

The Second Part of the Henry the Fourth,
Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King
Henry the Fift from Mr. William Shakespeares
comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published
according to the true originall copies. — Mr.
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The Second Part of the Henry the Fourth, Contain- ing 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.

*O*Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop
the vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speakes?
I 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, Iealousies, 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 tiring 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.

rem

remL. Bar.

Who keeps the Gate heere hos?

Where is the Earle?

rem

remPor.

What shall I say you are?

rem

remBar.

Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

rem

remPor.

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.

rem

remL. Bar.

Here comes the Earle.

rem

remNor.

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.

rem

remL. Bar.

Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

rem

remNor.

Good, and heauen will.

rem

remL. 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.*

rem

remNor.

How is this deriu'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

rem

remL. Bar.

*I spake with one (my Lord¹) that came from² thence,
A Gentleman, well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.*

rem

remNor.

*Heere comes my Servant Trauers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.*

Enter Trauers

rem

remL. 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.*

rem

remNor.

Now Trauers, what good tidings comes from³ you?

rem

remTra.

*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.*

¹L.

²frō

³frō

*With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
staying no longer question.*

rem

remNorth.

Ha? Againe:

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

rem

remL. 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.*

rem

remNor.

Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers

Giue then such instances of Losse?

rem

remL. 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.

rem

remNor.

Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,

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?

rem

remMor.

I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)

Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske

To fright our party.

rem

remNorth.

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.

rem

remMor.

Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:

But for my Lord, your Sonne.

rem

remNorth.

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.

rem

remMor.

You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

rem

remNorth.

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.*

rem

remL. Bar.

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

rem

remMor.

*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 bruided 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 heavy 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.

rem

remNorth.

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.

rem

remL. Bar.

Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your (Honor.

rem

remMor.

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 befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?*

rem

remL. 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,*

rem

remMor.

*'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.*

rem

remNorth.

*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.

rem

remFal.

Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doctor^A to my water?

rem

remPag.

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.

rem

remFal.

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 Iewell. The Iuuenall (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?

rem

⁴Doct.

remPag.

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.

rem

remFal.

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-up, 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?

rem

remPag.

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

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remPag.

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

rem

remFal.

Wait close, I will not see him.

rem

remCh. Iust.

What's he that goes there?

rem

remSer.

Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

rem

remIust.

He that was in question for the Robbery?

rem

remSer.

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.

rem

remIust.

What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

rem

remSer.

Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

rem

remFal.

Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

rem

remPag.

You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

rem

remIust.

I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

rem

remSer.

Sir Iohn.

rem

remFal.

What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the King⁵ 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 Re bellion can tell how to make it.

rem

remSer.

You mistake me Sir.

rem

remFal.

Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set ting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

rem

remSer.

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.

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remSer.

Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

rem

remIust.

⁵K.

Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you.

rem

remFal.

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 rel lish of the faltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar gie, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

*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.*

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

He that buckles him in my belt, cannot⁶ liue in lesse.

rem

remIust.

Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

You haue misled the youthfull Prince.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

*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.*

rem

remFal.

My Lord?

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

⁶cānot

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

rem

remIu.

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

rem

remFal.

*A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approue
the truth.*

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

rem

remIust

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

rem

remFal.

*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. Pregnan cie 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 capaci ties
of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li uers, with the bitternes of your
gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggés too.*

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

*My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som thing a round belly. For my voice, I
haue lost it with hal lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther,
I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudge ment 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 sensi ble Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong
Lion re pents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke,*

rem

remIust.

Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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 extraordinaryly: 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.

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFal.

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?

rem

remPage.

Sir.

rem

remFal.

What money is in my purse?

rem

remPage.

Seuen groats, and two pence.

rem

remFal.

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 dis eases to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta,

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

rem

remAr.

*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?*

rem

remMow.

*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 forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puisance of the King.*

rem

remHast.

*Our present Musters grow vpon the File
To fife 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.*

rem

remL. Bar.

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

rem

remHast.

With him, we may.

rem

remL. 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.*

rem

remArch.

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

rem

remL. 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.*

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remL. 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 Erection,
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,*

*Vsing 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.*

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remL. Bar.

