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**William Shakespeare**

**Henry IV, Part II.**

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**1598**

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

Dramatis Personae

RUMOUR, the Presenter  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards HENRY  
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER  
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER  
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE  
Sons of Henry IV

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK  
LORD MOWBRAY  
LORD HASTINGS

LORD BARDOLPH  
SIR JOHN COLVILLE  
TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland  
Opposites against King Henry IV

EARL OF WARWICK  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND  
EARL OF SURREY  
EARL OF KENT  
GOWER  
HARCOURT  
BLUNT  
Of the King's party

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE  
SERVANT, to Lord Chief Justice

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF  
EDWARD POINS  
BARDOLPH  
PISTOL  
PETO  
Irregular humourists

PAGE, to Falstaff

ROBERT SHALLOW and SILENCE, country Justices  
DAVY, servant to Shallow

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's officers

RALPH MOULDY  
SIMON SHADOW  
THOMAS WART  
FRANCIS FEEBLE  
PETER BULLCALF  
Country soldiers

FRANCIS, a drawer

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND  
LADY PERCY, Percy's widow  
HOSTESS QUICKLY, of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap  
DOLL TEARSHEET

LORDS, Attendants, Porter, Drawers, Beadles,  
Grooms, Servants,  
Speaker of the Epilogue

SCENE: England

INDUCTION

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues

RUMOUR. Open your ears; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,  
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
I run before King Harry's victory,  
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? My office is  
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,  
And that the King before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learnt of me. From Rumour's tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
wrongs.

Exit

ACT I. SCENE I.

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle

Enter LORD BARDOLPH

LORD BARDOLPH. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The PORTER opens the gate

Where is the Earl?

PORTER. What shall I say you are?

LORD BARDOLPH. Tell thou the Earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

PORTER. His lordship is walk'd forth into the  
orchard.

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

LORD BARDOLPH. Here comes the Earl.

Exit PORTER

NORTHUMBERLAND. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every  
minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose  
And bears down all before him.

LORD BARDOLPH. Noble Earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Good, an God will!

LORD BARDOLPH. As good as heart can wish.

The King is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,  
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cxsar's fortunes!

NORTHUMBERLAND. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

LORD BARDOLPH. I spake with one, my lord, that came  
from thence;

A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely rend'red me these news for true.

Enter TRAVERS

NORTHUMBERLAND. Here comes my servant Travers, whom  
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

LORD BARDOLPH. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Now, Travers, what good tidings  
comes with you?

TRAVERS. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
With that he gave his able horse the head  
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Ha! Again:

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

LORD BARDOLPH. My lord, I'll tell you what:

If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Why should that gentleman that rode  
by Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

LORD BARDOLPH. Who- he?

He was some hilding fellow that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton

NORTHUMBERLAND. Yea, this man's brow, like to a  
title-leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.  
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MORTON. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our party.

NORTHUMBERLAND. How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dread in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;  
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.  
This thou wouldst say: 'Your son did thus and

thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas'-  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;  
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all, are dead.'

MORTON. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;  
But for my lord your son-

NORTHUMBERLAND. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;  
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MORTON. You are too great to be by me gainsaid;  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Yet, for all this, say not that  
Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye;  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:  
The tongue offends not that reports his death;  
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Rememb' red tolling a departing friend.

LORD BARDOLPH. I cannot think, my lord, your son is  
dead.

MORTON. I am sorry I should force you to believe  
That which I would to God I had not seen;  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-  
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down  
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death- whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp-  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;  
For from his metal was his party steeled;  
Which once in him abated, an the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear  
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,  
Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his  
flight,  
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all

Is that the King hath won, and hath sent out  
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

NORTHUMBERLAND. For this I shall have time enough  
to mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well;  
And as the wretch whose fever-weak'ned joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
Weak'ned with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou  
nice crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel  
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly coif!  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach  
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!  
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end  
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

LORD BARDOLPH. This strained passion doth you  
wrong, my lord.

MORTON. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your  
honour.

The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance before you said  
'Let us make head.' It was your pre-surmise  
That in the dole of blows your son might drop.  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable

Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;  
Yet did you say 'Go forth'; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth  
More than that being which was like to be?

LORD BARDOLPH. We all that are engaged to this loss  
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas  
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
And since we are o'erset, venture again.  
Come, we will put forth, body and goods.

MORTON. 'Tis more than time. And, my most noble  
lord,

I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth:  
The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
With well-appointed pow'rs. He is a man  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corpse,  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;  
For that same word 'rebellion' did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls;  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
As men drink potions; that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and

souls

This word 'rebellion'- it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion.  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;  
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;  
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more and less do flock to follow him.

NORTHUMBERLAND. I knew of this before; but, to  
speak truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
Go in with me; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge.  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with

speed-

Never so few, and never yet more  
need. Exeunt

SCENE II.

London. A street

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his PAGE bearing  
his  
sword and buckler

FALSTAFF. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor  
to my water?

PAGE. He said, sir, the water itself was a good  
healthy water; but

for the party that owed it, he might have moe  
diseases than he  
knew for.

FALSTAFF. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at  
me. The brain of  
this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to  
invent anything

that intends to laughter, more than I invent or  
is invented on

me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause  
that wit is in

other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow  
that hath

overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince  
put thee into

my service for any other reason than to set me  
off, why then I

have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou  
art fitter to be

worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was  
never mann'd with

an agate till now; but I will inset you neither  
in gold nor

silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back  
again to your

master, for a jewel- the juvenal, the Prince your  
master, whose

chin is not yet fledge. I will sooner have a  
beard grow in the

palm of my hand than he shall get one off his  
cheek; and yet he

will not stick to say his face is a face-royal.  
God may finish it  
when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet. He may  
keep it still at  
a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn  
sixpence out of it;  
and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man  
ever since his  
father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace,  
but he's almost  
out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master  
Dommelton about  
the satin for my short cloak and my slops?  
PAGE. He said, sir, you should procure him better  
assurance than  
Bardolph. He would not take his band and yours;  
he liked not the  
security.  
FALSTAFF. Let him be damn'd, like the Glutton; pray  
God his tongue  
be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! A rascal-yea-  
forsooth knave, to  
bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon  
security! The  
whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but  
high shoes, and  
bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is  
through with  
them in honest taking-up, then they must stand  
upon security. I  
had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth  
as offer to stop  
it with security. I look'd 'a should have sent me  
two and twenty  
yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he  
sends me security.  
Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the  
horn of  
abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines  
through it; and  
yet cannot he see, though he have his own  
lanthorn to light him.  
Where's Bardolph?  
PAGE. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship  
horse.

FALSTAFF. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in

Smithfield. An I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and SERVANT

PAGE. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the

Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FALSTAFF. Wait close; I will not see him.

CHIEF JUSTICE. What's he that goes there?

SERVANT. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

CHIEF JUSTICE. He that was in question for the robb'ry?

SERVANT. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at

Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the

Lord John of Lancaster.

CHIEF JUSTICE. What, to York? Call him back again.

SERVANT. Sir John Falstaff!

FALSTAFF. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

PAGE. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

CHIEF JUSTICE. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good.

Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

SERVANT. Sir John!

FALSTAFF. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? Is

there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? Do not the

rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but

one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were

it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

SERVANT. You mistake me, sir.

FALSTAFF. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my

knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

SERVANT. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your  
soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you you in your  
throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FALSTAFF. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which  
grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou  
tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter.

Hence! Avaunt!

SERVANT. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FALSTAFF. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I

am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say your lordship

was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your

lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack

of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most

humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your  
health.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to  
Shrewsbury.

FALSTAFF. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd  
with some discomfort from Wales.

CHIEF JUSTICE. I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I  
sent for you.

FALSTAFF. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this  
same whoreson apoplexy.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Well God mend him! I pray you let me speak with you.

FALSTAFF. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, an't  
please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the

blood, a whoreson  
tingling.

CHIEF JUSTICE. What tell you me of it? Be it as it  
is.

FALSTAFF. It hath it original from much grief, from  
study, and

perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause  
of his effects

in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

CHIEF JUSTICE. I think you are fall'n into the  
disease, for you

hear not what I say to you.

FALSTAFF. Very well, my lord, very well. Rather  
an't please you, it

is the disease of not listening, the malady of  
not marking, that

I am troubled withal.

CHIEF JUSTICE. To punish you by the heels would  
amend the attention

of your ears; and I care not if I do become your  
physician.

FALSTAFF. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so  
patient. Your

lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment  
to me in respect

of poverty; but how I should be your patient to  
follow your

prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a  
scruple, or

indeed a scruple itself.

CHIEF JUSTICE. I sent for you, when there were  
matters against you

for your life, to come speak with me.

FALSTAFF. As I was then advis'd by my learned  
counsel in the laws

of this land-service, I did not come.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you  
live in great

infamy.

FALSTAFF. He that buckles himself in my belt cannot  
live in less.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Your means are very slender, and  
your waste is

great.

FALSTAFF. I would it were otherwise; I would my

means were greater

and my waist slenderer.

CHIEF JUSTICE. You have misled the youthful Prince.

FALSTAFF. The young Prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the

great belly, and he my dog.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Well, I am loath to gall a new-heal'd wound. Your

day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your

night's exploit on Gadshill. You may thank th' unquiet time for

your quiet o'erposting that action.

FALSTAFF. My lord-

CHIEF JUSTICE. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a

sleeping wolf.

FALSTAFF. To wake a wolf is as bad as smell a fox.

CHIEF JUSTICE. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt

out.

FALSTAFF. A wassail candle, my lord- all tallow; if I did say of

wax, my growth would approve the truth.

CHIEF JUSTICE. There is not a white hair in your face but should

have his effect of gravity.

FALSTAFF. His effect of gravy, gravy,

CHIEF JUSTICE. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his

ill angel.

FALSTAFF. Not so, my lord. Your ill angel is light; but hope he

that looks upon me will take me without weighing.

