

# The First Part of henry the Fourth, with the life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT#SPVRRE.

## Actus Primus. Sc#na Prima.

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

*King.* **S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
 Find we a time for frighted peace to pant  
 And breathe shortwinded accents of new broils  
 To be commenc'd in Stronds a#farre remote:  
 No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,  
 Shall daub her lippes with her owne childrens blood:  
 No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,  
 Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooves  
 Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,  
 Which, like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,  
 All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shocke,  
 And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,  
 Shall now in mutuall well#beseeming rankes  
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
 Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.  
 The edge of Warre, like an ill#sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore Friends,  
 As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,  
 Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse  
 We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,  
 Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,  
 To chase these pagans in those holy Fields,  
 Ouer whose acres walk'd those blessed feete  
 Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd  
 For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.  
 But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,  
 And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:  
 Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare  
 Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,  
 What yesternight our Councell did decree,  
 In forwarding this deare expedience.

*West.* My Liege: This haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits of the Charge set downe  
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came  
 A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;  
 Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 And a thousand of his people butchered:  
 Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 (Without much shame) re#told or spoken of.

*King.* It seems then that the tidings of this broile,  
 Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

*West.* This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,  
 Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes  
 Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
 On Holy#roode Day, the gallant Hotspurre there,  
 Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald,  
 That euer#valiant and approoued Scot,  
 At Holmeden met, where they did spend  
 a sad and bloody houre:  
 As by discharge of their Artillerie,  
 And shape of likely#hood the newes was told;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heate  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Heere is a deere, and true industrious friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,  
 Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,  
 Betwixt that Holmoden and this Seat of ours:  
 And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.  
 The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited,  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights  
 Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see  
 On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke  
 Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne  
 To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Atholl,  
 Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith.  
 And is not this an honourable spoyle?  
 A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.

*West.* A Conquest for a prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,

In enuy that my Lord Northumberland  
 Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:  
 A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;  
 Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,  
 Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:  
 Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,  
 See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow  
 Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,  
 That some Night#tripping#Faiery, had exchang'd  
 In Cradle#clothes, our Children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine Perey Percy , his Plantagenet:  
 Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:  
 But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze  
 Of this young Percies pride? The Prisoners  
 Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,  
 To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word  
 I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

*West.* This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester  
 Maleuolent to you in all Aspects:  
 Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
 The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
 And for this cause a#while we must neglect  
 Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.  
 Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold  
 At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:  
 But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
 For more is to be said, and to be done,  
 Then out of anger can be vttered.

*West.* I will my Liege.

*Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Fal staffe, and Pointz.*

*Fal.* Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?

*Prin.* Thou art so fat#witted with drinking of olde  
 Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping  
 vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten  
 to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know.  
 What a diuell hast thou thou to do with the time of the day?  
 vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,  
 and clocks the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes  
 of Leaping#houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire  
 hot Wench in Flame#coloured Taffata; I see no reason

why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prin.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prin.* Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dianaes Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Goernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chast mistris the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

*Prin.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

*Fal.* Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

*Prin.* As the honey, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe lerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal.* How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe#lerkin?

*Prin.* Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

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

*Fal.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.

*Prin.* Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it not heere apparant,

that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

*Prin.* No, thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! Ile be a Lord, I'll be a braue Iudge.

*Prin.* Thou iudget false already. I mean, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

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

*Prin.* For obtaining of suites?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb#Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

*Prin.* Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

*Prin.* What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore#Ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet yon<http://www.gofugyourself.com/miranda-kerr-recent-candids-07-2014/miranda-kerr-puts-her-tiny-waist-on-display-usa-only> Prince.

But, Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

*Prin.* Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damn1ble iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vn to me Hal, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now am I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue o uer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Chri stendome.

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

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, Lad! Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse#taking.

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

*Pointz.* Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni potent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prin.* Good morrow Ned.

*Poines.* Good morrow sweet Hal. What saies Monsieur Remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: lacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good#Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: He will give the diuell his due.

*Poin.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prin.* Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads#hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stufte your Purses full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fal.* Heare ye Yeward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prin.* Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood#royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

*Prin.* Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad#cap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

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

*Fal.* Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King. An ink mark follows the end of this line.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poyn.* Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion;

and he the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Far well, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

*Prin.* Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

*Poy.* Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaffe, Haruey, Rossill, and Gads#hill, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way#layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*Prin.* But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

*Poyn.* Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit rhemselues themselues, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them.

*Prin.* I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Poy.* Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

*Poin.* Well for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the iest.

*Prin.* Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

*Poyn.* Farewell, my Lord.

*Exit Pointz*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a#while vphold

The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:

Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,

Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes  
 To smother vp his Beauty from the world,  
 That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,  
 By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
 Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.  
 If all the yeare were playing holidiaies,  
 To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;  
 But when they seldome come, they wisht#for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 So when this loose behaiour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I neuer promised;  
 By how much better then my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,  
 And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground:  
 My reformation glittering o're my fault,  
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
 Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.  
 Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,  
 Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

### **Scœna Tertia.**

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

*King.* My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,  
 Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,  
 And you haue found me; for accordingly,  
 You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,  
 I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,  
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition  
 Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,  
 And therefore lost that Title of respect,  
 Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.

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

*Nor.* My Lord.

*King.* Worcester get thee gone: for I do see  
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.  
 O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 And Maiestie might neuer yet endure  
 The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,  
 You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need  
 Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.



You were about to speake.

*North.* Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,  
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,  
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied  
As was deliuered to your Maiesty:  
Who either through enuy, or misprision,  
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

*Hot.* My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.

But, I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,  
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,  
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;  
Fresh as a Bride#groome, and his Chin new reapt,  
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.  
He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held  
A Pouncet#box: which euer and anon  
He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe:  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Tooke it in Snuffe: And still he smil'd and talk'd:  
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,  
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,  
To bring a slouely vnhandsome Coarse  
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.  
With many Holiday and Lady tearme  
He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded  
My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.  
I then, all#smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
(To be so pestered with a Poppingay)  
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,  
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,  
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,  
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,  
And talke so like a Waiting#Gentlewoman,  
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke;  
And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth  
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:  
And that it was great pittie, so it was,  
That villanous Salt#peter should be digg'd  
Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,  
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd  
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,  
He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier.

This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)  
 Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)  
 And I beseech you, let not this report  
 Come currant for an Accusation,  
 Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my Lord,  
 What euer Harry Percie then had said,  
 To such a person, and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
 May reasonably dye, and neuer rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he vnsay it now.

*King.* Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,  
 But with Prouiso and Exception,  
 That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight  
 His Brother#in#Law, the foolish Mortimer,  
 Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid  
 The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,  
 Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower:  
 Whole daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March  
 Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,  
 Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?  
 Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,  
 When they haue lost and forfeyed themselues.  
 No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue;  
 For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend, An ink mark follows the end of this line.  
 Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost  
 To1ransome home reuolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Reuolted Mortimer?