*What is the King but fīue & twenty thousand?
rem
remHast.*

*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 vnfirme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers found
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.*

rem

remAr.

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

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remL. Bar.

*Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?
rem
remHast.*

*The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth.
But who is substitiuetd 'gainst the French,*

I haue no certaine notice.

rem

remArch.

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 vnsure

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.

rem

remMow.

Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

rem

remHast.

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

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

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

rem

remHostesse.

Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?

rem

remFang.

It is enter'd.

rem

remHostesse.

Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

rem

remFang.

Sirrah, where's Snare?

rem

remHostesse.

I, I, good M. Snare..

rem

remSnare.

Heere, heere.

rem

remFang.

Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

rem

remHost.

I good M. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all.

rem

remSn.

It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab

rem

remHostesse.

*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.*

rem

remFang.

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

rem

remHostesse.

No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

rem

remFang.

If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.

rem

remHost.

*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.

rem

remFal.

How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

rem

remFang.

Sir Iohn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remHost.

Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, mur der, 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.

rem

remFalst.

Keep them off, Bardolfe.

rem

remFang.

A rescu, a rescu.

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remPage.

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

Enter. Ch. Iustice.

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remCh. Iust.

How now sir Iohn? 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?

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remCh. Iust.

For what summe?

rem

remHost.

*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.*

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remCh: 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?*

rem

remFalst.

What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

rem

remHost.

*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?*

rem

remFal.

*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.*

rem

remIust.

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.

rem

remHost.

Yes in troth my Lord.

rem

remIust.

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.

rem

remFal.

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 vertuou: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred⁷) 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.

rem

remIust.

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

rem

remFalst.

Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M. Gower

rem

remCh. Iust.

Now Master Gower; What newes?

rem

remGow.

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

rem

remFalst.

As I am a Gentleman.

rem

remHost.

Nay, you said so before.

rem

remFal.

⁷remēbred

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

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remFal.

*Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and1for 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.*

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remHost.

Will you haue Doll Teare-sheet meet you at sup per?

rem

remFal.

No more words. Let's haue her.

rem

remCh. Iust.

I haue heard bitter newes.

rem

remFal

What's the newes (my good Lord?)

rem

remCh. Iu.

Where lay the King last night?

rem

remMes.

At Basingstoke my Lord.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remCh. Iust.

Come all his Forces backe?

rem

remMes.

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.*

rem

remFal.

Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Lord^s?

rem

remCh. Iust.

You shall haue Letters of me presently.

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

rem

remFal.

My Lord.

rem

remCh. Iust.

What's the matter?

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remGow.

I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thanke you, good Sir Iohn.

rem

remCh. Iust.

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

rem

remFal.

Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

rem

remCh. Iust.

What foolish Master taught you these man- ners, Sir Iohn?

rem

remFal.

*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.*

rem

^sL

remCh. Iust.

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

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

rem

remPrin.

Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrin.

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?

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrince.

Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Crea ture, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considera tions 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, be cause the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrin.

Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

rem

remPoin.

Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

rem

remPrin.

It shall serue among wittes of no higher breed ing then thine.

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrin.

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.

rem

remPoin.

Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

rem

remPrin.

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 com pany as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all osten tation of sorrow.

rem

remPoin.

The reason?

rem

remPrin.

What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?

rem

remPoin.

I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

rem

remPrin.

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?

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrin.

And to thee.

rem

remPointz.

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 canot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfe.

rem

remPrince.

*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.

rem

remBar.

Saue your Grace.

rem

remPrin.

And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.

rem

remPoin.

*Come you pernitious 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?*

rem

remPage.

*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.*

rem

remPrin.

Hath not the boy profited?

rem

remBar.

Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

rem

remPage.

Away, you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

rem

remPrin.

Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

rem

remPage.

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

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remBard.

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

rem

remPrince.

And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

rem

remBar.

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

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remBard.

In bodily health Sir.

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remPoin.

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.

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remPoin.

Why this is a Certificate.

rem

remPrin.

Peace. I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

rem

remPoin.

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 usest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars: John with my Brothers and

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

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrin.

*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?*

rem

remBard.

Yes my Lord.

