

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

## Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Conventionally in this play, the Induction precedes the first act and scene. From this point in the act onwards, therefore, conventional scene numbering diverges from the First Folio.

### INDVCTION.

*Enter Rumour.*

Open your Eares: For which of you will stop  
 The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speakes?  
 1 from the Orient, to the drooping West  
 (Making the wind my Post#horse) still vnfold  
 The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.  
 Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,  
 The which, in every Language, I pronounce,  
 Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:  
 I speak of Peace, while couert Enmitie  
 (Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:  
 And who but Rumour, who but onely I  
 Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,  
 Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,  
 Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,  
 And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe  
 Blown by Surmises, lealousies, Coniectures;  
 And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,  
 That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,  
 The still discordant, wauering Multitude,  
 Can play vpon it. But what need I thus  
 My well#knowne Body to Anatomize  
 Among my houshold? Why is Rumour heere?  
 I run before King Harries victory,  
 Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie,  
 Hath beaten downe young Hotspurre, and his Troopes,  
 Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,

Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I  
 To speak so true at first? My Office is  
 To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:  
 And that the King, before the Dowglas Rage  
 Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.  
 This haue I rumour'd through the peasant#Townes,  
 Between that Royall Field of Shrewsburie,  
 And this Worme#eaten#Hole of ragged Stone,  
 Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,  
 Lyes craftysicke. The Posts come tyring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other newes  
 Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,  
 They bring smooth#Comforts#false, worse than True# wrongs.

*Exit.*

## **Scena Secunda.**

*Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.*

*L. Bar.* Who keeps the Gate heere hos?

Where is the Earle?

*Por.* What shall I say you are?

*Bar.* Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

*Por.* His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard.

Please it your Honour, knocke but at the Gate,  
 And he himselfe will answer.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*L. Bar.* Here comes the Earle.

*Nor.* What news, Lord Bardolfe? Every minute now

Should be the Father of some Stratagem;  
 The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse  
 Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,  
 And beares downe all before him.

*L. Bar.* Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

*Nor.* Good, and heauen will.

*L. Bar.* As good as heart can wish:

The King is almost wounded to the death:  
 And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,  
 Prince Harrie slaine out#right: and both the Blunts  
 Kill'd by the hand of Dowglas. Young Prince Iohn,  
 And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.  
 And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn)  
 Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,

(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)  
 Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times  
 Since Cæsars Fortunes.

*Nor.* How is this deriu'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

*L. Bar.* I spake with one (my L.) that came fr# thence,  
 A Gentleman, well bred, and of good name,  
 That freely render'd me these news for true.

*Nor.* Heere comes my Servant Trauers, whom I sent  
 On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

*Enter Trauers*

*L. Bar.* My Lord, I ouer#rod him on the way;  
 And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
 More then he (haply) may retaile from me.

*Nor.* Now Trauers, what good tidings comes fr# you?

*Tra.* My Lord, Sit Iohn Vmfreuill turn'd me backe  
 With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)  
 Out#rod me. After him, came spurring head  
 A Gentleman (almost fore#spent with speed)  
 That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.  
 He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him  
 I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:  
 He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,  
 And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.  
 With that he gaue his able Horse the head,  
 And bending forwards strooke his able heeles  
 Against the panting sides of his poore lade  
 Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,  
 He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,  
 staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha? Againe:

Said he yong Harrie Percyes Spurre was cold?  
 (Of Hot#Spurre, cold#Spurre?) that Rebellion,  
 Had met ill lucke?

*L. Bar.* My Lord: Ile tell you what,  
 If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,  
 Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point  
 Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

*Nor.* Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers  
 Giue then such instances of Losse?

*L. Bar.* Who, he?  
 He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne  
 The Horse he rode#on: and vpon my life  
 Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

*Enter Morton.*

*Nor.* Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title#leafe,  
Fore#tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:  
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood  
Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.

Say Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)  
Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my Sonne, and Brother?  
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke  
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.  
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,  
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe#be#gone,  
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,  
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.  
But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:  
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.  
This, thou would'st say; Your Sonne did thus, and thus:  
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Dowglas,  
Stopping my greedy care, with their bold deeds.  
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)  
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,  
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

*Mor.* Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:  
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

*North.* Why he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:  
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,  
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,  
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)  
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,  
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,  
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:  
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

*North.* Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead.  
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,  
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:  
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:  
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:  
Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliue:  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes

Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,  
 Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell  
 Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

*L. Bar.* I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry, I should force you to beleue  
 That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.  
 But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,  
 Rendering faint quittance (wearied, and out#breath'd).  
 To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe  
 The neuer#daunted Percie to the earth,  
 From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.  
 In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,  
 Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)  
 Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away  
 From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.  
 For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;  
 Which once, in him abated, all the rest  
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:  
 And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,  
 Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,  
 So did our Men, heavy in Hotspurres losse,  
 Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,  
 That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,  
 Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)  
 Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester  
 Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,  
 (The bloody Dowglas) whose well#labouring sword  
 Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,  
 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,  
 Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,  
 Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out  
 A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,  
 Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster  
 And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

*North.* For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.

In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes  
 (Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,  
 Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.  
 And as the Wretch, whose Feauer#weakned ioynts,  
 Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,  
 Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire  
 Out of his keepers armes: Even so, my Limbes  
 (Weak'ned with greefe) beingnow inrag'd with greefe,

Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,  
 A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele  
 Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
 Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.  
 Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach  
 The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring  
 To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.  
 Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand  
 Keepe the wilde flood confin'd: Let Order dye,  
 And let the world no longer be a stage  
 To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:  
 But let one spirit of the First#borne Caine  
 Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set  
 On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,  
 And darknesse be the burier of the dead.

*L. Bar.* Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your (Honor.

*Mor.* The liues of all your loving Complices  
 Leane#on your health, the which if you giue#o're  
 To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.  
 You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)  
 And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said  
 Let vs make head: It was your presurmize,  
 That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.  
 You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge  
 More likely to fall in, then to get o're:  
 You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable  
 Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit  
 Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,  
 Yet did you say go forth: and none of this  
 (Though strongly apprehended) could restraine  
 The stiffe#borne Action: What hath then befallne?  
 Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,  
 More then that Being, which was like to be?

*L. Bar.* We all that are engaged to this losse,  
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,  
 That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:  
 And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,  
 Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,  
 And since we are o're#set, venture againe.  
 Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

*Mor.* 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)  
 I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:  
 The gentle Arch#bishop of Yorke is vp

With well appointed Powres: he is a man  
 Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.  
 My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,  
 But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.  
 For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide  
 The action of their bodies, from their soules,  
 And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd  
 As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,  
 This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp.  
 As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop  
 Turnes Insurrection to Religion,  
 Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:  
 He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:  
 And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood  
 Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,  
 Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:  
 Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,  
 Gasping for life, under great Bullingbrooke,  
 And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.  
*North.* I knew of this before. But to speake truth,  
 This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.  
 Go in with me, and counsell every man  
 The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:  
 Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,  
 Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, and Page.*

*Fal.* Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?

*Pag.* He said sir, the Water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diseases then he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this foolish compounded Clay#man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser uice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I

was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a lewell. The luuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face#Royall. Heauen may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face#Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. Dombledon, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

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

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

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

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

*Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.*

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

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

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

*Ser.* Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

*Iust.* He that was in question for the Robbery?



*Ser.* He my Lord, but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord Iohn of Lancaster.

*Iust.* What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

*Ser.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

*Pag.* You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

*Iust.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.

Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

*Ser.* Sir Iohn.

*Fal.* What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack subiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be sig

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Ser.* You mistake me Sir.

*Fal.* Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight#hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

*Ser.* I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier#ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a#side that which growes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt#counter, hence: Auant.

*Ser.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

*Iust.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the faltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

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

*Fal.* If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

*Iust.* I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

*Fal.* And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie.

*Iust.* Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speak with (you.

*Fal.* This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

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

*Fal.* It hath it originall from much greefe; from study and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kinde of deafenesse.

*Iust.* I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you heare not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

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

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

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

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned Councel, in The lawes of this Land#service, I did not come.

*Iust.* Wel, the truth is (sir Iohn) you liue in great infamy

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, c#not liue in lesse.

*Iust.* Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste slenderer.

*Iust.* You haue misled the youthfull Prince.