He neuer did sail off, my Soueraigne Liege,  
 But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,  
 Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,  
 Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,  
 When on the gentle Seuernes siedgie banke,  
 In single Opposition hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an houre  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink  
 Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood;  
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,  
 And hid his crisper#head in the hollow banke,  
 Blood#stained with these Valiant Combatants.  
 Neuer did base and rotten Policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer  
 Receiue so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be sland'red with Reuolt.

*King.* Thou do'st bely him Percy, thou dost bely him;  
 He neuer did encounter with Glendower:  
 I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer.  
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
 Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me  
 As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland,  
 We License your departure with your sonne,  
 Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it.

*Exit King.*

*Hot.* And if the diuell come and roare for them  
 I will not send them. I will after straight  
 And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head.  
*Nor.* What? drunke with choller? stay & pause a while,  
 Heere comes your Vnckle.

*Enter Worcester.*

*Hot.* Speake of Mortimer?  
 Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule  
 Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.  
 In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,  
 And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,  
 But I will lift the downfall Mortimer  
 As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,  
 As rhis Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooke.  
*Nor.* Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad  
*Wor.* Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?  
*Hot.* He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners:  
 And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe  
 Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.  
*Wor.* I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd  
 By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?  
*Nor.* He was: I heard the Proclamation,  
 And then it was, when the vnhappy King  
 (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
 Vpon his Irish Expedition:

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

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

*Hot.* But soft I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaime my brother Mortimer,  
Heyre to the Crowne?

*Nor.* He did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,  
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.  
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne  
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake, wore the detested blot  
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,  
That you a world of curses vndergoe,  
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,  
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?  
O pardon, if that I descend so low,  
To shew the Line, and the Predicament  
Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.  
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,  
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your Nobility and Power,  
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe  
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)  
To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose,  
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
By him, for whom these shames ye vnder went?  
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues  
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.  
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answer all the Debt the owes vnto you,  
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say#

*Wor.* Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,  
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,  
As to o're#walke a Current, roaring loud

On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:

Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres  
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

*Nor.* Imagination of some great exploit,

Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

*Hot.* By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,

To plucke bright Honor from the pale#fac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where Fadome#line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:  
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare  
Without Co#riuall, all her Dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe#fac'd Fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehends a World of Figures here,

But not the forme of what he should attend:  
Good Cousin giue me audience for a#while,  
And list to me.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same Noble Scottes

That are your Prisoners.

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.

By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:  
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.  
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

*Wor.* You start away,

And lend no eare vnto my purposes.  
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said, he would not ransome Mortimer:  
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.  
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,  
And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.  
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake  
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you Cousin: a word.

*Hot.* All studies heere I solemnly defie,

Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,  
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.  
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.

*Wor.* Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a Waspe#tongu'd & impatient foole

Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,

Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,

Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare

Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?

A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershi1e:

'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,

His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee

Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:

When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

*Nor.* At Barkley Castle.

*Hot.* You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,

This fawning Grey#hound then did proffer me.

Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,

And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:

O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me,

Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,

Wee'l stay your leysure.

*Hot.* I haue done insooth.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.

Deliuier them vp without their ransome staight,

And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane

For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd

Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl1y'd,

Shall secretly into the bosome creepe

Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,

The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of Yorke, is't not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard

His Brothers death at Bristow, the Lord Scroope.

I speake not this in estimation,

As what I thinke might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,

And onely stayes but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

*Nor.* Before the game's a#foot, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,  
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke  
To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha.

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,  
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:  
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied;  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth beginne  
To make vs strengers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.* He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,  
Then I by Letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:  
Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,  
Where you, and Dowglas, and our powres at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

*Nor.* Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.

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

*exit*

## **Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.**

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

1. *Car.* Heigh#ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be  
hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet  
our horse not packt. What Ostler?

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few  
Flockes in the point: the poore lade is wrung in the wi  
thers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,  
and this is the next way to giue poore lades the Bottes:  
This house is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler  
dyed.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri stendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the first Cocke.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a1lourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber#lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come away.

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing#crosse.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Vil laine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gads#hill.*

*Gad.* Good#morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

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

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lanthome to see my Gel ding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

*Gad.* Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

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

*Exeunt*

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Gad.* What ho, Chamberlaine?

*Cham.* At hand quoth Pick#purse.

*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Cham berlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur ses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Master Gads#Hill, it holds cur



rant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp al ready, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may.

*Gad.* What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Iohn hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that yu dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot#land#Rakers, no Long#staffe six#penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio#purple#hu'd#Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Common wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

*Cham.* What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will she hold out water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receipt of Fern seede, we walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand.

Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,

As I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe.

*Gad.* Goe too: Homo is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare well, ye muddy Knaue.

*Exeunt.***Scæna Secunda.***Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.*

*Poynes.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstafs Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prin.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

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

*Prin.* Peace ye fat#kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe.

*Fal.* What Poynes. Hal?

*Prin.* He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

*Fal.* I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewicht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. Poynes, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Peto: Ile starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True#man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony#hearted Villaines knowe it well enough, A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They Whistle.*

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fal.* Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fal.* I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse,

good Kings sonne.

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

*Fal.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire#apparant#

Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, snd sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads#hill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do against my will.

*Poin.* O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:

Bardolfe, what newes?

*Bar.* Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis1going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fal.* To he be hang'd.

*Prin.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your en counter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* But how many be of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What, a Coward Sir Iohn Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, Hal.

*Prin.* Wee'l leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poin.* Sirra lacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedg, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Fare well, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poin.* Heere hard by: Stand close.

*Fal.* Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: euery man to his businesse.

*Enter Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a#foot a while, and ease our Legges.

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Iesu blesse vs.

*Fal.* Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon#fed Knaues, they hate vs

youth; downe with them, fleece them.

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

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand lurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

*Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.*

*Prin.* The Theeues haue bound the True#men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer.

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

*Enter Theeues againe.*

*Fal.* Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

*Prin.* Your money.

*Poin.* Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.*

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse:

The Theeues are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I should pittie him.

*Poin.* How the Rogue roar'd.

*Exeunt.*

## Scœna Tertia.

*Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.*

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

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.

Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of

this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue na med vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.

Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a

shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke#braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty#spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the Dowglas? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards, to night.

*Enter his Lady.*

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.

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

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin  
 A banish'd woman from my Harries bed?  
 Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy vcheekes?  
 And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,  
 To thicke#ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?  
 In my faint#slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,  
 And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres:  
 Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,  
 Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd  
 Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,  
 Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,  
 Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,  
 Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,  
 And all the current of a headdy fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,  
 That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,

Like bubbles in a late#disturbed Streame;  
 And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restraine their breath  
 On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?  
 Some heauië businesse hath my Lord in hand,  
 And I must know it: else he loues me not.