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

remBard,

At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

rem

remPrin.

What Company?

rem

remPage.

Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

rem

remPrin.

Sup any women with him?

rem

remPage.

None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and Mistris⁹ Doll Teare-sheet.

rem

remPrin.

What Pagan may that be?

rem

remPage

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

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

⁹M.

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

remBar.

I haue no tongue, sir.

rem

remPage.

And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

rem

remPrin.

Fare ye well: go. This Doll Teare-sheet should be some Rode.

rem

remPoin.

I warrant you, as common as the way betweene Saint¹⁰ Albans, and London.

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrin.

*From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to
a Prentice, a low trans formation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the pur
pose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned.*

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

rem

remNorth.

*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.*

rem

remWife.

¹⁰S.

I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more.

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

rem

remNorth.

Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,

And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

rem

remLa.

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-advantage, 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.*

rem

remNorth.

*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.*

rem

remWife.

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

rem

remLady.

*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 sprout, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.*

rem

remNorth.

*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 resolute for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company.*

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

rem

rem1. Drawer.

*What hast thou brought there? Apple- Iohns? Thou know'st Sir Iohn cannot endure
an Apple- Iohn.*

rem

rem2. Draw.

*Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told
him there were five more Sir Iohns: 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.*

rem

rem1. 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.*

rem

rem2. 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.*

rem

rem1. Draw.

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

rem

rem2. Draw.

Ile see if I can finde out Sneake.

Exit.

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

rem

remHost.

*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?*

rem

remDol.

Better then I was: Hem.

rem

remHost.

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

Enter Falstaffe.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remHost.

Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remDol.

You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfourt you giue me?

rem

remFalst.

You make fat Rascalls, Mistris Dol.

rem

remDol.

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

rem

remFalst.

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.

rem

remDol.

I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

rem

remFalst.

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.

rem

remHost.

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.

rem

remDol.

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

Enter Drawer.

rem

remDrawer.

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

rem

remDol.

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

rem

remHost.

*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.*

rem

remFalst.

Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remFalst.

Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

rem

remHost.

*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.*

rem

remFalst.

*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.)*

rem

remHost.

*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.*

rem

remDol.

So you doe, Hostesse.

rem

remHost.

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.

rem

remPist.

'Sawe you, Sir Iohn.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remPist.

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

rem

remFalst.

She is Pistoll-prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly of fend her.

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remPist.

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

rem

remDol.

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.

rem

remPist.

I know you, Mistris Dorotheie.

rem

remDol.

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 Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

rem

remPist.

I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remDol.

*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 ta king
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.*

rem

remBard.

Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

rem

remFalst.

Hearke thee hither, Mistris Dol.

rem

remPist.

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

rem

remPage.

'Pray thee goe downe.

rem

remPist.

*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?*

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remPist.

*These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack- Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades 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?*

rem

remHost.

By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

rem

remBard.

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

rem

remPist.

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

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remPist.

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?

rem

remFal.

Pistol, I would be quiet.

rem

remPist.

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

rem

remDol.

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

rem

remPist.

Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo way Naggess?

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remBard.

Come, get you downe stayres.

rem

remPist.

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.

rem

remHost.

Here's good stuffe toward.

rem

remFal.

Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

rem

remDol.

I prethee Iack, I prethee doe not draw.

rem

remFal.

Get you downe stayres.

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remDol.

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

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remFal.

Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

rem

remBard.

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

rem

remFal.

A Rascall to braue me.

rem

remDol.

*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.*

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remDol.

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

Enter Musique.

rem

remPage.

The Musique is come, Sir.

rem

remFal.

*Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol. A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the
Rogue fled from me like Quick-siluer.*

rem

remDol.

*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.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remDol.

Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remDol.

They say Poines hath a good Wit.

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remDol.

Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

rem

remFal.

Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennell, and drinke off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumpes vpon Ioyn'd stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no bate with telling of discreete 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.

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remPoin.

Let vs beat him before his Whore.

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remPoin.

Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-liue performance?

rem

remFal.

Kisse me Dol.

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remPoin.

*And looke whether the fierie Trigon, his Man, be not lisping to his Masters old
Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?*

rem

remFal.

Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Busses.

rem

remDol.

Nay truely, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

rem

remFal.

I am olde, I am olde.

rem

remDol.

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

rem

remFal.

*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.*

rem

remDol.

*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.*

rem

remFal.

Some Sack, Francis.

rem

remPrin. Poin.

Anon, anon, Sir.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remHost.

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?

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remDol.

How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

rem

remPoin.

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

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remFal.

Didst thou heare me?

rem

remPrince.

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.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remPrince.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remPrince.

Not to disprayse me? and call me P1ntler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

rem

remFal.

No abuse (Hal.)

rem

remPoin.

No abuse?

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remPrince.

See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cow ardise, 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?

rem

remPoin.

Answer thou dead Elme, answer,

rem

remFal.

The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irrecouable, 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.

rem

remPrince.

For the Women?

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remHost.

No, I warrant you,

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remHost.

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

rem

remPrince.

You, Gentlewoman.

rem

remDol.

What sayes your Grace?

rem

remFalst.

His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells against.

rem

remHost.

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

Enter Peto.

rem

remPrince.

Peto, how now? what newes?

rem

remPeto.

*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.*

rem

remPrince.

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

Exit.

rem

remFalst.

*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?*

rem

remBard.

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

rem

remFalst.

*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.*

rem

remDol.

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

rem

remFalst.

Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

rem

remHost.

*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.*

rem

remBard.

Mistris Teare-sheet.

rem

remHost.

What's the matter?

rem

remBard.

Bid Mistris Teare-sheet come to my Master.

rem

remHost.

Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

rem

remKing.

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 Subiects

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) lyst thou in smoakie Cribs,

Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,

And huisht with bussing Night, flyes 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 lye'st 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.

rem

remWar.

Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

rem

remKing.

Is it good-morrow, Lords?

rem

remWar.

'Tis One a Clock, and past.

rem

remKing.

Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)

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

rem

remWar.

We haue (my Liege.)

rem

remKing.

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?

rem

remWar.

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.*

rem

remKing.

*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, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard
Gauē him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin Neuil, as I may remember)
When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full 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.*

rem

remWar.

*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 entreasured:
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.*

rem

remKing.

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.*

rem

remWar.

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.*

rem

remKing.

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.

rem

remShal.

*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?*

rem

remSil.

Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remSil.

Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remSil.

Indeede Sir, to my cost.

rem

remShal.

*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.*

rem

remSil.

You were called lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)

rem

remShal.

*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 Iacke Falstaffe (now Sir Iohn) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Nor folke.*

rem

remSil.

This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes hither anon a bout Souldiers?

rem

remShal.

*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?

rem

remSil.

Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remSil.

Truly Cousin, I was not there.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remSil.

Dead, Sir.

rem

remShal.

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 foure teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remShal.

And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remShal.

Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

rem

remBard.

I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

rem

remShal.

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?

rem

remBard.

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

rem

remShal.

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?

rem

remBard.

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

rem

remShal.

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 com mendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodo: very good, a good Phrase.

rem

remBard.

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.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remShal.

No sirIohn, it is my Cosin Silence: in Commissi on with mee.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remSil.

Your good Worship is welcome.

rem

remFal

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

rem

remShal.

Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

rem

remFal.

Let me see them, I beseech you.

rem

remShal.

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?

rem

remMoul.

Heere, if it please you.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFal.

Is thy name Mouldie?

rem

remMoul.

Yea, if it please you.

rem

remFal.

'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

rem

remShal.

Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul die, lacke use: very singular good.

Well saide Sir Iohn, very well said.

rem

remFal.

Pricke him.

rem

remMoul.

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 Drudgerie; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remMoul.

Spent?

rem

remShallow.

Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir Iohn:

Let me see: Simon Shadow.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remShal.

Where's Shadow?

rem

remShad.

Heere sir.

rem

remFal.

Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

rem

remShad.

My Mothers sonne, Sir.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remShal.

Do you like him, sir Iohn?

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remShal.

Thomas Wart?

rem

remFalst.

Where's he?

rem

remWart.

Heere sir.

rem

remFalst.

Is thy name Wart?

rem

remWart.

