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none. 1341

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cow- 1342
 ardife, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentle- 1343
 woman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine 1344
 Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the 1345
 Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his 1346
 Nose) of the Wicked? 1347

Poin. Answere thou dead Elme, answere. 1348

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecou- 1349
 erable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee 1350
 doth nothing but roast Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, 1351
 there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out- 1352
 bids him too. 1353

Prince. For the Women? 1354

1205 *Falst.* For one of them fhees in hell already, and burnes
 1206 poore foules:for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be
 1207 damnd for that I know not.

1208 *Hofst.* No I warrant you.

1209 *Falst.* No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for
 1210 that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee. for suffering
 1211 flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law for the which
 1212 I thinke thou wilt howle.

1364 1213 *Hofst.* Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a
 1214 whole Lent?

1215 *Prince* You gentlewoman,

1216 *Dol.* What faies your grace?

1217 *Fal.* His grace faies that which his flesh rebels against.

1218 *Peyto knockes at doore.*

1219 *Hofst.* Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore
 1220 there Francis.

1221 *Prince* Peyto, how now, what newes?

1222 *Peyto* The King your father is at Weminster,
 1223 And there are twenty weake and wearied postes,
 1224 Come from the North, and as I came along
 1225 I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
 1226 Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
 1227 And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

1228 *Prince* By heauen Paines, I feele me much too blame,
 1229 So idely to prophane the precious time,
 1230 When tempest of commotion like the fouth,
 1231 Borne with blacke vapour, doth begin to melt,
 1232 And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and
burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Mo-
ney; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know
not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit
for that. Marry, there is another Indiētment vpon thee,
for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to
the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of
Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels
against.

Host. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the
doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.

1233 Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe, good night.

1234

Exeunt Prince and Poynes.

1387 1235 *Fal* Now comes in the sweetest morfell of the night, & we
1236 must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore?
1237 how now, whats the matter?

1238 *Bar.* You must away to court sir presently,

1239 A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

1240 *Fal.* Pay the musitians firra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol,
1241 you see (my good wenches) how men of merit are fought af-
1242 ter, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is calld
1243 on, farewell good wenches, if I bee not sent away poste, I will
1244 see you againe ere I goe.

1399 1245 *Dol.* I cannot speake: if my heart be not ready to burst: wel
1246 sweete Iacke haue a care of thy selfe.

1247 *Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

exit.

1248 *Hof.* Well, fare thee well, I haue knowne thee these twenty
1249 nine yeares. come pease-cod time, but an honest, and truer
1250 hearted man: wel fare thee wel.

1251 *Bard.* Mistris Tere-sheete.

1252 *Hof.* Whats the matter?

1253 *Bard.* Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my master.

1254 *Hof.* O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, she
1255 comes blubberd, yea! will you come Doll?

1256

exeunt.

Giue me my Sword, and Cloake : 1385
Falstaffe, good night. *Exit.* 1386

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the 1387
 night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More 1388
 knocking at the doore? How now? what's the mat- 1389
 ter? 1390

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, 1391
 A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you. 1392

Falst. Pay the Mufitians, Sirrha: farewell Hofteffe, 1393
 farewell *Dol.* You see (my good Wenches) how men of 1394
 Merit are fought after: the vnderferuer may sleepe, when 1395
 the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: 1396
 if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I 1397
 goe. 1398

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie 1399
 to burst— Well (sweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy 1400
 selfe. 1401

Falst. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.* 1402

Host. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee 1403
 these twentie nine yeeres, come Pefcod-time: but an 1404
 honefter, and truer-hearted man— Well, fare thee 1405
 well. 1406

Bard. Miftris *Teare-sheet.* 1407

Host. What's the matter? 1408

Bard. Bid Miftris *Teare-sheet* come to my Master. 1409

Host. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol.* 1410

Exeunt. 1411

1257 *Enter the King in his night-gowne*
1258 *alone.*

1259 *King* Go call the Earlesof Surrey and of War.
1260 But ere they come, bid them o're-reade these letters,
1261 And well consider of them, make good speed.
1262 How many thousand of my pooreft subiects,
1263 Are at this howre afleepe? ô sleepe!o gentle sleep!
1264 Natures soft nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
1265 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
1266 And steep my fences in forgetfulneffe,
1267 Why rather sleepe liest thou in smoaky cribbes,
1268 Vpon vneasie pallets stretching thee,
1423 1269 And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
1270 Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,
1271 Vnder the canopies of costly state,
1272 And lulld with found of sweetest melody?
1273 O thou dull god, why li'ste thou with the vile
1274 In lothsome beds, and leauest the kingly couch,
1275 A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
1276 Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy masse,
1277 Seale vp the ship-boies eies, and rocke his braines,
1278 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
1279 And in the visitation of the winds,
1434 1280 Who take the ruffian pillowes by the top,
1281 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
1282 VVith deaffing clamour in the slippery clouds,
1283 That with the hurly death it selfe awakes?
1284 Canst thou, ô partiall sleepe, giue them repose,
1285 To the wet season in an howre so rude,
1286 And in the calmest, and most stillest night,
1287 VVith al appliances and meancs to boote,

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**Enter the King, with a Page.*

1412

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: 1413
 But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, 1414
 And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.* 1415
 How many thousand of my poorest Subiects 1416
 Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, 1417
 Natures soft Nurfe, how haue I frighted thee, 1418
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, 1419
 And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse? 1420
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeft thou in smoakie Cribs, 1421
 Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee, 1422
 And huiht with buffing Night, flyes to thy slumber, 1423
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? 1424
 Vnder the Canopies of costly State, 1425
 And lull'd with founds of sweetest Melodie? 1426
 O thou dull God, why lyeft thou with the vilde, 1427
 In loathsome Beds, and leau'ft the Kingly Couch, 1428
 A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell? 1429
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast, 1430
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, 1431
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, 1432
 And in the visitation of the Windes, 1433
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, 1434
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them 1435
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds, 1436
 That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes? 1437
 Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose 1438
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude: 1439
 And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, 1440
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote, 1441

1288 Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,
 1289 Vneafie lies the head that weares a crowne.

1290 *Enter Warwike Surry, and sir Iohn*
 1291 *Blunt.*

1292 *War.* Many good morrowes to your maieftie.

1293 *King* Is it good morrow lords?

1294 *War.* Tis one a clocke, and paft.

1295 *King* VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords.

1296 Haue you read ore the letter that I fent you?

1297 *War.* VVe haue my liege.

1298 *King* Then you perceiue the body of our kingdome,

1299 How foule it is, what rancke difeafes grow,

1300 And with what danger neare the heart of it.

1454 1301 *War.* It is but as a body yet diftempered,

1302 VVhich to his former ftrength may be reftored,

1303 VVith good aduife and little medicine,

1304 My Lord Northumberland wil foone be coold.

1305 *King* O God that one might reade the booke of fate,

1306 And fee the reuolution of the times,

1307 Make mountaines leuell, and the continent

1308 Weary of folide firmeneffe melt it felfe

1309 Into the fea, and other times to fee,

1310 The beachie girdle of the ocean,

1464 1311 Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chances mockes,

1312 And changes fill the cup of alteration,

1313 With diuers liquors! O if this were feene,

1314 The happieft youth viewing his progresse through,

1315 What perills paft, what croffes to enfue?

1316 Would fhut the booke and fit him downe and die:

1317 Tis not ten yeeres gone,

1318 Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,

1319 Did feaft together, and in two yeare after,

1320 Were they at warres:it is but eight yeares fince,

1321 This Percie was the man neereft my foule,

Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, 1442
 Vneafie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne. 1443

Enter Warwicke and Surrey. 1444

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie. 1445
King. Is it good-morrow, Lords? 1446
War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past. 1447
King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) 1448
 Haue you read o're the Letters that I fent you? 1449
War. We haue (my Liege.) 1450
King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, 1451
 How foule it is : what ranke Diseafes grow, 1452
 And with what danger, neere the Heart of it? 1453
War. It is but as a Body, yet diftemper'd, 1454
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd, 1455
 With good aduice, and little Medicine : 1456
 My Lord *Northumberland* will foone be cool'd. 1457
King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, 1458
 And see the reuolution of the Times 1459
 Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent 1460
 (Wearie of folide firmeneffe) melt it selfe 1461
 Into the Sea : and other Times, to see 1462
 The beachie Girdle of the Ocean 1463
 Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes ; how Chances mocks 1464
 And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration 1465
 With diuers Liquors, 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone, 1466

Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends, 1467
 Did feast together ; and in two yeeres after, 1468
 Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since, 1469
 This *Percie* was the man, neereft my Soule, 1470

- 1322 Who like a brother toyld in my affaires;
 1323 And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,
 1324 Yea for my fake, euen to the eyes of Richard,
 1325 Gaue him defyance:but which of you was by?
 1326 You coufen Neuel, (as I may remember)
 1327 When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,
 1328 Then checkt and rated by Northumberland,
 1329 Did speake these wordes now proou'd a prophecie:
 1330 Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
 1331 My coufen Bolingbrooke ascends my throne,
 1332 (Though then (God knowes) I had no such intent,
 1333 But that necessitie so bowed the state,
 1334 That I and greatnesse were compeld to kisse.)
 1484 1335 The time shall come, thus did he folow it,
 1336 The time wil come, that foule sin gathering head,
 1337 Shall breake into corruption: so went on,
 1338 Fortelling this same times condition.
 1339 And the deuision of our amitie.
 1340 *War.* There is a historie in all mens liues,
 1341 Figuring the natures or the times deceaft:
 1342 The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie,
 1343 With a neere ayme of the maine chance of things,
 1344 As yet not come to life, who in their feedes,
 1345 And weake beginning lie intreasured:
 1346 Such thinges become the hatch and broode of time,
 1347 And by the necessary forme or this,
 1497 1348 King Richard might create a perfectt gueffe,
 1349 That great Northumberland then false to him,
 1350 Would of that feede growe to a greater falsenesse,
 1351 Which should not find a ground to roote vpon
 1352 Vnlesse on you.
 1353 *King.* Are these thinges then necessities,
 1354 Then let vs meet them like necessities,
 1355 Aud that same word euen now cries out on vs:
 1356 They say the Bishop and Northumberland,
 1357 Are fiftie thousand strong.

Who, like a Brother, toy'd in my Affaires,	1471
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot :	1472
Yea, for my fake, euen to the eyes of <i>Richard</i>	1473
Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by	1474
(You Cousin <i>Neuil</i> , as I may remember)	1475
When <i>Richard</i> , with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,	1476
(Then check'd, and rated by <i>Northumberland</i>)	1477
Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)	1478
<i>Northumberland</i> , thou Ladder, by the which	1479
My Cousin <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ascends my Throne :	1480
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no such intent,	1481
But that necessitie so bow'd the State,	1482
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)	1483
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)	1484
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,	1485
Shall breake into Corruption : so went on,	1486
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,	1487
And the diuision of our Amitie.	1488
<i>War.</i> There is a Historie in all mens Liues,	1489
Figuring the nature of the Times deccas'd :	1490
The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie	1491
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,	1492
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes	1493
And weake beginnings lye entreaured :	1494
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time ;	1495
And by the necessarie forme of this,	1496
King <i>Richard</i> might create a perfect gueffe,	1497
That great <i>Northumberland</i> , then false to him,	1498
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,	1499
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,	1500
Vnlesse on you.	1501
<i>King.</i> Are these things then Necessities ?	1502
Then let vs meete them like Necessities ;	1503
And that same word, euen now cries out on vs:	1504
They say, the Bishop and <i>Northumberland</i>	1505
Are fiftie thousand strong.	1506

- 1358 *War.* It cannot be my Lord,
 1359 Rumour doth double like the voice, and eccho
 1360 The numbers of the feared, please it your grace,
 1361 To go to bedde: vpon my foule, my Lord,
 1362 The Powers that you alreadie haue sent foorth,
 1363 Shall bring this priſe in very eaſily:
 1364 To comfort you the more, I haue receiued,
 1365 A certain inſtance that Glendour is dead:
 1366 Your Maieſtie hath beene this fortnight ill,
 1367 And theſe vnſeaſoned howers perforce muſt adde
 1368 Vnto your ſickeſſe.
 1369 *King.* I will take your counſaile,
 1519 1370 And were theſe inwatd warres once out of hand,
 1371 We would(deare Lords)vnto the holy land. *exeunt*

1372 *Enter Iuſtice Shallow, and Iuſtice*
 1373 *Silence.*

- 1374 *Shallow* Come on, come on, come on fir, giue me your
 1375 hand fir, giue me your hand fir, an early firrer, by the Roode:
 1376 and how dooth my good coſin Silens?
 1377 *Silence* Good morrow good coſin Shallow.
 1378 *Shallow* And how dooth my coſin your bed-fellowe?
 1379 and your fayreſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter El-
 1380 len?
 1531 1381 *Silens.* Alas, a blacke woofel, coſin Shallow.
 1382 *Shallow* By yea, and no fir : I dare faye my coſin Wil-
 1383 ham is become a good ſcholler, he is at Oxford full, is hee
 1384 not?
 1385 *Silens* Indeede fir to my coſt.
 1386 *Shallow* A muſt then to the Innes a court ſhortly: I was

<i>War.</i> It cannot be (my Lord:)	1507
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,	1508
The numbers of the feared. Pleafe it your Grace	1509
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)	1510
The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue sent forth,	1511
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.	1512
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd	1513
A certaine instance, that <i>Glendour</i> is dead.	1514
Your Maieftie hath beene this fort-night ill,	1515
And thefe vnfeafon'd howres perforce muft adde	1516
Vnto your Sickneffe.	1517
<i>King.</i> I will take your counsaile :	1518
And were thefe inward Warres once out of hand,	1519
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.	1520
<i>Exeunt.</i>	1521

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,</i>	1522
<i>Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.</i>	1523
<i>Shal.</i> Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your	1524
Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early ftirrer, by	1525
the Rood. And how doth my good Coufin <i>Silence</i> ?	1526
<i>Sil.</i> Good-morrow, good Coufin <i>Shallow.</i>	1527
<i>Shal.</i> And how doth my Coufin, your Bed-fellow?	1528
and your faireft Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter	1529
<i>Ellen</i> ?	1530
<i>Sil.</i> Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Coufin <i>Shallow.</i>)	1531
<i>Shal.</i> By yea and nay, Sir, I dare fay my Coufin <i>William</i>	1532
is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford ftill, is hee	1533
not?	1534
<i>Sil.</i> Indeede Sir, to my coft.	1535
<i>Shal.</i> Hee muft then. to the Innes of Court fhortly: I	1536

1387 once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad
1388 Shallow yet.

1389 *Silens* You were cald Lufy Shallow then, cofin.

1390 *Shallow* By the maffe I was cald any thing, and I would
1391 haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was
1392 I, and little Iohn Doyt of Stafford-shire, and Blacke George
1393 Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cotfole
1394 man, you had not foure fuch fwinge bucklers in al the Innes
1395 a court againe: and I may fay to you, we knew where the bona
1396 robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement:
1397 then was Iacke Falstaffe (now fir Iohn) a boy, and Page to
1398 Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

1399 *Silens* Coofin, this fir Iohn that comes hither anone about
1400 fouldiers?

1552 1401 *Shall.* The fame (fir Iohn) the very fame, I see him breake
1402 Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not
1403 thus high: and the very fame day did I fight with one Samson
1404 Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iefu, Iefu, the
1405 mad dayes that I haue fpend ! and to see how many of my olde
1406 acquaintance are dead.

1407 *Silens* We fhall all follow, coofin.

1408 *Shal.* Certaine, tis certaine, very fure, very fure, death(as the
1409 Pfalmist faith) is certaine to all, all fhall die. How a good yoke
1410 of bullockes at Samforth faire?

1411 *Silens* By my troth I was not there.

1412 *Shal.* Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne li-
1413 uing yet?

1565 1414 *Silens* Dead fir.

1415 *Shal.* Iefu, Iefu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a fhot
1416 a fine fhoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and beued much
1417 money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at
1418 twelue fcore, and caried you a forehand shaft a foureteene and
1419 foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart
1420 good to see. How a fcore of Ewes now?

was once of *Clements* Inne ; where (I thinke) they will
 talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luftie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing : and I would haue done
 any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
 little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*,
 and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-fal-man, you
 had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
 Court againe : And I may say to you, wee knew where
 the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at
 commandement. Then was *Iacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *John*)
 a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Nor-
 folke.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-
 bout Souldiers ?

Shal. The fame Sir *John*, the very fame : I saw him
 breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
 a Crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight
 with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-
 Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent ! and to see
 how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead ?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine : 'tis certaine : very sure, very sure :
 Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
 of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre ?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne
 liuing yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead ? See, see : hee drew a good Bow : and
 dead ? hee shot a fine shoote. *John* of Gaunt loued
 him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead ?
 hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and
 carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foure-
 teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
 good to see. How a score of Ewes now ?

1421 *Silens* Thereafter as they be, a fcore of good Ewes may be
1422 worth tenne pounds.

1423 *Shal.* And is olde Dooble dead?

1424 *Silens* Heere come twoo of fir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I
1425 thinke.

1426 *Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.*

1427 Good morrow honest gentlemen.

1428 *Bard.* I befeech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

1429 *Shall.* I am Robert Shallow fir, a poore Esquire of this
1430 Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: what is
1431 your pleasure with me?

1432 *Bard.* My Captaine, fir, commends him to you, my Cap-
1433 taine fir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most
1434 gallant Leader,

1587 1435 *Shall.* He greets me wel, fir, I knew him a good backsword
1436 man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie
1437 his wife doth?

1438 *Bar.* Sir, pardon, a fouldiour is better accomodate than
1439 with a wife.

1440 *Shallow* It is well fayde in faith fir, and it is well fayde in-
1441 deede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is
1442 it, good phrafes, are surely, and euer were, very commenda-
1443 ble, accommodated: it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a
1444 good phrafe.

1597 1445 *Bardolfe* Pardon me fir, I haue heard the worde, phrafe
1446 call you it? by this good day, I knowe not the phrafe, but
1447 I will mayntayne the worde with my sworde, to bee a foul-
1448 diour-like word, and a worde of exceeding good command,
1449 by heauen: accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they
1450 say, accommodated, or when a man is, beeing whereby, a
1451 may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent
1452 thing.

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good Ewes
may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead ?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John Falstaffes* Men (as I
thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I befeech you, which is Iustice *Shallow* ?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*(Sir)a poore Esquire of this
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace :
What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you :
my Captaine, Sir *John Falstaffe* : a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well : (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommoda-
ted, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well faid, Sir ; and it is well faid, indeede,
too : Better accommodated ? it is good, yea indeede is
it : good phrafes are furely, and euery where very com-
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo* :
very good, a good Phrafe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrafe
call you it ? by this Day, I know not the Phrafe : but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-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 thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

1453

Enter fir Iohn Falstaffe.

1454 *Iust.* It is very iust: looke, here comes good fir Iohn, giue
 1455 me your good hand, giue mee your worshippinges good hand,
 1456 by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well,
 1457 welcome good fir Iohn.

1458 *Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good maister Robert Shal-
 1459 low, maister Soccard(as I thinke.)

1460 *Shal.* No fir Iohn, it is my coffin Silens, in commiffion with
 1461 me.

1462 *Falst.* Good maister Silens, it well befits you should be of
 1463 the Peace.

1464 *Silens* Your good worship is welcome.

1465 *Falst.* Fie, this is hot weather(gentlemen) haue you prou-
 1466 ded me heere halfe a dozen sufficient men?

1467 *Shal.* Mary haue we fir, will you fit?

1620 1468 *Falst.* Let me see them I beseech you.