*Fal.* The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

*Iust.* Well, I am loth to gall a new#heal'd wound: your daies service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gads#hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're#posting that Action.

*Fal.* My Lord?

*Iust.* But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping (Wolfe.

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

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

*Fal.* A Wassell#Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did

say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

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

*Fal.* His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

*Iust.* You follow th1 yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.

*Fal.* Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costor mongers that true valor is turn'd Beare#heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggess too.

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

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

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

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

*Iust.* Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord Iohn of Lancaster, a

gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

*Fal.* Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at

home) that our Armies ioyne not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

*Iust.* Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your Expedition.

*Fal.* Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

*Iust.* Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cosin Westmerland.

*Fal.* If I do, fillop me with a three#man#Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the De grees prevent my curses. Boy?

*Page.* Sir.

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seuen groats, and two pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Vrsula, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

*Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta,

*Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.*

*Ar.* Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means:

And my most noble Friends, I pray you all  
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,  
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

*Mow.* I well allow the occasion of our Armes,  
But gladly would be better satisfied,  
How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selues

To looke with forehead bold and big enough  
 Vpon the Power and puisance of the King.

*Hast.* Our present Musters grow vpon the File  
 To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:  
 And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope  
 Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes  
 With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

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

*Hast.* With him, we may.

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

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

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

*Hast.* But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt,  
 To lay downe likely#hoods, and formes of hope.

*L. Bar.* Yes, if this present quality of warre,  
 Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,  
 Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,  
 We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,  
 Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire  
 That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,  
 We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,  
 And when we see the figure of the house,  
 Then must we rate the cost of the Ereccion,  
 Which if we finde out#weighes Ability,  
 What do we then, but draw a#new the Modell  
 In fewer offices? Or at least, desist  
 To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,  
 (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,  
 And set another vp) should we suruey

The plot of Situation, and the Modell;  
 Consent vpon a sure Foundation:  
 Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,  
 How able such a Worke to vndergo,  
 To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,  
 We fortifie in Paper, and in figures,  
 Vusing the Names of men, instead of men:  
 Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house  
 Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)  
 Giues o're, and leaues his part#created Cost  
 A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,  
 And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)  
 Should be still#borne: and that we now possest  
 The vtmost man of expectation:  
 I thinke we are a Body strong enough  
 (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

*L. Bar.* What is the King but fiue & twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolf.  
 For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)  
 Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,  
 And one against Glendower: Perforce a third  
 Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King  
 In three diuided: and his Coffers found  
 With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

*Ar.* That he should draw his seuerall strengths together  
 And come against vs in full puissance  
 Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
 He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch  
 Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

*L. Bar.* Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:  
 Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth.  
 But who is substituetd 'gainst the French,  
 I haue no certaine notice.

*Arch.* Let vs on:  
 And publish the occasion of our Armes.  
 The Common#wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,  
 Their ouer#greedy loue hath surfetted:  
 An habitation giddy, and vn Timer  
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
 O thou fond Many, with what loud applause  
 Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing Bullingbrooke,

Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?  
 And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,  
 Thou (beastly Feeder)art so full of him,  
 That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.  
 So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge  
 Thy glutton#bosome of the Royall Richard,  
 And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,  
 And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?  
 They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,  
 Are now become enamour'd on his graue.  
 Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head  
 When through proud London he came sighing on,  
 After th'admired heeles of Bullingbrooke,  
 Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,  
 And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)  
 "Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.  
*Mow.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?  
*Hast.* We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

## **Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.**

*Enter Hostesse. With two Officers, Fang, and Snare.*

*Hostesse.* Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?  
*Fang.* It is enter'd.  
*Hostesse.* Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?  
 Will he stand to it?  
*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?  
*Hostesse.* I, I, good M. Snare..  
*Snare.* Heere, heere.  
*Fang.* Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe.  
*Host.* I good M. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all.  
*Sn.* It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab  
*Hostesse.* Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me  
 in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not  
 what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will  
 foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,  
 nor childe.  
*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.  
*Hostesse.* No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.  
*Fang.* If I but fist him once: if he come but within my  
 Vice.  
*Host.* I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an  
 infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him  
 sure: good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continu  
 antly to Py#Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a sad

dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and fub'd#off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e uery Knaues wrong.

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey#Nose Bar dolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang,

& M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

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

*Fang.* Sir lohn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly.

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

*Host.* Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.

Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony#suckle villaine, wilt tkou kill Gods of ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony#seed Rogue, thou art a honyseed, a Man#queller, and a woman#queller.

*Falst.* Keep them off, Bardolfe.

*Fang.* A rescu, a rescu.

*Host.* Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

*Page.* Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil lirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe.

*Enter. Ch. Iustice.*

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

*Host.* Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.

*Ch. Iust.* How now sir lohn? What are you brauling here?

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

You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.

Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

*Host.* Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Iust.* For what summe?

*Host.* It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will



haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights,  
like the Mare.

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

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

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

*Host.* Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &  
the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell  
gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin#chamber at the round  
table, by a sea#cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,  
when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a sin  
ging man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I  
was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my  
Lady thy wife. Canst yu deny it? Did not good wife Keech  
the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip Quick ly? comming in to borrow a  
messe of Vinegar: telling vs,

she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby yu didst desire to  
eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene  
wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe  
staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore  
people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?  
And did'st yu not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I  
put thee now to thy Book#oath, deny it if thou canst?

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

*Iust.* Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, I am well acquainted with your  
maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not  
a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come  
with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can  
thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' pra  
ctis'd vpon the easie#yeelding spirit of this woman.

*Host.* Yes in troth my Lord.

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

*Fal.* My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without  
reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse:  
If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No,

my Lord (your humble duty rem#bred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

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

*Falst.* Come hither Hostesse.

*Enter M. Gower*

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

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

*Falst.* As I am a Gentleman.

*Host.* Nay, you said so before.

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

*Host.* By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dining Chambers.

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

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

*Fal.* Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me al together?

*Fal.* Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke#on, hooke#on.

*Host.* Will you haue Doll Teare#sheet meet you at supper?

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

*Ch. Iust.* I haue heard bitter newes.

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

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

*Mes.* At Basingstoke my Lord.

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

*Ch. Iust.* Come all his Forces backe?

*Mes. No:* Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horse

Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop. An ink mark follows the end of this line.

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

*Ch. Iust.* You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

*Fal.* My Lord.

*Ch. Iust.* What's the matter?

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

*Gow.* I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thanke you, good Sir Iohn.

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

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

*Ch. Iust.* What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir Iohn?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

*Ch. Iust.* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

*Exeunt*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.*

*Prin.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poin.* Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

*Prin.* It doth me: though it discolours the complexion Of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

*Poin.* Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weake a Composition.

*Prince.* Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face tomorrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings yu hast: (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach#colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis#Court#keeper knowes better then I, for

it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

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

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

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

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

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

*Prin.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poin.* Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

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

*Poin.* The reason?

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

*Poin.* I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

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

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

*Prin.* And to thee.

*Pointz.* Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfe.

*Prince.* And the Boy that I gaue Falstaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not trans

form'd him Ape.

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Saue your Grace.

*Prin.* And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.

*Poin.* Come you pernicious Asse, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle#pots Maiden#head?

*Page.* He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale#wiues new Petticoat, & pee ped through.

*Prin.* Hath not the boy profited?

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

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

*Prin.* Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

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

*Prince.* A Crownes#worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

*Poin.* O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee.

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

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

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

*Poin.* Deliuier'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

*Bard.* In bodily health Sir.

*Poin.* Marry, the immortal part needes a Physitian: but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

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

*Poin.*

*Letter.*

John Falstaffe Knight: (Euery man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon

him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow  
ed cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.

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

*Poin.* Why this is a Certificate.

*Prin.* Peace. I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

*Poin.* Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short#winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz,  
for hee misuses thy Fauours so much, that he swears thou art to marrie his Sister Nell.  
Re pent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no: which is as  
much as to say, as thou

vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:

Iohn with my Brothers and sister: & Sir

Iohn, with all Europe. My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him  
eate it.

*Prin.* That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.

But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marry your Sister?

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

*Prin.* Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, &  
the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is  
your Master heere in London?

*Bard.* Yes my Lord.

*Prin.* Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in  
the old Franke?