*Hot.* What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone?

*Ser.* He is my Lord, an houre agoë.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses fr# the Sheriffe?

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

*Hot.* What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

*Ser.* It is my Lord.

*Hot.* That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will  
 backe him straight. Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth  
 into the Parke.

*La.* But heare you, my Lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad#headed Ape, a Weazell hath not  
 such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile  
 know your businesse Harry, that I will. I feare my Bro  
 ther Mortimer doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent  
 for you to line his enterprize. But if you go#

*Hot.* So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.

*La.* Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me dirctly  
 vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake  
 thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,  
 I care not for thee Kate: this is no world  
 To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.  
 We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,  
 And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.  
 What say'st thou Kate? what wold'st thou haue with me?

*La.* Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare

I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.

Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,

This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise  
 Then Harry Percies wife. Constant you are,  
 But yet a woman: and for secrecie, An ink mark follows the end of this line.  
 No Lady closer. For I will beleeeue  
 Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know,  
 And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How so farre?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But harke you Kate,  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too:  
 To day will I set forth, to morrow you.  
 Will his content you Kate?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Prince and Poines.*

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

*Poines.* Where hast bene Hall?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger#heads, amongst 3.  
 or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue sounded the verie base  
 string of humility; Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of  
 Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dicke,  
 and Francis. They take it already vpon their confidence,  
 that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King  
 of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud lack like Fal staffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of  
 mettle, a good boy, and  
 when I am King of England, I shall command al the good  
 Laddes in East#cheape. They call drinking deepe, dy  
 ing Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then  
 they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am  
 so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can  
 drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my  
 life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou  
 wer't not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, to swee  
 ten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of Su  
 gar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker,  
 one that neuer spake other English in his life, then Eight shillings and six pence, and, You  
 are welcome: with this shril  
 addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone, or so. But Ned, to  
 driue away time till Fal staffe come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by#roome,  
 while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue  
 me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling Francis, that his

Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

*Poin.* Francis.

*Prin.* Thou art perfect.

*Poin.* Francis.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgar net, Ralfe.

*Prince.* Come hither Francis.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to#

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Pria.* Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clin king of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe#

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prin.* Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a peny worth, was't not?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

*Prin.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prin.* Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not#pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

*Fran.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prin.* Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doub let will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.



*Fran.* What sir?

*Poin.* Francis.

*Prin.* Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

*Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone a while, and then open the doore.

*Poines.*

*Enter Poines.*

*Poin.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed them selues humors, since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp#staires and down#staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hot spurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo, sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poin.* Welcome lacke, where hast thou beene?

*Fal.* A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

*Prin.* Did st thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter,

pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A vil lanous Coward, go thy wayes old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

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

*Fal.* A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Sub iects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde#geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

*Prin.* Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Paines there?

*Prin.* Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such bac king: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prince.* O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

*Falst.* All's one for that.

*He drinckes.*

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, lack? where is it?

*Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, foure of vs.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight time thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and

through, my Sword hackt like a Hand#saw, ecce signum.  
 I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe.  
 A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake  
 more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes  
 of darknesse.

*Prince.* Speake sirs, how was it?

*Gad.* We foure set vpon some dozen.

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

*Gad.* And bound them.

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

*Falst.* You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of  
 them, or I am a lew else, an Ebrew lew.

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

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

*Prince.* What, fought yee with them all?

*Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I  
 fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish:  
 if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde  
 lack, then am I no two#legg'd Creature.

*Poin.* Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered some of  
 them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd  
 two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues  
 in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a  
 Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde  
 word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues  
 in Buckrom let driue at me.

*Prince.* What, foure? thou sayd'st but two.euen now.

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

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

*Falst.* These foure came all a#front, and mainely thrust  
 at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen  
 points in my Targuet, thus.

*Prince.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Falst.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

*Falst.* Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

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

*Falst.* Doest thou heare me, Hal?

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, lack.

*Falst.* Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these  
 nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more alreadie.

*Falst.* Their Points being broken.

*Poin.* Downe fell his Hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

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

*Falst.* But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis#be gotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

*Prin.* These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay#brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty#pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

*Falst.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

*Poin.* Come, your reason lack, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black#berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed#presser, this Hors#back#breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

*Falst.* Away you Starueling, you Elfe#skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles#pissell, you stocke#fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow#case, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Well, breath a#while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

*Poin.* Marke lacke.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House.

And Falstaffe, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull#Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuce? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poines.* Come, let's heare lacke: What tricke hast thou now?

*Fal.* I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.

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

*Fal.* A, no more of that Hall, and thou louest me.

*Enter Hostesse.*

*Host.* My Lord, the Prince?

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me?

*Hostesse.* Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

*Falst.* What manner of man is hee?

*Hostesse.* An old man.

*Falst.* What doth Grautie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his answere?

*Prin.* Prethee doe lacke.

*Falst.* 'Faith, and Ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prince.* Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you Peto, so did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.

*Prin.* Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaffes  
Sword so hackt?

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

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear#grasse,  
to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments  
with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did  
that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare  
his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eigh  
teene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and  
euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire  
and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranft away; what  
instinct hadst thou for it ?

*Bard.* My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you  
behold these Exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bard.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purses.

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

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

Heere comes leane lacke, heere comes bare#bone. How  
now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe,  
lacke, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

*Falst.* My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres  
(Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could  
haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe#Ring: a plague  
of sighing and grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder.  
There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir Iohn Braby from your Father; you must  
goe to the Court in  
the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy;  
and hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the Bastinado,  
and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true  
Liege#man vpon the Crosse of a Welch#hooke; what a  
plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, Glendower.

*Falst.* Owen, Owen; the same, and his Sonne in Law  
Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly  
Scot of Scots, Dowglas, that runnes a Horse#backe vp a  
Hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

*Falst.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Falst.* Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

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

*Falst.* A Horse#backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

*Prin.* Yes lacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blew#Cappes more. Worcester is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this I ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden#heads as they buy Hob#nayles, by the Hundreds.

*Falst.* By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, I could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes a gaine, as that Fiend Dowglas, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuill Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

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

*Falst.* Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

*Prin.* Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

*Falst.* Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a loyn'd#Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

*Falst.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyeses vaine.

*Prin.* Well, heere is my Legge.

*Falst.* And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

*Hostesse.* This is excellent sport, yfaith.

*Falst.* Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Hostesse.* O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

*Falst.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen, For teares doe stop the flood#gates of her eyes.

*Hostesse.* O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see.