1469 *Shal.* Wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? wheres the
 1470 rowle? let me see, let me see, fo, fo, fo, fo, fo (fo, fo) yea mary fir,
 1471 Rafe Mouldy, let them appeere as I call, let them do fo, let the
 1472 do fo, let me see, where is Mouldy?

1473 *Mouldy* Here and it please you.

1474 *Sha.* What think you fir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong,
 1475 strong, and of good friends.

1476 *Fal.* Is thy name Mouldie?

1477 *Moul.* Yea, and't please you.

1478 *Fal.* Tis the more time thou wert vfe.

1479 *Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, most excellent yfaith, things that are moul-
 1480 dy lacke vfe:very singular good, infaith well said fir Iohn. very
 1481 well said. *Iohn prickes him.*

1636 1482 *Moul.* I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue
 1483 let me alone, my old dame will be vndone now for one to doe
 1484 her husbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt
 1485 me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Enter Falstaffe.

1605

Shal. It is very iuft: Looke, heere comes good Sir 1606

Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good 1607

hand: Truft me, you looke well: and beare your yeares 1608

very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn.* 1609

Fal. I am glad to fee you well, good M. *Robert Shal-* 1610

low: Mafter *Sure-card* as I thinke? 1611

Shal. No fir *Iohn,* it is my Cofin *Silence:* in Commiffi- 1612

on with mee. 1613

Fal. Good M. *Silence,* it well befits you fhould be of 1614

the peace. 1615

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome. 1616

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you 1617

prouided me heere halfe a dozen of fufficient men? 1618

Shal. Marry haue we fir: Will you fit? 1619

Fal. Let me fee them, I befeech you. 1620

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's 1621

the Roll? Let me fee, let me fee, let me fee: fo, fo, fo, fo: 1622

yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie:* let them appeare as I call: 1623

let them do fo, let them do fo: Let mee fee, Where is 1624

Mouldie? 1625

Moul. Heere, if it pleafe you. 1626

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fel- 1627

low: yong, ftrong, and of good friends. 1628

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie?* 1629

Moul. Yea, if it pleafe you. 1630

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd. 1631

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moft excellent. Things that are moul- 1632

die, lacke vie: very fingular good. Well faide Sir *Iohn,* 1633

very well faid. 1634

Fal. Pricke him. 1635

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could 1636

haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for 1637

one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need 1638

not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe 1639

out, then I. 1640

1486 *Fal.* Go to, peace Mouldy, you shall go, Mouldy it is time
1487 you were spent.

1488 *Moul.* Spent?

1489 *Shal.* Peace fellow, peace, stand aside, know you where you
1490 are? for th'other fir Iohn: let me see Simon Shadow.

1491 *Fal.* Yea mary, let me haue him to fit vnder, hees like to be
1492 a cold foldiour,

1493 *Shal.* Wheres Shadow?

1494 *Shad.* Here fir.

1495 *Fal.* Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

1496 *Shad.* My mothers sonne fir.

1497 *Fal.* Thy mothers sonne! like enough, and thy fathers sha-
1498 dow, so the sonne of the female is the shadow of the male: it is
1499 often so indeede, but much of the fathers substance.

1500 *Shal.* Do you like him fir Iohn?

1501 *Fal.* Shadow wil serue for summer, pricke him, for we haue
1502 a number of shadowes, fill vp the muster booke.

1661 1503 *Shal.* Thomas Wart.

1504 *Fal.* Wheres he?

1505 *Wart* Here fir.

1506 *Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

1507 *Wart* Yea fir.

1508 *Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

1509 *Shal.* Shall I pricke him fir Iohn?

1510 *Fal.* It were superfluous for apparell is built vpon his back,
1511 and the whole frame stands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

1512 *Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir, you can do it, I commend
1513 you well: Francis Feeble.

1514 *Feeble* Here fir.

1515 *Shal.* What trade art thou Feeble?

- Fal.* Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*, 1641
it is time you were spent. 1642
- Moul.* Spent? 1643
- Shallow.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you 1644
where you are? For the other fir *Iohn*: Let me see: *Simon* 1645
Shadow. 1646
- Fal.* I marry, let me have him to sit vnder: he's like to 1647
be a cold fouldier. 1648
- Shal.* Where's *Shadow*? 1649
- Shad.* Heere fir. 1650
- Fal.* *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou? 1651
- Shad.* My Mothers sonne, Sir. 1652
- Falst.* Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa- 1653
thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow 1654
of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers 1655
substance. 1656
- Shal.* Do you like him, fir *Iohn*? 1657
- Falst.* *Shadow* will ferue for Summer: pricke him: For 1658
wee haue a number of shadows to fill vpp the Muster- 1659
Booke. 1660
- Shal.* *Thomas Wart*? 1661
- Falst.* Where's he? 1662
- Wart.* Heere fir. 1663
- Falst.* Is thy name *Wart*? 1664
- Wart.* Yea fir. 1665
- Fal.* Thou art a very ragged *Wart*. 1666
- Shal.* Shall I pricke him downe, 1667
Sir *Iohn*? 1668
- Falst.* It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vp- 1669
on his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick 1670
him no more. 1671
- Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can doe it: I 1672
commend you well. 1673
- Francis Feeble.* 1674
- Feeble.* Heere fir. 1675
- Shal.* What Trade art thou *Feeble*? 1676

1516 *Feeble* A womans tailer fir.

1678 1517 *Shal.* Shall I pricke him fir?

1518 *Fal.* You may, but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a prickt
1519 you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as
1520 thou haft done in a womans peticoate.

1521 *Feeble* I will do my good will fir, you can haue no more.

1522 *Fal.* Well faide good womans tailer, well faide couragious
1523 *Feeble*, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or most
1524 magnanimous moufe pricke the womans tailer: welM.Shal-
1525 low, deepe M. Shallow.

1526 *Feeble* I would Wart might haue gone fir.

1527 *Fal.* I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou mightst
1528 mend him and make him fit to goe, I cannot put him to a pri-
1529 uate fouldier that is the leader of fo many thousands, let that
1530 suffice most forcible *Feeble*.

1531 *Feeble* It shall suffice fir.

1532 *Fal.* I am bound to thee reuerend *Feeble*, who is next?

1533 *Shal.* Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

1534 *Fal.* Yea mary, lets see Bul-calfe,

1535 *Bul.* Here fir. (roare againe.

1536 *Eal.* Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke Bul-calfe til hee

1537 *Bul.* O Lord, good my lord captaine.

1704 1538 *Falst.* What, dost thou roare before thou art prickt?

1539 *Bul.* O Lord fir, I am a difeafed man.

1540 *Fal.* What difeafe haft thou?

1541 *Bul.* A horfon cold fir, a cough fir, which I cought with
1542 ringing in the Kings affaires vpon his coronation day fir.

1543 *Fal.* Come thou shalt goe to the warres in a gowne, we wil
1544 haue away thy cold, and I wil take fuch order that thy friendes
1545 shall ring for thee. Is here all?

- Feeble.* A Womans Taylor fir. 1677
- Shal.* Shall I pricke him, fir? 1678
- Fal.* You may: 1679
- But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd 1680
you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat- 1681
taile, as thou haft done in a Womans petticoate? 1682
- Feeble.* I will doe my good will fir, you can haue no 1683
more. 1684
- Falst.* Well faid, good Womans Tailour: Well fayde 1685
Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath- 1686
full Doue, or moft magnanimous Moufe. Pricke the wo- 1687
mans Taylour well Mafter *Shallow*, deepe Maifter *Shal-* 1688
low. 1689
- Feeble.* I would *Wart* might haue gone fir. 1690
- Fal.* I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y^e might'ft 1691
mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to 1692
a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of fo many thou- 1693
fands. Let that fuffice, moft Forcible *Feeble*. 1694
- Feeble.* It fhall fuffice. 1695
- Falst.* I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is 1696
the next? 1697
- Shal.* *Peter Bulcalfe* of the Greene. 1698
- Falst.* Yea marry, let vs fee *Bulcalfe*. 1699
- Bul.* Heere fir. 1700
- Fal.* Truft me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bul-* 1701
calfe till he roare againe. 1702
- Bul.* Oh, good my Lord Captaine. 1703
- Fal.* What? do'ft thou roare before th'art prickt. 1704
- Bul.* Oh fir, I am a difeafed man. 1705
- Fal.* What difeafe haft thou? 1706
- Bul.* A whorfon cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught 1707
with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation 1708
day, fir. 1709
- Fal.* Come, thou fhalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: 1710
we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take fuch order, 1711
that thy friends fhall ring for thee. Is heere all? 1712

1546 *Shal.* Here is two more cald then your number, you muft
 1547 haue but foure here fir, and fo I pray you goe in with mee to
 1548 dinner.

1549 *Fal.* Come, I wil go drink with you, but I cānot tary dinner,
 1550 I am glad to fee you, by my troth mafter Shallow.

1551 *Shal.* O fir Iohn, do you remember ſince we lay all night
 1552 in the windmil in faint Georges field?

1721 1553 *Fal.* No more of that mafter Shallow.

1554 *Shal.* Ha, twas a merry night, and is Iane Night-worke a-
 1555 liue?

1556 *Falst.* She liues mafter Shallow.

1557 *Shal.* She neuer could away with me.

1558 *Fa.* Neuer neuer, ſhe wold alwaies fay, ſhe could not abide
 1559 mafter Shallow.

1560 *Sha.* By the maſſe I could anger her too'th heart, ſhe was
 1561 then a *bona roba*, doth ſhe hold her owne wel?

1562 *Fal.* Old old mafter Shallow.

1563 *Shal.* Nay ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old, cer-
 1564 tain ſhees old, & had Robin Night-work by old Night-work,
 1565 before I came to Clemham,

1566 *Scilens* Thats fiftie fiue yeare ago.

1567 *Shal.* Ha coufen Scilens that thou hadſt ſeene that, that this
 1568 Knight and I haue ſeene ha fir Iohn ſaid I well?

1569 *Fal* We haue heard the chimes at midnight M.Shallow.

1570 *Sha.* That we haue that we haue, that we haue in faith fir
 1571 Iohn we haue, our watch-ворde was Hembroies, come lets to
 1572 dinner, come lets to dinner, Ieſus the daies that wee haue ſeene,
 1573 come, come. *exeunt.*

1745 1574 *Bul.* Good maifter corporate Bardolfe, ſtand my friend,
 1575 & heres foure Harry tenthillings in french crowns for you, in
 1576 very truth fir, I had as liue be hangd fir as go, and yet for mine
 1577 owne part fir I do not care, but rather becauſe I am vnwilling

Shal. There is two more called then your number : 1713
you must haue but foure heere fir, and so I pray you go in 1714
with me to dinner. 1715

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot 1716
tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master 1717

Shallow. 1718

Shal. O fir *Iohn*, doe you remember since wee lay all 1719
night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field. 1720

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow* : No 1721
more of that. 1722

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Night-* 1723
worke aliue ? 1724

Fal. She liues, M.*Shallow.* 1725

Shal. She neuer could away with me. 1726

Fal. Neuer, neuer : she would alwayes say shee could 1727
not abide M.*Shallow.* 1728

Shal. I could anger her to the heart : shee was then a 1729
Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well. 1730

Fal. Old, old, M.*Shallow.* 1731

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choofe but be 1732
old : certaine shee's old : and had *Robin Night-worke*, by 1733
old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne. 1734

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe. 1735

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that, 1736
that this Knight and I haue seene : hah, Sir *Iohn*, said I 1737
well ? 1738

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Ma- 1739
ster *Shallow.* 1740

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue ; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, 1741
wee haue : our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, 1742
let's to Dinner ; come, let's to Dinner : Oh the dayes that 1743
wee haue seene. Come, come. 1744

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my 1745
friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French 1746
Crownes for you : in very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd 1747
fir, as goe : and yet, for mine owne part, fir, I do not care ; 1748

1578 and for mine owne part haue a desire to stay with my friends,
1579 else fir I did not care for mine owne part so much.

1580 *Bard.* Go to, stand aside.

1581 *Moul.* And good master corporall captaine, for my dames
1582 sake stand my friend, she has no body to doe any thing about
1583 her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe,
1584 you shall haue forty fir.

1585 *Bar.* Go to, stand aside.

1586 *Feeble* By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we
1587 owe God a death, ile nere beare a base mind, and't bee my
1588 destiny:so, and't be not, so, no man's too good to serue's prince,
1589 and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for
1590 the next.

1591 *Bar* Well said, th'art a good fellow.

1764 1592 *Feeble* Faith ile beare no base mind,

1593 *Enter Falstaffe and the Iustices.*

1594 *Fal.* Come fir, which men shall I haue?

1595 *Shal.* Foure of which you please.

1596 *Bar* Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Moul-
1597 dy and Bulcalfe ?

1598 *Fal.* Go to, well.

1599 *Shal.* Come fir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

1600 *Fal.* Do you chuse for me.

1601 *Shal.* Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

1602 *Fal.* Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy stay at home, til
1603 you are past seruice : and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you
1604 come vnto it, I will none of you.

1605 *Shal.* Sir Iohn, fir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are
1606 your likeliest men, and I would haue you serude with the
1607 best.

1780 1608 *Fal.* Wil you tel me(master Shallow)how to chuse a man?
1609 care I for the limbe, the thewes, the stature, bulke and big af-
1610 semblance of a man:giue methe spirit M.Shalow:heres Wart,

but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne
part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, fir, I did
not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my
old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to
doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old,
and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, fir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a
death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my desti-
nie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his
Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this
yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come fir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to
free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, fir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and
Shadow.

Falst. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, stay
at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, *Bull-*
calfe, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your selfe wrong, they
are your likelyest men, and I would haue you seru'd with
the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse
a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature,
bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the
spirit (Master *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you see what

1611 you see what a ragged apparance it is, a shall charge you, and
 1612 discharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come
 1613 off and on swifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket:
 1614 and this fame halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he

1615 presents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great
 1616 aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how
 1617 swiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue
 1618 mee the spare men, and spare me the great ones, putte mee a
 1619 caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

1620 *Bar.* Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

1621 *Fal.* Come mannage me your caliuer:so, very wel, go to, very
 1622 good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde
 1623 chopt Balde, shot: well said yfaith Wart, th'art a good scab
 1624 hold, theres a tetter for thee.

1799 1625 *Shal.* He is not his crafts-master, he doth not do it right; I
 1626 remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne,
 1627 I was then sir Dagonet in Arthurs show, there was a little
 1628 quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a

1629 would about and about, and come you in, and come you in,
 1630 rah, tah, tah, would a fay, bounce would a fay, and away again
 1631 would a go, and againe would a come: I shall nere see such a
 1632 fellow.

1633 *Fal.* These fellowes wooll doe well M.Shallow, God keep
 1634 you M.Scilens, I will not vse many words with you, fare you
 1635 wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I must a dofen mile to night:
 1636 Bardolfe, giue the fouldiers coates.

1637 *Shal.* Sir Iohn, the Lord bleffe you God prosper your af-
 1638 faires, God fend vs peace at your returne, visit our house, let
 1639 our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye
 1640 to the court.

1641 *Fal.* Fore God would you would.

1818 1642 *Shal.* Go to, I haue spoke at a word, God keep you

1643 *Fal.* Fare you well gentle gentlemen.

exit

a ragged appearance it is : hee shall charge you, and
 discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Ham-
 mer : come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on
 the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow,
Shadow, giue me this man : hee presents no marke to the
 Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at
 the edge of a Pen-knife : and for a Retrait, how swiftly
 will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue
 me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a
 Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerse : thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer : fo : very well,
 go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes
 a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou
 art a good Scab : hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe
 it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay
 at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs*
 Show : there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would
 manage you his Peece thus : and hee would about,
 and about, and come you in, and come you in : Rah,
 tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and
 away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come :
 I shall neuer seee such a fellow.

Falst. These fellowes will doe well, Master *Shallow*.
 Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not vse many wordes with
 you : fare you well, Gentlemen both : I thanke you :
 I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers
 Coates.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heauen bleffe you, and prosper your
 Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit
 my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed : per-
 aduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too : I haue spoke at a word. Fare you
 well. *Exit.*

1644 *Shal.* On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will
 1645 fetch off these iustices, I do see the bottome of iustice Shallow,
 1646 Lord, Lord, how subiect we old men are to this vice of lying,
 1647 this same staru'd iustice hath done nothing but prate to me,
 1648 of the wildnesse of his youth, and the feates he hath done a-
 1649 bout Turne-bull freet, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid
 1650 to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him
 1651 at Clements Inne, like a man made after supper of a cheefe pa-
 1652 ring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forkt
 1653 reddish, with a head fantastically carued vpon it with a knife,
 1654 a was so forlorne, that his demensions to any thicke sight were
 1655 inuincible, a was the very gemies of famine, yet lecherous as a
 1656 monkie, & the whores cald him mandrake, a came ouer in the
 1657 rereward of the fashon, and fung those tunes to the ouer-
 1658 schutcht hufwiues, that he heard the Car-men whistle, and
 1659 fware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and nowe is
 1660 this vices dagger become a squire, and talkes as familiarly of
 1661 Iohn a Gaunt, as if he had bin sworne brother to him, and
 1662 ile be sworn a nere saw him but once in the tylt-yard, and then
 1663 he burst his head for crowding among the Marshalles men, I
 1840 1664 saw it, and told Iohn a Gaunt he beate his owne name, for you
 1665 might haue thrust him and all his aparell into an eeleshin, the
 1666 case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him a Court, and

 1667 now has he land and beefes. Well, ile he acquainted with him
 1668 if I returne, and t'shal go hard, but ile make him a philosophers
 1669 two stones to me, if the yong Dafe be a baite for the old Pike,
 1670 I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him: let
 1671 Time shape, and there an end,

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bar-* 1820
dolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off 1821
these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice *Shal-* 1822
low. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of *Ly-* 1823
ing? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but 1824
prate to me of the wildeneffe of his Youth, and the 1825
Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euery 1826
third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the 1827
Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, 1828
like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When 1829
hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked 1830
Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a 1831
Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to 1832
any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very 1833
Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of 1834
the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a 1835
Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if 1836
hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne 1837
hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he 1838
burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. 1839
I saw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne 1840
Name, for you might haue trufs'd him and all his Ap- 1841
parrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoe- 1842
boy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath 1843
hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with 1844
him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make 1845
him a Philofophers two Stones to me. If the young 1846
Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the 1847
Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, 1848
and there an end. *Exeunt.* 1849

1672 *Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within*
 1673 *the forrest of Gaultree.*

1674 *Bish.* What is this forrest calld?

1675 *Hast.* Tis Gaultree forrest, and't shal please your grace.

1676 *Bishop* Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth,

1677 To know the numbers of our enemies:

1678 *Hastings* We haue sent forth already.

1858 1679 *Bishop* Tis well done,

1580 My friends and brethren (in these great affaires)

1681 I must acquaint you that I haue receiu'd

1682 New dated letters from Northumberland,

1683 Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus :

1684 Here doth he wish his person, with such powrs,

1685 As might hold fortance with his quallitie,

1686 The which he would not leuy : whereupon

1687 He is retirde to ripe his growing fortunes,

1688 To Scotland and concludes in hearty prayers,

1689 That your attempts may ouer-lieue the hazard

1690 And fearefull meeting of their opposite.

1691 *Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we haue in him touch ground,

1692 And dash themselues to peeces. *Enter messenger*

1693 *Hastings* Now, what newes?