*Bard,* At the old place my Lord, in East#cheape.

*Prin.* What Company?

*Page.* Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

*Prin.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and M.  
Doll Teare#sheet.

*Prin.* What Pagan may that be?

*Page* A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman  
of my Masters.

*Prin.* Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the  
Towne#Bull? Shall we steale vpon them (Ned) at Supper?

*Poin.* I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

*Prin.* Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your  
Master that I am yet in Towne. There's for your silence.

*Bar.* I haue no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

*Prin.* Fare ye well: go. This Doll Teare#sheet should be some Rode.

*Poin.* I warrant you, as common as the way betweene

S. Albans, and London.

*Prin.* How might we see Falstaffe bestow him selfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

*Poin.* Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

*Prin.* From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It was loues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned.

*Exeunt*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.*

*North.* I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,

Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:

Put not you on the visage of the Times,

And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

*Wife.* I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more.

Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

*North.* Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,

And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

*La.* Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;

The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,

When your owne Percy, when my heart#deere#Harry,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father

Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.

Who then perswaded you to stay at home?

There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:

For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light

Did all the Cheualrie of England moue

To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse

Wherein the Noble#Youth did dresse themselues.

He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valiant.

For those that could speake low, and tardily,

Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,

To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,

That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,  
 O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue  
 (Second to none) vn#seconded by you,  
 To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,  
 In dis#aduantage, to abide a field,  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspurs Name  
 Did seeme defensible: so you left him.  
 Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,  
 To hold your Honor more precise and nice  
 With others, then with him. Let them alone:  
 The Marshall and the Arch#bishop are strong.  
 Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers,  
 To day might I (hanging on Hotspurs Necke)  
 Haue talk'd of Monmouth's Graue.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
 (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,  
 With new lamenting ancient Ouer#sights.  
 But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,  
 Or it will seeke me in another place,  
 And finde me worse prouided.

*Wife.* O flye to Scotland,  
 Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,  
 Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

*Lady.* If they get ground, and vantage of the King,  
 Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,  
 To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,  
 First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,  
 He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:  
 And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,  
 To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,  
 That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,  
 For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde  
 As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,  
 That makes a still#stand, running neyther way.  
 Faine would I goe to meet the Arch#bishop,  
 But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.  
 I will resolue for Scotland: there am I,  
 Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

*Exeunt.*

## Scæna Quarta.

*Enter two Drawers.*

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple#



lohns? Thou know'st Sir Iohn cannot endure an Apple#  
Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish  
of Apple#lohns before him, and told him there were fiue  
more Sir lohns: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now  
take my leaue of these sixe drie, round, old#wither'd  
Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for  
got that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and set them downe: and  
see if thou canst finde out Sneakes Noyse; Mistris Teare# sheet would faine haue some  
Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master  
Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins,  
and Aprons, and Sir Iohn must not know of it: Bardolph  
hath brought word.

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

2. *Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out Sneake.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hostesse, and Dol.*

*Host.* Sweet#heart, me thinkes now you are in an ex  
cellent good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as ex  
traordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour  
(I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue  
drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous sear  
ching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say  
what's this. How doe you now?

*Dol.* Better then I was: Hem.

*Host.* Why that was well said: A good heart's worth  
Gold. Looke, here comes Sir Iohn.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

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

*Host.* Sick of a Calme: yea, good#sooth.

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

*Dol.* You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you  
giue me?

*Falst.* You make fat Rascalls, Mistris Dol.

*Dol.* I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make  
them, I make them not.

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

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

*Falst.* Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge rie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd#Chambers brauely.

*Host.* Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you can not one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good#yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

*Dol.* Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs#head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux#stufte in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stufte in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee lacke: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

*Enter Drawer.*

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

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foulemouth'dst Rogue in England.

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

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

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

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

*Host.* Tilly#fally (Sir Iohn) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master Tisick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee;) Master Dombe, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee) receiue those that are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are

an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

*Falst.* Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey hound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swag gering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shake; looke you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you doe, Hostesse.

*Host.* Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an As pen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

*Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.*

*Pist.* 'Saeu you, Sir Iohn.

*Falst.* Welcome Ancient Pistol. Here (Pistol) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine Hostesse.

*Pist.* I will discharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two Bullets.

*Falst.* She is Pistoll#proofe (Sir) you shall hardly of fend her.

*Host.* Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you (Mistris Dorotheie) I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorne you (scuruie Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke#Linnen Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.

*Pist.* I know you, Mistris Dorotheie.

*Dol.* Away you Cut#purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle#Ale Rascall, you Basket#hilt stale lugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

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

*Host.* No, good Captaine Pistol: not heere, sweete

Captaine.

*Dol.* Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy#house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd#Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

*Bard.* Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

*Falst.* Hearke thee hither, Mistris Dol.

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

*Page.* 'Pray thee goe downe.

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

*Host.* Good Captaine Peesel be quiet, it is very late: I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

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

*Host.* By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

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

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

*Host.* On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good#yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis.) Come, giue me some Sack, Si fortune me tormente, sperato me con tente. Feare wee broad#sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:

Giue me some Sack: and Sweet#heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's no thing?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue seene the seuen Starres.

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

*Pist.* Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo way Nagges?

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

*Bard.* Come, get you downe stayres.

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

*Host.* Here's good stuffe toward.

*Fal.* Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

*Dol.* I prethee lack, I prethee doe not draw.

*Fal.* Get you downe stayres.

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Mur ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea pons, put vp your naked Weapons.

*Dol.* I prethee lack be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

*Host.* Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

*Fal.* Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

*Bard.* Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A Rascall to braue me.

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou swear'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou These letters are partly distorted by a crease in the page.

art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth fiue of Agamem non, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

*Fal.* A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blan ket.

*Dol.* Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

*Enter Musique.*

*Page.* The Musique is come, Sir.

*Fal.* Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol.

A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick#siluer.

*Dol.* And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore#pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

*Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.*

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

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

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

*Dol.* They say Poines hath a good Wit.

*Fal.* Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more con ceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

*Dol.* Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

*Fal.* Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap#dragons, and rides the wilde#Mare with the Boyes, and jumpes vpon loyn'd stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discrete stories: and such other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre wiil turne the Scales betweene their Haber#de#pois.

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

*Poin.* Let vs beat him before his Whore.

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

*Poin.* Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out#liue performance?

*Fal.* Kisse me Dol.

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

*Poin.* And looke whether the fierie Trigon, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note#Booke, his Councell#keeper?

*Fal.* Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Busses.

*Dol.* Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am olde, I am olde.

*Dol.* I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young Boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stufte with thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy re turne: well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some Sack, Francis.

*Prin. Poin.* Anon, anon, Sir.

*Fal.* Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Poines, his Brother?

*Prince.* Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

*Fal.* A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

*Prince.* Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

*Host.* Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Wel come to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by this light flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

*Dol.* How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

*Poin.* My Lord, hee will driue you out ef your re uenge, and turne all to a merrymment, if you take not the heat.

*Prince.* You whorson Candle#myne you, how vildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, ver tuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

*Host.* Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou heare me?

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

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

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

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

*Prince.* Not to dispraise me? and call me P1ntler, and Bread#chopper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse (Hal.)

*Poin.* No abuse?

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

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

*Poin.* Answere thou dead Elme, answere,

*Fal.* The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irrecouerable, and his Face is Lucifers Priuy#Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault#Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out bids him too.

*Prince.* For the Women?

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

*Host.* No, I warrant you,

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

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

*Prince.* You, Gentlewoman.

*Dol.* What sayes your Grace?

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

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

*Enter Peto.*

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

*Peto.* The King, your Father, is at Westminster,



And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,  
 Come from the North: and as I came along,  
 I met, and ouer#tooke a dozen Captaines,  
 Bare#headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,  
 And asking euery one for Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Prince.* By Heauen (Paines) I feele me much to blame,  
 So idly to prophane the precious time,  
 When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,  
 Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt.  
 And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.  
 Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:  
 Falstaffe, good night.

*Exit.*

*Falst.* Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the  
 night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More  
 knocking at the doore? How now? what's the mat  
 ter?

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

*Falst.* Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse,  
 farewell Dol. You see (my good Wenches) how men of  
 Merit are sought after: the vnderer may sleepe, when  
 the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches:  
 if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I  
 goe.