And yet in some

respects, I grant, I cannot go- I cannot tell.

Virtue is of so

little regard in these costermongers' times that true valour is

turn'd berod; pregnancy is made a tapster, and his quick wit

wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to

man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a

gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, must confess, are wags too.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

FALSTAFF. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice- I have lost it with hallooing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you- he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents- marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

FALSTAFF. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Well, the King hath sever'd you. I

hear you are

going with Lord John of Lancaster against the  
Archbishop and the

Earl of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for  
it. But look you

pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home,  
that our armies

join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take  
but two shirts

out with me, and I mean not to sweat  
extraordinarily. If it be a

hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I  
would I might

never spit white again. There is not a dangerous  
action can peep

out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I  
cannot last ever;

but it was alway yet the trick of our English  
nation, if they

have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye  
will needs say I

am an old man, you should give me rest. I would  
to God my name

were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I  
were better to be

eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to  
nothing with

perpetual motion.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Well, be honest, be honest; and God  
bless your

expedition!

FALSTAFF. Will your lordship lend me a thousand  
pound to furnish me

forth?

CHIEF JUSTICE. Not a penny, not a penny; you are  
too impatient to

bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my  
cousin

Westmoreland.

Exeunt CHIEF JUSTICE

and SERVANT

FALSTAFF. If I do, fillip me with a three-man  
beetle. A man can no

more separate age and covetousness than 'a can

part young limbs  
and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the  
pox pinches the  
other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.  
Boy!

PAGE. Sir?

FALSTAFF. What money is in my purse?

PAGE. Seven groats and two pence.

FALSTAFF. I can get no remedy against this  
consumption of the  
purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out,  
but the disease  
is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of  
Lancaster; this  
to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland;  
and this to old  
Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to  
marry since I  
perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin. About  
it; you know  
where to find me. [Exit PAGE] A pox of this  
gout! or, a gout of  
this pox! for the one or the other plays the  
rogue with my great  
toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars  
for my colour,  
and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A  
good wit will  
make use of anything. I will turn diseases to  
commodity.

Exit

SCENE III.

York. The ARCHBISHOP'S palace

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, THOMAS MOWBRAY the  
EARL

MARSHAL, LORD HASTINGS, and LORD BARDOLPH

ARCHBISHOP. Thus have you heard our cause and known  
our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes-  
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

MOWBRAY. I well allow the occasion of our amis;  
But gladly would be better satisfied

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the King.

HASTINGS. Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;  
And our supplies live largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

LORD BARDOLPH. The question then, Lord Hastings,  
standeth thus:

Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland?

HASTINGS. With him, we may.

LORD BARDOLPH. Yea, marry, there's the point;  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand;  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

ARCHBISHOP. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for  
indeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

LORD BARDOLPH. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself  
with hope,

Eating the air and promise of supply,  
Flatt'ring himself in project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;  
And so, with great imagination  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leapt into destruction.

HASTINGS. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

LORD BARDOLPH. Yes, if this present quality of war-  
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot-  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then we must rate the cost of the erection;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at least desist

To build at all? Much more, in this great work-  
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down  
And set another up- should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,  
Question surveyors, know our own estate  
How able such a work to undergo-  
To weigh against his opposite; or else  
We fortify in paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men;  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HASTINGS. Grant that our hopes- yet likely of fair  
birth-

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation,  
I think we are so a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

LORD BARDOLPH. What, is the King but five and  
twenty thousand?

HASTINGS. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord  
Bardolph;

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads: one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower; perforce a third  
Must take up us. So is the unfirm King  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCHBISHOP. That he should draw his several  
strengths together

And come against us in full puissance  
Need not be dreaded.

HASTINGS. If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying at his heels. Never fear that.

LORD BARDOLPH. Who is it like should lead his  
forces hither?

HASTINGS. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;  
But who is substituted against the French  
I have no certain notice.

ARCHBISHOP. Let us on,

And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many, with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these  
times?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave.  
Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,  
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accurs'd!  
Past and to come seems best; things present,  
worst.

MOWBRAY. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

HASTINGS. We are time's subjects, and time bids be  
gone.

Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A street

Enter HOSTESS with two officers, FANG and  
SNARE

HOSTESS. Master Fang, have you ent'red the action?

FANG. It is ent'red.

HOSTESS. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman?  
Will 'a stand  
to't?

FANG. Sirrah, where's Snare?

HOSTESS. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

SNARE. Here, here.

FANG. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

HOSTESS. Yea, good Master Snare; I have ent'red him

and all.

SNARE. It may chance cost some of our lives, for he will stab.

HOSTESS. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own

house, and that most beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what

mischief he does, if his weapon be out; he will foin like any

devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

FANG. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

HOSTESS. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

FANG. An I but fist him once; an 'a come but within my vice!

HOSTESS. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an

infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure.

Good Master Snare, let him not scape. 'A comes continuantly to

Pie-corner- saving your manhoods- to buy a saddle; and he is

indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head in Lumbert Street, to

Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray you, since my exion is

ent'red, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be

brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor

lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and

have been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this

day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no

honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and

a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, PAGE, and  
BARDOLPH

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose  
knave, Bardolph,  
with him. Do your offices, do your offices,  
Master Fang and

Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

FALSTAFF. How now! whose mare's dead? What's the  
matter?

FANG. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of  
Mistress Quickly.

FALSTAFF. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph. Cut me off  
the villian's  
head. Throw the quean in the channel.

HOSTESS. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee  
in the channel.

Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!  
Murder, murder! Ah,

thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's  
officers and the

King's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a  
honey-seed; a  
man-queller and a woman-queller.

FALSTAFF. Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG. A rescue! a rescue!

HOSTESS. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou  
wot, wot thou!

thou wot, wot ta? Do, do, thou rogue! do, thou  
hemp-seed!

PAGE. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you  
fustilarian!

I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his men

CHIEF JUSTICE. What is the matter? Keep the peace  
here, ho!

HOSTESS. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech  
you, stand to me.

CHIEF JUSTICE. How now, Sir John! what, are you  
brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and  
business?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou  
upon him?

HOSTESS. O My most worshipful lord, an't please

your Grace, I am a  
poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my  
suit.

CHIEF JUSTICE. For what sum?

HOSTESS. It is more than for some, my lord; it is  
for all- all I  
have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he  
hath put all my  
substance into that fat belly of his. But I will  
have some of it  
out again, or I will ride thee a nights like a  
mare.

FALSTAFF. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if  
I have any  
vantage of ground to get up.

CHIEF JUSTICE. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! What  
man of good  
temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?  
Are you not  
ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a  
course to come by  
her own?

FALSTAFF. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

HOSTESS. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself  
and the money  
too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt  
goblet, sitting in  
my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-  
coal fire, upon  
Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke  
thy head for  
liking his father to singing-man of Windsor- thou  
didst swear to  
me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me  
and make me my  
lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not  
goodwife Keech, the  
butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip  
Quickly? Coming  
in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she  
had a good dish of  
prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some,  
whereby I told  
thee they were ill for green wound? And didst  
thou not, when she

was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so  
familiarity with

such poor people, saying that ere long they  
should call me madam?

And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch the  
thirty

shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny  
it, if thou

canst.

FALSTAFF. My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she  
says up and

down the town that her eldest son is like you.

She hath been in

good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath  
distracted her. But

for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may  
have redress

against them.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Sir John, Sir John, I am well  
acquainted with your

manner of wrenching the true cause the false way.

It is not a

confident brow, nor the throng of words that come  
with such more

than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me  
from a level

consideration. You have, as it appears to me,  
practis'd upon the

easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her  
serve your uses

both in purse and in person.

HOSTESS. Yea, in truth, my lord.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt  
you owe her, and

unpay the villainy you have done with her; the  
one you may do

with sterling money, and the other with current  
repentance.

FALSTAFF. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap  
without reply. You

call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a  
man will make

curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my  
lord, my humble

duty rememb'red, I will not be your suitor. I say

to you I do

desire deliverance from these officers, being  
upon hasty

employment in the King's affairs.

CHIEF JUSTICE. You speak as having power to do  
wrong; but answer in

th' effect of your reputation, and satisfy the  
poor woman.

FALSTAFF. Come hither, hostess.

Enter GOWER

CHIEF JUSTICE. Now, Master Gower, what news?

GOWER. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales  
Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

[Gives a letter]

FALSTAFF. As I am a gentleman!

HOSTESS. Faith, you said so before.

FALSTAFF. As I am a gentleman! Come, no more words  
of it.

HOSTESS. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must  
be fain to pawn

both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-  
chambers.

FALSTAFF. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking;  
and for thy

walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of  
the Prodigal, or

the German hunting, in water-work, is worth a  
thousand of these

bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let  
it be ten pound,

if thou canst. Come, and 'twere not for thy  
humours, there's not

a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and  
draw the

action. Come, thou must not be in this humour  
with me; dost not

know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to  
this.

HOSTESS. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty  
nobles;

i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God  
save me, la!

FALSTAFF. Let it alone; I'll make other shift.

You'll be a fool  
still.

HOSTESS. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my  
gown.

I hope you'll come to supper. you'll pay me all  
together?

FALSTAFF. Will I live? [To BARDOLPH] Go, with  
her, with her; hook  
on, hook on.

HOSTESS. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at  
supper?

FALSTAFF. No more words; let's have her.

Exeunt HOSTESS, BARDOLPH,  
and OFFICERS

CHIEF JUSTICE. I have heard better news.

FALSTAFF. What's the news, my lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE. Where lay the King to-night?

GOWER. At Basingstoke, my lord.

FALSTAFF. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the  
news, my lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE. Come all his forces back?

GOWER. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,  
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

FALSTAFF. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble  
lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE. You shall have letters of me  
presently.

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

FALSTAFF. My lord!

CHIEF JUSTICE. What's the matter?

FALSTAFF. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me  
to dinner?