1694 *Messenger* West of this forrest, scarcely off a mile,

1695 In goodly forme comes on the enemy,

1696 And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number

1697 Vpon, or neere the rate of thirty thousand.

1878 1698 *Mowbray* The iust proportion that we gaue them out,

1699 Let vs sway on, and face them in the field.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings,</i>	1850
<i>Westmerland, Coleuile.</i>	1851
<i>Bish.</i> What is this Forreft call'd ?	1852
<i>Hast.</i> 'Tis Gualtree Forreft, and't shall please your	1853
Grace.	1854
<i>Bish.</i> Here stand (my Lords) and fend discoverers forth,	1855
To know the numbers of our Enemies.	1856
<i>Hast.</i> Wee haue sent forth alreadie.	1857
<i>Bish.</i> 'Tis well done.	1858
My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)	1859
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd	1860
New-dated Letters from <i>Northumberland:</i>	1861
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.	1862
Here doth hee with his Person, with such Powers	1863
As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,	1864
The which hee could not leuie : whereupon	1865
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,	1866
To Scotland ; and concludes in heartie prayers,	1867
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,	1868
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.	1869
<i>Mow.</i> Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,	1870
And dash themselues to pieces.	1871
<i>Enter a Messenger.</i>	1872
<i>Hast.</i> Now ? what newes ?	1873
<i>Mess.</i> West of this Forreft, scarcely off a mile,	1874
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy :	1875
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number	1876
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.	1877
<i>Mow.</i> The iust proportion that we gaue them out.	1878
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.	1879

1700 *Bishop* What wel appointed Leader fronts vs heere?

1701 *Enter Westmerland*

1702 *Mowbray* I thinke it is my lord of Westmerland.

1703 *West.* Health and faire greeting from our Generall,

1704 The prince lord Iohn and duke of Lancaſter.

1705 *Bishop* Say on my lord of VWestmerland in peace,

1706 VVhat doth concerne your comming?

1707 *West.* Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse

1708 The ſubſtance of my ſpeech : if that rebellion

1709 Came like it ſelfe, in baſe and abieſt rowtes,

1710 Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,

1711 And countenaunſt by boyes and beggary.

1712 I ſay, if damnd commotion ſo appeare,

1713 In his true, natiue, and moſt proper ſhape,

1714 You, reuerend father, and theſe noble Lordes,

1715 Had not beene heere to dreſſe the owgly forme

1716 Of baſe and bloody Infurrection

1717 With your faire Honours. You (lord Archbiſhop)

1899 1718 Whoſe Sea is by a ciuile peace maintaine,

1719 Whoſe beard the ſiluer hand of Peace hath toucht,

1720 Whoſe learning and good letters Peace hath tutord;

1721 Whoſe white inueſtments figures innocence,

1722 The Doue, and very bleſſed ſpirite of peace.

1723 Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelfe

1724 Out of the ſpeech of peace that beares ſuch grace,

1725 Into the harſh and boyſtrous tongue of warre?

1726 Turning your bookes to graues, your incke to bloud,

1727 Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,

1728 To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?

1910 1729 *Biſh.* Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands:

1730 Briefly, to this end we are all diſeaſe:

Enter Westmerland.

1880

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here ?

1881

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

1882

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of Lancafter.

1883

1884

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace :

1885

What doth concerne your comming ?

1886

West. Then (my Lord)

1887

Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse

1888

The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion

1889

Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,

1890

Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,

1891

And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie :

1892

I fay, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,

1893

In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,

1894

You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)

1895

Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme

1896

Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,

1897

With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,

1898

Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,

1899

Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,

1900

Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,

1901

Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,

1902

The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.

1903

Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,

1904

Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,

1905

Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre ?

1906

Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,

1907

Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine

1908

To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

1909

Bish. Wherefore doe I this ? so the Question stands.

1910

Briefely to this end : Wee are all diseas'd,

1911

And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,

1912

Haue brought our felues into a burning Feuer,

1913

- 1731 The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
 1732 VVhose memorie is written on the earth,
 1733 VVith yet appearing blood, and the examples
 1734 Of euery minutes instance (prefent now,)
 1735 Hath put vs in these ill-befeeming armes,
 1736 Not to breake peace or any braunch of it,
 1737 But to establiſh heere a peace indeede,
 1738 Concurring both in name and quallitie,
 1945 1739 *West.* VVhen euer yet was your appeale denied
 1740 VVherein haue you beene galled by the King?
 1741 What peere hath beene ſubornde to grate on you?
 1742 That you ſhould feale this lawleſſe bloody booke
 1743 Of forge rebellion with a feale diuine,
 1744 And confecrate commotions bitter edge.

And wee must bleede for it : of which Disease,	1914
Our late King <i>Richard</i> (being infected) dy'd.	1915
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)	1916
I take not on me here as a Physician,	1917
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,	1918
Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men :	1919
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,	1920
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happineffe,	1921
And purge th'obstruptions, which begin to stop	1922
Our very Veines of Life : heare me more plainly.	1923
I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,	1924
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,	1925
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.	1926
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,	1927
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,	1928
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,	1929
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes	1930
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles ;	1931
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,	1932
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience :	1933
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,	1934
Wee are deny'd acceffe vnto his Person,	1935
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.	1936
The dangers of the dayes but ncwly gone,	1937
Whose memorie is written on the Earth	1938
With yet appearing blood ; and the examples	1939
Of euery Minutes instance (present now)	1940
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes :	1941
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,	1942
But to establish here a Peace indeede,	1943
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.	1944
<i>Wesl.</i> When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd ?	1945
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King ?	1946
What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,	1947
That you should feale this lawlesse bloody Booke	1948
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine ?	1949

- 1745 *Bishop* My brother Generall, the common wealth
1746 To brother borne an household cruelty.
1747 I make my quarrell in particular.
1748 *West.* There is no neede of any such redresse,
1749 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
1954 1750 *Mowbray* why not to him in part, and to vs all
1751 That feele the bruifes of the daies before?
1752 And suffer the condition of these times.
1753 To lay a heauy and vnequall hand
1754 Vpon our honors.

<i>Bish.</i> My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,	1950
I make my Quarrell, in particular.	1951
<i>West.</i> There is no neede of any such redresse :	1952
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.	1953
<i>Mow.</i> Why not to him in part, and to vs all,	1954
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,	1955
And suffer the Condition of these Times	1956
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors ?	1957
<i>West.</i> O my good Lord <i>Mowbray</i> ,	1958
Construe the Times to their Necessities,	1959
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,	1960
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.	1961
Yet for your part, it not appears to me,	1962
Either from the King, or in the present Time,	1963
That you should haue an ynch of any ground	1964
To build a Griefe on : were you not restor'd	1965
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,	1966
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers ?	1967
<i>Mow.</i> What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,	1968
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me ?	1969
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,	1970
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him :	1971
And then, that <i>Henry Bullingbrooke</i> and hee	1972
Being mounted, and both rowfed in their Seates,	1973
Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurre,	1974
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,	1975
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,	1976
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together :	1977
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd	1978
My Father from the Breaft of <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ;	1979
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,	1980
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)	1981
Then threw hee downe himfelfe, and all their Liues,	1982
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,	1983
Haue since mis-carried vnder <i>Bullingbrooke</i> .	1984

- 1995 1755 *Wesl.* But this is meere digreffion from my purpose
 1756 Here come I from our princely generall,
 1757 To know your griefes, to tell you from his Grace,
 1758 That he will giue you audience, and wherein
 1759 It fhall appeere that your demaunds are iuft,
 1760 You fhall enioy them, euery thing fet off
 1761 That might fo much as thinke you enemies.
 1762 *Mowbray* But he hath forcde vs to compel this offer,
 1763 And it procedes from policie, not loue.
 1764 *West.* Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it fo:
 1765 This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:
 1766 For loe, within a ken our army lies:
 1767 Vpon mine honour, all too confident
 1768 To giue admittance to a thought of feare:
 1769 Our battell is more full of names than yours,
 1770 Our men more perfect in the vſe of armes,
 1771 Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt:
 1772 Then Reaſon will our hearts ſhould be as good:
 1773 Say you not then, our offer is compelld.
- 2014 1774 *Mow.* Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parlee.
 1775 *West.* That argues but the ſhame of your offence,
 1776 A rotten caſe abides no handling.
 1777 *Hastings* Hath the prince Iohn a full commiſſion,
 1778 In very ample vertue of his father,
 1779 To heare, and abſolutely to determine
 1780 Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand vpon?

<i>West.</i> You speak (Lord <i>Mowbray</i>) now you know not what.	1985
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then	1986
In England the most valiant Gentleman.	1987
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?	1988
But if your Father had benee Victor there,	1989
Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrey.	1990
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,	1991
Cry'd hate vpon him : and all their prayers, and loue,	1992
Were fet on <i>Herford</i> , whom they doted on,	1993
And blefs'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.	1994
But this is meere digression from my purpose.	1995
Here come I from our Princely Generall,	1996
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,	1997
That hee will giue you Audience : and wherein	1998
It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,	1999
You shall enioy them, euery thing fet off,	2000
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.	2001
<i>Mow.</i> But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,	2002
And it procedes from Pollicy, not Loue.	2003
<i>West.</i> <i>Mowbray</i> , you ouer-weene to take it so:	2004
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.	2005
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,	2006
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident	2007
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.	2008
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,	2009
Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,	2010
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best ;	2011
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.	2012
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.	2013
<i>Mow.</i> Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.	2014
<i>West.</i> That argues but the shame of your offence:	2015
A rotten Cause abides no handling.	2016
<i>Hast.</i> Hath the Prince <i>John</i> a full Commission,	2017
In very ample vertue of his Father,	2018
To heare, and absolutely to determine	2019
Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon ?	2020

1781 *West.* That is intended in the Generalles name,
 1782 I muse you make so slight a question.
 1783 *Bishop* Then take, my lord of Westmerland, this scedule,
 1784 For this containes our generall grievances,
 1785 Each feuerall article herein redrest,
 1786 All members of our cause both here and hence,
 1787 That are enfiwed to this action,
 1788 Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
 1789 And present execution of our willes,
 1790 To vs and our purposes confinde,
 1791 We come within our awefull bancks againe,
 1792 And knit our powers to the arme of peace.

2033 1793 *West.* This will I shew the General, please you Lords,
 1794 In fight of both our battells we may meete,
 1795 At either end in peace, which God so frame,
 1796 Or to the place of diffrence call the swords,
 1797 Which must decide it. *Exit Westmerland*

1798 *Bishop* My lord, we will doe so,
 1799 *Mou* There is a thing within my bosome tells me
 1800 That no conditions of our peace can stand,
 1801 *Hastings* Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
 1802 Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
 1803 As our conditions shall consist vpon,
 1804 Our peace shall stand as firme as rockie mountaines,

2045 1805 *Moub.* Yea but our valuation shal be such,
 1806 That every flight, and false deriued cause,
 1807 Yea every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
 1808 Shall to the King taste of this action,
 1809 That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
 1810 We shall be winow'd with so rough a wind,
 1811 That euen our corne shal seeme as light as chaffe,
 1812 And good from bad find no partition,
 1813 *Bish.* No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
 1814 Of daintie and such picking grieuances,
 1815 For he hath found, to end onc doubt by death,
 1816 Reuiues two greater in the heires of life :

<i>West.</i> That is intended in the Generalls Name :	2021
I muse you make so flight a Question.	2022
<i>Bish.</i> Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,	2023
For this contains our generall Grievances :	2024
Each severall Article herein redress'd,	2025
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,	2026
That are innewed to this Action,	2027
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,	2028
And present execution of our wills,	2029
To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,	2030
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,	2031
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.	2032
<i>West.</i> This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,	2033
In fight of both our Battails, wee may meete	2034
At either end in peace : which Heaven so frame,	2035
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,	2036
Which must decide it.	2037
<i>Bish.</i> My Lord, wee will doe so.	2038
<i>Mow.</i> There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,	2039
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.	2040
<i>Hast.</i> Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace	2041
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,	2042
As our Conditions shall consist vpon,	2043
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.	2044
<i>Mow.</i> I, but our valuation shall be such,	2045
That every flight, and false-deriued Cause,	2046
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,	2047
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action :	2048
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,	2049
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,	2050
That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,	2051
And good from bad finde no partition.	2052
<i>Bish.</i> No, no (my Lord) note this : the King is wearie	2053
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances :	2054
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,	2055
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.	2056

1817 And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
 1818 And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
 1819 That may repeate, and history his losse,
 1820 To new remembrance:for full wel he knowes,
 1821 He cannot so precisely weed this land,
 1822 As his misdoubts present occasion,
 1823 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 1824 That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
 1825 He doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend,
 1826 So that this land, like an offensiu wife,
 1827 That hath enragde him on to offer strokes,
 1828 As he is striking, holdes his infant vp,
 1829 And hangs resolu'd correction in the arme,
 1830 That was vpreard to execution.

2071 1831 *Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted al his rods,
 1832 On late offenders, that he now doth lacke
 1833 The very instruments of chastisement,
 1834 So that his power, like to a phangleffe lion,
 1835 May offer, but not hold.

2076 1836 *Bishop* Tis very true,
 1837 And therefore be assurde, my good Lord Marshall,
 1838 If we do now make our attonement well,
 1839 Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
 1840 Grow stronger for the breaking.
 1841 *Mow.* Be it so, here is returnd my lord of Westmerland.

1842 *Enter Westmerland.*

1843 *West.* The prince is here at hand, pleafeth your Lordship
 1844 To meet his grace iust distance tweene our armies.

1845 *Enter Prince Iohn and his armie.*

1846 *Mow.* Your grace of York, in Gods name then set forward.
 1847 *Bishop.* Before, and greette his grace(my lord) we come.

And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,	2057
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,	2058
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,	2059
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,	2060
Hee cannot so precisly weede this Land,	2061
As his mis-doubts present occasion :	2062
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,	2063
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemy,	2064
Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.	2065
So that this Land, like an offensiu wife,	2066
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,	2067
As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,	2068
And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,	2069
That was vprear'd to execution.	2070
<i>Hast.</i> Besides, the King hath waisted all his Rods,	2071
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke	2072
The very Instruments of Chastisement :	2073
So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion	2074
May offer, but not hold.	2075
<i>Bish.</i> 'Tis very true :	2076
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)	2077
If we do now make our attonement well,	2078
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)	2079
Grow stronger, for the breaking.	2080
<i>Mow.</i> Be it so :	2081
Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.	2082
<i>Enter Westmerland.</i>	2083
<i>West.</i> The Prince is here at hand:pleaseth your Lordship	2084
To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies?	2085
<i>Mow.</i> Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then	2086
forward.	2087
<i>Bish.</i> Before, and greet his Grace(my Lord) we come	2088
<i>Enter Prince Iohn.</i>	2089

- 1848 *John* You are well incountred here, my coufen Mowbray,
 1849 Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
 1850 And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
 1851 My Lord of Yorke, it better shewed with you,
 1852 When that your flocke assembled by the bell,
 1853 Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
 1854 Your exposition on the holy text,
 1855 That now to see you here, an yron man talking,
 1856 Cheering a rowt of rebels with your drumme,
 1857 Turning the word to sword, and life to death:
 1858 That man that sits within a monarches heart,
 1859 And ripens in the sun-shine of his fauor,
 1860 Would he abuse the countenance of the King:
 1861 Alacke what mischeefes might he set abroad,
 1862 In shadow of such greatnesse?with you Lord bishop
 1863 It is euen so, who hath not heard it spoken,
 1864 How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
 1865 To vs the speaker in his parliament,
 1866 To vs th' imagine voice of God himselfe,
 2109 1867 The very opener and intelligencer,
 1868 Betweene the grace, the sanctities of heauen,
 1869 And our dull workings?O who shal beleue,
 1870 But you misuse the reuerence of your place,
 1871 Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
 1872 As a false fauorite doth his princes name:
 1873 In deedes dishonorable you haue tane vp,
 1874 Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
 1875 The subiects of his substitute my father,
 1876 And both against the peace of heauen and him,
 1877 Haue here vpswarmd them.
 2120 1878 *Bishop* Good my Lord of Lancafter,
 1879 I am not here against your fathers peace,
 1880 But as I told my lord of Westmerland,
 1881 The time misordred doth in common sence,
 1882 Crowd vs and crush vs to this monstrous forme,
 1883 To hold our safety vp : I sent your grace,

<i>John.</i> You are wel encountred here(my cofin <i>Mowbray</i>)	2090
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbifhop,	2091
And fo to you Lord <i>Hastings</i> , and to all.	2092
My Lord of Yorke, it better fhew'd with you,	2093
When that your Flocke (affembled by the Bell)	2094
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence	2095
Your expofition on the holy Text,	2096
Then now to fee you heere an Iron man	2097
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,	2098
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death :	2099
That man that fits within a Monarches heart,	2100
And ripens in the Sunne-fhine of his fauor,	2101
Would hee abufe the Countenance of the King,	2102
Alack, what Mifchiefes might hee fet abroach,	2103
In fhadow of fuch Greatneffe? With you, Lord Bifhop,	2104
It is euen fo. Who hath not heard it fpoken,	2105
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen ?	2106
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament ;	2107
To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it felfe :	2108
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,	2109
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen,	2110
And our dull workings. O, who fhall beleeeue,	2111
But you mif-vfe the reuerence of your Place,	2112
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,	2113
As a falfe Fauorite doth his Princes Name,	2114
In deedes dif-honorable? You haue taken vp,	2115
Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,	2116
The Subiects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,	2117
And both againft the Peace of Heauen, and him,	2118
Haue here vp-fwarm'd them.	2119
<i>Bifh.</i> Good my Lord of Lancafter,	2120
I am not here againft your Fathers Peace :	2121
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)	2122
The Time (mif-order'd) doth in common fence	2123
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monftrous Forme,	2124
To hold our fafetie vp. I fent your Grace	2125

1884 The parcells and particulars of our grieffe,
 1885 The which hath beene with sorne shoued from the court,
 1886 Whereon this Hidra, sonne of warre is borne,
 1887 Whose dangerous eies may well be charmd asleepe,
 1888 With graunt of our most iust, and right desires,
 1889 And true obedience of this madnes cured,
 1890 Stoope tamely to the foote of maiestie.

1891 *Mow.* If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
 1892 To the last man.

1893 *Hast.* And though we here fal downe,
 1894 We haue supplies to second our attempt,
 1895 If they miscarry, theirs shal second them,
 1896 And so successe of mischief shall be borne,
 1897 And heire from heire shall hold his quarrell vp,
 1898 Whiles England shall haue generation.

1899 *Prince* You are too shallow Hastings, much too shallow,

1900 To found the bottome of the after times.

2144 1901 *West.* Pleaseth your grace to answere them directly,
 1902 How far forth you do like their articles.

1903 *Prince* I like them all, and do allow them well,
 1904 And sweare here by the honour of my bloud,
 1905 My fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
 1906 And some about him haue too lauishly,
 1907 Wrested his meaning and authority.

1908 My Lord, these griefes shall be with speed redrest,
 1909 Vppon my soule they shal, if this may please you,
 1910 Discharge your powers vnto their feuerall counties,
 1911 As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
 1912 Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
 1913 That all their eies may beare those tokens home,
 1914 Of our restored loue and amitie.