*Dol.* I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie  
 to burst### Well (sweete lacke) haue a care of thy  
 selfe.

*Falst.* Farewell, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Host.* Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee  
 these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod#time: but an  
 honeste, and truer#hearted man#### Well, fare thee  
 well.

*Bard.* Mistris Teare#sheet.

*Host.* What's the matter?

*Bard.* Bid Mistris Teare#sheet come to my Master.

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

*Exeunt.*

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

*Enter the King, with a Page.*

*King.* Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:

But ere they come, bid them ore#reade these Letters,

And well consider of them: make good speed.

*Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects  
 Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,  
 Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye#lids downe,  
 And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?  
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeest thou in smoakie Cribs,  
 Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,  
 And huisht with bussing Night, flies to thy slumber,  
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?  
 Vnder the Canopies of costly State,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?  
 O thou dull God, why lyeest thou with the vilde,  
 In loathsome beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,  
 A Watch#case, or a common Larum#Bell?  
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,  
 Seale vp the Ship#boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,  
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,  
 And in the visitation of the Windes,  
 Who take the Russian Billowes by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,  
 That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?  
 Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose  
 To the wet Sea#Boy, in an houre so rude:  
 And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,  
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,  
 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,  
 Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

*Enter Warwicke and Surrey.*

*War.* Many good#morrowes to your Maiestie.

*King.* Is it good#morrow, Lords?

*War.* 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

*King.* Why then good#morrow to you all (my Lords:)

Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

*War.* We haue (my Liege.)

*King.* Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,

How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,

And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

*War.* It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,

Which to his former strength may be restor'd,

With good aduice, and little Medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd.

*King.* Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,  
 And see the reuolution of the Times  
 Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent  
 (Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe  
 Into the Sea: and other Times, to see  
 The beachie Girdle of the Ocean  
 Too wide for Neptunes hippes; how Chances mocks  
 And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration  
 With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,  
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,  
 Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,  
 This Percie was the man, neerest my Soule,  
 Who, like a Brother, toyld in my Affaires,  
 And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:  
 Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard  
 Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by  
 (You Cousin Neuil, as I may remember)  
 When Richard, with his Eye, brimfull of Teares,  
 (Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)  
 Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)  
 Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which  
 My Cousin Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne:  
 (Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,  
 But that necessitie so bowed the State,  
 That Land Greatnesse were compelled to kisse:)  
 The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)  
 The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,  
 Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,  
 For telling this same Times Condition,  
 And the diuision of our Amitie.

*War.* There is a Historie in all mens Lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:  
 The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie  
 With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,  
 As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes  
 And weake beginnings lye entreaured:  
 Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;  
 And by the necessarie forme of this,  
 King Richard might create a perfect guesse,  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
 Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,  
 Which should not finde a ground to roote upon,  
 Vnlesse on you.

*King.* Are these things then Necessities?

Then let us meete them like Necessities;  
And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:  
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland  
Are fiftie thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be (my Lord:)

Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,  
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace  
To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)  
The Pow'rs that you alreadie have sent forth,  
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd  
A certain instance, that Glendour is dead.  
Your Maiestie hath beene this fort#night ill,  
And these unseason'd howres perforce must adde  
Vnto your Sicknesse.

*King.* I will take your counsaile:

And were these inward Warres once out of hand,  
Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy#Land.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scena Secunda.**

*Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull#calfe.*

*Shal.* Come#on, come#on, come#on: giue mee your  
Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by  
the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good#morrow, good Cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my Cousin, your Bed#fellow?  
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God#Daughter  
Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)

*Shal.* By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William  
is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee  
not?

*Sil.* Indeede Sir, to my cost.

*Shal.* Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I  
was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will  
talke of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)

*Shal.* I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done  
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and  
little Iohn Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bare,  
and Francis Pick#bone, and Will Squele a Cot#sal#man, you  
had not foure such Swindge#bucklers in all the Innes of

Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Bona#Roba's were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was lacke Falstaffe (now Sir Iohn) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolke.

*Sil.* This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

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

*Sil.* Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

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

*Sil.* Truly Cousin, I was not there.

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

*Sil.* Dead, Sir.

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

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

*Shal.* And is olde Double dead?

*Enter Bardolph and his Boy.*

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

*Shal.* Good#morrow, honest Gentlemen.

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

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

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

*Shal.* Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back#Sword#man. How doth the good Knight?

may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodo: very good, a good Phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier#like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Shal.* It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir lohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and bear your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir lohn.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shal low: Master Sure#card as I thinke?

*Shal.* No sirlohn, it is my Cosin Silence: in Commissi on with mee.

*Fal.* Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good Worship is welcome.

*Fal* Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me here halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the Roll; Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appeare as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is Mouldie?

*Moul.* Heere, if it please you.

*Shal.* What thinke you (Sir lohn) a good limb'd fel low: yong. strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldie?

*Moul.* Yea, if it please you.

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

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul die, lacke use: very singular good. Well saide Sir lohn,

very well said.

*Fal.* Pricke him.

*Moul.* I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

*Fal.* Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent?

*Shallow.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir lohn: Let me see: Simon Shadow.

*Fal.* I marry, let me haue him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold souldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Heere sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

*Shad.* My Mothers sonne, Sir.

*Falst.* Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, sir lohn?

*Falst.* Shadow will serue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster Booke.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart?

*Falst.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Heere sir.

*Falst.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged Wart.

*Shal.* Shall I pricke him downe, Sir lohn?

*Falst.* It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vp on his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it; I commend you well. Francis Feeble.

*Feeble.* Heare sir.

*Shal.* What Trade art thou Feeble?

*Feeble.* A Womans Taylor sir.

*Shal.* Shall I pricke him, sir?

*Fal.* You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat taile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

*Feeble.* I will doe my good will sir, you can have no more.

*Falst.* Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath full Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse.. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master Shallow, deep Maister Shal low.

*Feeble.* I would Wart might haue gone sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that yu might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thou sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible Feeble.

*Feeble,* It shall suffice.

*Falst.* I am bound to thee, reuerend Feeble. Who is the next?

*Shal.* Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.

*Falst.* Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalfe.

*Bul.* Heere sir.

*Fal.* Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bul calfe till he roare againe.

*Bul.* Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

*Fal.* What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.

*Bul.* Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bul.* A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

*Shal.* There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* O sir lohn, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde#mill, in S Georges Field.

*Falstaffe.* No more of that good Master Shallow: No more of that.

*Shal.* Ha? it was a merry night. And is lane Night worke alieue?

*Fal.* She lives, M. Shallow.

*Shal.* She neuer could away with me.



*Fal.* Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could not abide M. Shallow.

*Shal.* I could anger her to the heart: Shee was then a Bona#Roba. Doth she hold her owne well.

*Fal.* Old old, M. Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old: certaine shee's old: and had Robin Night#worke, by old Night#worke, before I came to Clements Inne.

*Sil.* That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

*Shal.* Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir Iohn, said I well?

*Falst.* Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid#night, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir Iohn, wee haue: our watch#word was, Hem#Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

*Bul.* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

*Bard.* Go#too: stand aside.

*Mould.* And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir.

*Bard.* Go#too: stand aside.

*Feeble.* I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said, thou art a good fellow.

*Feeble.* Nay, I will beare no base minde.

*Falst.* Come sir, which men shall I haue?

*Shal.* Foure of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull#calfe.

*Falst.* Go#too: well.

*Shal.* Come, sir Iohn, which foure will you haue?

*Falst.* Doe you chuse for me.

*Shal.* Marry then, Mouldie, Bull#calfe, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Falst.* Mouldie, and Bull#calfe: for you Mouldie, stay at home. till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull# calfe, grow til you come vnto it: I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

*Falst.* Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the spirit (Master Shallow.) Where's Wart? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe#fac'd fellow, Shadow, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemy, the foe#man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen#knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Warts hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold Wart, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

*Falst.* Come, manage me your Calyuer: so: very well, go#too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said Wart, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee.

*Shal.* Hee is not his Crafts#master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile#end#Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthures Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

*Falst.* These fellowes will doe well, Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, giue the Souldiers Coates.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit

my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per  
adventure I will with you to the Court.

*Falst.* I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go#too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you  
well.