GOWER. I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank  
you, good Sir  
John.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Sir John, you loiter here too long,  
being you are to  
take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FALSTAFF. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

CHIEF JUSTICE. What foolish master taught you these  
manners, Sir  
John?

FALSTAFF. Master Gower, if they become me not, he  
was a fool that

taught them me. This is the right fencing grace,  
my lord; tap for  
tap, and so part fair.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Now, the Lord lighten thee! Thou art  
a great fool.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

London. Another street

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS

PRINCE. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

POINS. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness  
durst not have  
attach'd one of so high blood.

PRINCE. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the  
complexion of  
my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show  
vilely in me to  
desire small beer?

POINS. Why, a prince should not be so loosely  
studied as to  
remember so weak a composition.

PRINCE. Belike then my appetite was not-princely  
got; for, by my  
troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small  
beer. But  
indeed these humble considerations make me out of  
love with my  
greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to  
remember thy name, or  
to know thy face to-morrow, or to take note how  
many pair of silk  
stockings thou hast- viz., these, and those that  
were thy  
peach-colour'd ones- or to bear the inventory of  
thy shirts- as,  
one for superfluity, and another for use! But  
that the  
tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it  
is a low ebb of  
linen with thee when thou keepest not racket  
there; as thou hast  
not done a great while, because the rest of thy  
low countries

have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows whether

those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his

kingdom; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault;

whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily

strengthened.

POINS. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you

should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would

do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

PRINCE. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

PRINCE. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will

tell.

PRINCE. Marry, I tell thee it is not meet that I should be sad, now

my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee- as to one it

pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend- I could be

sad and sad indeed too.

POINS. Very hardly upon such a subject.

PRINCE. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book

as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end

try the man. But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my

father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath

in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

POINS. The reason?

PRINCE. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

POINS. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

PRINCE. It would be every man's thought; and thou

art a blessed  
fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a  
man's thought in the  
world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every  
man would think  
me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your  
most worshipful  
thought to think so?

POINS. Why, because you have been so lewd and so  
much engrafted to  
Falstaff.

PRINCE. And to thee.

POINS. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can  
hear it with mine  
own ears. The worst that they can say of me is  
that I am a second  
brother and that I am a proper fellow of my  
hands; and those two  
things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass,  
here comes  
Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and PAGE

PRINCE. And the boy that I gave Falstaff. 'A had  
him from me  
Christian; and look if the fat villain have not  
transform'd him  
ape.

BARDOLPH. God save your Grace!

PRINCE. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

POINS. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool,  
must you be  
blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a  
maidenly man-at-arms  
are you become! Is't such a matter to get a  
pottle-pot's  
maidenhead?

PAGE. 'A calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red  
lattice, and I  
could discern no part of his face from the  
window. At last I  
spied his eyes; and methought he had made two  
holes in the  
alewife's new petticoat, and so peep'd through.

PRINCE. Has not the boy profited?

BARDOLPH. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE. Away, you rascally Althaea's dream, away!

PRINCE. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

PAGE. Marry, my lord, Althaea dreamt she was delivered of a

firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

PRINCE. A crown's worth of good interpretation. There 'tis, boy.

[Giving

a crown]

POINS. O that this blossom could be kept from cankers!

Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

BARDOLPH. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows

shall have wrong.

PRINCE. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town.

There's a letter for you.

POINS. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

BARDOLPH. In bodily health, sir.

POINS. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves

not him. Though that be sick, it dies not.

PRINCE. I do allow this well to be as familiar with me as my dog;

and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

POINS. [Reads] 'John Falstaff, knight'- Every man must know that

as oft as he has occasion to name himself, even like those that

are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger but they

say 'There's some of the King's blood spilt.'

'How comes that?'

says he that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as

ready as a borrower's cap: 'I am the King's poor cousin, sir.'

PRINCE. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will

fetch it from

Japhet. But the letter: [Reads] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.'

POINS. Why, this is a certificate.

PRINCE. Peace! [Reads] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.'-

POINS. He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.

PRINCE. [Reads] 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I

leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy

favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell.

Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no- which is as much as to say as

thou usest him- JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars,

JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with

all Europe.'

POINS. My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

PRINCE. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use

me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister?

POINS. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

PRINCE. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits

of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in

London?

BARDOLPH. Yea, my lord.

PRINCE. Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

BARDOLPH. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

PRINCE. What company?

PAGE. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

PRINCE. Sup any women with him?

PAGE. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and  
Mistress Doll  
Tearsheet.

PRINCE. What pagan may that be?

PAGE. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of  
my master's.

PRINCE. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to  
the town bull.

Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

POINS. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

PRINCE. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to  
your master that

I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

BARDOLPH. I have no tongue, sir.

PAGE. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

PRINCE. Fare you well; go. Exeunt

BARDOLPH and PAGE

This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

POINS. I warrant you, as common as the way between  
Saint Albans and  
London.

PRINCE. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-  
night in his

true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and  
wait upon him at  
his table as drawers.

PRINCE. From a god to a bull? A heavy descension!  
It was Jove's

case. From a prince to a prentice? A low  
transformation! That

shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must  
weigh with the  
folly. Follow me, Ned.

Exeunt

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the castle

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND,  
and LADY PERCY

NORTHUMBERLAND. I pray thee, loving wife, and  
gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs;

Put not you on the visage of the times  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. I have given over, I will  
speak no more.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at  
pawn;

And but my going nothing can redeem it.

LADY PERCY. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these  
wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.  
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!  
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those who could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse  
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others. And him- O wondrous him!  
O miracle of men!- him did you leave-  
Second to none, unseconded by you-  
To look upon the hideous god of war  
In disadvantage, to abide a field  
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
Did seem defensible. So you left him.  
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong  
To hold your honour more precise and nice  
With others than with him! Let them alone.  
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.  
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Beshrew your heart,  
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me  
With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
But I must go and meet with danger there,  
Or it will seek me in another place,  
And find me worse provided.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. O, fly to Scotland  
Till that the nobles and the armed commons  
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

LADY PERCY. If they get ground and vantage of the  
King,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves. So did your son;  
He was so suff'red; so came I a widow;  
And never shall have length of life enough  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis  
with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.  
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
I will resolve for Scotland. There am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my

company. Exeunt

#### SCENE IV.

London. The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap

Enter FRANCIS and another DRAWER

FRANCIS. What the devil hast thou brought there-  
apple-johns? Thou

knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

SECOND DRAWER. Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince  
once set a dish

of apple-johns before him, and told him there  
were five more Sir

Johns; and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now  
take my leave

of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.'  
It ang'red him

to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

FRANCIS. Why, then, cover and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

Enter third DRAWER

THIRD DRAWER. Dispatch! The room where they supp'd is too hot; they'll come in straight.

FRANCIS. Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

THIRD DRAWER. By the mass, here will be old uds; it will be an excellent stratagem.

SECOND DRAWER. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.  
Exeunt second and third DRAWERS

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TEARSHEET

HOSTESS. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality. Your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart

would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any

rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much

canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes

the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

DOLL. Better than I was- hem.

HOSTESS. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.

Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF. [Singing] 'When Arthur first in court'-  
Empty the  
jordan. [Exit FRANCIS]- [Singing] 'And was a  
worthy king'- How  
now, Mistress Doll!

HOSTESS. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

FALSTAFF. So is all her sect; and they be once in a  
calm, they are  
sick.

DOLL. A pox damn you, you muddy rascal! Is that all  
the comfort you  
give me?

FALSTAFF. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

DOLL. I make them! Gluttony and diseases make them:  
I make them  
not.

FALSTAFF. If the cook help to make the gluttony,  
you help to make  
the diseases, Doll. We catch of you, Doll, we  
catch of you; grant  
that, my poor virtue, grant that.

DOLL. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

FALSTAFF. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches.' For  
to serve bravely  
is to come halting off; you know, to come off the  
breach with his  
pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to  
venture upon the  
charg'd chambers bravely-

DOLL. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang  
yourself!

HOSTESS. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you  
two never meet  
but you fall to some discord. You are both, i'  
good truth, as  
rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear  
with another's  
confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear,  
and that must be  
you. You are the weaker vessel, as as they say,  
the emptier  
vessel.

DOLL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full  
hogs-head?

There's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux

stuff in him; you  
have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.  
Come, I'll be  
friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the  
wars; and whether  
I shall ever see thee again or no, there is  
nobody cares.

Re-enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below and would  
speak with you.  
DOLL. Hang him, swaggering rascal! Let him not come  
hither; it is  
the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.  
HOSTESS. If he swagger, let him not come here. No,  
by my faith! I  
must live among my neighbours; I'll no  
swaggerers. I am in good  
name and fame with the very best. Shut the door.  
There comes no  
swaggerers here; I have not liv'd all this while  
to have  
swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.  
FALSTAFF. Dost thou hear, hostess?  
HOSTESS. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John; there  
comes no  
swaggerers here.  
FALSTAFF. Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.  
HOSTESS. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; and  
your ancient  
swagg'rer comes not in my doors. I was before  
Master Tisick, the  
debuty, t' other day; and, as he said to me-  
'twas no longer ago  
than Wednesday last, i' good faith!- 'Neighbour  
Quickly,' says  
he- Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then-  
'Neighbour Quickly,'  
says he 'receive those that are civil, for' said  
he 'you are in  
an ill name.' Now 'a said so, I can tell  
whereupon. 'For' says he  
'you are an honest woman and well thought on,  
therefore take heed

what guests you receive. Receive' says he 'no  
swaggering

companions.' There comes none here. You would  
bless you to hear

what he said. No, I'll no swagg'rers.

FALSTAFF. He's no swagg'rer, hostess; a tame  
cheater, i' faith; you

may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound.  
He'll not swagger

with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in  
any show of

resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Exit

FRANCIS

HOSTESS. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no  
honest man my house,

nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by  
my troth. I am

the worse when one says 'swagger.' Feel, masters,  
how I shake;

look you, I warrant you.

DOLL. So you do, hostess.