2158 1915 *Bishop* I take your princely word for these redresses,
 1916 I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
 1917 And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.
 1918 *Prince* Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie

The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, 2126
 The which hath been with ſcorne ſhou'd from the Court: 2127
 Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne, 2128
 Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleepe, 2129
 With graunt of our moſt iuſt and right deſires ; 2130
 And true Obedience, of this Madneſſe cur'd, 2131
 Stoope tamely to the foot of Maieſtie. 2132

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes, 2133
 To the laſt man. 2134

Hafſt. And though wee here fall downe, 2135
 Wee haue Supplies, to ſecond our Attempt : 2136
 If they miſ-carry, theirs ſhall ſecond them. 2137
 And ſo, ſucceſſe of Miſchiefe ſhall be borne, 2138
 And Heire from Heire ſhall hold this Quarrell vp, 2139
 Whiles England ſhall haue generation. 2140

Iohn. You are too ſhallow (*Hafſtings*) 2141
 Much too ſhallow, 2142
 To found the bottome of the after-Times. 2143

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwere them directly, 2144
 How farre-forth you doe like their Articles. 2145

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well : 2146
 And ſweare here, by the honor of my blood, 2147
 My Fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke, 2148
 And ſome, about him, haue too lauifhly 2149
 Wreſted his meaning, and Authoritie. 2150
 My Lord, theſe Griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt : 2151
 Vpon my Life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you, 2152
 Diſcharge your Powers vnto their ſeueral Countieſ, 2153
 As wee will ours : and here, betweene the Armieſ, 2154
 Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace, 2155
 That all their eyes may beare thoſe Tokens home, 2156
 Of our reſtored Loue, and Amitie. 2157

Biſh. I take your Princely word, for theſe redreſſes, 2158

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word : 2159
 And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace. 2160

Hafſt. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie 2161

1919 This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.

1920 I know it will well please them, hie thee captaine.

1921 *Bishop* To you my noble lord of Westmerland.

1922 *West.* I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,

1923 I haue bestowed to breed this present peace,

1924 You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye

1925 Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

1926 *Bishop* I do not doubt you.

1927 *West.* I am glad of it,

1928 Health to my Lord, and gentle coffin Mowbray.

1929 *Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season,

1930 For I am on the sodaine something ill.

1931 *Bishop* Against ill chaunces men are euer mery,

2177 1932 But heauineffe fore-runnes the good euent.

1933 *West.* Therefore be mery coze, since sodaine sorrow

1934 Serues to say thus, some good thing comes to morow.

1935 *Bishop* Beleue me I am passing light in spirit.

1936 *Mow.* So much the worse if your owne rule be true. *shout.*

1937 *Prin.* The word of peace is rendred, heark how they shewt.

1938 *Mow.* This had bin cheerefull after victory.

1939 *Bishop* A peace is of the nature of a conquest,

1940 For then both parties nobly are subdued,

1941 And neither party loofer.

1942 *Prince* Go my lord,

1943 And let our army be discharged too,

1944 And, good my lord, so please you, let our traines

1945 March by vs, that we may peruse the men,

1946 VVe should haue coap't withall.

2198 1947 *Bishop* Go, good Lord Hastings,

1948 And ere they be dismissed, let them march by. *enter Westmerland.*

1949 *Prince* I trust Lords we shall lie to night together:

1950 Now coffin, wherefore stands our army still?

This newes of Peace : let them haue pay, and part :	2162
I know, it will well please them.	2163
High thee Captaine.	<i>Exit.</i> 2164
<i>Bish.</i> To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.	2165
<i>West.</i> I pledge your Grace :	2166
And if you knew what paines I haue bestowed,	2167
To breede this present Peace,	2168
You would drinke freely : but my loue to ye,	2169
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.	2170
<i>Bish.</i> I doe not doubt you.	2171
<i>West.</i> I am glad of it.	2172
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin <i>Mowbray.</i>	2173
<i>Mow.</i> You wish me health in very happy season,	2174
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.	2175
<i>Bish.</i> Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,	2176
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.	2177
<i>West.</i> Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow	2178
Serues to say thus : some good thing comes to morrow.	2179
<i>Bish.</i> Beleue me, I am passing light in spirit.	2180
<i>Mow.</i> So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.	2181
<i>John.</i> The word of Peace is render'd : hearke how	2182
they shewt.	2183
<i>Mow.</i> This had been chearefull, after Victorie.	2184
<i>Bish.</i> A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest :	2185
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,	2186
And neither partie loofer.	2187
<i>John.</i> Goe (my Lord)	2188
And let our Army be discharged too :	2189
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines	2190
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men	<i>Exit.</i> 2191
Wee should haue coap'd withall.	2192
<i>Bish.</i> Goe, good Lord <i>Hastings</i> :	2193
And ere they be dismissed, let them march by.	<i>Exit.</i> 2194
<i>John.</i> I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.	2195
<i>Enter Westmerland.</i>	2196
Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still ?	2197

- 1951 *West.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
 1952 Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.
 1953 *Prince* They know their dueties. *enter Hastings*
 1954 *Hastings* My lord, our army is disperst already,
 1955 Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,
 1956 East, weast, north, south, or like a schoole broke vp,
 1957 Each hurries toward his home, and sporting place.
 1958 *West.* Good tidings my lord Hastings, for the which
 1959 I do arest thee traitor of high treason,
 1960 And you lord Archbishop, and you lord Mowbray,
 1961 Of capitall treason I attach you both.
 1962 *Mowbray* Is this proceeding iust and honorable?
 1963 *West.* Is your assembly so?
 2211 1964 *Bishop* will you thus breake your faith?
 1965 *Prince* I pawnde thee none,
 1966 I promise you redresse of these same grieuances
 1967 Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
 1968 I will performe, with a most christian care.
 1969 But for you rebels, looke to taste the due
 1970 Meete for rebellion :
 1971 Most shallowly did you these armes commence,
 1972 Fondly brought heere, and foolishly sent hence.
 1973 Strike vp our drummes, pursue the scattered stray:
 1974 God, and not we, hath safely fought to day:
 1975 Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
 1976 Treasons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.
 1977 *Alarum* *Enter Falstaffe* *excursions*
 1978 *Fal.* whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and
 1979 of what place?
 1980 *Cole.* I am a Knight sir, and my name is Coleuile of the
 1981 Dale.
 1982 *Fal.* well then, Colleuile is your name, a Knight is your de-
 1983 gree, and your place the dale : Coleuile shalbe still your name,
 1984 a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep
 1985 enough, so shall you be still Colleuile of the Dale.

<i>West.</i> The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,	2198
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.	2199
<i>John.</i> They know their duties.	<i>Enter Hastings.</i> 2200
<i>Hast.</i> Our Army is difpers'd :	2201
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their courfe	2202
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,	2203
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.	2204
<i>West.</i> Good tidings (my Lord <i>Hastings</i>) for the which,	2205
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason :	2206
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord <i>Mowbray</i> ,	2207
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.	2208
<i>Mow.</i> Is this proceeding iust, and honorable ?	2209
<i>West.</i> Is your Affembly so ?	2210
<i>Bish.</i> Will you thus breake your faith ?	2211
<i>John.</i> I pawn'd thee none :	2212
I promis'd you redresse of these fame Grieuances	2213
Whereof you did complaine ; which, by mine Honor,	2214
I will performe, with a most Christian care.	2215
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due	2216
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.	2217
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,	2218
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.	2219
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd fray,	2220
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.	2221
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,	2222
Treafons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2223
<i>Enter Falstaffe and Colleeuile.</i>	2224
<i>Falst.</i> What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are	2225
you? and of what place, I pray ?	2226
<i>Col.</i> I am a Knight, Sir :	2227
And my Name is <i>Colleeuile</i> of the Dale.	2228
<i>Falst.</i> Well then, <i>Colleeuile</i> is your Name, a Knight is	2229
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. <i>Colleeuile</i> shall	2230
still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-	2231
geon your Place, a place deepe enough : so shall you be	2232
still <i>Colleeuile</i> of the Dale.	2233

2234 1986 *Colle.* Are not you fir Iohn Falstaffe?

1987 *Fal.* As good a man as he fir, who ere I am: doe ye yeelde
1988 fir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops
1989 of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze
1990 vp feare and trembling, and do obseruance to my mercie.

1991 *Colle.* I think you are fir Iohn Falstaffe, and in that thoght
1992 yeelde me.

1993 *Fal.* I haue a whole schoole of tongs in this belly of mine,
1994 and not a tongue of them all speakes any other word but my
1995 name, and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply
1996 the most actiue fellow in Europe: my womb, my wombe, my
1997 womb vndoes me, heere comes our Generall.

1998 *Enter Iohn Westmerland, and the rest.*

Retraite

1999 *Iohn* The heate is past, follow no further now,
2000 Call in the powers good coofin Westmerland.
2001 Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?
2002 VVhen euery thing is ended, then you come:
2003 These tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
2004 One time or other breake some gallowes backe.

2255 2005 *Fal.* I would bee fory my lord, but it shoulde bee thus: I
2006 neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke, was the rewarde of
2007 Valor:do you thinke me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet?haue
2008 I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I
2009 haue speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibi-
2010 lity, I haue foundred ninecore and od postes, and here trauell
2011 tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, ta-
2012 ken fir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight and
2013 valorous enemy, : but what of that?he fawe me, and yielded,
2014 that I may iustly say with the hooke-nosoe fellow of Rome,
2015 there cofin, I came, saw, and ouercame,

2016 *Iohn* It was more of his curtesie then your deseruing.

<i>Col.</i> Are not you Sir <i>John Falstaffe</i> ?	2234
<i>Falst.</i> As good a man as he fir, who ere I am: doe yee	2235
yeelde fir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they	2236
are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,	2237
therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obser-	2238
uance to my mercy.	2239
<i>Col.</i> I thinke you are Sir <i>John Falstaffe</i> , & in that thought	2240
yeeld me.	2241
<i>Fal.</i> I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of	2242
mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other	2243
word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-	2244
rencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe:	2245
my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere	2246
comes our Generall.	2247

Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland. 2248

<i>Iohn.</i> The heat is past, follow no farther now:	2249
Call in the Powers, good Coufin <i>Westmerland</i> .	2250
Now <i>Falstaffe</i> , where haue you beene all this while?	2251
When euery thing is ended, then you come.	2252
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)	2253
One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.	2254
<i>Falst.</i> I would bee forry (my Lord) but it should bee	2255
thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the	2256
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-	2257
row, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,	2258
the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with	2259
the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred	2260
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted	2261
as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken	2262
Sir <i>John Colleuile</i> of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and	2263
valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and	2264
yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd	2265
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.	2266
<i>Iohn.</i> It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser-	2267
uing.	2268

2269 2017 *Falst.* I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I
 2018 beseech your grace let it be booke with the rest of this daies
 2019 deedes, or by the Lord, I wil haue it in a particular ballad else,
 2020 with mine owne picture on the top on't, (Coleuile kissing my
 2021 foote) to the which course, if I bee enforced, if you doe not all
 2022 shew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere skie of
 2023 Fame, ore-shine you as much as the full moone doth the cin-
 2024 dars of the element, (which shew like pinnes heads to her) be-

2025 leuee not the worde of the noble : therefore let me haue right,
 2026 and let Desert mount,

2027 *Prince* Thine's too heauy to mount.

2028 *Falst.* Let it shine then.

2029 *Prince* Thines too thicke to shine.

2030 *Falst.* Let it do some thing, my good lord, that may doe me
 2031 good, and call it what you will.

2032 *Prince* Is thy name Colleuile?

2033 *Col.* It is my Lord.

2034 *Prince* A famous rebell art thou Colleuile.

2035 *Falst.* And a famous true subiect tooke him.

2036 *Col.* I am my lord but as my betters are,

2037 That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,

2038 You should haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

2039 *Fal.* I know not how they fold themselues, but thou like a
 2040 kind fellow gauest thy selfe away gratis, and I thanke thee for

2041 thee. *enter Westmerland.*

2042 *Prince* Now, haue you left pursuit?

2297 2043 *West.* Retraite is made, and execution stayd.

2044 *Prince* Send Colleuile with his confederates

2045 To Yorke, to present execution,

2046 Blunt leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

2047 And now dispatch we toward the court my lordes,

2048 I heare the King my father is fore sick,

2049 Our newes shall go before vs to his maiestie,

Falst. I know not : heere hee is, and heere I yeeld 2269
 him : and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with 2270
 the rest of this dayes deedes ; or I sweare, I will haue it 2271
 in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top 2272
 of it (*Colleuile* kissing my foot :) To the which course, if 2273
 I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences 2274
 to me ; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you 2275
 as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele- 2276
 ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleuee not 2277
 the Word of the Noble : therefore let mee haue right, 2278
 and let defert mount. 2279

John. Thine's too heauie to mount. 2280

Falst. Let it shine then. 2281

John. Thine's too thick to shine. 2282

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord)that may 2283
 doe me good, and call it what you will. 2284

John. Is thy Name *Colleuile* ? 2285

Col. It is (my Lord.) 2286

John. A famous Rebell art thou, *Colleuile.* 2287

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him. 2288

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are, 2289
 That led me hither : had they beene rul'd by me, 2290
 You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue. 2291

Falst. I know not how they fold themselues, but thou 2292
 like a kinde fellow, gau'ft thy selfe away ; and I thanke 2293
 thee, for thee. 2294

Enter Westmerland. 2295

John. Haue you left purfuit ? 2296

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd. 2297

John. Send *Colleuile*, with his Confederates, 2298
 To Yorke, to present Execution. 2299

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure. 2300

Exit with Colleuile. 2301

And now difpatch we toward the Court (my Lords) 2302

I heare the King, my Father, is fore sicke. 2303

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie, 2304

2050 Which cofin you fhall beare to comfort him,

2051 And we with fober fpeede will follow you.

2052 *Falst.* My Lord, I befeech you giue me leaue to go through

2053 Glofterfhire, and when you come to court, ftand my good lord

2054 in your good report.

2055 *Prince* Fare you wel Falstaffe, I, in my condition, fhall better

2056 fpeake of you then you deferue.

2312 2057 *Fal.* I would you had the wit, twere better than your duke-

2058 dome, good faith this fame yong fober bloued boy doth not

2059 loueme, nor a mã canot make him laugh, but thats no maruel,

2060 he drinkes no wine, theres neuer none of thefe demure boyes

2061 come to any prooffe, for thin drinke doth fo ouer-coole theyr

2062 blood, and making many fifh meales, that they fall into a kind

2063 of male greene ficknes, and then when they marry, they gette

2064 wenches, they are generally fooles and cowards, which fome

2065 of vs fhould be too but for inflammation:a good fherris facke

2066 hath a two fold operation in it, it afcendes mee into the braine,

2067 dries me there all the foolifh, and dull, and crudy vapors which

2068 enuirone it, makes it apprehenfue, quicke, forgetiue, full of

2069 nimble, fiery, and delectable fhapes, which deliuered ore to

2070 the voyce the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent

2071 wit. The fecond property of your excellent fherris, is the war-

2072 ming of the blood, which before (cold & fetled,)left the lyuer

2073 white & pale, which is the badge of puflanimitie and cowar-

2074 dize. but the fherris warmes it, and makes it courfe from the

2075 inwards to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which

2076 as a beakon, giues warning to al the reft of this little kingdom

2077 man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty

2078 fpirits, mufter me all to their captaine, the heart:who great and

2079 pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage :and this

2080 valour comes of fherris, fo that skill in the weapon is nothing

2081 without facke (for that fets it aworke) and learning a meere

Which(Coufin)you shall beare, to comfort him : 2305
 And wee with sober speede will follow you. 2306

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe 2307
 through Gloucestershire : and when you come to Court, 2308
 stand my good Lord,'pray, in your good report. 2309

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falstaffe* : I, in my condition, 2310
 Shall better speake of you, then you deserue. *Exit.* 2311

Falst. I would you had but the wit : 'twere better 2312
 then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young so- 2313
 ber-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot 2314
 make him laugh : but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no 2315
 Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come 2316
 to any prooue : for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole 2317
 their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they 2318
 fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse : and then, 2319
 when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally 2320
 Fooles, and Cowards ; which some of vs should be too, 2321
 but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two- 2322
 fold operation in it : it ascends me into the Braine, dries 2323
 me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, 2324
 which enuiron it : makes it apprehensiu, quicke, forge- 2325
 tiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes ; which 2326
 deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the 2327
 Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of 2328
 your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood : 2329
 which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liuer white, and 2330
 pale ; which is the Badge of Puffinimitie, and Cowar- 2331
 dize : but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course 2332
 from the inwards, to the parts extremes : it illuminateth 2333
 the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the 2334
 rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme : and then 2335
 the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster 2336
 me all to their Captaine, the Heart ; who great, and puffs 2337
 vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this 2338
 Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon 2339
 is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke:) and 2340

2082 whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till facke commences it, and
 2083 fets it in aēt and vfe. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is
 2084 valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his fa-

2345 2085 ther, he hath like leane, sterile, and bare land, manured, hus-
 2086 banded and tilld, with excellent endeouour of drinking good
 2087 and good store of fertile fherris, that he is become very hote
 2088 and valiant. If I had a thousand fonnes, the first humane prin-
 2089 ciple I would teach them, should be, to forswear thinpotati-
 2090 ons, and to addiēt themfelues to facke. How now Bardolfe?

2091 *Enter Bardolfe.*

2092 *Bar.* The army is'difcharged all, and gone.

2093 *Fal.* Let them goe, ile through Glosterfhire, and there will
 2094 I vifit M. Robert Shallow Efquire, I haue him already tem-
 2095 pring betweenc my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I
 2096 feale with him, come away.

2097 *Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence,*
 2098 *Humphrey of Gloucester.*

2359 2099 *King* Now lords, if God doth giue fuccessefull end

2100 To this debate that bleedeth at our doores,
 2101 We will our youth leade on to higher fields,
 2102 And draw no fwords but what are sanctified:
 2103 Our nauie is adrest, our power collected,
 2104 Our substitutes in abfence wel inuested,
 2105 And euery thing lies leuell to our wifh,
 2106 Only we want a little personal strength:
 2107 And pawfe vs til these rebels now afoote,
 2108 Come vnderneath the yoke of government.

2109 *War.* Both which we doubt not, but your maiefty
 2110 Shal foone enioy,

Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till 2341
 Sack commences it, and fets it in aēt, and vie. Hereof 2342
 comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood 2343
 hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like 2344
 leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and 2345
 tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and 2346
 good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, 2347
 and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle 2348
 I would teach them, should be to forfwere thinne Pota- 2349
 tions, and to addicēt themfelues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.* 2350
 How now *Bardolph*? 2351

Bard. The Armie is difcharged all, and gone. 2352

Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire, 2353
 and there will I visit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I 2354
 haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my 2355
 thombe, and ſhortly will I feale with him. Come away. 2356

Exeunt. 2357

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester. 2358

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue ſucceſſefull end 2359
 To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores, 2360
 Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, 2361
 And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctify'd. 2362
 Our Nauie is addreſſed, our Power collected, 2363
 Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inueſted, 2364
 And euery thing lyes leuell to our wiſh; 2365
 Onely wee want a little perſonall Strength: 2366
 And pawſe vs, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot, 2367
 Come vnderneath the yoake of Government. 2368

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maieſtie 2369
 Shall foone enioy. 2370

2111 *King* Humphrey my sonne of Gloster, where is the prince
2112 your brother?

2113 *Glo.* I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at Winfor.

2114 *King* And how accompanied?

2115 *Glo.* I do not know, my lord.

2116 *King* Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

2379 2117 *Glo.* No, my good lord, he is in prence here.

2118 *Clar.* What would my lord and father?