*Exit.*

*Falst.* Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bar  
dolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off  
these lustices: I doe see the bottome of lustice Shal low. How subject wee old men are to  
this vice of Ly

ing? This same staru'd lustice hath done nothing but  
prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the  
Feates hee hath done about Turnball#street, and euery  
third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the  
Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne,  
like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese#paring. When  
hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked  
Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a  
Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to  
any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very  
Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the rereward of  
the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a  
Squire, and talks as familiarly of Iohn of Gaunt, as if  
hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne  
hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt#yard, and then he  
burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men.  
I saw it, and told Iohn of Gaunt, hee beat his owne  
Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Ap  
parrell into an Eele#skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoe  
boy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath  
hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with  
him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make  
him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young  
Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the  
Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape,  
and there an end.

*Exeunt.*

## **Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**

*Enter the Arch#bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleuile.*

*Bish.* What is this Forrest call'd?

*Hast.* Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your Grace.

*Bish.* Here stand (my Lords) and send discourers forth,  
To know the numbers of our Enemies.

*Hast.* Wee haue sent forth alreadie.

*Bish.* 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)  
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd  
New#dated Letters from Northumberland:  
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.  
Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers  
As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,  
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon  
Hee is rety r'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,  
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,  
That your Attempts may ouer#liue the hazard,  
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

*Mow.* Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,  
And dash themselues to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now? what newes?

*Mess.* West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:  
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number  
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

*Mow.* The iust proportion that we gaue them out.  
Let vs sway#on, and face them in the field.

*Enter Westmterland.*

*Bish.* What well#appointed Leader fronts vs here?

*Mow.* I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

*West.* Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,  
The Prince, Lord Iohn, and Duke of Lancaster.

*Bish.* Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:  
What doth concerne your comming?

*West.* Then (my Lord)

Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse  
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion  
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,  
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,  
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:  
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,  
In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,  
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)  
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme  
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,  
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch#bishop,  
Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,  
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,

Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,  
 Whose white Investments figure Innocence,  
 The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.  
 Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,  
 Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,  
 Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?  
 Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,  
 Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine  
 To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

*Bish.* Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.

Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,  
 And with our surfetting and wanton howres,  
 Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,  
 And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,  
 Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.  
 But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)  
 I take not on me here as a Physician,  
 Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,  
 Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:  
 But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,  
 To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,  
 And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop  
 Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.  
 I haue in equall balance iustly weigh'd,  
 What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
 And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.  
 Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,  
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,  
 By the rough Torrent of Occasion,  
 And haue the summarie of all our Griefes  
 (When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;  
 Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,  
 And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:  
 When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,  
 Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,  
 Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.  
 The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,  
 Whose memorie is written on the Earth  
 With yet appearing blood; and the examples  
 Of every Minutes instance (present now)  
 Hath put vs in these ill#beseeming Armes:  
 Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,  
 But to establish here a Peace indeede,  
 Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

*West.* When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?  
 Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?  
 What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,  
 That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke  
 Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

*Bish.* My Brother generall, the Common#Wealth,  
 I make my Quarrell, in particular.

*West.* There is no neede of any such redresse:  
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mow.* Why not to him in part, and to vs all,  
 That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,  
 And suffer the Condition of these Times  
 To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

*West.* O my good Lord Mowbray,  
 Construe the Times to their Necessities,  
 And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,  
 And not the King, that doth you iniuries.  
 Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,  
 Either from the King, or in the present Time,  
 That you should haue an ynch of any ground  
 To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd  
 To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,  
 Your Noble, and right well#remembred Fathers?

*Mow.* What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,  
 That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?  
 The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,  
 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:  
 And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee  
 Being mounted, and both rowsed in their Seates  
 Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,  
 Their armed Stauies in charge, their Beauers downe,  
 Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,  
 And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:  
 Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd  
 My Father from the Breast of Bulling brooke;  
 O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,  
 (His owne Life hung vpon the staffe hee threw)  
 Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,  
 That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,  
 Haue since mis#carried vnder Bullingbrooke.

*West.* You speak (Lord Mowbray) now you know not what.  
 The Earle of Hereford was reputed then  
 In England the most valiant Gentleman.  
 Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?

But if your Father had beene Victor there,  
 Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.  
 For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,  
 Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,  
 Were set on Herford, whom they doted on,  
 And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.  
 But this is meere digression from my purpose.  
 Here come I from our Princely Generall,  
 To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,  
 That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein  
 It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,  
 You shall enioy them, euery thing set off,  
 That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

*Mow.* But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,  
 And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

*West.* Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it so:  
 This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.  
 For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,  
 Vpon mine Honor, all too confident  
 To giue admittance to a thought of feare.  
 Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,  
 Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,  
 Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;  
 Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.  
 Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

*Mow.* Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
 A rotten Case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince Iohn a full Commissison,  
 In very ample vertue of hrs Father,  
 To heare, and absolutely to determine  
 Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

*West.* That is intended in the Generals Name:  
 I muse you make so slight a Question.

*Bish.* Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,  
 For this contains our generall Grievances:  
 Each seuerall Article herein redress'd,  
 All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,  
 That are insinewed to this Action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,  
 And present execution of our wills,  
 To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,  
 Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,  
 And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

*West.* This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,  
 In sight of both our Battailes, wee may meete  
 At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame,  
 Or to the place of difference call the Swords,  
 Which must decide it.

*Bish.* My Lord, wee will doe so.

*Mow.* There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,  
 That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

*Hast.* Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace  
 Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,  
 As our Conditions shall consist vpon,  
 Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

*Mow.* I, but our valuation shall be such,  
 That euery slight, and false#deriued Cause,  
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,  
 Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:  
 That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,  
 Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,  
 That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,  
 And good from bad finde no partition.

*Bish.* No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie  
 Of daintie, and such picking Grieuances:  
 For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,  
 Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.  
 And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,  
 And keepe no Tell#tale to his Memorie,  
 That may repeat, and Historie his losse,  
 To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,  
 Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,  
 As his mis#doubts present occasion:  
 His foes are so en#rooted with his friends,  
 That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,  
 Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.  
 So that this Land, like an offensiue wife,  
 That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,  
 As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,  
 And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,  
 That was vprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,  
 On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke  
 The very Instruments of Chastisement:  
 So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion  
 May offer, but not hold.

*Bish.* 'Tis very true:



And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)  
 If we do now make our attonement well,  
 Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)  
 Grow stronger, for the breaking.

*Mow.* Be it so:

Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship  
 To meet his Grace, iustl distance 'tweene our Armies?

*Mow.* Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

*Bish.* Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

From this point in the act onwards, conventional scene numbering diverges from the First Folio.

*Enter Prince Iohn.*

*Iohn.* You are wel encountred here (my cosin Mowbray)

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,  
 And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.  
 My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,  
 When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)  
 Encircled you, to heare with reuerence  
 Your exposition on the holy Text,  
 Then now to see you heere an Iron man  
 Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,  
 Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:  
 That man that sits within a Monarches heart,  
 And ripens in the Sunne#shine of his fauor,  
 Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,  
 Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach,  
 In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,  
 It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?  
 To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;  
 To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:  
 The very Opener, and Intelligencer,  
 Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;  
 And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeeue,  
 But you mis#vse the reuerence of your Place,  
 Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,  
 As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name,  
 In deedes dis#honorable? You haue taken vp,  
 Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,  
 The Subjects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,  
 And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,  
 Haue here vp#swarmed them.

*Bish.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
 I am not here against your Fathers Peace:  
 But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)  
 The Time (mis#order'd) doth in common sence  
 Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,  
 To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace  
 The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,  
 The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:  
 Whereon this Hydra#Sonne of Warre is borne,  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,  
 With graunt of our most iust and right desires;  
 And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,  
 Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.

*Mow.* If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,  
 To the last man.

*Hast.* And though wee here fall downe,  
 Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:  
 If they mis#carry, theirs shall second them.  
 And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,  
 And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,  
 Whiles England shall haue generation.

*Iohn.* You are too shallow (Hastings)  
 Much too shallow,  
 To sound the bottome of the after#Times.

*West.* Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,  
 How farre#forth you doe like their Articles.