*Falst.* Peace good Pint#pot, peace good Tickle#braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares.

Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere I lyeth the point: why being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black#berryes? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

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

*Falst.* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaffe: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast



thou beene this moneth?

*Prin.* Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

*Falst.* Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet#sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

*Prin.* Well, heere I am set.

*Falst.* And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

*Prin.* Now Harry, whence come you?

*Falst.* My Noble Lord, from East#cheape.

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

*Falst.* Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

*Prin.* Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? Henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting#Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Ini quitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? where in is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? where in Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Falst.* I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abhominable mis#leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white#bearded Sathan.

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

*Prince.* I know thou do'st.

*Falst.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore#master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharaohs leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Paines: but for sweete lacke Falstaffe,

kinde lacke Falstaffe, true lacke Falstaffe, valiant lacke Fal staffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde lack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish not him thy Harryes companie; banish plumpe lacke, and banish all the World.

*Prince.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardolph running.*

*Bard.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

*Falst.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hostesse.* O, my Lord, my Lord.

*Falst.* Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle sticke: what's the matter?

*Hostesse.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare Hal, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without in stinct.

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

*Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Falst.* Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Exit.*

*Prince.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prince.* Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

*She.* First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

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

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

*Prince.* The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,

For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:

And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will by to morrow Dinner time,

Send him to answere thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:

And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

*She.* I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen

Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

*She.* Good Night, my Noble Lord.

*Prince.* I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

*She.* Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

*Exit.*

*Prince.* This oyl Rascall is knowne as well as Poules:  
goe call him forth.

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

*Prince.* Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his  
Pockets.

*He searcheth his Pickets, and findeth certaine Papers.*

*Prince.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

*Prince.* Let's see, what be they? reade them.

*Peto.* Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.

Item, sawce. iiii.d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.

Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread. ob.

*Prince.* O monstrous, but one halfe penny#worth of  
Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is  
else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there  
let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning:  
Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be hono  
rable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot,  
and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue#score.  
The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage.  
Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good mor  
row *Peto.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

## **Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**

*Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.*

*Mort.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hotsp.* Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,  
Will you sit downe?  
And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it,  
I haue forgot the Mapped.

*Glend.* No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspurre:  
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,  
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,  
He wisheth you in Heauen.

*Hotsp.* And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glen dower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,  
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,  
The frame and foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hotsp.* Why so it would haue done at the same season,  
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe  
had neuer beene borne.

*Glend.* I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hotsp.* And I say the Earth was not of my minde,  
if you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glend.* The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did  
tremble.

*Hotsp.* Oh, then the Earth shooke

To see the Heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.  
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth  
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde  
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striuing,  
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe  
Steeple, and mosse#growne Towers. At your Birth,  
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

*Glend.* Cousin: of many men

I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth  
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heardes  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields:  
These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,

And all the courses of my Life doe shew,  
 I am not in the Roll of common men.  
 Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,  
 That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,  
 Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?  
 And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,  
 Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,  
 And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

*Hotsp.* I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:  
 Ile to Dinner.

*Mort.* Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

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

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

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the  
 Deuill.

*Hotsp.* And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil,  
 By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.  
 If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,  
 And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.  
 Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable  
 Chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head  
 Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,  
 And sandy#bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him  
 Bootlesse home, and Weather#beaten backe.

*Hotsp.* Home without Bootes,  
 And in foule Weather too,  
 How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

*Glend.* Come, heere's the Mappe:  
 Shall wee diuide our Right,  
 According to our three#fold order ta'ne?

*Mort.* The Arch#Deacon hath diuided it  
 Into three Limits, very equally:  
 England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,  
 By South and East, is to my part assign'd:  
 All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,  
 And all the fertile Land within that bound,  
 To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you  
 The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.  
 And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:  
 Which being sealed enterchangeably,  
 (A Bnsinesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,  
 And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
 To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,  
 As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.  
 My Father Glendower is not readie yet,  
 Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:  
 Within that space, you may haue drawne together  
 Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:  
 And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,  
 From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,  
 For there will be a World of Water shed,  
 Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

*Hotsp.* Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,  
 In quantitie equals not one of yours:  
 See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,  
 And cuts me from the best of all my Land,  
 A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.  
 Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,  
 And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,  
 In a new Channell, faire and euenly:  
 It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a Bottome here,

*Glend.* Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but marke how he beares his course,  
 And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,  
 Gelding the opposed Continent as much,  
 As on the other side it takes from you.

*Worc.* Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,  
 And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,  
 And then he runnes straight and euen.

*Hotsp.* Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.

*Glend.* Ile not haue it alter'd.

*Hotsp.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hotsp.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

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

*Glend.* I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:  
 For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;  
 Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe  
 Many an English Dittie, louely well,  
 And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;

A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

*Hotsp.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,  
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,  
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad#mongers:  
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,  
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle#tree,  
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;  
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

*Glend.* Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

*Hotsp.* I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land  
To any well#deseruing friend;  
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,  
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.  
Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The Moone shines faire,  
You may away by Night:  
Ile haste the Writer; and withall,  
Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:  
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

*Exit.*

*Mort.* Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Fa  
ther.

*Hotsp.* I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,  
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,  
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;  
And of a Dragon, and a finne#lesse Fish,  
A clip#wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,  
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of skimble#skamble Stuffe,  
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,  
In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,  
That were his Lacqueyes:  
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,  
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue  
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,  
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any Summer#House in Christendome.

*Mort.* In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read, and profited,

In strange Concealments:  
 Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,  
 And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.  
 Shall I tell you, Cousin,  
 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
 When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.  
 I warrant you, that man is not aliue,  
 Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
 Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:  
 But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.

*Worc.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
 And since your comming hither, haue done enough,  
 To put him quite besides his patience.  
 You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:  
 Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you;  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,  
 Defect of Manners, want of Gouvernment,  
 Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:  
 The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,  
 Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne  
 Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hotsp.* Well, I am school'd:  
 Good#manners be your speede;  
 Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

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

*Glend.* My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,  
 Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.

*Mort.* Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy  
 Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

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

*Glend.* Shee is desperate heere:  
 A peeuish selfe#will'd Harlotry,  
 One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

*The Lady speakes in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh  
 Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens,  
 I am too perfect in: and but for shame,  
 In such a parley should I answere thee.

*The Lady againe in Welsh.*



*Mort.* I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,  
 And that's a feeling disputation:  
 But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,  
 Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue  
 Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,  
 Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,  
 With rauishing Diuision to her Lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

*The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.*

*Mort.* O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

*Glend.* She bids you,  
 On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,  
 And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,  
 And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,  
 And on your Eye#lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,  
 Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;  
 Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,  
 As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,  
 The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme  
 Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

*Mort.* With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:  
 By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

*Glend.* Doe so:  
 And those Musitians that shall play to you,  
 Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;  
 And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hotsp.* Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:  
 Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy  
 Lappe.