2119 *Kin* Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence,

2120 How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?

2121 He loues thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

2122 Thou hast a better place in his affection

2123 Then all thy brothers, cherrish it my boy:

2124 And noble offices thou maist effect

2125 Of mediation after I am dead,

2126 Betweene his greatnesse and thy other brethren:

2389 2127 Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,

2128 Nor loose the good aduantage of his grace,

2129 By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will,

2130 For he is gracious if he be obseru'de,

2131 He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,

2132 Open as day for meeting charitie,

2133 Yet notwithstanding being incenst, he is flint,

2134 As humorous as winter, and as sodaine

2135 As flaws congealed in the spring of day:

2136 His temper therefore must be well obseru'd,

2137 Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,

2138 When you perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth:

2139 But being moody, giue him time and scope,

2140 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground

2141 Confound themselues with working, learne this Thomas,

2142 And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,

2143 A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,

2144 That the vnited vessell of their blood,

<i>King. Humphrey</i> (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?	2371 2372
<i>Glo.</i> I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind- for.	2373 2374
<i>King.</i> And how accompanied?	2375
<i>Glo.</i> I doe not know (my Lord.)	2376
<i>King.</i> Is not his Brother, <i>Thomas</i> of Clarence, with him?	2377 2378
<i>Glo.</i> No (my good Lord) hee is in prefence heere.	2379
<i>Clar.</i> What would my Lord, and Father?	2380
<i>King.</i> Nothing but well to thee, <i>Thomas</i> of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loues thee, and thou do'ft neglect him (<i>Thomas.</i>) Thou hast a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers : cherish it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'ft effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not : blunt not his Loue, Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace, By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will. For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd : Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charitie : Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as sudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day. His temper therefore must be well obseru'd : Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently, When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope, Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themselues with working. Learne this <i>Thomas</i> , And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends, A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in: That the vnited Vessell of their Blood	2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392 2393 2394 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 2403 2404 2405 2406

- 2145 (Mingled with venome of fuggestion,
 2146 As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
 2147 Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ftrong,
 2148 As Aconitum, or rash gunpowder.
 2411 2149 *Cla.* I shall obserue him with all care and loue.
 2150 *King* Why art thou not at Winfore with him Thomas?

 2151 *Tho.* He is not there to day, he dines in London

 2152 *King* And how accompanied?

 2153 *Tho.* With Paines, and other his continuall followers.

 2154 *King* Most subiect is the fattest foyle to weeds,
 2155 And he the noble image of my youth,
 2156 Is ouerfread with them, therefore my grieue
 2157 Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death:
 2158 The blood weepes from my heart when I do shape,
 2159 In formes Imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
 2160 And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,
 2161 When I am sleeping with my auncestors:
 2162 For when his head-ftrong riot hath no curbe,
 2163 When Rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 2430 2164 When manes and lauish manners meete together,
 2165 O with what wings shall his affections flie,
 2166 Towards fronting peril and opposde decay?
 2167 *War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
 2168 The Prince but studies his companions,
 2169 Lik a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
 2170 Tis needfull that the most immodest word,
 2171 Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
 2172 Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,
 2173 But to be knowne and hated:so, like grosse termes,
 2174 The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,
 2175 Cast off his followers, and their memory
 2176 Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,

1623	<i>The Second Part of Henry the Fourth</i>	147
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,		2407
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)		2408
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong		2409
As <i>Aconitum</i> , or rash Gun-powder.		2410
<i>Clar.</i> I shall obferue him with all care, and loue.		2411
<i>King.</i> Why art thou not at Windfor with him (<i>Thomas?</i>)		2412
		2413
<i>Clar.</i> Hee is not there to day : hee dines in London.		2414
		2415
<i>King.</i> And how accompanied ? Canst thou tell that ?		2416
		2417
<i>Clar.</i> With <i>Pointz</i> , and other his continuall followers.		2418
		2419
<i>King.</i> Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes : And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is ouer-spread with them : therefore my grieffe Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death. The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape (In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes, And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon, When I am sleeping with my Ancestors. For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe, When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counfailors, When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together ; Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay ?	2420	
		2421
		2422
		2423
		2424
		2425
		2426
		2427
		2428
		2429
		2430
		2431
		2432
<i>War.</i> My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite :		2433
The Prince but studies his Companions,		2434
Like a strange Tongue : wherein, to gaine the Language,		2435
'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word		2436
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd : which once attayn'd,		2437
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,		2438
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,		2439
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,		2440
Cast off his followers : and their memorie		2441
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,		2442

2177 By which his grace must mete the liues of other,
 2178 Turning past-euils to aduantages.
 2179 *King* Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
 2180 In the dead carion: who's here, Westmerland?
 2181 *Enter Westmerland.*

2449 2182 *West.* Health to my soueraigne, and new happinesse
 2183 Added to that that I am to deliuer,
 2184 Prince Iohn your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.
 2185 Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and al,
 2186 Are brought to the correction of your law:
 2187 There is not now a rebels sword vnheatd,
 2188 Bvt Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
 2189 The manner how this action hath bin borne,
 2190 Here at more leifure may your highnesse reade,
 2191 With euery course in his particular.
 2192 *King* O Westmerland, thou art a summer bird,
 2193 Which euer in the haunch of winter sings
 2194 The lifting vp of day:looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor.*

2195 *Harc.* From enemies, heauens keep your maiesty,
 2196 And when they stand against you, may they fall
 2197 As those that I am come to tell you of:
 2198 The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
 2199 With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 2200 Are by the shriue of Yorkshire ouerthrowne,
 2201 The manner, and true order of the fight,
 2202 This packet, please it you, containes at large,
 2203 *Ki.* And wherfore should these good news make me sicke?

2474 2204 Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
 2205 But wet her faire words stil in foulest termes?
 2206 She either giues a stomach, and no foode,
 2207 Such are the poore in health: or else a feast,
 2208 And takes away the stomach, such are the rich

By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,	2443
Turning past-euills to aduantages.	2444
<i>King.</i> 'Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe	2445
In the dead Carrion,	2446
<i>Enter Westmerland.</i>	2447
Who's heere? <i>Westmerland?</i>	2448
<i>West.</i> Health to my Soueraigne, and new happineffe	2449
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.	2450
Prince <i>John</i> , your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:	2451
<i>Mowbray</i> , the Bishop, <i>Scroope</i> , <i>Hastings</i> , and all,	2452
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.	2453
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnſheath'd,	2454
But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where:	2455
The manner how this Action hath bene borne,	2456
Here (at more leysure) may your Highneffe reade,	2457
With euery courſe, in his particular.	2458
<i>King.</i> O <i>Westmerland</i> , thou art a Summer Bird,	2459
Which euer in the haunch of Winter ſings	2460
The liſting vp of day.	2461
<i>Enter Harcourt.</i>	2462
Looke, heere's more newes.	2463
<i>Harc.</i> From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maieſtie:	2464
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall,	2465
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of.	2466
The Earle <i>Northumberland</i> , and the Lord <i>Bardolfe</i> ,	2467
With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots,	2468
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeſhire ouerthrowne:	2469
The manner, and true order of the fight,	2470
This Packet (pleaſe it you) containes at large.	2471
<i>King.</i> And wherefore ſhould theſe good newes	2472
Make me ſicke?	2473
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,	2474
But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?	2475
Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,	2476
(Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,	2477
And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich,	2478

2209 That haue aboundance, and enioy it not:
 2210 I should reioyce now at this happy newes,
 2211 And now my fight failes, and my braine is giddy,
 2212 O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.
 2213 *Hum.* Comfort your maiefty.
 2214 *Clar.* O my royall father!
 2215 *West.* My foueraigne Lord, cheere vp your selfe, look vp.

2216 *War.* Be patient princes, you do know these fits
 2217 Are with his highnesse very ordinary.
 2218 Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel fraight be wel.

2219 *Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs,
 2220 Th'inceffant care and labour of his mind,
 2221 Hath wrought the Mure that should confine it in,
 2222 So thin that life lookes through.

2223 *Hum.* The people feare me, for they do obserue
 2496 2224 Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
 2225 The seasons change their manners, as the yeere
 2226 Had found some moneths a sleepe, and leapt them ouer,
 2227 *Clar.* The riuer hath thrice flowed, no ebbe between,
 2228 And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)
 2229 Say, it did so a little time before
 2230 That our great grandfire Edward, sickt and died.
 2231 *War.* Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.

2232 *Hum.* This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
 2233 *King* I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
 2234 Into some other chamber.

2235 Let there be no noyse made, my gentle friends,
 2236 Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
 2237 Will whisper musique to my weary spirit.

2511 2238 *War.* Call for the musique in the other roome.
 2239 *King* Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
 2240 *Clar.* His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
 2241 *War.* Lesse noyse, lesse noyse. *Enter Harry*

That haue abundance, and enioy it not.)	2479
I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,	2480
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.	2481
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.	2482
<i>Glo.</i> Comfort your Maiestie.	2483
<i>Cl.</i> Oh, my Royall Father.	2484
<i>West.</i> My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke	2485
vp.	2486
<i>War.</i> Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits	2487
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.	2488
Stand from him, giue him ayre :	2489
Hee'le straight be well.	2490
<i>Cl.</i> No, no, hee cannot long hold out : these pangs,	2491
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,	2492
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,	2493
So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out.	2494
<i>Glo.</i> The people feare me : for they doe obserue	2495
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature :	2496
The Seafons change their manners, as the Yeere	2497
Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.	2498
<i>Cl.</i> The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:	2499
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)	2500
Say it did so, a little time before	2501
That our great Grand-fire <i>Edward</i> sick'd, and dy'de.	2502
<i>War.</i> Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-	2503
uers.	2504
<i>Glo.</i> This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.	2505
<i>King.</i> I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence	2506
Into some other Chamber : softly 'pray.	2507
Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)	2508
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand	2509
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.	2510
<i>War.</i> Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.	2511
<i>King.</i> Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.	2512
<i>Cl.</i> His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.	2513
<i>War.</i> Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.	2514

2242 *Prince* Who saw the duke of Clarence?

2243 *Clar.* I am here brother, full of heaviness.

2244 *Prince* How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?

2245 How doth the King?

2246 *Hum.* Exceeding ill.

2247 *Prince* Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.

2248 *Hum.* He vntred much vpon the hearing it,

2249 *Prince* If he be sicke with ioy, heele recouer without phisicke.

2251 *War.* Not so much noyse my Lords, sweete prince, speake

2252 lowe, the King your father is disposed to sleepe.

2253 *Cl.* Let vs withdraw into the other roome.

2254 *War.* Wilt please your Grace to go along with vs?

2531 2255 *Prince* No, I wil sit and watch heere by the King.

2256 Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,

2257 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

2258 O polisht perturbation! golden care!

2259 That keepst the ports of Slumber open wide

2260 To many a watchfull night, sleepe with it now!

2261 Yet so found, and halfe so deeply sweete,

2262 As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)

2263 Snores out the watch of night. O maiestie!

2264 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit

2265 Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,

2266 That scaldst with safty (by his gates of breath)

2267 There lies a downy feather which stirs not,

2268 Did he suspire, that light and weightlesse downe

2269 Perforce must moue my gracious lord my father:

2270 This sleepe is found indeede, this is a sleepe,

2271 That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorft

2548 2272 So many English Kings, thy deaw from me,

2273 Is teares and heauy forowes of the blood,

Enter Prince Henry.

2515

<i>P.Hen.</i> Who saw the Duke of Clarence?	2516
<i>Clar.</i> I am here (Brother) full of heaviness.	2517
<i>P.Hen.</i> How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?	2518 2519
<i>Glo.</i> Exceeding ill.	2520
<i>P.Hen.</i> Heard hee the good newes yet? Tell it him,	2521 2522
<i>Glo.</i> Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.	2523
<i>P.Hen.</i> If hee be sicke with Ioy, Hee'le recouer without Physicke.	2524 2525
<i>War.</i> Not so much noyse (my Lords) Sweet Prince speake lowe, The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.	2526 2527 2528
<i>Clar.</i> Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.	2529
<i>War.</i> Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs?	2530
<i>P.Hen.</i> No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King. Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow, Being so troublefome a Bed-fellow? O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care! That keep't the Ports of Slumber open wide, To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now, Yet not so found, and halfe so deeply sweete, As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound) Snore out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie! When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day, That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath, There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not: Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father, This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe, That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd So many English Kings. Thy due, from me, Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,	2531 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 2544 2545 2546 2547 2548 2549

2274 Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneffe
 2275 Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteoufly:
 2276 My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,
 2277 Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
 2278 Deriues it felfe to me : loe where it fits,
 2279 Which God fhall guard, and put the worlds whole ftrengh
 2280 Into one giant arme, it fhall not force,

2281 This lineal honor from me, this from thee
 2282 Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

2283 *Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*

2284 *King* Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

2285 *Clar.* Doth the King cal?

2286 *War.* What would your Maieftie?

2287 *King* Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?

2288 *Cl.* We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vn-
 2289 dertooke to fit and watch by you.

2290 *King* The prince of Wales, where is he? let me fee him : he
 2291 is not here.

2570 2292 *War.* This doore is open, he is gone this way.

2293 *Hum.* He came not through the chamber where we ftaide.

2294 *King* Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?

2295 *War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

2296 *King* The Prince hath tane it hence go feeke him out:

2297 Is he fo haftie, that he doth fuppoſe my ſleepe my death?

2298 Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.

2299 This part of his conioynes with my difeafe,

2300 And helps to end me: fee, fonnes, what things you are,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneffe, 2550
 Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteoufly. 2551
 My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne, 2552
 Which(as immediate from thy Place and Blood) 2553
 Deriues it felfe to me. Loe, heere it fits, 2554
 Which Heauen fhall guard : 2555
 And put the worlds whole ftrengh into one gyant Arme, 2556
 It fhall not force this Lineall Honor from me. 2557
 This, from thee, will I to mine leaue, 2558
 As 'tis left to me. *Exit.* 2559

Enter Warwicke, Gloucefter, Clarence. 2560

King. *Warwicke, Gloucefter, Clarence.* 2561
Clar. Doth the King call? 2562
War. What would your Maieftie? how fares your 2563
 Grace? 2564
King. Why did you leaue me here alone(my Lords?) 2565
*Cl.*We left the Prince(my Brother)here(my Liege) 2566
 Who vndertooke to fit and watch by you. 2567
King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee 2568
 fee him, 2569
War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way. 2570
Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where*wee 2571
 ftayd. 2572
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my 2573
 Pillow? 2574
War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it 2575
 heere. 2576
King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence : 2577
 Goe feeke him out. 2578
 Is hee fo haftie, that hee doth fuppose 2579
 My fleepe, my death? Finde him(my Lord of Warwick) 2580
 Chide him hither : this part of his conioynes 2581
 With my difeafe, and helpes to end me. 2582
 See Sonnes, what things you are : 2583

2301 How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
 2302 When gold becomes her obiect?
 2303 For this the foolish ouer-carefull fathers
 2304 Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts,
 2305 Thier braines with care, their bones with industry:
 2306 For this they haue ingroffed and pilld vp,
 2307 The cankred heapes of frange atcheeued gold:
 2591 2308 For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inuest
 2309 Thier fonnes with arts and martiall exercifes,
 2310 When like the bee toling from euery flower,
 2311 Thigh, packt with waxe our mouthes with hony,
 2312 Bearing it to the hiue:and like the bees,
 2313 Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taste
 2314 Yields his engroffements to the ending father,

2315 Now where is he that will not stay so long,
 2316 Till his friend sicknesse hands determind me. *Enter Warwicke.*
 2317 *War.* My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
 2318 Washing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
 2319 VVith such a deepe demeanour in great sorrow,
 2320 That tyranny, which neuer quaft but blood,
 2321 VVould by beholding him, haue washt his knife,
 2322 VVith gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*
 2323 *King* But wherefore did he take away the crowne?

2324 Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,
 2325 Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*
 2326 *Harry* I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.
 2613 2327 *King* Thy wifh was father (Harry,) to that thought
 2328 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee,
 2329 Dost thou so hunger for mine emptie chaire,
 2330 That thou wilt needes inuest thee with my honors,
 2331 Before thy howre be ripe! O foolish youth,
 2332 Thou seekst the greatnesse that will ouerwhelme thee,
 2333 Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,	2584
When Gold becomes her Obiect ?	2585
For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers	2586
Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,	2587
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.	2588
For this, they haue ingroffed and pyl'd vp	2589
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold :	2590
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inueft	2591
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercifes :	2592
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower	2593
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,	2594
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue ;	2595
And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.	2596
This bitter taste yeelds his engroffements,	2597
To the ending Father.	2598
<i>Enter Warwicke.</i>	2599
Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,	2600
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me ?	2601
<i>War.</i> My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,	2602
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,	2603
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,	2604
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,	2605
Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife	2606
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.	2607
<i>King.</i> But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne ?	2608
<i>Enter Prince Henry.</i>	2609
Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (<i>Harry.</i>)	2610
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. <i>Exit.</i>	2611
<i>P.Hen.</i> I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.	2612
<i>King.</i> Thy wish was Father (<i>Harry</i>) to that thought:	2613
I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.	2614
Do'ft thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,	2615
That thou wilt needes inueft thee with mine Honors,	2616
Before thy howre be ripe ? O foolish Youth !	2617
Thou seek'ft the Greatnesse, that will ouerwhelme thee.	2618
Stay but a little : for my Cloud of Dignitie	2619

- 2334 Is held from falling with so weake a wind,
 2335 That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
 2336 Thou hast stolne that, which after some few houres,
 2337 Were thine, without offence, and at my death,
 2338 Thou hast scald vp my expectation,
 2339 Thy life did manifest thou lou'dst me not,
 2340 And thou wilt haue me die, assurde of it,
 2341 Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 2342 VVhom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 2629 2343 To stab at halfe an hower of my life.
 2344 VVhat, canst thou not forbear me halfe an hower?
 2345 Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
 2346 And bid the mery bells ring to thine eare,
 2347 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
 2348 Let all the teares that should bedew my hearfe
 2349 Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head,
 2350 Only compouud me with forgotten dust.
 2351 Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,
 2352 Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
 2353 For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:
 2354 Harry the fift is crownd, vp vanitie,
 2355 Downe royall state, all you sage counsailers, hence,
 2356 And to the English Court assemble now
 2357 From euery region, apes of idlenesse:
 2358 Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scumme
 2359 Haue you a ruffin that will sweare, drinke, daunce,
 2360 Reuell the night rob, murder, and commit
 2647 2361 The oldest finnes, the newest kind of waies?
 2362 Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
 2363 England shal double gild his trebble gilt,
 2364 England shall giue him office honour, might:
 2365 For the fift Harry, from curbd licence, plucks
 2366 The muffel of restraint, and the wild dogge
 2367 Shal flesh his tooth on euery innocent.
 2368 O my poore kingdomesicke with ciuill blowes:
 2369 VVhen that my care could not withhold thy riots,

Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,	2620
That it will quickly drop : my Day is dimme.	2621
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres	2622
Were thine, without offence : and at my death	2623
Thou hast feal'd vp my expectation.	2624
Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,	2625
And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.	2626
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,	2627
Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,	2628
To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.	2629
What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?	2630
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,	2631
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare	2632
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.	2633
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse	2634
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head :	2635
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.	2636
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes :	2637
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees ;	2638
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.	2639
Henry the fift is Crown'd : Vp Vanity,	2640
Downe Royall State : All you sage Counfailors, hence :	2641
And to the English Court, affemble now	2642
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idleneffe.	2643
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum :	2644
Haue you a Ruffian that swill swear? drinke? dance?	2645
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit	2646
The oldest finnes, the newest kinde of wayes?	2647
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :	2648
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.	2649
England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might :	2650
For the Fift <i>Harry</i> , from curb'd License pluckes	2651
The muzzle of Restraint ; and the wilde Dogge	2652
Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.	2653
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)	2654
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,	2655

2370 VVhat wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 2371 O thou wilt be a wilderneffe againe,
 2372 Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.
 2373 *Prince* O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,

2374 The moift impediments vnto my fpeech,
 2375 I had forestald this deere and deep rebuke,
 2376 Ere you with grieffe had fpoke, and I had heard
 2377 The courfe of it fo far:there is your crowne:
 2378 And he that weares the crowne immortally,
 2379 Long gard it yours : if I affect it more,
 2380 Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
 2668 2381 Let me no more from this obedience rife,
 2382 VVhich my moft inward true and duteous fpirit,
 2383 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending,
 2384 God witneffe with me. When I here came in,
 2385 And found no courfe of breath within your maiefty,
 2386 How cold it fbrooke my heart!if I do faine,
 2387 O let me in my present wildneffe die,
 2388 And neuer liue to shew th'incredulous world,
 2389 The noble change that I haue purposed.
 2390 Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
 2391 And dead almost, my liege, to thinke you were,
 2392 I fpake vnto this crowne as hauing fence,
 2393 And thus vpbraided it:the care on thee depending,
 2394 Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
 2395 Therefore thou best of gold, art worfe then gold,
 2396 Other leffe fine, in karrat more precious,
 2397 Preferuing life in medicine potable:
 2398 But thou, most fine, most honourd, most renown'd,
 2399 Haft eate thy bearer vp:thus my most royall liege,
 2688 2400 Accufing it, I put it on my head,
 2401 To trie with it as with an enemy,
 2402 That had before my face murdered my father,
 2403 The quarrell of a true inheritour,

What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care ?	2656
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneffe againe,	2657
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.	2658
<i>Prince.</i> O pardon me(my Liege)	2659
But for my Teares,	2660
The most Impediments vnto my Speech,	2661
I had fore-fall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,	2662
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard	2663
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,	2664
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,	2665
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,	2666
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,	2667
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,	2668
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit	2669
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.	2670
Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,	2671
And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,	2672
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,	2673
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,	2674
And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World,	2675
The Noble change that I haue purposed.	2676
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,	2677
(And dead almost(my Liege)to thinke you were)	2678
I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)	2679
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,	2680
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,	2681
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.	2682
Other, lesse fine in Charraet, is more precious,	2683
Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable :	2684
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,	2685
Haft eate the Bearer vp.	2686
Thus (my Royall Liege)	2687
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,	2688
To try with it (as with an Enemie,	2689
That had before my face murdred my Father)	2690
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.	2691

2404 But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
 2405 Or swell my thoughts to any fraine of pride,
 2406 If any rebel or vaine spirit of mine,
 2407 Did with the least affection of a welcome,
 2408 Giue entertainment to the might of it,
 2409 Let God for euer keep it from my head,
 2410 And make me as the poorest vassaile is,
 2411 That doth with aw and terror kneele to it.