*Iohn.* I like them all, and doe allow them well:  
 And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,  
 My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,  
 And some, about him, haue too lauishly  
 Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.  
 My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:  
 Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,  
 Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,  
 As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,  
 Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,  
 That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,  
 Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

*Bish.* I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

*Iohn.* I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:  
 And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

*Hast.* Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie  
 This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:  
 I know, it will well please them.

High thee Captaine.

*Exit.*

*Bish.* To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

*West.* I pledge your Grace:

And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,  
To breede this present Peace,  
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,  
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

*Bish.* I doe not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray.

*Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season,  
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

*Bish.* Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,  
But heauinesse fore#runnes the good euent.

*West.* Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow  
Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

*Bish.* Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mow.* So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

*Iohn.* The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they showt.

*Mow.* This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

*Bish.* A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither partie looser.

*Iohn.* Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too:  
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines  
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men

*Exit.*

Wee should haue coap'd withall.

*Bish.* Goe, good Lord Hastings:

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

*Exit.*

*Iohn.* I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.

*Enter Westmerland.*

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

*West.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,  
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

*Iohn.* They know their duties.

*Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* Our Army is dispers'd:

Like youthfull steerers, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course  
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,  
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

*West.* Good tidings (my Lord Hastings) for the which,  
 I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:  
 And you Lord Arch#bishop, and you Lord Mowbray,  
 Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

*Mow.* Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

*West.* Is your Assembly so?

*Bish.* Will you thus breake your faith?

*Iohn.* I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances  
 Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,  
 I will performe, with a most Christian care.  
 But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due  
 Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.  
 Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,  
 Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.  
 Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scattder'd stray,  
 Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.  
 Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,  
 Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile.*

*Falst.* What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are  
 you? and of what place, I pray?

*Col.* I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale.

*Falst.* Well then, Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is  
 your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Colleuile shall  
 still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun  
 geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be  
 still Colleuile of the Dale.

*Col.* Are not you Sir Iohn Falstaffe?

*Falst.* As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee  
 yeelde sir, or shiall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they  
 are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,  
 therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obser  
 uance to my mercy.

*Col.* I thinke you are Sir Iohn Falstaffe, & in that thought  
 yeeld me.

*Fal.* I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of  
 mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other  
 word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe  
 rencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe:  
 my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere  
 comes our Generall.

*Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.*

*Iohn.* The heat is past, follow no farther now:

Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.

Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?

When euery thing is ended, then you come.

These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)

One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

*Falst.* I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell#tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke#nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer#came.

*Iohn.* It was more of his Courtesie, then your deseruing.

*Falst.* I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Colleuile kissing my foot:) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two#pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're#shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes#heads to her) beleue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount.

*Iohn.* Thine's too heauie to mount.

*Falst.* Let it shine then.

*Iohn.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Falst.* Let it doe some thing (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

*Iohn.* Is thy Name Colleuile?

*Col.* It is (my Lord.)

*Iohn.* A famous Rebell art thou, Colleuile.

*Falst.* And a famous true Subject tooke him.

*Col.* I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,

That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,

You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

*Falst.* I know not how they sold themselves, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*John.* Haue you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

*John.* Send Colleuile, with his Confederates,

To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

*Exit with Collicuile.*

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

*Falst.* My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

*John.* Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,

Shall better speake of you, then you deserue.

*Exit.*

*Falst.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober#blooded Boy doth nor loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come to any prooffe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer#coole their blood, and making many Fish#Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene#sickness: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris#Sack hath a two fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forge tiew, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and settled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar dize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the

rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in#land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a#worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potations, and to addict themselues to Sack.

*Enter Bardolph.*

How now Bardolph?

*Bard.* The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

*Falst.* Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I haue him alreadye tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.*

*King.* Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end

To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,  
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.  
Our Nauie is addressed, our Power collected,  
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,  
And every thing lyes leuell to our wish;  
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:  
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a#foot,  
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

*War.* Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie  
Shall soone enjoy.

*King.* Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

*Glo.* I thmke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind sor.

*King.* And how accompanied?

*Glo.* I doe not know (my Lord.)

*King.* Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with Him?

*Glo.* No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

*Clar.* What would my Lord, and Father?

*King.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (Thomas.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,

Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd

Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,

When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a While on ground)

Confound themselues with working. Learne this Thomas,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnited Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun#powder.

*Clar.* I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Tho mas?

*Clar.* Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon don.

*King.* And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

*Clar.* With Pointz, and other his continuall fol lowers.

*King.* Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer#spread with them: therefore my grieffe

stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,



And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,  
 When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.  
 For when his head#strong Riot hath no Curbe,  
 When Rage and hot#Blood are his Counsailors,  
 When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;  
 Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye  
 Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

*War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:  
 The Prince but studies his Companions,  
 Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,  
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,  
 Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,  
 But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,  
 The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,  
 Cast off his followers: and their memorie  
 Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,  
 By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,  
 Turning past#euills to aduantages.

*King.* 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe  
 In the dead Carrion.

*Enter Westmerland.*

Who's heere? Westmerland?

*West.* Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse  
 Added to that, that I am to deliuer.  
 Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:  
 Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the Correction of your Law.  
 There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,  
 But Peace puts forth her Oliue every where:  
 The manner how this Action hath beene borne,  
 Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,  
 With every course, in his particular.

*King.* O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,  
 Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings  
 The listing vp of day.

*Enter Harcourt.*

Looke, heere's more newes.

*Harc.* From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:  
 And when they stand against you, may they fall,  
 As those that I am come to tell you of.  
 The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,  
 With a great Power of English, and of Scots,  
 Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne:

The manner, and true order of the fight,  
This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

*King.* And wherefore should these good newes  
Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,  
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?  
Shee eyther giues a stomack, and no Foode,  
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast  
And takes away the stomack (such are the Rich  
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)  
I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,  
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.  
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

*Glo.* Comfort your Maiestie.

*Cl.* Oh, my Royall Father.

*West.* My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke vp.

*War.* Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits  
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.  
Stand from him, giue him ayre:  
Hee'le straight be well.

*Clar.* No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,  
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,  
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,  
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

*Glo.* The people feare me: for they doe obserue  
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:  
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere  
Had found some Moneths asleep, and leap'd them ouer.

*Clar.* The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:  
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)  
Say it did so, a little time before  
That our great Grand#sire Edward sick'd, and dy'de.

*War.* Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco uers.

*Glo.* This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

*King.* I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence  
Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

In the First Folio, the conventional scene break at this point comes mid-speech.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)  
Vnlesse some dull and faourable hand  
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

*War.* Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

*King.* Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

*Clar.* His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

*War.* Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

*Enter Prince Henry.*

*P. Hen.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

*Clar.* I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

*P. Hen.* How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

*Glo.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard hee the good newes yet?

Tell it'him.

*Glo.* Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

*P. Hen.* If hee be sicke with loy,

Hee'le recouer without Physicke,

*War.* Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

*Clar.* Let vs with#draw into the other Roome.

*War.* Will't please your Grace to goe along with vs?

*P. Hen.* No: I will sit, and watch here by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,  
Being so troublesome a Bed#fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snores out Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit:

Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,

That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:

Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne

Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heauie sorrows of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,

Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This for thee, will to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me.

*Exit.*

*Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.*

*King.* Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

*Clar.* Doth the King call?

*War.* What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace?

*King.* Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)

*Cla.* We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.

*King.* The Prince of Wales? Where is hee? let mee see him.

*War.* This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

*Glo.* Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.

*King.* Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

*War.* When wee with#drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

*King.* The Prince hath ta'ne it hence;

Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose

My sleepe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes

With my disease, and helps to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are;

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,

When Gold becomes her Object?

For this, the foolish ouer#carefull Fathers

Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,

Their braines with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they, haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp

The canker'd heapes of strange#atchieued Gold:

For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to invest

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from every flower

The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;

And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,

To the ending Father.

*Enter Warwicke.*

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

*War.* My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife

With gentle eye#drops. Hee is comming hither.

*King.* But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

*Enter Prince Henry.*

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)

Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.

*Exit.*

*P. Hen.* I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

*King.* Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,

That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,

I Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer#whelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,

And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare

That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse

Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:

Onely compound me with forgotten dust.

Giue that, which gaued thee life, vnto the Wormes:

Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;

For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.

Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,

Downe Royall state: All you sage Counsailors, hence:

And to the English Court, assemble now

From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.