HOSTESS. Do I? Yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere  
an aspen leaf. I

cannot abide swagg'rers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE

PISTOL. God save you, Sir John!

FALSTAFF. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I  
charge you with

a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

PISTOL. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with  
two bullets.

FALSTAFF. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall not  
hardly offend  
her.

HOSTESS. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets.  
I'll drink no

more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure,  
I.

PISTOL. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will  
charge you.

DOLL. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion.  
What! you poor,

base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away,  
you mouldy

rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PISTOL. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

DOLL. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,  
away! By this

wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps,  
an you play the

saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale  
rascal! you

basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I  
pray you, sir?

God's light, with two points on your shoulder?  
Much!

PISTOL. God let me not live but I will murder your  
ruff for this.

FALSTAFF. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go  
off here.

Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

HOSTESS. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet  
captain.

DOLL. Captain! Thou abominable damn'd cheater, art  
thou not ashamed

to be called captain? An captains were of my  
mind, they would

truncheon you out, for taking their names upon  
you before you

have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave, for  
what? For tearing

a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a  
captain! hang him,

rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and  
dried cakes. A

captain! God's light, these villains will make  
the word as odious

as the word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good  
word before it

was ill sorted. Therefore captains had need look  
to't.

BARDOLPH. Pray thee go down, good ancient.

FALSTAFF. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

PISTOL. Not I! I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,  
I could tear

her; I'll be reveng'd of her.

PAGE. Pray thee go down.

PISTOL. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's  
damn'd lake, by this  
hand, to th' infernal deep, with Erebus and  
tortures vile also.

Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs!  
down, faitors! Have  
we not Hiren here?

HOSTESS. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very  
late, i' faith; I  
beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

PISTOL. These be good humours, indeed! Shall  
packhorses,  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,  
Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals,  
And Troiant Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

HOSTESS. By my troth, Captain, these are very  
bitter words.

BARDOLPH. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to  
a brawl anon.

PISTOL. Die men like dogs! Give crowns like pins!  
Have we not Hiren  
here?

HOSTESS. O' my word, Captain, there's none such  
here. What the  
good-year! do you think I would deny her? For  
God's sake, be  
quiet.

PISTOL. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.  
Come, give's some sack.  
'Si fortune me tormente sperato me contento.'  
Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.  
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou  
there.

[Laying down  
his sword]

Come we to full points here, and are etceteras  
nothings?

FALSTAFF. Pistol, I would be quiet.

PISTOL. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What! we  
have seen the seven  
stars.

DOLL. For God's sake thrust him down stairs; I

cannot endure such a  
fustian rascal.

PISTOL. Thrust him down stairs! Know we not  
Galloway nags?

FALSTAFF. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-  
groat shilling.

Nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall  
be nothing  
here.

BARDOLPH. Come, get you down stairs.

PISTOL. What! shall we have incision? Shall we  
imbrue?

[Snatching up

his sword]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful  
days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

HOSTESS. Here's goodly stuff toward!

FALSTAFF. Give me my rapier, boy.

DOLL. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

FALSTAFF. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing and driving

PISTOL out]

HOSTESS. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear  
keeping house afore

I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder,  
I warrant now.

Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up  
your naked weapons.

Exeunt PISTOL

and BARDOLPH

DOLL. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's  
gone. Ah, you

whoreson little valiant villain, you!

HOSTESS. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? Methought  
'a made a shrewd

thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF. Have you turn'd him out a doors?

BARDOLPH. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have  
hurt him, sir, i'  
th' shoulder.

FALSTAFF. A rascal! to brave me!

DOLL. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou

sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face. Come on, you whoreson

chops. Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as

Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better

than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

FALSTAFF. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

DOLL. Do, an thou dar'st for thy heart. An thou dost, I'll canvass

thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter musicians

PAGE. The music is come, sir.

FALSTAFF. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Don. A rascal

bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

DOLL. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou

whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave

fighting a days and foining a nights, and begin to patch up thine

old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS disguised as drawers

FALSTAFF. Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a death's-head; do

not bid me remember mine end.

DOLL. Sirrah, what humour's the Prince of?

FALSTAFF. A good shallow young fellow. 'A would have made a good

pantler; 'a would ha' chipp'd bread well.

DOLL. They say Poins has a good wit.

FALSTAFF. He a good wit! hang him, baboon! His wit's as thick as

Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him

than is in a  
mallet.

DOLL. Why does the Prince love him so, then?

FALSTAFF. Because their legs are both of a bigness,  
and 'a plays at  
quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and  
drinks off candles'

ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare  
with the boys, and

jumps upon join'd-stools, and swears with a good  
grace, and wears

his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the  
Leg, and breeds

no bate with telling of discreet stories; and  
such other gambol

faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an  
able body, for the

which the Prince admits him. For the Prince  
himself is such

another; the weight of a hair will turn the  
scales between their

avoirdupois.

PRINCE. Would not this nave of a wheel have his  
ears cut off?

POINS. Let's beat him before his whore.

PRINCE. Look whe'er the wither'd elder hath not his  
poll claw'd

like a parrot.

POINS. Is it not strange that desire should so many  
years outlive

performance?

FALSTAFF. Kiss me, Doll.

PRINCE. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!  
What says th'

almanac to that?

POINS. And look whether the fiery Trigon, his man,  
be not lisping

to his master's old tables, his note-book, his  
counsel-keeper.

FALSTAFF. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

DOLL. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant  
heart.

FALSTAFF. I am old, I am old.

DOLL. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy  
young boy of

them all.

FALSTAFF. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money a

Thursday. Shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come. 'A

grows late; we'll to bed. Thou't forget me when I am gone.

DOLL. By my troth, thou't set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so.

Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well,

hearken a' th' end.

FALSTAFF. Some sack, Francis.

PRINCE & POINS. Anon, anon, sir.

[Advancing]

FALSTAFF. Ha! a bastard son of the King's? And art thou not Poins

his brother?

PRINCE. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou

lead!

FALSTAFF. A better than thou. I am a gentleman: thou art a drawer.

PRINCE. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

HOSTESS. O, the Lord preserve thy Grace! By my troth, welcome to

London. Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine. O Jesu, are

you come from Wales?

FALSTAFF. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light

flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his band upon DOLL]

DOLL. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

POINS. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all

to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

PRINCE. YOU whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of

me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

HOSTESS. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my

troth.

FALSTAFF. Didst thou hear me?

PRINCE. Yea; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by

Gadshill. You knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to

try my patience.

FALSTAFF. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within

hearing.

PRINCE. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and

then I know how to handle you.

FALSTAFF. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

PRINCE. Not- to dispraise me, and call me pander, and

bread-chipper, and I know not what!

FALSTAFF. No abuse, Hal.

POINS. No abuse!

FALSTAFF. No abuse, Ned, i' th' world; honest Ned, none. I

disprais'd him before the wicked- that the wicked might not fall

in love with thee; in which doing, I have done the part of a

careful friend and a true subject; and thy father is to give me

thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

PRINCE. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not

make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is

she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy

boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his

nose, of the wicked?

POINS. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FALSTAFF. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and

his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but

roast malt-worms. For the boy- there is a good

angel about him;

but the devil outbids him too.

PRINCE. For the women?

FALSTAFF. For one of them- she's in hell already,  
and burns poor

souls. For th' other- I owe her money; and  
whether she be damn'd

for that, I know not.

HOSTESS. No, I warrant you.

FALSTAFF. No, I think thou art not; I think thou  
art quit for that.

Marry, there is another indictment upon thee for  
suffering flesh

to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law;  
for the which I

think thou wilt howl.

HOSTESS. All vict'lers do so. What's a joint of  
mutton or two in a

whole Lent?

PRINCE. You, gentlewoman-

DOLL. What says your Grace?

FALSTAFF. His Grace says that which his flesh  
rebels against.

[Knocking

within]

HOSTESS. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to th'  
door there,

Francis.

Enter PETO

PRINCE. Peto, how now! What news?

PETO. The King your father is at Westminster;

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

Come from the north; and as I came along

I met and overtook a dozen captains,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE. By heaven, Poin, I feel me much to blame

So idly to profane the precious time,

When tempest of commotion, like the south,

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

Exeunt PRINCE, POINS, PETO,  
and BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the  
night, and we  
must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [Knocking  
within] More  
knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH

How now! What's the matter?

BARDOLPH. You must away to court, sir, presently;  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

FALSTAFF. [To the PAGE]. Pay the musicians,  
sirrah.- Farewell,  
hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good  
wenches, how men of  
merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep,  
when the man of  
action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches. If I  
be not sent

away post, I will see you again ere I go.

DOLL. I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to  
burst!

Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FALSTAFF. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt FALSTAFF

and BARDOLPH

HOSTESS. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee  
these twenty-nine  
years, come peascod-time; but an honest and  
truer-hearted man  
-well fare thee well.

BARDOLPH. [Within] Mistress Tearsheet!

HOSTESS. What's the matter?

BARDOLPH. [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come  
to my master.

HOSTESS. O, run Doll, run, run, good Come. [To  
BARDOLPH] She  
comes blubber'd.- Yea, will you come,  
Doll? Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I.  
Westminster. The palace

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a page

KING. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;  
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters

And well consider of them. Make good speed. Exit page

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafing clamour in the slippery clouds,  
That with the hurly death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and Surrey

WARWICK. Many good morrows to your Majesty!

KING. Is it good morrow, lords?

WARWICK. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

KING. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WARWICK. We have, my liege.

KING. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

WARWICK. It is but as a body yet distempered;  
Which to his former strength may be restored  
With good advice and little medicine.  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

KING. O God! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea; and other times to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone  
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
Did feast together, and in two years after  
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs  
And laid his love and life under my foot;  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by-  
[To WARWICK] You, cousin Nevil, as I may

remember-

When Richard, with his eye brim full of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,  
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne'-  
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent  
But that necessity so bow'd the state  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss-  
'The time shall come'- thus did he follow it-  
'The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption' so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition  
And the division of our amity.