2412 *King* God put in thy mind to take it hence,
 2413 That thou mightst win the more thy fathers loue,
 2414 Pleading so wifely in excuse of it:
 2415 Come hither Harry, sit thou by my bed,
 2416 And heare (I thinke) the very latest counsaile
 :2706 2417 That euer I shal breathe. God knowes (my sonne)
 2418 By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
 2419 I met this crowne, and I my selfe know well,
 2420 How troublesome it fate vpon my head:
 2421 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 2422 Better opinion, better confirmation,
 2423 For al the foyle of the atchieuement goes,
 2424 With me into the earth, it seemd in me,
 2425 But as an honor snatcht with boistrous hand,
 2426 And I had many liuing to vpbraide
 2427 My gaine of it, by their assistances,
 2428 Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudshed,
 2429 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold feares

2430 Thou seest with perill I haue answerd:
 2431 For all my raigne hath beene but as a Scene,
 2432 Acting that argument: and now my death
 2433 Changes the mood, for what in me was purchast,
 2434 Fals vpon thee in a more fairer fort.
 2435 So thou the garland wearst successiually,
 2436 Yet though thou standst more sure then I could do,
 2437 Thou art not firme enough, since griefes are greene,

But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,	2692
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,	2693
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,	2694
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,	2695
Giue entertainment to the might of it,	2696
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,	2697
And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,	2698
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.	2699
<i>King.</i> O my Sonne!	2700
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,	2701
That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,	2702
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.	2703
Come hither <i>Harrie</i> , fit thou by my bedde,	2704
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell	2705
That euer I shall breath : Heauen knowes, my Sonne)	2706
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-ways	2707
I met this Crowne : and I my selfe know well	2708
How troublesome it fate vpon my head.	2709
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,	2710
Better Opinion, better Confirmation :	2711
For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes	2712
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,	2713
But as an Honour snatch'd with boyf'rous hand,	2714
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide	2715
My gaine of it, by their Assistances,	2716
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,	2717
Wounding supposed Peace.	2718
All these bold Feares,	2719
Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered :	2720
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene	2721
Acting that argument. And now my death	2722
Changes the Moode : For what in me, was purchas'd,	2723
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer fort.	2724
So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuely.	2725
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,	2726
Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene :	2727

2438 And all thy friends which thou must make thy friends,
 2729 2439 Haue but their stings and teeth newly tane out:
 2440 By whose fell working I was first aduaunst,
 2441 And by whose power I well might lodge a feare
 2442 To be againe displacde:which to auoyde,
 2443 I cut them off, and had a purpose, now
 2444 To leade out manie to the Holy Land,
 2445 Left rest, and lying fil, might make them looke,
 2446 Too neare vnto my state:therefore, my Harry,

2447 Be it thy course to bufie giddie mindes
 2448 With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
 2449 May waste the memory of the former dayes.
 2450 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 2451 That strength of speech is vtterly denied me:
 2452 How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
 2453 And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

2746 2454 *Prince* You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
 2455 Then plaine and right must my possession be,
 2456 Which I with more then with a common paine,
 2457 Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine. *enter Lancaster.*

2458 *King* Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancafter.

2459 *Lanc.* Health, peace, and happineffe to my royall father.

2460 *King* Thou bringst me happineffe and peace fonne Iohn,

2461 But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne

2462 From this bare witherd trunke:vpon thy sight,

2463 My worldly bufines makes a period:

2464 Where is my lord of Warwicke?

And all thy Friends, which^h thou muſt make thy Friends 2728
 Hauē but their ſtings, and teeth, newly tak'n out, 2729
 By whoſe fell working, I was firſt aduanc'd, 2730
 And by whoſe power, I well might lodge a Feare 2731
 To be againe diſplac'd. Which to auoyd, 2732
 I cut them off : and had a purpoſe now 2733
 To leade out many to the Holy Land ; 2734
 Leaſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them looke 2735
 Too neere vnto my State. 2736
 Therefore (my *Harrie*) : 2737
 Be it thy courſe to buſie giddy Mindes 2738
 With Forraigne Quarrels : that Action hence borne out, 2739
 May waſte the memory of the former dayes. 2740
 More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo, 2741
 That ſtrength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee. 2742
 How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue : 2743
 And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue. 2744
Prince. My gracious Liege : 2745
 You wonne it, wore it : kept it, gaue it me, 2746
 Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be ; 2747
 Which I, with more, then with a Common paine, 2748
 'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintaine. 2749

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, 2750
and Warwicke. 2751

King. Looke, looke, 2752
 Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaſter: 2753
Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happineſſe, 2754
 To my Royall Father. 2755
King. Thou bring'ſt me happineſſe and Peace 2756
 (Sonne *Iohn* : 2757
 But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne 2758
 From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy fight 2759
 My worldly buſineſſe makes a period. 2760
 Where is my Lord of Warwicke ? 2761

2465 *Prince* My Lord of Warwicke.
 2466 *King* Doth any name perticular belong
 2467 Vnto the lodging where I first did ffound?
 2468 *War.* Tis cald Ierufalem, my noble Lord.
 2469 *King* Laud be to God, euen there my life must end,

2768 2470 It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
 2471 I should not die, but in Ierufalem,
 2472 Which vainely I supposde the Holy Land:
 2473 But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*
 2474 In that Ierufalem shall Harry die. *Falstaffe, and Bardolfe*

2475 *Shal.* By cock and pie fir, you shal not away to night, what
 2476 Dauy I fay?
 2477 *Falst.* You must excuse me maffer Robert Shallow.
 2478 *Shal.* I will not excuse you, you shall not be excufde, ex-
 2479 cuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall ferue, you
 2480 shall not be excufde:why Dauy.

2481 *Dauy* Here fir.
 2482 *Shal.* Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see Dauy let me see
 2483 Dauy, let me see, yea maiy VWilliam Cooke, bid him come
 2484 hither, fir Iohn, you shal not be excufed.
 2485 *Dauy* Mary fir thus, those precepts can not be ferued, and
 2486 againe fir, shal we sow the hade land with wheate?

2487 *Shal.* VVith red wheat Dauy, but for VWilliam Cooke
 2488 are there no yong pigeons?
 2489 *Dauy* Yes fir, here is now the Smiths note for shooring and

<i>Prin.</i> My Lord of Warwicke.	2762
<i>King.</i> Doth any name particular, belong Vnto the Lodging, where I firft did fwoon'd?	2763 2764
<i>War.</i> 'Tis call'd <i>Ierufalem</i> , my Noble Lord.	2765
<i>King.</i> Laud be to heauen :	2766
Euen there my life muft end.	2767
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares, I fhould not dye, but in <i>Ierufalem</i> :	2768 2769
Which (vainly) I fuppos'd the Holy-Land.	2770
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye :	2771
In that <i>Ierufalem</i> , fhall <i>Harry</i> dye.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2772

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dawie.</i>	2773 2774
<i>Shal.</i> By Cocke and Pye, you fhall not away to night. What <i>Dauy</i> , I fay.	2775 2776
<i>Fal.</i> You muft excufe me, M. <i>Robert Shallow</i> .	2777
<i>Shal.</i> I will not excufe you : you fhall not be excufed. Excufes fhall not be admitted : there is no excufe fhall ferue : you fhall not be excus'd.	2778 2779 2780
Why <i>Dauie</i> .	2781
<i>Dauie.</i> Heere fir.	2782
<i>Shal.</i> <i>Dauy</i> , <i>Dauy</i> , <i>Dauy</i> , let me fee (<i>Dauy</i>) let me fee: <i>William</i> Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir <i>Iohn</i> , you fhall not be excus'd.	2783 2784 2785
<i>Dauy.</i> Marry fir, thus : thofe Precepts cannot bee feru'd : and againe fir, fhall we fowe the head-land with Wheate?	2786 2787 2788
<i>Shal.</i> With red Wheate <i>Dauy</i> . But for <i>William</i> Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?	2789 2790
<i>Dauy.</i> Yes Sir.	2791

2490 plow-yrons.

2491 *Shal.* Let it be cast and payed: fir Iohn, you shal not be ex-
2492 cused.

2796 2493 *Dauy* Now fir, a new lincke to the bucket must needes be
2494 had: and fir, do you meane to stop any of VWilliams wages, a-
2495 bout the sacke he lost at Hunkly Faire?

2496 *Shal.* A shall answer it : some pigeons Dauy, a couple of
2497 short legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie
2498 Kick-shawes, tell william Cooke.

2499 *Dauy* Doth the man of warre stay all night fir?

2500 *Shal.* Yea Dauy, I will vse him well, a friend i th court is
2501 better then a penie in purse: vse his men wel Dauy, for they are

2502 arrant knaues, and will backbite.

2503 *Dauy* No worfe then they are back-bitten fir, for they haue
2504 maruailes foule linnen.

2505 *Shal.* VVell conceited Dauy, about thy bufineffe Dauy.

2506 *Dauy* I beseech you fir to countenance VWilliam Vifor
2507 of Woncote against Clement Perkes a'th hill.

2508 *Sha.* There is many complaints Dauy against that Vifor,
2509 that Vifor is an arrant knaue on my knowledge.

2819 2510 *Dauy* I graunt your worship that he is a knaue fir: but yet
2511 God forbid fir, but a knaue should haue some countenance at
2512 his friends request, an honest man fir is able to speake for him-
2513 selfe, when a knaue is not: I haue seru'd your worship truly fir
2514 this eight yeares and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare

2515 out a knaue against an honest man, I haue litle credit with your
2516 worship: the knaue is mine honest friend fir, therefore I beseech
2517 you let him be countenaunst.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,	2792
And Plough-Irons.	2793
<i>Shal.</i> Let it be caft, and payde : Sir <i>Iohn</i> , you fhall	2794
not be excus'd.	2795
<i>Dauy.</i> Sir, a new linke to the Bucket muft needes bee	2796
had : And Sir, doe you meane to ftoppe any of <i>Williams</i>	2797
Wages, about the Sacke he loft the other day, at <i>Hinckley</i>	2798
Fayre ?	2799
<i>Shal.</i> He fhall anfwer it :	2800
Some Pigeons <i>Dauy</i> , a couple of fhort-legg'd Hennes : a	2801
ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickfhawes,	2802
tell <i>William Cooke</i> .	2803
<i>Dauy.</i> Doth the man of Warre, ftay all night fir ?	2804
<i>Shal.</i> Yes <i>Dauy</i> :	2805
I will vfe him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a	2806
penny in purfe. Vfe his men well <i>Dauy</i> , for they are ar-	2807
rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.	2808
<i>Dauy.</i> No worfe then they are bitten. fir : For they	2809
haue maruellous fowle linnen.	2810
<i>Shallow.</i> Well conceited <i>Dauy</i> : about thy Bufineffe,	2811
<i>Dauy.</i>	2812
<i>Dauy.</i> I befeech you fir,	2813
To countenance <i>William Vifor</i> of Woncot, againft <i>Cle-</i>	2814
<i>ment Perkes</i> of the hill.	2815
<i>Shal.</i> There are many Complaints <i>Dauy</i> , againft that	2816
<i>Vifor</i> , that <i>Vifor</i> is an arrant Knaue, on my know-	2817
ledge.	2818
<i>Dauy.</i> I graunt your Worſhip, that he is a knaue Sir :)	2819
But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue fhould haue ſome	2820
Countenance, at his Friends request. An honeft man fir,	2821
is able to ſpeake for himfelfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue	2822
feru'd your Worſhippe truly fir, theſe eight yeares : and	2823
if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,	2824
againft an honeft man, I haue but a very litle credite with	2825
your Worſhippe. The Knaue is mine honeft Friend Sir,	2826
therefore I befeech your Worſhip, let him bee Counte-	2827
nanc'd.	2828

2518 *Shal.* Go to I say, he shal haue no wrong, look about Dauy:
2519 where are you fir Iohn?come, come, come, off with your boots,

2520 giue me your hand maister Bardolfe.

2521 *Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

2522 *Shal* I thank thee with my heart kind maister Bardolfe, and
2523 welcome my tall fellow, come fir Iohn.

2837 2524 *Falſ.* Ile follow you good maister Robert Shallow : Bar-
2525 dolfe, looke to our horses : if I were sawed into quantities, I
2526 should make foure dozen of such berded hermites staues as
2527 maister Shallow :it is a wonderfull thing to see the seemblable
2528 coherence of his mens spirits, and his, they, by obseruing him,
2529 do beare themselues like foolish Iustices : hee, by conuerſing

2530 with them, is turned into a Iustice-like seruingman, their spirits
2531 are so married in coniunction, with the participation of society,
2532 that they flocke together in consent, like so many wild-geese,
2533 If I had a suite to maister Shallow, I would humour his men
2534 with the imputation, of beeing neere their maister : if to his

2535 men, I would curry with maister Shallow, that no man could
2536 better commaund his seruants. It is certaine, that eyther wife
2537 bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diseases one
2538 of another : therefore let men take heede of their company. I
2539 will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince
2540 Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of fixe fashions,
2541 which is foure termes, or two actions, and a shal laugh without
2542 interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a slight oathe, and

2543 a iest, with a sad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had
2544 the ach in his shoulders: O you shall see him laugh til his face
2545 be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

2546 *Shal.* Sir Iohn.

2547 *Falſ.* I come maister Shallow, I come maister Shallow.

- Shal.* Go too, 2829
 I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dauy*. 2830
 Where are you Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots. 2831
 Giue me your hand *M. Bardolfe*. 2832
Bard. I am glad to see your Worship. 2833
Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master 2834
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow: 2835
 Come Sir *John*. 2836
Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*. 2837
Bardolfe, looke to our Horffes. If I were saw'de into 2838
 Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded 2839
 Hermites staues, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull 2840
 thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, 2841
 and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues 2842
 like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is 2843
 turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are 2844
 so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So- 2845
 ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma- 2846
 ny Wilde-Geefe. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I 2847
 would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing 2848
 neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with 2849
 Maister *Shallow*, that no man could better command his 2850
 Seruants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ig- 2851
 norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of 2852
 another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. 2853
 I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to 2854
 keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing 2855
 out of fixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac- 2856
 tions, and he shall laugh with *Interuallums*. O it is much 2857
 that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde 2858
 brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache 2859
 in his shouldres. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face 2860
 be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp. 2861
Shal. Sir *John*. 2862
Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*. 2863
Exeunt 2864

2548 *Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas*
 2549 *Clarence, Prince, Iohn Westmerland.*

2550 *War.* How now, my lord chiefe Iustice, whither away?

2869 2551 *Iust.* How doth the King?

2552 *War.* Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

2553 *Iust.* I hope not dead.

2554 *War.* Hees walkt the way of nature,

2555 And to our purposes he liues no more.

2556 *Iust.* I would his Maiestie had calld me with him:

2557 The seruice that I truely did his life,

2558 Hath left me open to all iniuries.

2559 *War.* Indeede I thinke the yong King loues you not.

2879 2560 *Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe

2561 To welcome the condition of the time,

2562 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,

2563 Than I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

2564 *Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.*

2565 *War.* Heere come the heauy issue of dead Harry:

2566 O that the liuing Harry had the temper

2567 Of he, the worst of these three gentlemen!

2568 How many Nobles then should holde their places,

2569 That must strike faile to spirites of vile fort?

2570 *Iust.* O God, I feare all will be ouer-tnrnd.

2571 *Iohn* Good morrow coofin Warwicke, good morrow.

2572 *Prin.ambo* Good morrow coofin.

2573 *Iohn* We meete like men that had forgot to speake.

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord</i>	2865
<i>Chiefe Iustice.</i>	2866
<i>Warwicke.</i> How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whether away?	2867
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> How doth the King?	2868
<i>Warw.</i> Exceeding well : his Cares	2869
Are now, all ended.	2870
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> I hope, not dead.	2871
<i>Warw.</i> Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,	2872
And to our purposes, he liues no more.	2873
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,	2874
The seruice, that I truly did his life,	2875
Hath left me open to all iniuries.	2876
<i>War.</i> Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not,	2877
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe	2878
To welcome the condition of the Time,	2879
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,	2880
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.	2881
<i>Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester,</i>	2882
<i>and Clarence.</i>	2883
<i>War.</i> Heere come the heauy Iffue of dead <i>Harrie:</i>	2884
O, that the liuing <i>Harrie</i> had the temper	2885
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen :	2886
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,	2887
That must strike faile, to Spirits of vilde fort?	2888
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.	2889
<i>Iohn.</i> Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow.	2890
<i>Glou. Cla.</i> Good morrow, Cofin.	2891
<i>Iohn.</i> We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.	2892

2574 *War.* We do remember, but our argument
 2575 Is all too heauy to admit much talke.
 2576 *John* Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.
 2577 *Iust.* Peace be with vs, lest we be heauier.
 2578 *Humph.* O good my lord, you haue lost a friend indeede,
 2579 And I dare sweare you borrow not that face
 2580 Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.
 2581 *John* Though no man be assurde what grace to finde,
 2582 You stand in coldest expectation,
 2583 I am the forier, would twere otherwise.
 2904 2584 *Cla.* Well, you must now speake sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,
 2585 Which swimmes against your streame of qualitie.
 2586 *Iust.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
 2587 Led by th'impartiall conduct of my soule.
 2588 And neuer shall you see that I will begge
 2589 A ragged and forestald remission,
 2590 If truth and vpriht innocencie faile me.
 2591 Ile to the King my maister that is dead,
 2592 And tell him who hath sent me after him,
 2593 *War.* Here comes the Prince.