Yea sir.

rem

remFal.

Thou art a very ragged Wart.

rem

remShal.

Shall I pricke him downe, Sir Iohn?

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFeeble.

Heare sir.

rem

remShal.

What Trade art thou Feeble?

rem

remFeeble.

A Womans Taylor sir.

rem

remShal.

Shall I pricke him, sir?

rem

remFal.

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?

rem

remFeeble.

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

rem

remFalst.

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 wo mans Taylour well Master Shallow, deep Maister Shal low.

rem

remFeeble.

I would Wart might haue gone sir.

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remFeeble,

It shall suffice.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remShal.

Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.

rem

remFalst.

Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalfe.

rem

remBul.

Heere sir.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remBul.

Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remBul.

Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

rem

remFal.

What disease hast thou?

rem

remBul.

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

rem

remFal.

*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?*

rem

remShal.

*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.*

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remShal.

*O sir Iohn, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in Saint¹¹
Georges Field.*

rem

remFalstaffe.

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

rem

remShal.

Ha? it was a merry night. And is Iane Night worke aliue?

rem

remFal.

She lives, M. Shallow.

rem

remShal.

She neuer could away with me.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFal.

Old old, M. Shallow.

rem

remShal.

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.

rem

remSil.

That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFalst.

Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Ma ster Shallow.

rem

remShal.

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.

rem

remBul.

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.*

rem

remBard.

Go-too: stand aside.

rem

remMould.

*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.*

rem

remBard.

Go-too: stand aside.

rem

remFeeble.

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

rem

remBard.

Well said, thou art a good fellow.

rem

remFeeble.

Nay, I will beare no base minde.

rem

remFalst.

Come sir, which men shall I haue?

rem

remShal.

Foure of which you please.

rem

remBard.

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

rem

remFalst.

Go-too: well.

rem

remShal.

Come, sir Iohn, which foure will you haue?

rem

remFalst.

Doe you chuse for me.

rem

remShal.

Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calfe, Feeble, and Shadow.

rem

remFalst.

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.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFalst.

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 Ham mer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, Shadow, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuere into Warts hand, Bardolph.

rem

remBard.

Hold Wart, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

rem

remFalst.

Come, manage me your Calyuere: 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.

rem

remShal.

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, Bounce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remShal.

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 aduenture I will with you to the Court.

rem

remFalst.

I would you would, Master Shallow.

rem

remShal.

Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

rem

remFalst.

Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bar dolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice Shal low. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Ly ing? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euey 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, Hastngs, Westmerland, Coleuile.

rem

remBish.

What is this Forrest call'd?

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remBish.

Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our Enemies.

rem

remHast.

Wee haue sent forth alreadie.

rem

remBish.

'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.

rem

remMow.

Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,

And dash themselues to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

rem

remHast.

Now? what newes?

rem

remMess.

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.

rem

remMow.

The iust proportion that we gaue them out.

Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmterland.

rem

remBish.

What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

rem

remMow.

I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

rem

remWest.

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

rem

remBish.

Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:

What doth concerne your comming?

rem

remWest.

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 Inuestments 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.

rem

remBish.

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.*

rem

remWest.

*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?*

rem

remBish.

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

rem

remWest.

There is no neede of any such redresse:

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

rem

remMow.

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?

rem

remWest.

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?

rem

remMow.

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 Staues 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.

rem

remWest.

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.*

rem

remMow.

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

rem

remWest.

*Mowbray, you ouer-weene 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 use 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.*

rem

remMow.

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

rem

remWest.

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

rem

remHast.

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?*

rem

remWest.

That is intended in the Generals Name:

I muse you make so slight a Question.

rem

remBish.

Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,

For this containes 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.

rem

remWest.

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.

rem

remBish.

My Lord, wee will doe so.

rem

remMow.

There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,

That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

rem

remHast.

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.

rem

remMow.

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.*

rem

remBish.

*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.*

rem

remHast.

*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.*

rem

remBish.

*'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.*

rem

remMow.

Be it so:

Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

rem

remWest.

The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship

To meet his Grace, iustl distance 'twene our Armies?

rem

remMow.

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

rem

remBish.

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.

rem

remIohn.