WARWICK. There is a history in all men's lives,



SHALLOW. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow?  
and your fairest

daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

SILENCE. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

SHALLOW. By yea and no, sir. I dare say my cousin  
William is become

a good scholar; he is at Oxford still, is he not?

SILENCE. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

SHALLOW. 'A must, then, to the Inns o' Court  
shortly. I was once of

Clement's Inn; where I think they will talk of  
mad Shallow yet.

SILENCE. You were call'd 'lusty Shallow' then,  
cousin.

SHALLOW. By the mass, I was call'd anything; and I  
would have done

anything indeed too, and roundly too. There was  
I, and little

John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George  
Barnes, and Francis

Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man- you had  
not four such

swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again.  
And I may say to

you we knew where the bona-robas were, and had  
the best of them

all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now  
Sir John, boy,

and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

SILENCE. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither  
anon about

soldiers?

SHALLOW. The same Sir John, the very same. I see  
him break

Scoggin's head at the court gate, when 'a was a  
crack not thus

high; and the very same day did I fight with one  
Sampson

Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu,  
Jesu, the mad

days that I have spent! and to see how many of my  
old

acquaintance are dead!

SILENCE. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHALLOW. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very

sure. Death, as the

    Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.  
How a good yoke

    of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SILENCE. By my troth, I was not there.

SHALLOW. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

SILENCE. Dead, sir.

SHALLOW. Jesu, Jesu, dead! drew a good bow; and dead! 'A shot a

    fine shoot. John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on

    his head. Dead! 'A would have clapp'd i' th' clout at twelve

    score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen

    and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.

    How a score of ewes now?

SILENCE. Thereafter as they be- a score of good ewes may be worth

    ten pounds.

SHALLOW. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him

SILENCE. Here come two of Sir John Falstaffs men, as I think.

SHALLOW. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

BARDOLPH. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

SHALLOW. I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this county,

    and one of the King's justices of the peace. What is your good

    pleasure with me?

BARDOLPH. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir

    John Falstaff- a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant

    leader.

SHALLOW. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good back-sword man.

    How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARDOLPH. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better

accommodated than with a  
wife.

SHALLOW. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is  
well said indeed

too. 'Better accommodated!' It is good; yea,  
indeed, is it. Good

phrases are surely, and ever were, very  
commendable.

'Accommodated!' It comes of accommo. Very good;  
a good phrase.

BARDOLPH. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word.  
'Phrase' call you it?

By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will  
maintain the word

with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a  
word of exceeding

good command, by heaven. Accommodated: that is,  
when a man is, as

they say, accommodated; or, when a man is being-  
whereby 'a may be

thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent  
thing.

Enter FALSTAFF

SHALLOW. It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir  
John. Give me

your good hand, give me your worship's good hand.  
By my troth,

you like well and bear your years very well.

Welcome, good Sir

John.

FALSTAFF. I am glad to see you well, good Master  
Robert Shallow.

Master Surecard, as I think?

SHALLOW. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in  
commission with  
me.

FALSTAFF. Good Master Silence, it well befits you  
should be of the

peace.

SILENCE. Your good worship is welcome.

FALSTAFF. Fie! this is hot weather. Gentlemen, have  
you provided me

here half a dozen sufficient men?

SHALLOW. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FALSTAFF. Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHALLOW. Where's the roll? Where's the roll?  
Where's the roll? Let  
me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so,-  
so, so- yea,

marry, sir. Rafe Mouldy! Let them appear as I  
call; let them do

so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

MOULDY. Here, an't please you.

SHALLOW. What think you, Sir John? A good-limb'd  
fellow; young,

strong, and of good friends.

FALSTAFF. Is thy name Mouldy?

MOULDY. Yea, an't please you.

FALSTAFF. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

SHALLOW. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith!  
Things that are

mouldy lack use. Very singular good! In faith,  
well said, Sir

John; very well said.

FALSTAFF. Prick him.

MOULDY. I was prick'd well enough before, an you  
could have let me

alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to  
do her husbandry

and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd  
me; there are

other men fitter to go out than I.

FALSTAFF. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall go.  
Mouldy, it is time

you were spent.

MOULDY. Spent!

SHALLOW. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know  
you where you are?

For th' other, Sir John- let me see. Simon Shadow!

FALSTAFF. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under.  
He's like to be

a cold soldier.

SHALLOW. Where's Shadow?

SHADOW. Here, sir.

FALSTAFF. Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHADOW. My mother's son, sir.

FALSTAFF. Thy mother's son! Like enough; and thy  
father's shadow.

So the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often

so indeed; but much of the father's substance!

SHALLOW. Do you like him, Sir John?

FALSTAFF. Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him; for we have a

number of shadows fill up the muster-book.

SHALLOW. Thomas Wart!

FALSTAFF. Where's he?

WART. Here, sir.

FALSTAFF. Is thy name Wart?

WART. Yea, sir.

FALSTAFF. Thou art a very ragged wart.

SHALLOW. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

FALSTAFF. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his

back, and the whole frame stands upon pins. Prick him no more.

SHALLOW. Ha, ha, ha! You can do it, sir; you can do it. I commend

you well. Francis Feeble!

FEEBLE. Here, sir.

FALSTAFF. What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEEBLE. A woman's tailor, sir.

SHALLOW. Shall I prick him, sir?

FALSTAFF. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha'

prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as

thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEEBLE. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

FALSTAFF. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous

Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most

magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor-well, Master

Shallow, deep, Master Shallow.

FEEBLE. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

FALSTAFF. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend

him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private

soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands.

Let that

suffice, most forcible Feeble.

FEEBLE. It shall suffice, sir.

FALSTAFF. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

SHALLOW. Peter Bullcalf o' th' green!

FALSTAFF. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

BULLCALF. Here, sir.

FALSTAFF. Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till

he roar again.

BULLCALF. O Lord! good my lord captain-

FALSTAFF. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

BULLCALF. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

FALSTAFF. What disease hast thou?

BULLCALF. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with

ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

FALSTAFF. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have

away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall

ring for thee. Is here all?

SHALLOW. Here is two more call'd than your number. You must have

but four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

FALSTAFF. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry

dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the

windmill in Saint George's Field?

FALSTAFF. No more of that, Master Shallow, no more of that.

SHALLOW. Ha, 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FALSTAFF. She lives, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW. She never could away with me.

FALSTAFF. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide

Master Shallow.

SHALLOW. By the mass, I could anger her to th'  
heart. She was then

a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

FALSTAFF. Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose  
but be old;

certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork, by  
old Nightwork,

before I came to Clement's Inn.

SILENCE. That's fifty-five year ago.

SHALLOW. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen  
that that this

knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

FALSTAFF. We have heard the chimes at midnight,  
Master Shallow.

SHALLOW. That we have, that we have, that we have;  
in faith, Sir

John, we have. Our watchword was 'Hem, boys!'  
Come, let's to

dinner; come, let's to dinner. Jesus, the days  
that we have seen!

Come, come.

Exeunt FALSTAFF and  
the JUSTICES

BULLCALF. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my  
friend; and

here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns  
for you. In very

truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go.  
And yet, for

mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather  
because I am

unwilling and, for mine own part, have a desire  
to stay with my

friends; else, sir, I did not care for mine own  
part so much.

BARDOLPH. Go to; stand aside.

MOULDY. And, good Master Corporal Captain, for my  
old dame's sake,

stand my friend. She has nobody to do anything  
about her when I

am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself.  
You shall have

forty, sir.

BARDOLPH. Go to; stand aside.

FEEBLE. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God  
a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind. An't be my destiny, so;  
an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve 's Prince; and, let  
it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the  
next.

BARDOLPH. Well said; th'art a good fellow.

FEEBLE. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the JUSTICES

FALSTAFF. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

SHALLOW. Four of which you please.

BARDOLPH. Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy  
and Bullcalf.

FALSTAFF. Go to; well.

SHALLOW. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

FALSTAFF. Do you choose for me.

SHALLOW. Marry, then- Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

FALSTAFF. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till

you are past service; and for your part, Bullcalf, grow you come  
unto it. I will none of you.

SHALLOW. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your

likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

FALSTAFF. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man?

Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big  
assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's

Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is. 'A shall charge you

and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come

off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.

And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow- give me  
this man. He

presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may  
with as great aim

level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a  
retreat- how swiftly

will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O,  
give me the

spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a  
caliver into

Wart's hand, Bardolph.

BARDOLPH. Hold, Wart. Traverse- thus, thus, thus.

FALSTAFF. Come, manage me your caliver. So- very  
well. Go to; very

good; exceeding good. O, give me always a little,  
lean, old,

chopt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart;  
th'art a good scab.

Hold, there's a tester for thee.

SHALLOW. He is not his craft's master, he doth not  
do it right. I

remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at  
Clement's Inn- I was

then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show- there was a  
little quiver

fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus;  
and 'a would

about and about, and come you in and come you in.  
'Rah, tah,

tah!' would 'a say; 'Bounce!' would 'a say; and  
away again would

'a go, and again would 'a come. I shall ne'er see  
such a fellow.

FALSTAFF. These fellows will do well. Master  
Shallow, God keep you!

Master Silence, I will not use many words with  
you: Fare you

well! Gentlemen both, I thank you. I must a dozen  
mile to-night.

Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHALLOW. Sir John, the Lord bless you; God prosper  
your affairs;

God send us peace! At your return, visit our  
house; let our old

acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure I will with

ye to the  
court.

FALSTAFF. Fore God, would you would.

SHALLOW. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep  
you.

FALSTAFF. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exeunt  
JUSTICES] On,

Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt all but  
FALSTAFF] As I

return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see  
the bottom of

justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old  
men are to this

vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath  
done nothing but

prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the  
feats he hath

done about Turnbull Street; and every third word  
a lie, duer paid

to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do  
remember him at

Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a  
cheese-paring.