*Enter the Prince
and Blunt*

2594 *Iust.* Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.
 2916 2595 *Prince* This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty
 2596 Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:
 2597 Prothers, you mixt your fadnesse with some feare,
 2598 This is the English, not the Turkish court,
 2599 Not Amurath an Amurath succedes,
 2600 But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,
 2601 For by my faith it very well becomes you:
 2602 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 2603 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 2604 And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,
 2605 But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
 2606 Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
 2607 For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)

<i>War.</i> We do remember : but our Argument	2894
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.	2895
<i>Ioh.</i> Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy	2896
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> Peace be with vs, leaft we be heauier.	2897
<i>Glou.</i> O, good my Lord, you haue loft a friend indeed:	2898
And I dare fweare, you borrow not that face	2899
Of feeming forrow, it is fure your owne.	2900
<i>Iohn.</i> Though no man be affur'd what grace to finde,	2901
You ftand in coldeft expectation.	2902
I am the forrier, would 'twere otherwife.	2903
<i>Cla.</i> Wel, you muft now fpeake Sir <i>John Falstaffe</i> faire,	2904
Which fwimmes againft your ftream of Quality.	2905
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,	2906
Led by th'Imperiall Conduēt of my Soule,	2907
And neuer fhall you fee, that I will begge	2908
A ragged, and fore-ftall'd Remiffion.	2909
If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,	2910
Ile to the King (my Mafter) that is dead,	2911
And tell him, who hath fent me after him.	2912
<i>War.</i> Heere comes the Prince.	2913
<i>Enter Prince Henrie.</i>	
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> Good morrow: and heauen faue your Maiefty	2915
<i>Prince.</i> This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiefty,	2916
Sits not fo eafie on me, as you thinke.	2917
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneffe with fome Feare :	2918
This is the Englifh, not the Turkih Court :	2919
Not <i>Amurah</i> , an <i>Amurah</i> fucceeds,	2920
But <i>Harry, Harry</i> : Yet be fad (good Brothers)	2921
For (to fpeake truth) it very well becomes you :	2922
Sorrow, fo Royally in you appears,	2923
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,	2924
And weare it in my heart. Why then be fad,	2925
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)	2926
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.	2927
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be affur'd)	2928

2608 Ile be your father, and your brother too,
 2609 Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
 2610 Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,
 2611 But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares
 2612 By number into howres of happinesse.

2613 *Bro.* We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.

2614 *Prince* You al looke strangely on me, and you most,
 2615 You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.

2616 *Iust.* I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,
 2617 Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.

2939 2618 *Prince* No?how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
 2619 So great indignities you laid vpon me?

2620 What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prifon,
 2621 Th immediate heire of England? was this easie?
 2622 May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?

2623 *Iust.* I then did vse the perfon of your father,
 2624 The image of his power lay then in me,
 2625 And in th administratiō of his law,

2626 Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,
 2627 Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
 2628 The maiestie and power of law and iustice,
 2629 The image of the King whom I presented,
 2630 And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,
 2631 Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)

2953 2632 I gaue bold way to my authority,

2633 And did commit you:if the deed were ill,
 2634 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 2635 To haue a sonne fet your decrees at naught?
 2636 To plucke downe Iustice from your awful bench?
 2637 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,
 2638 That guards the peace and safetie of your perfon?
 2639 Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,
 2640 And mocke your workings in a second body?

2641 Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,

2642 Be now thefather, and propose a sonne,

2643 Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,

Ile be your Father, and your Brother too :	2929
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares ;	2930
But weepe that <i>Horrie's</i> dead, and so will I.	2931
But <i>Harry</i> liues, that shall conuert those Teares	2932
By number, into houres of Happineffe.	2933
<i>John, &c.</i> We hope no other from your Maiefty.	2934
<i>Prin.</i> You all looke strangely on me : and you most,	2935
You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.	2936
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)	2937
Your Maiefty hath no iust cause to hate mee.	2938
<i>Pr.No?</i> How might a Prince of my great hopes forget	2939
So great Indignities you laid vpon me ?	2940
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison	2941
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie ?	2942
May this be wash'd in <i>Lethe</i> , and forgotten ?	2943
<i>Ch.Iust.</i> I then did vse the Person of your Father :	2944
The Image of his power, lay then in me,	2945
And in th'administration of his Law,	2946
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,	2947
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,	2948
The Maiefty, and power of Law, and Iustice,	2949
The Image of the King, whom I presented,	2950
And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement :	2951
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)	2952
I gaue bold way to my Authority,	2953
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,	2954
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,	2955
To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught ?	2956
To plucke downe Iustice from your awfull Bench ?	2957
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword	2958
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person ?	2959
Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,	2960
And mocke your workings, in a Second body ?	2961
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours :	2962
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne :	2963
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,	2964

- 2644 See your most dreadfull lawes so loofely flighted,
 2645 Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained:
 2646 And then imagine me taking your part,
 2647 And in your power soft silencing your sonne,
 2648 After this cold confiderance sentence me,
 2649 And as you are a King, speake in your state,
 2650 What I haue done that misbecame my place,
 2651 My person, or my lieges soueraigntie.
 2973 2652 *Prince* You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well,
 2653 Therefore still beare the Ballance and the Sword,
 2654 And I do wish your honors may encrease,
 2655 Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine
 2656 Offend you, and obey you as I did:
 2657 So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,
 2658 Happie am I that haue a man so bold,
 2659 That dares do iustice on my proper sonne:
 2660 And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,
 2661 That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,
 2662 Into the hands of Iustice you did commit me:
 2663 For which I do commit into your hand,
 2664 Th vnstained sword that you haue vsde to beare,
 2665 With this remembrance, that you vse the same
 2666 With the like bold, iust, and impartial spirit,
 2667 As you haue done gainst me:there is my hand,
 2668 You shall be as a father to my youth,
 2669 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine eare,
 2670 And I wil stoope and humble my intents,
 2671 To your well practizd wife directions.
 2993 2672 And princes all, beleue me I beseech you,
 2673 My father is gone wild into his graue:
 2674 For in his toomb lie my affections,
 2675 And with his spirities sadly I suruiue,
 2676 To mocke the expectation of the world,
 2677 To frustrate prophecies, and to race out,
 2678 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
 2679 After my seeming.the tide of bloud in me

See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loofely flighted;	2965
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:	2966
And then imagine me, taking you part,	2967
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne :	2968
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;	2969
And, as you are a King speake in your State,	2970
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,	2971
My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.	2972
<i>Prin.</i> You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well :	2973
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword :	2974
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,	2975
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine	2976
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.	2977
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words :	2978
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,	2979
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne ;	2980
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,	2981
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,	2982
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me :	2983
For which, I do commit into your hand,	2984
Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare :	2985
With this Remembrance; That you vse the same	2986
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit	2987
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,	2988
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth :	2989
My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine eare,	2990
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,	2991
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.	2992
And Princes all, beleue me, I beseech you :	2993
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,	2994
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)	2995
And with his Spirits, sadly I furuiue,	2996
To mocke the expectation of the World ;	2997
To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out	2998
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe	2999
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,	3000

2680 Hath proudely flowd in vanitie till now:
 2681 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the fea,
 2682 Where it shall mingle with the state of fouds,
 2683 And flow henceforth in formall maiestie.
 2684 Now call we our high court of parliament,
 2685 And let vs chuse such limbs of noble counsaile,
 2686 That the great bodie of our state may goe,
 2687 In equall ranke with the best governd Nation,
 2688 That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
 2689 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
 2690 In which you father shall haue formost hand:
 2691 Our coronation done, we wilaccite,
 2692 (As I before remembred)all our state,
 2693 And(God configning to my good intents,)
 2694 No prince nor peere shall haue iust caufe to say,
 3016 2695 God shorten Harries happy life one day.

exit.

2696 *Enter fir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauy, Bardolfe, page.*

2697 *Shal.* Nay you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour we
 2698 will eate a last yeeres pippen of mine owne graffing, with a
 2699 dish of carrawaies and so forth:come coofin Scilens, and then
 2700 to bed.
 2701 *Falst.* Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.
 2702 *Shal.* Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all fir
 2703 Iohn, mary good ayre:spread Dauy, spread Dauy, well faide
 2704 Dauy.
 2705 *Fal.* This Dauy serues you for good vses, hee is your fer-
 2706 uing-man, and your husband.
 2707 *Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet fir
 2708 Iohn : by the mas I haue drunke too much facke at fupper : a

Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.	3001
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,	3002
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,	3003
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.	3004
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,	3005
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,	3006
That the great Body of our State may go	3007
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,	3008
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be	3009
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,	3010
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.	3011
Our Coronation done, we will accite	3012
(As I before remembred) all our State,	3013
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)	3014
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,	3015
Heauen shorten <i>Harries</i> happy life, one day. <i>Exeunt.</i>	3016

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, 3017
Page, and Pistoll. 3018

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard : where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne grafting, with a dish of Carrawayes, and fo forth (Come Come) *Silence*, and then to bed. 3020
3021
3022

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich. 3023

Shal. Barren, barren, barren : Beggers all, beggers all 3024
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, I spread *Dauie* : 3025
Well said *Dauie*. 3026

Falst. This *Dauie* serues you for good vses: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband. 3027
3028

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, *Sir Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A 3029
3030

2709 good varlet:now fit downe, now fit downe, come cofin.

2710 *Scilens* A firra quoth a, we shall do nothing but eate and
 2711 make good cheere, and praise God for the merry yeere, when
 2712 flesh is cheape and females deare, and lusty laddes roame here
 2713 and there fo merely, and euer among fo merely.

3088 2714 *fir Iohn* Theres a merry heart, good M.Silens.ile giue you a
 2715 health for that anon.

2716 *Shal.* Giue master Bardolfe some wine, Dauy.

2717 *Dauy* Sweet fir fit, ile be with you anon, most sweet fir fit,
 2718 master Page, good master Page fit:proface, what you want in
 2719 meate, weelee haue in drink, but you must beare, the heart's al.

2720 *Shal.* Be mery master Bardolfe, and my litle fouldier there,
 2721 be mery.

2722 *Scilens* Be mery, be mery, my wife has all, for women are
 2723 throwes both short and tall, tis mery in hal when beards wags

2724 all, and welcome mery throuetide, be mery, be mery.

2725 *Falst.* I did not thinke master Scilens had bin a man of this
 2726 mettall.

2727 *Scilens* Who I?I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

2728 *Enter Dauy.*

2729 *Dauy* Theres a dish of Lether-coates for you.

2730 *Shal.* Dauy?

2731 *Dauy* Your worship:ile be with you straight, a cup of wine
 2732 fir.

3059 2733 *Scilens* A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto
 2734 the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

2735 *Falst.* Well faid master Scilens.

2736 *Scilens* And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete a'th
 2737 night.

2738 *Falst.* Health and long life to you master Scilens.

2739 *Scilens* Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile
 2740 too th bottome.

good Varlet. Now fit downe, now fit downe : Come 3031
Cofin. 3032

Sil. Ah firra(quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, 3033
and make good cheere, and praife heauen for the merrie 3034
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie 3035
Lads rome heere, and there : fo merrily, and euer among 3036
fo merrily. 3037

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M.*Silence*, Ile giue 3038
you a health for that anon. 3039

Shal. Good M.*Bardolfe*: some wine, *Dauie*. 3040

Da. Sweet fir, fit : Ile be with you anon : most sweete 3041
fir, fit. Master Page, good M.*Page*, fit : Proface. What 3042
yo u want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke : but you beare, 3043
the heart's all. 3044

Shal. Be merry M. *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour 3045
there, be merry. 3046

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all. 3047
For women are Shrewes, both fhort, and tall : 3048
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all ; 3049
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry. 3050

Fal. I did not thinke M.*Silence* had bin a man of this 3051
Mettle. 3052

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere 3053
now. 3054

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you. 3055

Shal. *Dauie*. 3056

Dau. Your Worship : Ile be with you ftraight. A cup 3057
of Wine, fir ? 3058

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke 3059
vnto the Lemam mine: and a merry heart liues long-a. 3060

Fal. Well faid, M.*Silence*. 3061

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of 3062
the night. 3063

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M.*Silence*. 3064

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a 3065
mile to the bottome. 3066

- 2741 *Shal.* Honeft Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantst any thing,
 2742 and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny
 2743 theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to mafter Bardolfe,
 2744 and to all the cabileros about London.
 2745 *Dauy* I hope to see London once ere I die.
 2746 *Bar.* And I might see you there Dauy!
 3073 2747 *Shal.* By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you
 2748 not mafter Bardolfe?
 2749 *Bar.* Yea fir, in a pottle pot.
 2750 *Sha.* By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by
 2751 thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!
 2752 *Bar.* And ile stick by him fir. *One knockes at doore.*
 2753 *Sha.* Why there spoke a King;lacke nothing, be mery,
 2754 looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?
 2755 *Falst.* Why now you haue done me right.
 2756 *Silens* Do me right, and dub me Knight, famingo:ist not so?

 2757 *Falst.* Tis so.
 2758 *Silens* Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.
 2759 *Dauy* And't please your worship, theres one Pistoll come
 2760 from the court with newes. *enter Pistol.*
 2761 *Falst.* From the Court?let him come in, how now Pistol?

 3091 2762 *Pistol* Sir Iohn, God faue you.
 2763 *Falst.* What wind blew you hither Pistol?
 2764 *Pistol* Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good:
 2765 sweete Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this
 2766 Realme.
 2767 *Silens* Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barfon,

 2768 *Pisto* Puffe?Puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base,
 2769 fir Iohn, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, and helter skelter, haue
 2770 I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and gol.
 2771 den times, and happy news of price.

Shal. Honeft *Bardolfe*, welcome : If thou want'ft any 3067
 thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my 3068
 little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too : Ile drinke to 3069
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileroes about London. 3070
Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die. 3071
Bar. If I might see you there, *Dauie*. 3072
Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not 3073
M. Bardolfe? 3074
Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot. 3075
Shal. I thanke thee : the knaue will sticke by thee, I 3076
 can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred. 3077
Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir. 3078
Shal. Why there Ipoke a King : lack nothing, be merry. 3079
 Looke, who's at doore there, ho : who knockes? 3080
Fal. Why now you haue done me right. 3081
Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't 3082
 not so? 3083
Fal. 'Tis so. 3084
Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat. 3085
Dau. If it please your Worshipp, there's one *Pistoll* 3086
 come from the Court with newes. 3087
Fal. From the Court? Let him come in. 3088

Enter Pistoll. 3089

How now Pistoll? 3090
Pist. Sir *John*, 'faue you sir. 3091
Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll? 3092
Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, 3093
 sweet Knight : Thou art now one of the greatest men in 3094
 the Realme. 3095
Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of 3096
 Barfon. 3097
Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward 3098
 bafe. Sir *John*, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend : helter 3099
 skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and 3100
 luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of 3101
 price. 3102

- 2772 *Iohn* I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this
 2773 world.
- 2774 *Pistol* A footre for the world and worldlings base, I speake
 2775 of Affrica and golden ioyes.
- 2776 *Iohn* O base Affirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King
 2777 Couetua know the truth thereof.
- 2778 *Scilens* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.
- 3110 2779 *Pistol* Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and shall
 2780 good newes be baffled? then Piftoll lay thy head in Furies lap.
- 2781 *Shal.* Honeft gentleman, I know not your breeding.
- 2782 *Pistol* Why then lament therefore.
- 2783 *Shal.* Giue me pardon fir, if fir you come with newes from
 2784 the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or
- 2785 conceale them, I am fir vnder the King in some authoritie.
- 2786 *Pistol* Vnder which King, Befonian? speake, or die.
- 2787 *Shal.* Vnder King Harry.
- 2788 *Pistol* Harry the fourth, or fift?
- 2789 *Shal.* Harry the fourth.
- 2790 *Pift* A fowtre for thine office: fir Iohn, thy tender lambkin
 2791 now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I speake the truth: when
 2792 Piftol lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging spaniard.
- 2793 *Falst* What is the old King dead?
- 3131 2794 *Pistol* As nayle in doore, the things I speake are iuft.
- 2795 *Fal.* Away Bardolfe, faddle my horfe, M. Robert Shallow,
 2796 choose what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Piftol, I will
 2797 double charge thee with dignities.
- 2798 *Bard.* O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my for-
 2799 tune.

<i>Fal.</i> I prethee now deliuer thcm, like a man of this	3103
World.	3104
<i>Pist.</i> A footra for the World, and Worldlings bafe,	3105
I fpeake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.	3106
<i>Fal.</i> O bafe Affyrian Knight, what is thy newes ?	3107
Let King <i>Couitha</i> know the truth thereof.	3108
<i>Sil.</i> And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.	3109
<i>Pist.</i> Shall dunghill Cures confront the <i>Hellicons</i> ?	3110
And shall good newes be baffel'd ?	3111
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.	3112
<i>Shal.</i> Honeft Gentleman,	3113
I know not your breeding.	3114
<i>Pist.</i> Why then Lament therefore.	3115
<i>Shal.</i> Giue me pardon, Sir.	3116
If fir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there	3117
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale	3118
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.	3119
<i>Pist.</i> Vnder which King ?	3120
<i>Bezonian,</i> fpeake, or dye.	3121
<i>Shal.</i> Vnder King <i>Harry.</i>	3122
<i>Pist.</i> <i>Harry</i> the Fourth? or Fift ?	3123
<i>Shal.</i> <i>Harry</i> the Fourth.	3124
<i>Pist.</i> A footra for thine Office.	3125
Sir <i>Iohn,</i> thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,	3126
<i>Harry</i> the Fift's the man, I fpeake the truth.	3127
When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like	3128
The bragging Spaniard.	3129
<i>Fal.</i> What, is the old King dead ?	3130
<i>Pist.</i> As naile in doore.	3131
The things I fpeake, are iuft.	3132
<i>Fal.</i> Away <i>Bardolfe,</i> Sadle my Horfe,	3133
Mafter <i>Robert Shallow,</i> choofe what Office thou wilt	3134
In the Land, 'tis thine. <i>Pistol,</i> I will double charge thee	3135
With Dignities.	3136
<i>Bard.</i> O ioyfull day :	3137
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.	3138

2800 *Pistol* What? I do bring good newes.

2801 *Falst.* Carry mafter Scilens to bed : mafter Shallow, my
2802 lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes steward, get on
2803 thy boots, weel ride al night:ô fweet Pistol, away Bardolf, com
2804 Pistol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuise something to doe

2805 thy selfe good, boote, boote mafter Shallow, I know the yong
2806 King is ficke for me : let vs take any mans horfes, the lawes of
2807 England are at my commandement, blessed are they that haue
2808 bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iustice.

2809 *Pist.* Let vultures vile feize on his lungs also : where is the
2810 life that late I led, say they, why here it is, welcome these ple-
2811 sant dayes. *exit.*

2812 *Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.*

3155 2813 *Hofst.* No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might
2814 die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou hast drawn my shoul-
2815 der out of ioynt.

2816 *Sincklo* The Constables haue deliuered her ouer to mee,
2817 and shee shal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath
2818 bene a man or two kild about her.

2819 *Whoore* Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell
2820 thee what, thou damnd tripe visagde rascall, and the child I go
2821 with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst strook thy mo-
2822 ther, thou paper-facde villaine.

2823 *Hofst.* O the Lord, that sir Iohn were come! I would make
2824 this a bloody day to some body : but I pray God the fruite of
2825 her wombe miscarry.