*Lady.* Goe, ye giddy#Goose.

*The Musicke playes.*

*Hotsp.* Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,  
 And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:  
 Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

*Lady.* Then would you be nothing but Musicall,  
 For you are altogether gouerned by humors:  
 Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

*Hotsp.* I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in  
 Irish.

*Lady.* Wbuld'st haue thy Head broken?

*Hotsp.* No.

*Lady.* Then be still.

*Hotsp.* Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

*Lady.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hotsp.* To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

*Lady.* What's that?

*Hotsp.* Peace, shee sings.

*Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*

*Hotsp.* Come, Ile haue your Song too.

*Lady.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hotsp.* Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit#makers Wife:

Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;

And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:

And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,

As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.

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

A good mouth#filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of Pepper Ginger#bread,

To Veluet#Guards, and Sunday#Citizens.

Come, sing.

*Lady.* I will not sing.

*Hotsp.* 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red#  
brest reacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away  
within these two howres: and so come in, when yee  
will.

*Exit.*

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,

And then to Horse immediately.

*Mart.* With all my heart.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scæna Secunda.**

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords, giue vs leaue:

The Prince of Wales, and I,

Must haue some priuate conference:

But be neere at hand,

For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,  
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;  
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,  
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:  
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,  
Make me beleeeue, that thou art onely mark'd

For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen  
 To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate and low desires,  
 Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,  
 Such barren pleasures, rude societie,  
 As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,  
 Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,  
 And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

*Prince.* So please your Maiesty, I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,  
 As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge  
 My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:  
 Yet such extenuation let me begge,  
 As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,  
 Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,  
 By smiling Pick#thankes, and base Newes#mongers;  
 I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,  
 Finde pardon on my true submission.

*King.* Heauen pardon thee:  
 Yet let me wonder, Harry,  
 At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,  
 Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man  
 Prophetically doe fore#thinke thy fall.  
 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;  
 Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,  
 Had still kept loyall to possession,  
 And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
 A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.  
 By being seldome seene, I could not st2re,  
 But like a Comet, I was wondred at,  
 That men would tell their Children, This is hee:  
 Others would say; Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.  
 And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,  
 And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,  
 That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,

Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,  
 Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.  
 Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,  
 My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,  
 Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my state,  
 Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,  
 And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.  
 The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,  
 With shallow lesters, and rash Bauin Wits,  
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,  
 Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,  
 Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,  
 And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,  
 To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
 Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;  
 Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,  
 Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:  
 That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,  
 They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe  
 The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little  
 More then a little, is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to be seene,  
 He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
 Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,  
 As sicke and blunted with Communitie,  
 Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,  
 Such as is bent on Sunne#like Maiestie,  
 When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:  
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye#lids downe,  
 Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect  
 As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou:  
 For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,  
 With vile participation. Not an Eye  
 But is aware of thy common sight,  
 Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:  
 Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,  
 Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.  
*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
 Be more my selfe.  
*King.* For all the World,  
 As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,  
 When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;

And euen as I was then, is Percy now:  
 Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,  
 He hath more worthy interest to the State  
 Then thou, the shadow of Succession;  
 For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.  
 He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,  
 Turnes head against the Lyons armed lawes;  
 And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
 Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on  
 To bloody Battailles, and to brusing Armes.  
 What neuer#dying Honor hath he got,  
 Against renowned Dowglas? whose high Deedes,  
 Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,  
 Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,  
 And Militarie Title Capitall.  
 Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
 Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,  
 This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,  
 Discomfited great Dowglas, ta'ne him once,  
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,  
 And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.  
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
 The Arch#bishops Grace of Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer,  
 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
 But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?  
 Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,  
 Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?  
 Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,  
 Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,  
 To fight against me vnder Percies pay,  
 To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,  
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.  
*Prince.* Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:  
 And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd  
 Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
 I will redeeme all this on Percies head,  
 And in the closing of some glorious day,  
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,  
 When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,  
 And staine my faouours in a bloody Maske:  
 Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.  
 And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,  
 That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praysed Knight,  
 And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet:  
 For euery Honor fitting on his Helme,  
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
 My shames redoubled. For the time will come,  
 That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange  
 His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:  
 Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,  
 To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:  
 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render euery Glory vp,  
 Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.  
 This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:  
 The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,  
 I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue  
 The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:  
 If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,  
 And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,  
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:

Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,  
 That Dowglas and the English Rebels met  
 The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:  
 A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,  
 (If Promises be kept on euery hand)  
 As euer offered foule play in a state.

*King.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:

With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
 For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old.  
 On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward:  
 On Thursday, wee our selues will march.  
 Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march  
 Through Glocestershire: by which account,  
 Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,  
 Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.  
 Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,  
 Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*

*Falst.* Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple lohn. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in#side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper#Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in#side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath been the spoyle of me.

*Bard.* Sir lohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Falst.* Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentle man need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy#house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir lohn, that you must needes bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse Sir lohn.

*Falst.* Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

*Bard.* Why, Sir lohn, my Face does you no harme.

*Falst.* No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths#Head, or a Memento Mori. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darke nesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads#Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild#fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an euer lasting Bone#fire#Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the

Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

*Bard.* I would my Face were in your Belly.

*Falst.* So should I be sure to be heart#burn'd.

*Enter Hostesse.*

How now, Dame Partlet the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

*Hostesse.* Why Sir John, what doe you thinke, Sir Iohn? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

*Falst.* Ye Iye Hostesse: Bardolph was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

*Hostesse.* Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so in mine owne house before.

*Falst.* Goe to, I know you well enough.

*Hostesse.* No, Sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn: I know you, Sir Iohn: you owe me Money, Sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

*Falst.* Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of them.

*Hostesse.* Now was I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir Iohn, for your Dyet, and by#Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

*Falst.* Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

*Hostesse.* Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath no thing.

*Falst.* How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale Ring of my Grand#fathers, worth fortie Marke.

*Hostesse.* I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

*Falst.* How? the Prince is a lacke, a Sneake#Cuppe:



and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge,  
if hee would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

*Falst.* How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore?  
Must we all march?

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

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

*Prince.* What say'st thou, Mistresse Quickly? How  
does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest  
man.

*Hostesse.* Good, my Lord, heare mee.

*Falst.* Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

*Prince.* What say'st thou, lacke?

*Falst.* The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the  
Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd  
Bawdy#house, they picke Pockets.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, lacke?

*Falst.* Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds  
of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale#Ring of my Grand  
fathers.

*Prince.* A Trifle, some eight#penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your  
Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of  
you, like a foule#mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee  
would cudgell you.

*Prince.* What hee did not?

*Host.* There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman#hood  
in me else.