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 beleue,

*But you mis-use 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 Subiects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-swarmed them.*

rem

remBish.

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.*

rem

remMow.

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

rem

remHast.

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.*

rem

remIohn.

You are too shallow (Hastings)

*Much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after-Times.*

rem

remWest.

*Pleaseth your Grace, to answeere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.*

rem

remJohn.

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.

rem

remBish.

I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

rem

remJohn.

I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:

And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

rem

remHast.

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.

rem

remBish.

To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

rem

remWest.

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.

rem

remBish.

I doe not doubt you.

rem

remWest.

I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray.

rem

remMow.

You wish me health in very happy season,

For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

rem

remBish.

Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,

But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

rem

remWest.

Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow

Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

rem

remBish.

Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

rem

remMow.

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

rem

remIohn.

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

rem

remMow.

This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

rem

remBish.

A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,

And neither partie looser.

rem

remIohn.

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 coop'd withall.

rem

remBish.

Goe, good Lord Hastings:

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

Exit.

rem

remJohn.

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

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

rem

remWest.

The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,

Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

rem

remJohn.

They know their duties.

Enter Hastings.

rem

remHast.

Our Army is dispers'd:

Like youthfull steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course

East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,

Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.

rem

remWest.

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.

rem

remMow.

Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

rem

remWest.

Is your Assembly so?

rem

remBish.

Will you thus breake your faith?

rem

remJohn.

I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grieuances

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.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remCol.

I am a Knight, Sir: And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale.

rem

remFalst.

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.

rem

remCol.

Are not you Sir Iohn Falstaffe?

rem

remFalst.

A s 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.

rem

remCol.

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

rem

remFal.

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.

rem

remIohn.

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.

rem

remFalst.

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 Ar row, 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 yeilded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

rem

remIohn.

It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser wing.

rem

remFalst.

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 Ele ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount.

rem

remIohn.

Thine's too heauie to mount.

rem

remFalst.

Let it shine then.

rem

remIohn.

Thine's too thick to shine.

rem

remFalst.

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

rem

remIohn.

Is thy Name Colleuile?

rem

remCol.

It is (my Lord.)

rem

remJohn.

A famous Rebell art thou, Collevile.

rem

remFalst.

And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

rem

remCol.

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.

rem

remFalst.

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

Enter Westmerland.

rem

remJohn.

Haue you left pursuit?

rem

remWest.

Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

rem

remJohn.

Send Collevile, with his Confederates,

To Yorke, to present Execution.

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

Exit with Collevile.

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.

rem

remFalst.

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.

rem

remJohn.

Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,

Shall better speake of you, then you deserue.

Exit.

rem

remFalst.

I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young so ber-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-sicknesse: 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 tiue, 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 Coward 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?

rem

remBard.

The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

rem

remFalst.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

rem

remKing.

*Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue succesfull 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 pause vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.*

rem

remWar.

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

rem

remKing.

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

rem

remGlo.

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

rem

remKing.

And how accompanied?

rem

remGlo.

I doe not know (my Lord.)

rem

remKing.

Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with Him?

rem

remGlo.

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

rem

remClar.

What would my Lord, and Father?

rem

remKing.

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 vnitied Vessell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will poure it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong
As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

rem

remClar.

I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

rem

remKing.

Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Tho mas?)

rem

remClar.

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

rem

remKing.

And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

rem

remClar.

With Pointz, and other his continuall fol lowers.

rem

remKing.

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?

rem

remWar.

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 use,
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.

rem

remKing.

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

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? Westmerland?

rem

remWest.

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.*

rem

remKing.

*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.

rem

remHarc.

*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) containes at large.*

rem

remKing.

*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 stomach, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast
And takes away the stomach (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.*

rem

remGlo.

Comfort your Maiestie.

rem

remCla.

Oh, my Royall Father.

rem

remWest.

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

rem

remWar.

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.

rem

remClar.

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.

rem

remGlo.

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.

rem

remClar.

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.

rem

remWar.

Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco uers.

rem

remGlo.

This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

rem

remKing.

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 fauourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

rem

remWar.

Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

rem

remKing.

Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

rem

remClar.