<i>Pist.</i> What? I do bring good newes.	3139
<i>Fal.</i> Carrie Master <i>Silence</i> to bed : Master <i>Shallow</i> , my	3140
Lord <i>Shallow</i> , be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.	3141
Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet <i>Pistoll</i> :	3142
Away <i>Bardolfe</i> : Come <i>Pistoll</i> , vtter more to mee : and	3143
withall deuise somethng to do thy felfe good. Boote,	3144
boote Master <i>Shallow</i> , I know the young King is sick for	3145
mee. Let vs take any mans Horffes : The Lawes of Eng-	3146
land are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which	3147
haue beene my Friendes : and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe	3148
Iuftice.	3149
<i>Pist.</i> Let Vultures vil'de feize on his Lungs also :	3150
Where is the life that late I led, fay they ?	3151
Why heere it is, welcome thofe pleafant dayes. <i>Exeunt</i>	3152

Scena Quarta.

<i>Enter Hofteffe Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete,</i>	3153
<i>and Beadles.</i>	3154

Hofteffe. No, thou arrant knaue : I would I might dy, 3155
that I might haue thee hang'd : Thou haft drawne my 3156
fhoulder out of ioynt. 3157

Off. The Conftables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee : 3158
and fhee fhall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant 3159
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately)kill'd about 3160
her. 3161

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile 3162
tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-vifag'd Rascall, if the 3163
Childe I now go with, do mifcarrie, thou had'ft better 3164
thou had'ft ftrooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil- 3165
laine. 3166

Hof. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make 3167
this a bloody day to fome body. But I would the Fruite 3168
of her Wombe might mifcarry. 3169

2826 *Sincklo.* If it doe, you shall haue a dozen of cushions
 2827 againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both
 2828 goe with mee for the man is dead that you and Pistoll beat a-
 2829 mongst you.

3174 2830 *Whoore* Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenfor, I will
 2831 haue you as foundly fwingde for this, you blewbottle rogue,
 2832 you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not fwingde, Ile for-
 2833 sweare halfe kirtles.

2834 *Sinck.* Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

2835 *Host.* O God, that right should thus ouercom might!wel,
 2836 of sufferance comes ease.

2837 *Whoore* Come you rogue, come bring me to a iustice.

2838 *Host.* I come, you starude blood-hound.

2839 *Whoore* Goodman death, goodman bones.

2840 *Host.* Thou Atomy, thou.

2841 *Whoore* Come you thinne thing; come you rafcall.

2842 *Sinck.* Very well.

2843 *Enter strewers of rushes.*

2844 1 More rushes, more rushes.

2845 2 The trumpets haue founded twice.

2846 3 Twill be two a clocke ere they come from the coronati-
 2847 on, dispatch, dispatch.

2848 *Trumpets sound, and the King, and his traine passe over the*

2849 *stage: after them enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol,*

2850 *Bardolfe, and the Boy.*

3195 2851 *Falst.* Stand heere by me maister Shallow, I will make the
 2852 King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and
 2853 do but marke the countenance that he will giue me.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions 3170
 againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you 3171
 both go with me : for the man is dead, that you and Pi- 3172
 stoll beate among you. 3173

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenfor ; I 3174
 will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew- 3175
 Bottel'd Rogue : you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you 3176
 be not swing'd, Ile forweare halfe Kirtles. 3177

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come. 3178

Hofst. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel 3179
 of sufferance, comes ease. 3180

Dol. Come you Rogue, come : 3181
 Bring me to a Iustice. 3182

Hofst. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound. 3183

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones. 3184

Hofst. Thou Anatomy, thou. 3185

Dol. Come you thinne Thing : 3186
 Come you Rascall. 3187

Off. Very well. *Exeunt.* 3188

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes. 3189

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes. 3190

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice. 3191

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come 3192
 from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.* 3193

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page. 3194

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. Robert Shallow, I will 3195
 make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as 3196
 he comes by : and do but marke the countenance that hee 3197
 will giue me. 3198

2854 *Pist.* God bleffe thy lungs good Knight.

2855 *Falst.* Come heere Pistoll, stand behinde mee. O if I had
2856 had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue bestowed
2857 the thousand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this
2858 poore shew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to see
2859 him.

2860 *Pist.* It doth fo.

2861 *Falst.* It shewes my earnestnesse of affection.

2862 *Pist.* It doth fo.

2863 *Falst.* My deuotion.

3209 2864 *Pist.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

2865 *Fal.* As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate,
2866 not to remember, not to haue pacience to shift me.

2867 *Shal* It is best certain:but to stand stained with trauaile, and

2868 sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing els, putting
2869 all affaires else in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee
2870 done, but to see him.

2871 *Pist.* Tis *semper idem*, for, *obsque hoc nihil est*, tis in euery
2872 part.

2873 *Shal.* Tis fo indeede.

2874 *Pist.* My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make
2875 thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base
2876 durance, and contagious prison, halde thither by most mecha-

3225 2877 nical, and durtie hand:rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with
2878 fell Alecatoes snake, for Doll is in: Pistoll speakes nought but
2879 truth.

2880 *Falst.* I will deliuer her.

2881 *Pist.* There roared the sea, and trumpet Clangor sounds.

<i>Pistol.</i> Bleffe thy Lungs, good Knight.	3199
<i>Falst.</i> Come heere <i>Pistol</i> , stand behind me. O if I had	3200
had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue be-	3201
flowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is	3202
no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre	3203
the zeale I had to see him.	3204
<i>Shal.</i> It doth so.	3205
<i>Falst.</i> It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.	3206
<i>Pist.</i> It doth so.	3207
<i>Fal.</i> My deuotion.	3208
<i>Pist.</i> It doth, it doth, it doth.	3209
<i>Fal.</i> As it were, to ride day and night,	3210
And not to deliberate, not to remember,	3211
Not to haue patience to shift me.	3212
<i>Shal.</i> It is most certaine.	3213
<i>Fal.</i> But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating	3214
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting	3215
all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee	3216
done, but to see him.	3217
<i>Pist.</i> 'Tis <i>semper idem</i> : for <i>absque hoc nihil est</i> . 'Tis all	3218
in euery part.	3219
<i>Shal.</i> 'Tis so indeed.	3220
<i>Pist.</i> My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and	3221
make thee rage. Thy <i>Dol</i> , and <i>Helen</i> of thy noble thoghts	3222
is in base Durance, and contagious prifon: Hall'd thi-	3223
ther by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe	3224
Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for	3225
<i>Dol</i> is in. <i>Pistol</i> , speakes nought but troth.	3226
<i>Fal.</i> I will deliuer her.	3227
<i>Pistol.</i> There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour	3228
founds.	3229

2882

*Enter the King and his traine.*2883 *Falst.* God faue thy grace King Hall, my royall Hall.2884 *Pist.* The heauens thee gard and keep, most royal impe of
2885 fame.2886 *Falst.* God faue thee, my fweet boy.2887 *King* My Lord chiefe iustice, speake to that vaine man.2888 *Iust.* Haue you your wits? know you what tis you speake?3241 2889 *Falst.* My King, my Ioue, I speake to thee, my heart.2890 *King* I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,

2891 How ill white heires becomes a foole and iester,

2892 I haue long dreampt of such a kind of man,

2893 So surfet-fweld, fo old, and fo prophane:

2894 But being awakt, I do despise my dreame,

2895 Make lesse thy body(hence)and more thy grace,

2896 Leauē gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape

2897 For thee, thrice wider then for other men,

2898 Reply not to me with a foole-borne iest,

2899 Prefume not that I am the thing I was,

2900 For God doth know, fo shall the world perceiue,

3253 2901 That I haue turnd away my former selfe,

2902 So will I those that kept me company:

2903 When thou dost heare I am as I haue bin,

2904 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

2905 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

2906 Till then I banish thee, on paine of death,

2907 As I haue done the rest of my misleaders,

2908 Not to come neare our person by ten mile:

2909 For competence of life, I wil allow you,

2910 That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euills,

2911 And as we heare you do reforme your felues,

2912 We will according to your strengths and qualities,

1623	<i>The Second Part of Henry the Fourth</i>	195
	<i>The Trumpets found. Enter King Henrie the</i>	3230
	<i>Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe</i>	3231
	<i>Iustice.</i>	3232
	<i>Falst.</i> Saue thy Grace, King <i>Hall</i> , my Royall <i>Hall</i> .	3233
	<i>Pist.</i> The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall	3234
	Impe of Fame.	3235
	<i>Fal.</i> 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.	3236
	<i>King.</i> My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine	3237
	man.	3238
	<i>Ch.Iust.</i> Haue you your wits ?	3239
	Know you what 'tis you speake ?	3240
	<i>Falst.</i> My King, my Ioue ; I speake to thee, my heart.	3241
	<i>King.</i> I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers :	3242
	How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester ?	3243
	I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,	3244
	So surfeit-swelld, so old, and so prophane :	3245
	But being awake, I do despise my dreame.	3246
	Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,	3247
	Leaue gourmandizing ; Know the Graue doth gape	3248
	For thee, thrice wider then for other men.	3249
	Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,	3250
	Perfume not, that I am the thing I was,	3251
	For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)	3252
	That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,	3253
	So will I those that kept me Companie.	3254
	When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,	3255
	Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't	3256
	The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots :	3257
	Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,	3258
	As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,	3259
	Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.	3260
	For competence of life, I will allow you,	3261
	That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill :	3262
	And as we heare you do reforme your felues,	3263
	We will according to your strength, and qualities,	3264

3265 2913 Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
2914 To see performd the tenure of my word: fet on.

2915 *John* Master Shallow I ow you a thoufand pound.

2916 *Shal.* Yea mary fir Iohn, which I befeech you to let me haue
2917 home with me.

2918 *John* That can hardly be, mafter Shallow: do not you grieue
2919 at this, I fhall be fent for in priuate to him. looke you, hee muft
2920 feeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancements, I will
2921 be the man yet that fhall make you great.

3275 2922 *Shal.* I cannot perceiue how, vnleffe you giue me your
2923 dublet, and ftuffe me out with fraw : I befeech you good fir
2924 Iohn let me haue five hundred of my thoufand.

2925 *John* Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard
2926 was but a collour.

2927 *Shall.* A collar that I feare you will die in fir Iohn.

2928 *John* Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

2929 Come lieftenant Piftol, come Bardolfe, *Enter Iuftice*
2930 I fhall be fent for foone at night. *and prince Iohn*

2931 *Iuftice* Go cary fir Iohn Falftalfe to the Fleet,

2932 Take all his company along with him.

2933 *Fal.* My lord, my lord.

2934 *Iuft.* I cannot now fpeake, I will heare you foone, take them
2935 away. *exeunt.*

2936 *Pift.* *Si fortuna me tormenta fpero contenta.*

3292 2937 *John* I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,

2938 He hath intent his wonted followers

2939 Shall all be very well prouided for,

2940 But all are banifht till their conuerfations

2941 Appeare more wife and modeft to the worlde.

2942 *Iuft.* And fo they are.

2943 *John* The King hath cald his parlament my lord.

2944 *Iuft.* He hath.

Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)	3265
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.	3266
<i>Exit King.</i>	3267
<i>Fal.</i> Master <i>Shallow</i> , I owe you a thousand pound.	3268
<i>Shal.</i> I marry Sir <i>John</i> , which I beseech you to let me	3269
haue home with me.	3270
<i>Fal.</i> That can hardly be, M. <i>Shallow</i> , do not you grieve	3271
at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you,	3272
he must feeme thus to the world: feare not your aduance-	3273
ment: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.	3274
<i>Shal.</i> I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should	3275
giue me your Doublet, and stufte me out with Straw. I	3276
beseech you, good Sir <i>John</i> , let mee haue five hundred of	3277
my thousand.	3278
<i>Fal.</i> Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you	3279
heard, was but a colour.	3280
<i>Shall.</i> A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir <i>John</i> .	3281
<i>Fal.</i> Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:	3282
Come Lieutenant <i>Pistol</i> , come <i>Bardolfe</i> ,	3283
I shall be sent for soone at night.	3284
<i>Ch. Iust.</i> Go carry Sir <i>John Falstaffe</i> to the Fleete,	3285
Take all his Company along with him.	3286
<i>Fal.</i> My Lord, my Lord.	3287
<i>Ch. Iust.</i> I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:	3288
Take them away.	3289
<i>Pist.</i> <i>Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.</i>	3290
<i>Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.</i>	3291
<i>John.</i> I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:	3292
He hath intent his wonted Followers	3293
Shall all be very well prouided for:	3294
But all are banisht, till their conuerfations	3295
Apppeare more wise, and modest to the world.	3296
<i>Ch. Iust.</i> And so they are.	3297
<i>John.</i> The King hath call'd his Parliament,	3298
My Lord.	3299
<i>Ch. Iust.</i> He hath.	3300

2945 *John* I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
2946 We beare our ciuil fwords and natiue fier,
2947 As farre as France, I heard a bird fo fing,
2948 Whofe musique, to my thinking, pleasde the King:
2949 Come, will you hence?

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire, 3301
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire 3302
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing, 3303
Whose Muficke (to my thinking)pleas'd the King. 3304
Come, will you hence? *Exeunt* 3305

2950 Firft my feare, then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.

2951 My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech,
 2952 to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you
 2953 vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and
 2954 what indeed(I ſhould ſay)wil (I doubt)proue mine own mar-
 2955 ring:but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to
 2956 you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſplea-
 2957 ſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a bet-
 3314 2958 ter: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il ven-
 2959 ture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle cre-
 2960 ditors looſe, here I promiſde you I would be, and here I com-
 2961 mit my body to your mercies, bate meſome, and I will pay you
 2962 ſome, and(as moſt debtors do)promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I
 2963 kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

2964 If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you
 2965 commaund me to vſe my legges? And yet that were but light
 2966 payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good confci-
 2967 ence will make any poſſible ſatiſfaction, and ſo woulde I: all
 2968 the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen
 2969 will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentle-
 2970 women, which was neuer ſeene in ſuch an affemblie.

3325 2971 One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much



EPILOGUE.



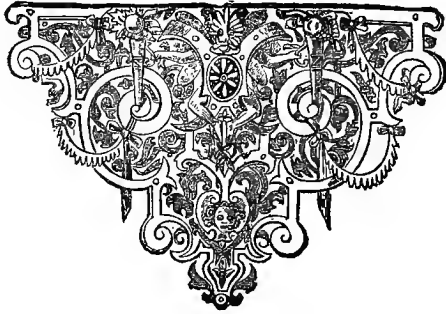
FIRST, my Feare : then, my Curtsie : last, my Speech. 3306
My Feare, is your Displeasure : My Curtsie, my Dutie : 3307
And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a 3308
good speech now, you vndoe me : For what I haue to say, is 3309
of mine owne making : and what (indeed) I should say, will 3310
(I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, 3311
and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very 3312
well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience 3313
for it, and to promise you a Better : I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, 3314
which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle 3315
Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie 3316
to your Mercies : Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) 3317
promise you infinitely. 3318

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me : will you command me to vse 3319
my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But 3320
a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentle 3321
women heere, haue forguien me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen 3322
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer feene before, in such an Af- 3323
sembly. 3324

One word more, I beseech you : if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, 3325

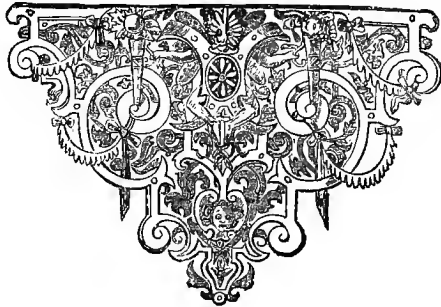
2972 eloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the
2973 storie, with fir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Ka-
2974 tharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falstaffe
2975 shall die of a sweate, vnlesse already a be killd with your harde
2976 opinions; for Olde-castle died Martyre, and this is not the
2977 man : my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid
2978 you, good night.

FINIS.



our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you 3326
 merry, with faire Katherine of France : where (for any thing I know) Fal- 3327
 staffe shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill' d with your hard Opinions : 3328
 For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, 3329
 when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: 3330
 But (indeed) to pray for the Queene. 3331

FINIS.





THE
ACTORS
NAMES.

BVMOR the Presenter.

King *Henry* the Fourth.

Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.

Prince *John* of Lancaster.

Humphrey of Gloucester

Thomas of Clarence.

} Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.

Northumberland.

The Arch Byshop of Yorke.

Mowbray.

Hastings.

Lord Bardolfe.

Trauers.

Morton.

Coleuile.

} Opposites against King *Henrie* the Fourth.

Warwicke.

Westmerland.

Surrey.

Gowre.

Harecourt.

Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Shallow. } Both Country

Silence. } Iustices.

Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.

Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants.

Mouldie.

Shadow.

Wart.

Feeble.

Bullcalfe.

} Of the Kings
Partie.

Pointz.

Falstaffe.

Bardolphe.

Pistoll.

Peto.

Page.

} Irregular
Humourists.

Drawers.

Beadles.

Groomes.

Northumberlands Wife.

Percies Widdow.

Hostesse Quickly.

Doll Teare-sheete.

Epilogue.



THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE
FOURTH.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1600 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	23	23
A 3	95	98
A 3 (v.) or blank.	168	173
B	238	277
B 2	310	355
B 3	382	422
B 3 (v.) or blank.	454	492
C	523	610
C 2	595	680
C 3	667	757
C 3 (v.) or blank.	739	829
D	811	908
D 2	883	1006
D 3	955	1078
D 3 (v.) or blank.	1027	1160
E	1099	1238
E 2	1172	1320
E 3	1237	1390
E 4	1303	1456
E 5	1373	1523
E 5 (v.) or blank.	1441	1593
F	1510	1669
F 2	1582	1754
F 3	1654	1833
F 3 (v.) or blank.	1726	1907
G	1798	2038
G 2	1870	2112
G 3	1942	2188
G 3 (v.) or blank.	2014	2265
H	2086	2346
H 2	2158	2424
H 3	2230	2502
H 3 (v.) or blank.	2302	2585
I	2374	2661
I 2	2445	2735
I 3	2517	2828
I 3 (v.) or blank.	2589	2909
K	2661	2982
K 2	2733	3059
K 3	2806	3145
K 3 (v.) or blank.	2877	3225
L	2949	3305

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 74	42	1st column, page 88	1798
2d " " 74	84	2d " " 88	1856
1st " " 75	148	1st " " 91*	1918
2d " " 75	214	2d " " 91*	1984
1st " " 76	278	1st " " 92*	2050
2d " " 76	344	2d " " 92*	2115
1st " " 77	410	1st " " 91*	2181
2d " " 77	476	2d " " 91*	2247
1st " " 78	539	1st " " 92*	2311
2d " " 78	605	2d " " 92*	2370
1st " " 79	667	1st " " 93	2436
2d " " 79	733	2d " " 93	2502
1st " " 80	792	1st " " 94	2564
2d " " 80	857	2d " " 94	2630
1st " " 81	923	1st " " 95	2669
2d " " 81	981	2d " " 95	2760
1st " " 82	1040	1st " " 96	2817
2d " " 82	1101	2d " " 96	2877
1st " " 83	1165	1st " " 97	2940
2d " " 83	1231	2d " " 97	3006
1st " " 84	1293	1st " " 98	3064
2d " " 84	1359	2d " " 98	3129
1st " " 85	1415	1st " " 99	3188
2d " " 85	1497	2d " " 99	3248
1st " " 86	1538	1st " " 100	3274
2d " " 86	1602	2d " " 100	3305
1st " " 87	1666	1st " " 101	3331
2d " " 87	1732		

* So printed in the Folio.