Now neighbor#Confines purge you of your Scum:

Haue you a Ruffian that swill sweare? drinke? dance?

Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit

The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.

England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:  
 For the fift Harry, from curb'd License pluckes  
 The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge  
 Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.  
 O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)  
 When that my Care could not with#hold thy Ryots,  
 What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?  
 O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,  
 Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.

*Prince.* O pardon me (my Liege)

But for my Teares,  
 The most Impediments vnto my Speech,  
 I had fore#stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,  
 Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,  
 And he that weares the Crowne immortally,  
 Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,  
 Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,  
 Let me no more from this Obedience rise,  
 Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit  
 Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending.  
 Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,  
 How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,  
 O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,  
 And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World,  
 The Noble change that I haue purposed.  
 Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,  
 (And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)  
 I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)  
 And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,  
 Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,  
 Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.  
 Other, less fine in Charract, is more precious,  
 Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:  
 But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,  
 Hast eate Bearer vp.  
 Thus (my Royall Liege)  
 Accusing it, I put it on my Head,  
 To try with it (as with an Enemie,  
 That had before my face murdred my Father)  
 The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with loy,  
 Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,

If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,  
 Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,  
 Giue entertainment to the might of if,  
 Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,  
 And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,  
 That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

*King.* O my Sonne!

Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue;  
 Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.  
 Come hither Harrie, sit thou by my bedde,  
 And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell  
 That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)  
 By what by#pathes, and indirect crook'd#wayes  
 I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well  
 How troublesome it sate vpon my head.  
 T o thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,  
 Better Opinion, better Confirmation:  
 For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes  
 With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,  
 But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,  
 And I had many liuing, to vpbraide  
 My gaine of it, by their Assistances,  
 Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood#shed,  
 Wounding supposed Peace.  
 All these bold Feares,  
 Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:  
 For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene  
 Acting that argument. And now my death  
 Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,  
 Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.  
 So thou, the Garland wear'st successiueley.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,  
 Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:  
 And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends  
 Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,  
 By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,  
 And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare  
 To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,  
 I cut them off: and had a purpose now  
 To leade out many to the Holy Land;  
 Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke  
 Too neere vnto my state.  
 Therefore (my Harrie)

Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes  
 With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,  
 May waste memory of the former dayes.  
 More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.  
 How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgieue:  
 And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

*Prince.* My gracious Liege:

You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,  
 Then plaine and right must my possession be;  
 Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,  
 'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

*Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Warwicke.*

*King.* Looke, looke,

Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster:

*Iohn.* Health, Peace, and Happinesse,  
 To my Royall Father.

*King.* Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace

(Sonne Iohn:  
 But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne  
 From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight  
 My worldly businesse makes a period.  
 Where is my Lord of Warwicke?)

*Prin.* My Lord of Warwicke.

*King.* Doth any name particular, belong  
 Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Ierusalem, my Noble Lord.

*King.* Laud be to heauen:

Euen there my life must end.  
 It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,  
 I should not dye, but in Ierusalem:  
 Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy#Land.  
 But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:  
 In that Ierusalem, shall Harry dye.

*Exeunt.*

## **Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.**

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dauie.*

*Shal.* By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

What Dauy, I say.

*Fal.* You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.

Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall  
 serue: you shall not be excus'd. Why Dauie.



*Dauie.* Heere sir.

*Shal.* Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see (Dauy) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir Iohn, you shall not be excus'd.

*Dauy.* Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head#land with Wheate?

*Shal.* With red Wheate Dauy. But for Wlliam Cook: are there no yong pigeons?

*Dauy.* Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,  
And Plough#Irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and payde: Sir Iohn, you shall Not be excus'd.

*Dauy.* Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at Hinckley Fayre?

*Shal.* He shall answer it: Some Pigeons Dauy, a couple short#legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell William Cooke.

*Dauy.* Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

*Shal.* Yes Dauy: I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a rant penny in purse. Vse his men well Dauy, for they are ar Knaues, and will backe#bite.

*Dauy.* No Worse then they are bitten. sir: For theyThe letters of this line are partly distorted, possibly due to a crease in the page that antedates printing.  
haue maruellous fowle linnen.

*Shallow.* Well conceited Dauy: about thy Businesse, Dauy.

*Dauy.* I beseech you sir, To countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Cle ment Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many Complaints Dauy, against that Visor, that Visor is an arrant Knaue, on my know ledge.

*Dauy.* I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir:) But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte nanc'd.

*Shal.* Go too, I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about Dauy.  
Where are you Sir Iohn? Come, off with your Boots.  
Giue me your hand M. Bardolfe.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your Worship.

*Shal.* I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master  
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:  
Come Sir Iohn.

*Falstaffe.* Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.  
Bardolfe, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into  
Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded  
Hermites staues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull  
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,  
and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues  
like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is  
turn'd into a Iustice#like Seruingman. Their spirits are  
so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So  
ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma  
ny Wilde#Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster Shallow, I  
would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing  
neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with  
Maister Shallow, that no man could better command his  
Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig  
norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of  
another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa  
nie. I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to  
keepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing  
out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes)or two Ac  
tions, and he shall laugh with Interuallums. O it is much  
that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde  
brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache  
in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face  
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn.

*Falst.* I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

*Exeunt*

## **Scena Secunda.**

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.*

*Warwicke.* How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe ther away?

*Ch. Iust.* How doth the King?

*Warw.* Exceeding well: his Cares

Are now, all ended.

*Ch. Iust.* I hope, not dead.

*Warw.* Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,

And to our purposes, he liues no more.

*Ch. Iust.* I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,  
The seruice, that I truly did his life,  
Hath left me open, to all iniuries.

*War.* Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.

*Ch. Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe  
To welcome the condition of the Time,  
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,  
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter Iohn Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.*

*War.* Heere come the heauy Issue of dead Harrie:  
O, that the liuing Harrie had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:  
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,  
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?

*Ch. Iust.* Alas, I feare, all will be ouer#turn'd.

*Iohn.* Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.

*Glou. Cla.* Good morrow, Cosin.

*Iohn.* We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

*War.* We do remember: but our Argument  
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

*Ioh.* Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

*Ch. Iust.* Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.

*Glou.* O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:  
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

*Iohn.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,  
You stand in coldest expectation.  
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Wel, you must now speake Sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,  
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

*Ch. Iust.* Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,  
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,  
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge  
A ragged, and fore#stall'd Remission.  
If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,  
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,  
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Heere comes the Prince.

*Enter Prince Henrie.*

*Ch. Iust.* Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty  
*Prince.* This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,  
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.  
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:

This is the English, not the Turkish Court:  
 Not Amurah, an Amurah succeeds,  
 But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad (good Brothers)  
 For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:  
 Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,  
 That I will deeply put the Fashion on,  
 And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,  
 But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)  
 Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.  
 For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)  
 Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:  
 Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;  
 But weepe that Horrie's dead, and so will I.  
 But Harry liues, that shall conuert those Teares  
 By number, into houres of Happinesse.

*Iohn., &c.* We hope no other from your Maiesty.

*Prin.* You all looke strangely on me: and you most,  
 You are (I thinke) assur'd, if loue you not.

*Ch. Iust.* I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)  
 Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

*Pr.* No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great Indignities you laid vpon me?  
 What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison  
 Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Iust.* I then did vse the Person of your Father:  
 The Image of his power, lay then in me,  
 And in th'administration of his Law,  
 Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,  
 Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,  
 The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,  
 The Image of the King, whom I presented,  
 And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:  
 Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)  
 I gaue bold way to my Authority,  
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,  
 To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?  
 To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?  
 To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword  
 That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?  
 Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,  
 And mocke your workings, in a Second body?  
 Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:

Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:  
 Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,  
 See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;  
 Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdain'd:  
 And then imagine me, taking you part,  
 And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:  
 After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
 And, as you are a King, speake in your state,  
 What I haue done, that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.

*Prin.* You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:  
 Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:  
 And I do wish your Honors may encrease,  
 Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
 So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:  
 Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,  
 That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;  
 And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,  
 That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,  
 Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:  
 For which, I do commit into your hand,  
 Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:<sup>1</sup>  
 With this Remembrance; That you vse the same  
 With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit  
 As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,  
 You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:  
 My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,<sup>An ink mark follows the end of this</sup>  
 line.