His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

rem

remWar.

Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

rem

remP. Hen.

Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

rem

remClar.

I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

rem

remP. Hen.

How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

rem

remGlo.

Exceeding ill.

rem

remP. Hen.

Heard hee the good newes yet?

Tell it'him.

rem

remGlo.

Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

rem

remP. Hen.

If hee be sicke with Ioy,

Hee'le recouer without Physicke,

rem

remWar.

Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe.

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

rem

remClar.

Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

rem

remWar.

Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs?

rem

remP. 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.

rem

remKing.

Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

rem

remClar.

Doth the King call?

rem

remWar.

What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace?

rem

remKing.

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

rem

remCla.

We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

rem

remKing.

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

rem

remWar.

This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

rem

remGlo.

Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.

rem

remKing.

Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

rem

remWar.

When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

rem

remKing.

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?*

rem

remWar.

*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.*

rem

remKing.

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.

rem

remP. Hen.

I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

rem

remKing.

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 gaue 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 Idlenessse.
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.*

rem

remPrince.

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 exteriour 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 muredred my Father)
 The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
 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.*

rem

remKing.

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 successiueely.
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 forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.*

rem

remPrince.

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.

rem

remKing.

Looke, looke,

Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster:

rem

remIohn.

Health, Peace, and Happinesse,

To my Royall Father.

rem

remKing.

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?

rem

remPrin.

My Lord of Warwicke.

rem

remKing.

Doth any name particular, belong

Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

rem

remWar.

'Tis call'd Ierusalem, my Noble Lord.

rem

remKing.

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 Dawie.

rem

remShal.

By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What Dawy, I say.

rem

remFal.

You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.

rem

remShal.

*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 Dawie.*

rem

remDawie.

Heere sir.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remDawy.

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

rem

remShal.

With red Wheate Dawy. But for Wliam Cook: are there no yong pigeons?

rem

remDawy.

Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,

And Plough-Irons.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remDawy.

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?

rem

remShal.

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.

rem

remDauy.

Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

rem

remShal.

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.

rem

remDauy.

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

rem

remShallow.

Well conceited Dauy: about thy Businesse, Dauy.

rem

remDauy.

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

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remDauy.

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 Worshipp 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 Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte nanc'd.

rem

remShal.

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.

rem

remBard.

I am glad to see your Worship.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFalstaffe.

*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 stauces,
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 many 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 devise 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.*

rem

remShal.

Sir Iohn.

rem

remFalst.

I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

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

rem

remWarwicke.

How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe ther away?

rem

remCh. Iust.

How doth the King?

rem

remWarw.

Exceeding well: his Cares

Are now, all ended.

rem

remCh. Iust.

I hope, not dead.

rem

remWarw.

Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,

And to our purposes, he liues no more.

rem

remCh. 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.

rem

remWar.

Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.

rem

remCh. 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.

rem

remWar.

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?

rem

remCh. Iust.

Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.

rem

remIohn.

Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.

rem

remGlou. Cla.

Good morrow, Cosin.

rem

remIohn.

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

rem

remWar.

We do remember: but our Argument

Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

rem

remIoh.

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

rem

remCh. Iust.

Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.

rem

remGlou.

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.

rem

remIohn.

Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

rem

remCla.

Wel, you must now speake Sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,

Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

rem

remCh. 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.

rem

remWar.

Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

rem

remCh. Iust.

Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty

rem

remPrince.

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.*

rem

remIohn., &c.

We hope no other from your Maiesty.

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

remCh. Iust.

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

rem

remPr.

*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?*

rem

remCh. 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 disdained:
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.*

rem

remPrin.

*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:¹
With this Remembrance; That you use 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,
An ink mark follows the
end of this line.*

*And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
 To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
 And Princes all, beleeeue 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.

rem

remShal

*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.*

rem

remFal.

You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

rem

remShal.

*Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread
Dauy, spread Dauie: Well said Dauie.*

rem

remFalst.

This Dauie serues you for good uses; he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

rem

remShal.

*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.*

rem

remSil.

*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.*

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remShal.

Good M. Bardolfe: some wine, Dauie.

rem

remDa.

*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.*

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remSil.

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.

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remDauy.