When 'a was naked, he was for all the world like  
a fork'd radish,

with a head fantastically carved upon it with a  
knife. 'A was so

forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight  
were invisible. 'A

was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a  
monkey, and the

whores call'd him mandrake. 'A came ever in the  
rearward of the

fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd  
huswives that

he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were  
his fancies or

his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger  
become a squire,

and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he  
had been sworn

brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw  
him but once in

the Tiltyard; and then he burst his head for  
crowding among the

marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he  
beat his own  
name; for you might have thrust him and all his  
apparel into an  
eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a  
mansion for him, a  
court- and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll  
be acquainted  
with him if I return; and 't shall go hard but  
I'll make him a  
philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace  
be a bait for  
the old pike, I see no reason in the law of  
nature but I may snap  
at him. Let time shape, and there an  
end. Exit

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Yorkshire. Within the Forest of Gaultree

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY,  
HASTINGS, and others

ARCHBISHOP. What is this forest call'd

HASTINGS. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please  
your Grace.

ARCHBISHOP. Here stand, my lords, and send  
discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

HASTINGS. We have sent forth already.

ARCHBISHOP. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

MOWBRAY. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch  
ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter A MESSENGER

HASTINGS. Now, what news?

MESSENGER. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy;  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

MOWBRAY. The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND

ARCHBISHOP. What well-appointed leader fronts us  
here?

MOWBRAY. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

WESTMORELAND. Health and fair greeting from our  
general,

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

ARCHBISHOP. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in  
peace,

What doth concern your coming.

WESTMORELAND. Then, my lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary-  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath

tutor'd,

Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove, and very blessed spirit of peace-  
Wherefore you do so ill translate yourself  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war;  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

ARCHBISHOP. Wherefore do I this? So the question stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseases'd  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it; of which disease  
Our late King, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I as an enemy to peace  
Troop in the throngs of military men;  
But rather show awhile like fearful war  
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we  
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there  
By the rough torrent of occasion;  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,  
And might by no suit gain our audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person,  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms;  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

WESTMORELAND. When ever yet was your appeal denied;  
Wherein have you been galled by the King;  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

ARCHBISHOP. My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother horn an household cruelty,

I make my quarrel in particular.

WESTMORELAND. There is no need of any such redress;  
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

MOWBRAY. Why not to him in part, and to us all  
That feel the bruises of the days before,  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

WESTMORELAND. O my good Lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,  
And not the King, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the King or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd  
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,  
Your noble and right well-rememb'red father's?

MOWBRAY. What thing, in honour, had my father lost  
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?  
The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him,  
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,  
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of  
steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together-  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have  
stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the King did throw his warder down-  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw-  
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives  
That by indictment and by dint of sword  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

WESTMORELAND. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know  
not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman.  
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?  
But if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;  
For all the country, in a general voice,

Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and  
love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd and grac'd indeed more than the King.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our princely general  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace  
That he will give you audience; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them, everything set off  
That might so much as think you enemies.

MOWBRAY. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

WESTMORELAND. Mowbray. you overween to take it so.  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;  
For, lo! within a ken our army lies-  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
Then reason will our hearts should be as good.  
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

MOWBRAY. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

WESTMORELAND. That argues but the shame of your  
offence:

A rotten case abides no handling.

HASTINGS. Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

WESTMORELAND. That is intended in the general's  
name.

I muse you make so slight a question.

ARCHBISHOP. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland,  
this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances.  
Each several article herein redress'd,  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are insinewed to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form,  
And present execution of our wills  
To us and to our purposes confin'd-  
We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

WESTMORELAND. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet;  
And either end in peace- which God so frame!-  
Or to the place of diff'rence call the swords  
Which must decide it.

ARCHBISHOP. My lord, we will do so. Exit

WESTMORELAND

MOWBRAY. There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

HASTINGS. Fear you not that: if we can make our  
peace

Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWBRAY. Yea, but our valuation shall be such  
That every slight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall to the King taste of this action;  
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

ARCHBISHOP. No, no, my lord. Note this: the King is  
weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances;  
For he hath found to end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory  
That may repeat and history his los  
To new remembrance. For full well he knows  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

HASTINGS. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement;

So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

ARCHBISHOP. 'Tis very true;  
And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWBRAY. Be it so.

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

WESTMORELAND. The Prince is here at hand. Pleaseth  
your lordship

To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies?

MOWBRAY. Your Grace of York, in God's name then,  
set forward.

ARCHBISHOP. Before, and greet his Grace. My lord,  
we come.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, attended;  
afterwards, the

ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others; from the  
other side,

PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, OFFICERS,  
and others

PRINCE JOHN. You are well encount' red here, my  
cousin Mowbray.

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop;  
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.  
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man that sits within a monarch's heart  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad

In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord  
Bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken  
How deep you were within the books of God?  
To us the speaker in His parliament,  
To us th' imagin'd voice of God himself,  
The very opener and intelligencer  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
The subjects of His substitute, my father,  
And both against the peace of heaven and him  
Have here up-swarm'd them.

ARCHBISHOP. Good my Lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your father's peace;  
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misord'red doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form  
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the

court,

Whereon this hydra son of war is born;  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep  
With grant of our most just and right desires;  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWBRAY. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

HASTINGS. And though we here fall down,

We have supplies to second our attempt.  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;  
And so success of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up  
Whiles England shall have generation.

PRINCE JOHN. YOU are too shallow, Hastings, much to  
shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

WESTMORELAND. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them  
directly

How far forth you do like their articles.

PRINCE JOHN. I like them all and do allow them well;  
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed  
redress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCHBISHOP. I take your princely word for these  
redresses.

PRINCE JOHN. I give it you, and will maintain my  
word;

And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

HASTINGS. Go, Captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part.  
I know it will please them. Hie thee, Captain.

Exit

Officer

ARCHBISHOP. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

WESTMORELAND. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew  
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely; but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCHBISHOP. I do not doubt you.

WESTMORELAND. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

MOWBRAY. You wish me health in very happy season,  
For I am on the sudden something ill.

ARCHBISHOP. Against ill chances men are ever merry;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WESTMORELAND. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden  
sorrow

Serves to say thus, 'Some good thing comes to-  
morrow.'

ARCHBISHOP. Believe me, I am passing light in  
spirit.

MOWBRAY. So much the worse, if your own rule be  
true.

[Shouts

within]

PRINCE JOHN. The word of peace is rend'red. Hark,  
how they shout!

MOWBRAY. This had been cheerful after victory.

ARCHBISHOP. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither party loser.

PRINCE JOHN. Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.

Exit

WESTMORELAND

And, good my lord, so please you let our trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

ARCHBISHOP. Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

Exit

HASTINGS

PRINCE JOHN. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night  
together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

WESTMORELAND. The leaders, having charge from you  
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

PRINCE JOHN. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS

HASTINGS. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their  
courses

East, west, north, south; or like a school broke  
up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

WESTMORELAND. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for  
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;

And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

MOWBRAY. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

WESTMORELAND. Is your assembly so?

ARCHBISHOP. Will you thus break your faith?



and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name.

An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most

active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.

Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,  
WESTMORELAND,

BLUNT, and others

PRINCE JOHN. The heat is past; follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

Exit

WESTMORELAND

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

FALSTAFF. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never

knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you

think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and

old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with

the very extremest inch of possibility; I have found'red nine

score and odd posts; and here, travel tainted as I am, have, in

my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colville of the

Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that?

He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd

fellow of Rome-I came, saw, and overcame.

PRINCE JOHN. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FALSTAFF. I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him; and I

beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the

rest of this day's

deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad

else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colville kissing my

foot; to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all

show like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame,

o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the

element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word

of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

PRINCE JOHN. Thine's too heavy to mount.

FALSTAFF. Let it shine, then.

PRINCE JOHN. Thine's too thick to shine.

FALSTAFF. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good,

and call it what you will.

PRINCE JOHN. Is thy name Colville?

COLVILLE. It is, my lord.

PRINCE JOHN. A famous rebel art thou, Colville.

FALSTAFF. And a famous true subject took him.

COLVILLE. I am, my lord, but as my betters are

That led me hither. Had they been rul'd by me,

You should have won them dearer than you have.

FALSTAFF. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a

kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for

thee.

#### Re-enter WESTMORELAND

PRINCE JOHN. Now, have you left pursuit?

WESTMORELAND. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

PRINCE JOHN. Send Colville, with his confederates, To York, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

Exeunt BLUNT

and others

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords.

I hear the King my father is sore sick.

Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,  
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him  
And we with sober speed will follow you.

FALSTAFF. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to  
go through

Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court,  
stand my good lord,  
pray, in your good report.

PRINCE JOHN. Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my  
condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

Exeunt all

but FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF. I would you had but the wit; 'twere  
better than your

dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-  
blooded boy doth not

love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh- but  
that's no marvel;

he drinks no wine. There's never none of these  
demure boys come

to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool  
their blood, and

making many fish-meals, that they fall into a  
kind of male

green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they  
get wenches. They

are generally fools and cowards-which some of us  
should be too,

but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a  
two-fold

operation in it. It ascends me into the brain;  
dries me there all

the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which  
environ it; makes it

apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble,  
fiery, and

delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the  
voice, the tongue,

which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The  
second property of

your excellent sherris is the warming of the  
blood; which before,

cold and settled, left the liver white and pale,  
which is the

badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the  
sherris warms it,  
and makes it course from the inwards to the parts  
extremes. It  
illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives  
warning to all the  
rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and  
then the vital  
commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all  
to their  
captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with  
this retinue,  
doth any deed of courage- and this valour comes  
of sherris. So  
that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack,  
for that sets  
it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold  
kept by a devil  
till sack commences it and sets it in act and  
use. Hereof comes  
it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold  
blood he did  
naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like  
lean, sterile, and  
bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with  
excellent  
endeavour of drinking good and good store of  
fertile sherris,  
that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had  
a thousand sons,  
the first humane principle I would teach them  
should be to  
forswear thin potations and to addict themselves  
to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH

How now, Bardolph!