And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,  
 To your well#practis'd, wise Directions.  
 And Princes all, beleeue me, I beseech you:  
 My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,  
 (For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)  
 And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,  
 To mocke the expectation of the World;  
 To frustrate Prophetes, and to race out  
 Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe  
 After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,  
 Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.  
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,  
 And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.  
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament,

And let vs choofe such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,  
 That the great Body of our state may go  
 In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,  
 That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,  
 In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.  
 Our Coronation done, we will accite  
 (As I before remembred) all our state,  
 And heauen (consigning to my good intents)  
 No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,  
 Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scena Tertia.**

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.*

*Shal* Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an  
 Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graft  
 ting, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come Co  
 sin Silence, and then to bed.

*Fal.* You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all  
 Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread Dauy, spread Dauie:  
 Well said Dauie.

*Falst.* This Dauie serues you for good vses; he is your  
 Seruingman, and your Husband.

*Shal.* A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var  
 let, Sir Iohn: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A  
 good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come  
 Cosin.

*Sil.* Ah sirra (quoth#a) we shall doe nothing but eate,  
 and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie  
 yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie  
 Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among  
 so merrily.

*Fal.* There's a merry heart, good M. Silence, Ile giue  
 you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Good M. Bardolfe: some wine, Dauie.

*Da.* Sweet sir, sit: He be with you anon: most sweete  
 sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Proface. What  
 you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,  
 the heart's all.

*Shal.* Be merry M. Bardolfe, and my little Souldiour  
 there, be merry.

*Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are Shrewes, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;

And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

*Fal.* I did not thinke M. Silence had bin a man of this Mettle.

*Sil.* Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere now.

*Dauy.* There is a dish of Lether#coats for you.

*Shal.* Dauie.

*Dau.* Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir?

*Sil.* A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long#a.

*Fal.* Well said, M. Silence.

*Sil.* If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.

*Fal.* Health, and long life to you, M. Silence.

*Sil.* Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

*Dau.* I hope to see London, once ere I die.

*Bar.* If I might see you there, Dauie.

*Shal.* You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. Bardolfe?

*Bar.* Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

*Shal.* I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

*Bar.* And Ile sticke by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

*Fal* Why now you haue done me right.

*Sil.* Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo. Is't not so?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

*Dau.* If it please your Worshippe, there's one Pistoll come from the Court with newes.

*Fal.* From the Court? Let him come in.

*Enter Pistoll.*

How now Pistoll?

*Pist.* Sir lohn, 'saue you sir.

*Fal.* What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

*Pist.* Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,  
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in  
the Realme.

*Sil.* Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman Puffe of  
Barson.

*Pist.* Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward  
base. Sir Iohn, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter  
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and  
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of  
price.

*Fal.* I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this  
World.

*Pist.* A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,  
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?  
Let King Couitha know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* And Robin#hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

*Pist.* Shall dunghill Curses confront the Hellicons?

And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

*Shal.* Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then Lament therefore.

*Shal.* Giue me pardon, Sir. If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there  
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale  
them, I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority,

*Pist.* Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.

*Shal.* Vnder King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist.* A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb#kinne, now is King,

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.

When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge#me, like

The bragging Spaniard,

*Fal.* What, is the old King dead?

*Pist.* As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

*Fal.* Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse,

Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt  
In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee  
With Dignities.



*Bard.* O ioyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good newes.

*Fal.* Carrie Master Silence to bed: Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away Bardolfe: Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and withall deuse something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote Master Shallow, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iustice.

*Pist.* Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:

Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes.

*Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare#Sheete, and Beadles.*

*Hostesse.* No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of ioynt.

*Off.* The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee: and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

*Dol.* Nut#hooke, nut#hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe#visag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper#fac'd Vil laine.

*Host.* O that Sir Iohn were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miscarry.

*Officer.* If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll beate among you.

*Dol.* Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew#Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kittles.

*Off.* Come, come, you shee#Knight#arrant, come.

*Host.* O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel of sufferance, comes ease.

*Dol.* Come you Rogue, come:

Bring me to a lustice.

*Host.* Yes, come you staru'd Blood#hound.

*Dol.* Goodman death, goodman Bones.

*Host.* Thou Anatomy, thou.

*Dol.* Come you thinue Thing:

Come you Rascall.

*Off.* Very well.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter two Groomes.*

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation.

*Exit Groo.*

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.*

*Faltasse.* Stand heere by me, M. Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.

*Pistol.* Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

*Falst.* Come heere Pistol, stand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue be stowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Falst.* It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

*Pist.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My deuotion.

*Pist.* It doth, doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night,

And not to deliberate, not to remember,

Not to haue patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certaine.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis semper idem: for obsque hoc nibile est. 'Tis all

in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so indeed.

*Pist.* My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage, Thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thi ther by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for Dol is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.

*Fal.* I will deliuer her.

*Pistol.* There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iustice.*

*Falst.* Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.

*Pist.* The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.

*Fal.* 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

*King.* My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine man.

*Ch. Iust.* Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

*Falst.* My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart.

*King.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:  
 How ill white haire become a Foole, and lester?  
 I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,  
 So surfeit#swell'd, so old, and so prophane:  
 But being awake, I do despise my dreame.  
 Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,  
 Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape  
 For thee, thrice wider then for other men.  
 Reply not to me, with a Foole#borne lest,  
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was,  
 For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)  
 That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,  
 So will I those that kept me Companie.  
 When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,  
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't  
 The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:  
 Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,  
 As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,  
 Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.  
 For competence of life, I will allow you,  
 That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:  
 And as we heare you do reforme your selues,  
 We will according to your strength, and qualities,

Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)  
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

*Exit King.*

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me  
haue home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieue  
at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you,  
he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduance  
ment: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should  
giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with straw. I  
beseech you, good Sir Iohn, let mee haue fiue hundred of  
my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you  
heard, was but a colour.

*Shall.* A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant Pistoll, come Bardolfe,  
I shall be sent for soone at night.

*Ch. Iust.* Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete,

Take all his Company along with him.

*Fal.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Ch. Iust.* I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:  
Take them away.

*Pist.* Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

*Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.*

*John.* I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:

He hath intent his wonted Followers  
Shall all be very well prouided for:  
But all are banisht, till their conuersations  
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

*Ch. Iust.* And so they are.

*John.* The King hath call'd his Parliament.

My Lord.

*Ch. Iust.* He hath.

*Iohn.* I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,  
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire  
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,  
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.  
Come, will you hence?

*Exeunt*

FINIS.

## EPILOGVE.

**F**IRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech.

My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie:  
 And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a  
 good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is  
 of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will  
 I (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose,  
 and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very  
 well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience  
 for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this,  
 which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gen  
 tle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie  
 to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do)  
 promise you infinitely. If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command  
 me to vse  
 my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But  
 a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gen  
 tle women heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen  
 do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene before, in such an As  
 ssembly. One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate,  
 our humble Author will continue the story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you  
 merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know Fal staffe shall dye of a  
 sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions:  
 For Old#Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie,  
 when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you:  
 But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.

## THE ACTORS NAMES.

- **R**VMOVR the Presentor.
- King Henry the Fourth.
- Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.
- • Prince Iohn of Lancaster.}
  - Humphrey of Gloucester.
  - Thomas of Clarence.
- Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.
- • Northumberland.}
  - The Arch Byshop of Yorke.
  - Mowbray.
  - Hastings.

- Lord Bardolfe.
- Trauers.
- Morton.
- Coleuile.

Opposites against King Henrie the Fourth.

- • Warwicke.}
- Westmerland.
- Surrey.
- Harecourt.
- Gowre.
- Lord Chiefe ustice.

Of the Kings Partie.

- • Pointz.}
- Falstaffe.
- Bardolphe.
- Pistoll.
- Peto.
- Page.

Irregular Humorists.

- • Shallow.}
- Silence.

Both Countrylustices.

- Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.
- Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants
- • Mouldie.}
- Shadow.
- Wart.
- Feeble.
- Bullcalfe.

Country Soldiers.

- Drawers
- Beadles.
- Groomes
- Northumberlands Wife.
- Percies Widdow.
- Hostesse Quickly.
- Doll Teare#sheete.
- Epilogue.