*Falst.* There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune;  
nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for  
Wooman#hood, Maid#marian may be the Deputies wife  
of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

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

*Falst.* What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou  
shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting  
thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Falst.* Setting thy woman#hood aside, thou art a beast  
to say otherwise.

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

*Fal.* What beast? Why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, sir Iohn? Why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art vniust man in saying so; thou, or anie

man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prince.* Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

*Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Falst.* A thousand pound Hal? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bar.* Indeed Sir Iohn, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why Hal? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

*Prince.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should. how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imboast Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie#houses, and one poore peny#worth of Sugar#candie to make thee long#winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie o ther iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

*Fal.* Do'st thou heare Hal? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should1poore lacke Falstaffe do, in the days of Villany? Thou seest, I haue

more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty.

You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

*Prin.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee:

Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,  
Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:  
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason;  
Thou feest, I a1 pacified still.

Nay, I prethee be gone.

*Exit Hostesse.*

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad?

How is that answered?

*Prin.* O my sweet Beefe:

I must still be good Angell to thee.

The Monie is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

*Prin.* I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

*Bard.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee lacke, a Charge of Foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

*Prin.* Bardolph.

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this Letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster

To my Brother Iohn. This to my Lord of Westmerland,

Go Peto, to horse: for thou, and I,

Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

lacke, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue

Money and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, Percie stands on hye,

And either they, or we must lower lye.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world.

Hostesse, my breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish thit Tauerne were my drumme.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## **Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.**

*Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Dowglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,

Such attribution should the Dowglas haue,

As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world.

By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie  
 The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place  
 In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.  
 Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the King of Honor:

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,  
 But I will Beard him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?

I can but thanke you.

*Mess.* These Letters come from your Father.

*Hot.* Letters from him?

Why comes he not himselfe?

*Mes.* He cannot come, my Lord,

He is greeuous sicke.

*Hot.* How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,  
 In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?  
 Vnder whose Gouernment come they along?

*Mess.* His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.

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

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:

And at the time of my departure thence,  
 He was much fear'd by his Physician.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first beene whole,  
 Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited:  
 His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hots.* Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect  
 The very Life#blood of our Enterprise,  
 'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.  
 He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,  
 And that his friends by deputation  
 Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,  
 To lay so dangerous and deare a trust  
 On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.  
 Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,  
 That with our small coniunction we should on,  
 To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:  
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
 Because the King is certainly possest  
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.

*Hots.* A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:  
 And yet, in faith, it is not his present want  
 Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states  
 All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,  
 It were not good: for therein should we reade  
 The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,  
 The very List, the very vtmost Bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Dowg.* Faith, and so wee should,  
 Where now remains a sweet reuersion.  
 We may boldly spend, vpon the hope  
 Of what is to come in:  
 A comfort of retyrement liues in this.

*Hotsp.* A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,  
 If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge  
 Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your Father had beene here:  
 The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt  
 Brookes no diuision: It will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 That wisdom, loyaltie, and meere dislike  
 Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
 And thinke, how such an apprehension  
 May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,  
 And breede a kinde of question in our cause:  
 For well you know, wee of the offring side,  
 Must keepe a loose from strict arbitrement,  
 And stop all sight#holes, euery loope, from whence  
 The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:  
 This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,  
 That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,  
 Before not dreamt of.

*Hotsp.* You strayne too farre.

I rather of his absence make this vse:  
 It lends a Lustre and more great Opinion,  
 A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,  
 Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,  
 If we without his helpe, can make a Head  
 To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,  
 We shall o're#turne it topsie#turuy downe:  
 Yet all goes well yet all our ioynts are whole. The bottom part of the letters on this line  
 has been obscured by a paper strip covering a tear in the page.

*Dowg.* As heart can thinke:  
 There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,  
 At this Dreame of Feare.

*Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Hotsp.* My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.

*Vern.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord,  
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,  
Is marching hither#wards, with Prince Iohn.

*Hotsp.* No harme: what more?

*Vern.* And further, I haue learn'd,  
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,  
Or hither#wards intended speedily,  
With strong and mightie preparation.

*Hotsp.* He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,  
The nimble#footed Mad#Cap, Prince of Wales,  
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,  
And bid it passe?

*Vern.* All furnisht, all in Armes,  
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde  
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,  
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,  
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,  
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid#summer,  
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.  
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,  
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,  
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,  
To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,  
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

*Hotsp.* No more, no more,

Worse then the Sunne in March:  
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.  
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,  
And to the fire#ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,  
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:  
The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit  
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,  
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,  
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,  
Who is to beare me like a Thunder#bolt,  
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.  
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?  
Oh, that Glendower were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes:

I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.

*Dowg.* That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.

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

*Hotsp.* What may the Kings whole Battaile reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be,

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

Come, let vs take a muster speedily:

Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.

*Dow.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*

*Falst.* Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a  
Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le  
to Sutton#cop#hill to Night.

*Bard.* Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

*Falst.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This Bottle makes an Angell.

*Falst.* And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it  
make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage.  
Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.

*Bard.* I will Captaine: farewell.

*Exit.*

*Falst.* If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a  
sowc't#Gurnet: I haue mis#vs'd the Kings Presse dam  
nably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie  
Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me  
none but good House#holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire  
me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd  
twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,  
as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as  
feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck#Foole,  
or a hurt wilde#Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes  
and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then  
Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:  
And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Cor  
porals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as  
ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Glut

tons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis#carded vniust Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade#falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis#honorably ragged, then an old#fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine#keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skar#Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red#Nose Inne#keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

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

*Prince.* How now blowne lack? how now Quilt?

*Falst.* What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, Sir Iohn, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night.

*Falst.* Tut, neuer fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

*Prince.* I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, lack, whose fellowes are these that come after?

*Falst.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

*Falst.* Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tush man; mortall men, mortall men.

*Westm.* I, but Sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.



*Falst.* Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learn'd that of me.

*Prince.* No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field.

*Falst.* What, is the King encamp'd?

*Westm.* Hee is, Sir Iohn, I feare wee shall stay too long.

*Falst.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begin ning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scœna Tertia.**

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

*Hotsp.* Wee'le fight with him to Night.

*Worc.* It may not be.

*Dowg.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Vern.* Not a whit.

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

*Vern.* So doe wee.

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

*Worc.* Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

*Vern.* Doe not, my Lord.

*Dowg.* You doe not counsaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Vern.* Doe me no slander, Dowglas: by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,

If well#respected Honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,

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

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,

Which of vs feares.

*Dowg.* Yea, or to night.

*Vern.* Content.

*Hotsp.* To night, say I.

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

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

That you fore#see not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my Cousin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your Vnckle Worcesters Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hotsp.* So are the Horses of the Enemie

In generall iourney bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Worc.* The number of the King exceedeth ours:

For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hotsp.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:

And would to God you were of our determination.

Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some

Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,

Because you are not of our qualitie,

But stand against vs like an Enemie.

*Blunt.* And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,

You stand against anynted Maiestie.

But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know

The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon

You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,

Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land

Audacious Crueltie. If that the King

Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed

You shall haue your desires, with interest;

And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,

Herein mis#led, by your suggestion.

*Hotsp.* The King is kinde:

And well wee know, the King

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.

My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,

Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:

And when he was not sixe and twentie strong;

Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,

A poore vnmindeed Out#law, sneaking home,

My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:

And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,

To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,

With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;

My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme  
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,  
 The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,  
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
 Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,  
 Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,  
 Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,  
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.  
 He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
 steps me a little higher then his Vow  
 Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,  
 Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:  
 And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme  
 Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,  
 That lay top heauie on the Common#wealth;  
 Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
 Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,  
 This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne  
 The hearts of all that hee did angle for.  
 Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads  
 Of all the Faurites, that the absent King  
 In deputation left behinde him heere,  
 When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.

*Blunt:* Tut, I came not to heare this.

*Hotsp.* Then to the point.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King.  
 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:  
 And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.  
 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman March,  
 Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,  
 Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,  
 There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:  
 Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,  
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
 Rated my Vnckle from the Councill#Boord,  
 In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,  
 Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,  
 And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out  
 This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie  
 Into his Title: the which wee finde  
 Too indirect, for long continuance.

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

*Hotsp.* Not so, Sir Walter.

Wee'le with#draw a while:  
 Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd  
 Some suretie for a safe returne againe,  
 And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle  
 Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.

*Hotsp.* And't may be, so wee shall.

*Blunt.* Pray Heauen you doe.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter the Arch#Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this sealed Briefe

With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,  
 This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest  
 To whom they are directed.  
 If you knew how much they doe import,  
 You would make haste.

*Sir Mich.* My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,  
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
 Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,  
 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
 The King, with mightie and quick#rayseed Power,  
 Meetes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell,  
 What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,  
 Whose Power was in the first proportion;  
 And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,  
 Who with them was rated firmly too,  
 And comes not in, ouer#rul'd by Prophecies,  
 I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,  
 To wage an instant tryall with the King.

*Sir Mich.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,

There is Dowglas, and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir Mic.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester,  
 And a Head of gallant Warriors,  
 Noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne

The speciall head of all the Land together:  
 The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
 The Noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt;

And many moe Corriuals, and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd

*Arch.* I hope no lesse? Yet needful 'tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, Sir Michell speed;  
For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the King  
Dismisses his power, he meanes to visit vs:  
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,  
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:  
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe  
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere  
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prin.* The Southerne winde  
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,  
Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.

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

*The Trumpet sounds.*

*Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,  
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,  
To crush our old limbes in vngentle steele;  
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all#abhorred Warre?  
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,  
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,  
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,  
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent  
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

*Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:  
For mine owne part, I could be well content  
To entertaine the Lagge#end of my life  
With quiet houres: For I do protest,

I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prin.* Peace, Chewet, peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your looks  
 Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;  
 And yet I must remember you my Lord,;  
 We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:  
 Far you, my staffe of Office did I breake  
 In Richards time, and poasted day and night  
 To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,  
 When yet you were in place, and in account  
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;  
 It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,  
 That brought you home, and boldly did out#dare  
 The danger of the time. You swore to vs,  
 And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,  
 That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,  
 Nor claime no further, then your new#falne right,  
 The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,  
 To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,  
 It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,  
 And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,  
 What with our helpe, what with the absent King,  
 What with the iniuries of wanton time,  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
 And the contrarious Windes that held the King  
 So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,  
 That all in England did repute him dead:  
 And from this swarme of faire aduantages,  
 You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,  
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,  
 Forgote your Oath to vs at Doncaster,  
 And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,  
 As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,  
 Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,  
 Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,  
 That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight  
 For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing  
 We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes  
 As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,  
 By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,

And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

*Kin.* These things indeede you haue articulated,  
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,  
To face the Garment of Rebellion  
With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,  
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes  
Of hurly burly Innouation:  
And neuer yet did Insurrection want  
Such water#colours, to impaint his cause:  
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time  
Of pell#mell hauocke, and confusion.

*Prin.* In both our Armies, there is many a soule  
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,  
if once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world  
in praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes,  
This present enterprize set off his head,  
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,  
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,  
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,  
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,  
And so I heare, he doth account me too:  
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,  
I am content that he shall take the oddes  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to saue the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

*King.* And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Do make aga2st it: No good Worster, no,  
We loue our people well; euen those we loue  
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:  
And will they take the offer of our Grace:  
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man  
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.  
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,<sup>1</sup>  
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,  
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,  
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,  
We will not now be troubled with reply,

We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

*Exit Worccster.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted, on my life,  
The Dowglas and the Hotspurre both together,  
Are confident against the world in Armes.

*King.* Hence therefore, euey Leader to his charge,  
For on their answer will we set on them;  
And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Prince and Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,  
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

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

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

*Prin.* Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.

*Fast.* 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him  
before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,  
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes  
me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come  
on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an  
arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.  
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Ho  
nour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A  
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednes  
day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it  
insensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with  
the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, ther  
fore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so  
ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

## **Scena Secunda.**

*Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then we are all vndone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,  
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time  
To punish this offence in others faults:  
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;  
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,



Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,  
 Will haue a wilde tricke of his Ancestors:  
 Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
 And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherisht, still the nearer death.  
 My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,  
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,  
 And an adopted name of Ptiuiledge Priuiledge ,  
 A haire#brain'd Hotspurre, gouern'd by a Spleene:  
 All his offences liue vpon my head,  
 And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,  
 And his corruption being tane from vs,  
 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:  
 Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know  
 In any case, the offer of the King.  
*Ver.* Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so.  
 Heere comes your Cosin.