BARDOLPH. The army is discharged all and gone.

FALSTAFF. Let them go. I'll through  
Gloucestershire, and there will

I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire. I have  
him already

temp'ring between my finger and my thumb, and  
shortly will I seal

with him. Come  
away.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber

Enter the KING, PRINCE THOMAS OF  
CLARENCE,  
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and  
others

KING. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd, our power connected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish.  
Only we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WARWICK. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

KING. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,  
Where is the Prince your brother?

PRINCE HUMPHREY. I think he's gone to hunt, my  
lord, at Windsor.

KING. And how accompanied?

PRINCE HUMPHREY. I do not know, my lord.

KING. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with  
him?

PRINCE HUMPHREY. No, my good lord, he is in  
presence here.

CLARENCE. What would my lord and father?

KING. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy  
brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.  
Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers; cherish it, my boy,  
And noble offices thou mayst effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.  
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace  
By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious if he be observ'd.  
He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity;  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he is flint;  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;  
But, being moody, give him line and scope  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion-  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in-  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

CLARENCE. I shall observe him with all care and  
love.

KING. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

CLARENCE. He is not there to-day; he dines in  
London.

KING. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

CLARENCE. With Poins, and other his continual  
followers.

KING. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.  
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,  
In forms imaginary, th'unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

WARWICK. My gracious lord, you look beyond him  
quite.

The Prince but studies his companions  
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the

language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon and learnt; which once attain'd,  
Your Highness knows, comes to no further use  
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
Cast off his followers; and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live  
By which his Grace must mete the lives of other,  
Turning past evils to advantages.

KING. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND

Who's here? Westmoreland?

WESTMORELAND. Health to my sovereign, and new  
happiness

Added to that that am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's  
hand.

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
Are brought to the correction of your law.  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
The manner how this action hath been borne  
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,  
With every course in his particular.

KING. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT

Look here's more news.

HARCOURT. From enemies heaven keep your Majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of!  
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the shrieve of Yorkshire overthrown.  
The manner and true order of the fight  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

KING. And wherefore should these good news make me  
sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach and no food-  
Such are the poor, in health- or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach- such are the rich  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news;  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.

O me! come near me now I am much ill.

PRINCE HUMPHREY. Comfort, your Majesty!

CLARENCE. O my royal father!

WESTMORELAND. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,  
look up.

WARWICK. Be patient, Princes; you do know these fits  
Are with his Highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be  
well.

CLARENCE. No, no; he cannot long hold out these  
pangs.

Th' incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in  
So thin that life looks through, and will break  
out.

PRINCE HUMPHREY. The people fear me; for they do  
observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature.  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leapt them over.

CLARENCE. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb  
between;

And the old folk, Time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so a little time before  
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

WARWICK. Speak lower, Princes, for the King  
recovers.

PRINCE HUMPHREY. This apoplexy will certain be his  
end.

KING. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber. Softly,  
pray. Exeunt

SCENE V.

Westminster. Another chamber

The KING lying on a bed; CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,  
WARWICK, and others in attendance

KING. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.  
WARWICK. Call for the music in the other room.  
KING. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.  
CLARENCE. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.  
WARWICK. Less noise! less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?  
CLARENCE. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.  
PRINCE. How now! Rain within doors, and none abroad!  
How doth the King?  
PRINCE HUMPHREY. Exceeding ill.  
PRINCE. Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.  
PRINCE HUMPHREY. He alt' red much upon the hearing  
it.  
PRINCE. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover  
without physic.  
WARWICK. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet Prince,  
speak low;  
The King your father is dispos'd to sleep.  
CLARENCE. Let us withdraw into the other room.  
WARWICK. Will't please your Grace to go along with  
us?  
PRINCE. No; I will sit and watch here by the King.  
Exeunt all but

the PRINCE

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day  
That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not.  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!  
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
So many English kings. Thy due from me  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.  
My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. [Putting on the crown] Lo  
where it sits-

Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole  
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me. This from thee  
Will I to mine leave as 'tis left to  
me. Exit

KING. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE

CLARENCE. Doth the King call?

WARWICK. What would your Majesty? How fares your  
Grace?

KING. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLARENCE. We left the Prince my brother here, my  
liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? Let me see  
him.

He is not here.

WARWICK. This door is open; he is gone this way.

PRINCE HUMPHREY. He came not through the chamber  
where we stay'd.

KING. Where is the crown? Who took it from my  
pillow?

WARWICK. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it  
here.

KING. The Prince hath ta'en it hence. Go, seek him  
out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose  
My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

Exit

WARWICK

This part of his conjoins with my disease  
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you

are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with industry;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The cank' red heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;  
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets,  
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,  
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,  
Are murd' red for our pains. This bitter taste  
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK

Now where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?  
WARWICK. My lord, I found the Prince in the next  
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.  
KING. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY

Lo where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.  
Exeunt all but the KING and  
the PRINCE

PRINCE. I never thought to hear you speak again.  
KING. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm  
thee.  
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind  
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offense; and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.  
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.  
What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;  
Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form-  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd. Up, vanity:  
Down, royal state. All you sage counsellors,  
hence.

And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness.  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum.  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.  
England shall double gild his treble guilt;  
England shall give him office, honour, might;  
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again.  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

PRINCE. O, pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,  
The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke  
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown,

And he that wears the crown immortally  
Long guard it yours! [Kneeling] If I affect it  
more  
Than as your honour and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit  
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending!  
God witness with me, when I here came in  
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die,  
And never live to show th' incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead-  
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were-  
I spake unto this crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending  
Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold.  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in medicine potable;  
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal  
liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it- as with an enemy  
That had before my face murd'ered my father-  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did with the least affection of a welcome  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

KING. O my son,  
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!  
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well

How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand;  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears  
Thou seest with peril I have answered;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument. And now my death  
Changes the mood; for what in me was purchas'd  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could  
do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all my friends, which thou must make thy  
friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd; which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne  
out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive;  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!  
PRINCE. My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be;  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WARWICK,  
LORDS, and others

KING. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

PRINCE JOHN. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

KING. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight  
My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

PRINCE. My Lord of Warwick!

KING. Doth any name particular belong

Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WARWICK. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

KING. Laud be to God! Even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem;

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.

But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;

In that Jerusalem shall Harry

die. Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE I.

Gloucestershire. SHALLOW'S house

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and PAGE

SHALLOW. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.

What, Davy, I say!

FALSTAFF. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

SHALLOW. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses

shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shan serve; you shall

not be excus'd. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY

DAVY. Here, sir.

SHALLOW. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see,

Davy; let me see- yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.

Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

DAVY. Marry, sir, thus: those precepts cannot be

served; and,

again, sir- shall we sow the headland with wheat?

SHALLOW. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook- are there no young pigeons?

DAVY. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

SHALLOW. Let it be cast, and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had; and,

sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

SHALLOW. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

SHALLOW. Yea, Davy; I will use him well. A friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves and will backbite.

DAVY. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

SHALLOW. Well conceited, Davy- about thy business, Davy.

DAVY. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' th' hill.

SHALLOW. There, is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor. That Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your

worship truly,

    sir, this eight years; an I cannot once or twice  
in a quarter

    bear out a knave against an honest man, I have  
but a very little

    credit with your worship. The knave is mine  
honest friend, sir;

    therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanc'd.

SHALLOW. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look  
about,

DAVY. [Exit DAVY] Where are you, Sir John? Come,  
come, come, off

    with your boots. Give me your hand, Master  
Bardolph.

    BARDOLPH. I am glad to see your worship.

SHALLOW. I thank thee with all my heart, kind  
Master Bardolph.

    [To the PAGE] And welcome, my tall fellow. Come,  
Sir John.

FALSTAFF. I'll follow you, good Master Robert  
Shallow.

    [Exit SHALLOW] Bardolph, look to our horses.  
[Exeunt BARDOLPH

    and PAGE] If I were sawed into quantities, I  
should make four

    dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master  
Shallow. It is a

    wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of  
his men's

    spirits and his. They, by observing of him, do  
bear themselves

    like foolish justices: he, by conversing with  
them, is turned

    into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits  
are so married in

    conjunction with the participation of society  
that they flock

    together in consent, like so many wild geese. If  
I had a suit to

    Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the  
imputation of

    being near their master; if to his men, I would  
curry with Master

    Shallow that no man could better command his  
servants. It is

certain that either wise bearing or ignorant  
carriage is caught,  
as men take diseases, one of another; therefore  
let men take heed  
of their company. I will devise matter enough out  
of this Shallow  
to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the  
wearing out of six  
fashions, which is four terms, or two actions;  
and 'a shall laugh  
without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie  
with a slight  
oath, and a jest with a sad brow will do with a  
fellow that never  
had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see  
him laugh till  
his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!  
SHALLOW. [Within] Sir John!  
FALSTAFF. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master  
Shallow.

Exit

SCENE II.

Westminster. The palace

Enter, severally, WARWICK, and the  
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

WARWICK. How now, my Lord Chief Justice; whither  
away?  
CHIEF JUSTICE. How doth the King?  
WARWICK. Exceeding well; his cares are now all  
ended.  
CHIEF JUSTICE. I hope, not dead.  
WARWICK. He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And to our purposes he lives no more.  
CHIEF JUSTICE. I would his Majesty had call'd me  
with him.  
The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.  
WARWICK. Indeed, I think the young king loves you  
not.  
CHIEF JUSTICE. I know he doth not, and do arm myself  
To welcome the condition of the time,  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,  
WESTMORELAND, and others

WARWICK. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry.

O that the living Harry had the temper  
Of he, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CHIEF JUSTICE. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd.

PRINCE JOHN. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good  
morrow.

GLOUCESTER & CLARENCE. Good morrow, cousin.

PRINCE JOHN. We meet like men that had forgot to  
speak.