There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

rem

remShal.

Dauie.

rem

remDau.

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

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remFal.

Well said, M. Silence.

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remDau.

I hope to see London, once ere I die.

rem

remBar.

If I might see you there, Dauie.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remBar.

Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remBar.

And Ile sticke by him, sir.

rem

remShal.

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

rem

remFal

Why now you haue done me right.

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remFal.

'Tis so.

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remDau.

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

rem

remFal.

From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

rem

remPist.

Sir Iohn, 'saue you sir.

rem

remFal.

What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

rem

remPist.

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

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remPist.

*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.*

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remPist.

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

rem

remFal.

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

rem

remSil.

And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

rem

remPist.

Shall dunghill Currees confront the Hellicons?

And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

rem

remShal.

Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

rem

remPist

Why then Lament therefore.

rem

remShal.

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,

rem

remPist.

Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.

rem

remShal.

Vnder King Harry.

rem

remPist.

Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

rem

remShal.

Harry the fourth.

rem

remPist.

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,

rem

remFal.

What, is the old King dead?

rem

remPist.

As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

rem

remFal.

Away Bardolfe, Saddle my Horse,

Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt

In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee

With Dignities.

rem

remBard.

O ioyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

rem

remPist.

What? I do bring good newes.

rem

remFal.

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 devise 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 Eng land are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iustice.

rem

remPist.

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.

rem

remHostesse.

No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of ioynt.

rem

remOff.

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.

rem

remDol.

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.

rem

remHost.

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.

rem

remOfficer.

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 Pi stoll beate among you.

rem

remDol.

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.

rem

remOff.

Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

rem

remHost.

O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel of sufferance, comes ease.

rem

remDol.

Come you Rogue, come:

Bring me to a Iustice.

rem

remHost.

Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

rem

remDol.

Goodman death, goodman Bones.

rem

remHost.

Thou Anatomy, thou.

rem

remDol.

Come you thinue Thing:

Come you Rascall.

rem

remOff.

Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

rem

rem1. Groo.

More Rushes, more Rushes.

rem

rem2. Groo.

The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

rem

rem1. Groo.

It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation.

Exit Groo.

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

rem

remFaltasse.

*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.*

rem

remPistol.

Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

rem

remFalst.

*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.*

rem

remShal.

It doth so.

rem

remFalst.

It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

rem

remPist.

It doth so.

rem

remFal.

My deuotion.

rem

remPist.

It doth, doth, it doth.

rem

remFal.

As it were, to ride day and night,

*And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me.*

rem
remShal.

It is most certaine.

rem
remFal.

*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.*

rem
remPist.

'Tis semper idem: for obsque hoc nibile est. 'Tis all in every part.

rem
remShal.

'Tis so indeed.

rem
remPist.

*My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage, Thy Dol, and Helen
of thy noble thoghts 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.*

rem
remFal.

I will deliuer her.

rem
remPistol.

There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iustice.

rem
remFalst.

Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.

rem
remPist.

The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.

rem
remFal.

'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

rem
remKing.

My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine man.

rem
remCh. Iust.

Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

rem

remFalst.

My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.

rem

remKing.

I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester?

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 Iest,

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.

rem

remFal.

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

rem

remShal.

I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

rem

remFal.

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 aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

rem

remShal.

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.

rem

remFal.

Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

rem

remShall.

A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir Iohn.

rem

remFal.

Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant Pistoll, come Bardolfe,

I shall be sent for soone at night.

rem

remCh. Iust.

Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete,

Take all his Company along with him.

rem

remFal.

My Lord, my Lord.

rem

remCh. Iust.

I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone: Take them away.

rem

remPist.

Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.

rem

remJohn.

I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:

He hath intent his wonted Followers

Shall all be very well provided for:

But all are banisht, till their conuersations

Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

rem

remCh. Iust.

And so they are.

rem

remJohn.

The King hath call'd his Parliament.

My Lord.

rem

remCh. Iust.

He hath.

rem

remIohn.

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.

*FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displea-
sure: 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 use 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 forguien me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree
with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene before, in such an As sembly. 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.

- *RVMOVR* 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 CountryIustices.

- *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.*