*Enter Hotspurre.*

*Hot.* My Vnkle is return'd,  
 Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.  
 Vnkle, what newe#?  
*Wor.* The King will bid you battell presently.  
*Dow.* Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.  
*Hot.* Lord Dowglas: Go you and tell him so.  
*Dow.* Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

*Exit Dowglas.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.  
*Hot.* Did you begge any? God forbid.  
*Wor.* I told him gently of our greeuances,  
 Of his Oath#breaking: which he mended thus,  
 By now forswearing that he is forsworne,  
 He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge  
 With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

*Enter Dowglas.*

*Dow.* Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown  
 A braue defiance in King Henries teeth:  
 And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,  
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.  
*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,  
 And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.  
*Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,  
 And that no man might draw short breath to day,  
 But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee,

How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life  
 Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,  
 Vnlesle a Brother should a Brother dare  
 To gentle exercise, and prooffe of Armes.  
 He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,  
 Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,  
 Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,  
 Making you euer better then his praise,  
 By still dispraising praise, valew'd with you:  
 And which became him like a Prince indeed,  
 He made a blushing citall of himselfe,  
 And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,  
 As if he mastred there a double spirit  
 Of teaching, and of learning instantly:  
 There did he pause. But let me tell the World,  
 If he out#liue the enuie of this day,  
 England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,  
 So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored  
 On his Follies: neuer did I heare  
 Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.  
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night,  
 I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,  
 That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.  
 Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,  
 Better consider what you haue to do,  
 That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,  
 Can lift your blood up with perswasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot reade them now.  
 O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
 To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.  
 If life did ride vpon a Dials point,  
 still ending at the arriuall of an houre,  
 And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:  
 If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.  
 Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,  
 When the intent for bearing them is iust.

*Enter another Messenger.*

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

*Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:  
 For I professe not talking: Onely this,

Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,  
 Whose worthy temper I intend to staine  
 With the best blood that I can meete withall,  
 In the adventure of this perillous day.  
 Now Esperance Percy, and set on:  
 Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,  
 And by that Musicke let vs all imbrace:  
 For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,  
 A second time do such a curtesie.

*They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the  
 battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Conventional scene numbering in this play diverges from the First Folio from this point onwards.

*Blu.* What is thy name, that in battel thus yu crossest me?

What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?

*Dow.* Know then my name is Dowglas,

And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,

Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Dow.* The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought

Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King Harry,

This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,

Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

*Blu.* I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,

And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge

Lords Staffords death.

*Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus

I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

*Dow.* All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king

*Hot.* Where?

*Dow.* Heere.

*Hot.* This Dowglas? No, I know this face full well:

A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,

Semblably furnish'd like the King himselfe.

*Dow.* Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,

A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

*Hot.* The King hath many marching in his Coats.

*Dow.* Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,

Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,

Vntill I meet the King.

*Hot.* Vp, and away,

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

*Exeunt**Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could scape shot#free at London, I fear the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea uy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliuie, and they for the Townes end, to beg du ring life. But who comes here?

*Enter the Prince.*

*Pri.* What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,  
 Many a Nobleman likes starke and stiffe  
 Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,  
 Whose deaths are vnreung'd. Prethy lend me thy sword

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while:  
 Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue  
 done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:

I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Falst.* Nay Hal, if Percy bee aliuie, thou getst not my  
 Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: What, is it in the Case?

*Fal.* I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

*The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.*

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

*Exit.**Throwes it at him.*

*Fal.* If Percy be aliuie, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Giue mee life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an end.

*Exit*

## Scena Tertia.

*Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince,  
 Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou blee dest too much: Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

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

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiesty make vp,

Least you retirement do amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so:

My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

*West.* Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

*Prin.* Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;  
And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should driue  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on,  
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*Ioh.* We breath too long. Come cosin Westmerland,  
Our duty this way lies, for heauens sake come.

*Prin.* By heauen thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Iohn;  
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

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

*Prin.* O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all.

*Exit.*

*Enter Dowglas.*

*Dow.* Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Dowglas, fatall to all those  
That weare those colours on them. What art thou  
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

*King.* The King himselfe: who Dowglas grieues at 1 The bottom of this page has been torn  
and repaired, obscuring the catchword.

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,  
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes  
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:  
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

*Dow.* I feare thou art another counterfeit:  
And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

*They fight, the K. being in danger,*

*Enter Prince.*

*Prin.* Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like  
Neuerto hold it vp againe: the Spirits  
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.*

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?  
 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
 And so hath Clifton: Ile to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breath awhile.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,  
 And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life  
 In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

*Prin.* O heauen, they did me too much iniury,  
 That euer said I hearkned to your death.  
 If it were so, I might haue let alone  
 The insulting hand of Dowglas ouer you,  
 Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,  
 As all the poysonous Potions in the world,  
 And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

*K.* Make vp to Clifton, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gausey.

*Exit*

*Enter Hotspur.*

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

*Prin.* Thou, speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harrie Percie.

*Prin.* Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy,  
 To share with me in glory any more:  
 Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,  
 Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,  
 Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it Harry, for the houre is come  
 To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,  
 Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
 And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,  
 Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy Vanities.

*Fight.*

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no  
 Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who fals  
 down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.*

*Hot.* Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:  
 I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
 Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,  
 They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh:  
 But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;

And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,  
 Must haue a stop, O, I could Prophetie,  
 But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,  
 Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art dust  
 And food for#

*Prin.* For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great heart:

Ill#weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
 When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

This line is partly distorted by a tear at the bottom of the page.

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:

But now two paces of the vilest EarthAn ink mark follows the end of this line.

Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,

Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.

If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,

I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.

But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,

And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe

For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,

Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,

But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh

Keepe in a little life? Poore lacke, farewell:

I could haue better spar'd a better man.

O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,

If I were much in loue with Vanity.

Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,

Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,

Till then, in blood, by Noble Percie lye.

*Exit.*

*Falstaffe riseth vp.*

*Falst.* Imbowell'd? if thou imbowell mee to day, Ile  
 giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.  
 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,  
 had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun  
 terfeit; to dye, is to be counterfeit, for hee is but the  
 counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But  
 to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be  
 no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in  
 deede. The better part of V2our, is Discretion; in the  
 which better part, I haue saued my life. I am affraide of  
 this Gun#powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee  
 should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would

proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no#bodie sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me.

*Takes Hotspurre on his backe.*

*Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come Brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword.

*Iohn.* But soft, who haue we heere?

Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,

Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?

Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye#sight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes

Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but

if I be not lacke Falstaffe, then am I a lacke: There is Per cy, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him

kill the next Percie himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why, Percy I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man vvere a liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

*Iohn.* This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest Fellow, Brother Iohn.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:

For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,

Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

*A Retreat is sounded.*

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:

Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead.

*Exeunt*

*Fal.* Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re wards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leaue sacke, and liue



cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

*Exit*

## Scæna Quarta.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.

Ill#spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,  
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?  
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?  
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,  
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had beene aliuie this houre,  
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne  
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee.

*King.* Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too:  
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.

*Exit Worcester and Vernon.*

How goes the Field?

*Prin.* The Noble Scot Lord Dowglas, when hee saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The Noble Percy slaine, and all his men,  
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent  
The Dowglas is, and I beseech your Grace.  
I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prin.* Then Brother Iohn of Lancaster,  
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Dowglas, and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:  
His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,  
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,  
Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries.

*King.* Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.  
You Sonne Iohn, and my Cousin Westmerland  
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed  
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,  
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.

My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.  
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,  
Meeting the Checke of such another day:  
And since this Businesse so faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.