WARWICK. We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

PRINCE JOHN. Well, peace be with him that hath made  
us heavy!

CHIEF JUSTICE. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

PRINCE HUMPHREY. O, good my lord, you have lost a  
friend indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow- it is sure your own.

PRINCE JOHN. Though no man be assur'd what grace to  
find,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

CLARENCE. Well, you must now speak Sir John  
Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in  
honour,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the King my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WARWICK. Here comes the Prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended

CHIEF JUSTICE. Good morrow, and God save your  
Majesty!

KING. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.  
This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you.  
Sorrow so royally in you appears  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad;  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,  
I'll be your father and your brother too;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;  
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears  
By number into hours of happiness.

BROTHERS. We hope no otherwise from your Majesty.

KING. You all look strangely on me; and you most.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

CHIEF JUSTICE. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd  
rightly,

Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me?  
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,  
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

CHIEF JUSTICE. I then did use the person of your  
father;

The image of his power lay then in me;  
And in th' administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the King whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought,  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person;  
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
Be now the father, and propose a son;  
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
And then imagine me taking your part  
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.  
After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this  
well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;  
And I do wish your honours may increase  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words:  
'Happy am I that have a man so bold  
That dares do justice on my proper son;  
And not less happy, having such a son  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me;  
For which I do commit into your hand  
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;  
With this remembrance- that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.  
You shall be as a father to my youth;  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practis'd wise directions.  
And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you,  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his spirits sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world,  
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now.



Do nothing but eat and make good cheer,  
And praise God for the merry year;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there,  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily.

FALSTAFF. There's a merry heart! Good Master  
Silence, I'll give you  
a health for that anon.

SHALLOW. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most  
sweet sir, sit.

Master Page, good Master Page, sit. Proface! What  
you want in

meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the  
heart's all.

Exit

SHALLOW. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little  
soldier there,  
be merry.

SILENCE. [Singing]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
For women are shrews, both short and tall;  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag an;  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.  
Be merry, be merry.

FALSTAFF. I did not think Master Silence had been a  
man of this  
mettle.

SILENCE. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once  
ere now.

Re-enter DAVY

DAVY. [To BARDOLPH] There's a dish of leather-  
coats for you.

SHALLOW. Davy!

DAVY. Your worship! I'll be with you straight. [To  
BARDOLPH]

A cup of wine, sir?

SILENCE. [Singing]

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

FALSTAFF. Well said, Master Silence.

SILENCE. An we shall be merry, now comes in the  
sweet o' th' night.

FALSTAFF. Health and long life to you, Master  
Silence!

SILENCE. [Singing]

Fill the cup, and let it come,  
I'll pledge you a mile to th' bottom.

SHALLOW. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou want'st  
anything and

wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my  
little tiny thief

and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master  
Bardolph, and to all  
the cabileros about London.

DAVY. I hope to see London once ere I die.

BARBOLPH. An I might see you there, Davy!

SHALLOW. By the mass, you'R crack a quart together-  
ha! will you

not, Master Bardolph?

BARBOLPH. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

SHALLOW. By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave  
will stick by

thee, I can assure thee that. 'A will not out,  
'a; 'tis true  
bred.

BARBOLPH. And I'll stick by him, sir.

SHALLOW. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be  
merry.

[One knocks at door] Look who's at door there,  
ho! Who knocks?

Exit

DAVY

FALSTAFF. [To SILENCE, who has drunk a bumper]  
Why, now you have  
done me right.

SILENCE. [Singing]

Do me right,

And dub me knight.  
Samingo.

Is't not so?  
FALSTAFF. 'Tis so.  
SILENCE. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY

DAVY. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.  
FALSTAFF. From the court? Let him come in.

Enter PISTOL

How now, Pistol?  
PISTOL. Sir John, God save you!  
FALSTAFF. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?  
PISTOL. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.  
SILENCE. By'r lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.  
PISTOL. Puff!  
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.  
FALSTAFF. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.  
PISTOL. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.  
FALSTAFF. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.  
SILENCE. [Singing] And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.  
PISTOL. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?  
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.  
SHALLOW. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.  
PISTOL. Why, then, lament therefore.

SHALLOW. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways- either to utter them or conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

PISTOL. Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die.

SHALLOW. Under King Harry.

PISTOL. Harry the Fourth- or Fifth?

SHALLOW. Harry the Fourth.

PISTOL. A foutra for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King;  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

FALSTAFF. What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

FALSTAFF. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow,

choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I

will double-charge thee with dignities.

BARDOLPH. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PISTOL. What, I do bring good news?

FALSTAFF. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord

Shallow, be what thou wilt- I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy

boots; we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol!  
Away, Bardolph!

[Exit BARDOLPH] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal

devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow!

I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's

horses: the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are

they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

PISTOL. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they.

Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant

days!                   Exeunt

SCENE IV.  
London. A street

Enter BEADLES, dragging in HOSTESS QUICKLY  
and

DOLL TEARSHEET

HOSTESS. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that  
I might die,  
that I might have thee hang'd. Thou hast drawn my  
shoulder out of  
joint.

FIRST BEADLE. The constables have delivered her  
over to me; and she  
shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her.  
There hath been  
a man or two lately kill'd about her.

DOLL. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll  
tell thee what,  
thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, an the child I  
now go with do  
miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy  
mother, thou  
paper-fac'd villain.

HOSTESS. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He  
would make this a  
bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit  
of her womb  
miscarry!

FIRST BEADLE. If it do, you shall have a dozen of  
cushions again;  
you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both  
go with me; for  
the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst  
you.

DOLL. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer,  
I will have you  
as soundly swing'd for this- you blue-bottle  
rogue, you filthy  
famish'd correctioner, if you be not swing'd,  
I'll forswear  
half-kirtles.

FIRST BEADLE. Come, come, you she knight-errant,  
come.

HOSTESS. O God, that right should thus overcome  
might!

Well, of sufferance comes ease.

DOLL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

HOSTESS. Ay, come, you starv'd bloodhound.

DOLL. Goodman death, goodman bones!

HOSTESS. Thou atomy, thou!

DOLL. Come, you thin thing! come, you rascal!

FIRST BEADLE. Very  
well.

Exeunt

SCENE V.

Westminster. Near the Abbey

Enter GROOMS, strewing rushes

FIRST GROOM. More rushes, more rushes!

SECOND GROOM. The trumpets have sounded twice.

THIRD GROOM. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come  
from the

coronation. Dispatch,  
dispatch.

Exeunt

Trumpets sound, and the KING and his train  
pass

over the stage. After them enter FALSTAFF,  
SHALLOW,

PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and page

FALSTAFF. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow;  
I will make the

King do you grace. I will leer upon him, as 'a  
comes by; and do

but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PISTOL. God bless thy lungs, good knight!

FALSTAFF. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. [To  
SHALLOW] O, if

I had had to have made new liveries, I would have  
bestowed the

thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no  
matter; this poor

show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had  
to see him.

SHALLOW. It doth so.

FALSTAFF. It shows my earnestness of affection-

SHALLOW. It doth so.

FALSTAFF. My devotion-

SHALLOW. It doth, it doth, it doth.

FALSTAFF. As it were, to ride day and night; and  
not to deliberate,

not to remember, not to have patience to shift me-  
SHALLOW. It is best, certain.

FALSTAFF. But to stand stained with travel, and  
sweating with

desire to see him; thinking of nothing else,  
putting all affairs

else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else  
to be done but to  
see him.

PISTOL. 'Tis 'semper idem' for 'obsque hoc nihil  
est.' 'Tis all in  
every part.

SHALLOW. 'Tis so, indeed.

PISTOL. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance and contagious prison;  
Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand.

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's  
snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FALSTAFF. I will deliver her.

[Shouts, within, and the  
trumpets sound]

PISTOL. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds.

Enter the KING and his train, the LORD CHIEF  
JUSTICE

among them

FALSTAFF. God save thy Grace, King Hal; my royal  
Hal!

PISTOL. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal  
imp of fame!

FALSTAFF. God save thee, my sweet boy!

KING. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Have you your wits? Know you what  
'tis you speak?

FALSTAFF. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my

heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dreamt of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But being awak'd, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men-

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was,

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots.

Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evils;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strengths and

qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on.

Exeunt the KING

and his train

FALSTAFF. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.

SHALLOW. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have

home with me.

FALSTAFF. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at

this; I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must

seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the

man yet that shall make you great.

SHALLOW. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet,

and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me

have five hundred of my thousand.

FALSTAFF. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard

was but a colour.

SHALLOW. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

FALSTAFF. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant

Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,

with officers

CHIEF JUSTICE. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

FALSTAFF. My lord, my lord-

CHIEF JUSTICE. I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

PISTOL. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.

Exeunt all but PRINCE JOHN and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

PRINCE JOHN. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.

He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CHIEF JUSTICE. And so they are.

PRINCE JOHN. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CHIEF JUSTICE. He hath.

PRINCE JOHN. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.

Come, will you

hence?

Exeunt

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech. My  
fear, is your  
displeasure; my curtsy, my duty; and my speech, to  
beg your pardons.  
If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for  
what I have to say  
is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say  
will, I doubt,  
prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to  
the venture.  
Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately  
here in the end  
of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it  
and to promise you  
a better. I meant, indeed, to pay you with this;  
which if like an  
ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you,  
my gentle  
creditors, lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and  
here I commit  
my body to your mercies. Bate me some, and I will pay  
you some, and,  
as most debtors do, promise you infinitely; and so I  
kneel down before  
you- but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will  
you command me to  
use my legs? And yet that were but light payment-to  
dance out of  
your debt. But a good conscience will make any  
possible  
satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen  
here have forgiven  
me. If the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do  
not agree with  
the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such  
an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too  
much cloy'd with fat  
meat, our humble author will continue the story, with  
Sir John in  
it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France;  
where, for  
anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat,  
unless already 'a be

killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a  
martyr and this  
is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are  
too, I will bid  
you good night.

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