SHAKSPERE'S

KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
PART I:

THE FIRST QUARTO,
1598,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

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TO THE MEMORY OF

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[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 8.]
§ 1. In the First and Second Parts of Henry IV., Shakspere again takes up the thread of his story where he had dropped it three or four years before, at the end of Richard II. At the end of that play Bolingbroke (for he has not yet been crowned king) declares it is his purpose to make a crusade to the Holy Land, and expiate his crimes, and, at the opening of the First Part of Henry IV., although "the furious clofe of ciuill butcherie" has compelled him to put it off for twelve months, his purpose is still unchanged, and he is making busy preparations for "forwarding this deere expedience." We find a similar link between the Second Part of Henry IV. and Henry V., when, at the end of the former play, Prince John of Lancaster sounds the note of the coming invasion of France:

"I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our ciuill swords and natuie fier,
As farre as France, I heard a bird fo fing,
 Wholef muifique, to my thinking, pleafe the King;"

and thus, as Johnson long ago remarked, these four plays (Richard II., Henry IV. Parts I. & II., and Henry V.) seem to have been designed to form a connected historical series. But though so closely following each other in historical order, artistically a wide interval separates Richard II. from the three plays that follow. During this interval Shakspere has rapidly become more and more
conscious of his power. He has emancipated himself from the traditionary rules of his art; he has, in *King John*, already ventured to introduce an element of humour into the grave and stately march of an historical drama, and now at last, in *Henry IV.*, he puts forth the full strength of a ripened genius, and wins for himself immediate renown as the author of a masterpiece, that in its kind has never since been surpassed.

§ 2. The first mention which we have of the First Part of *Henry IV.* is the entry in the *Stationers' Registers*, which is as follows:

[1597-8] xxv° die Februarij

Andrew Wyse./. Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of Master Dix: and master Warden man

a book intituled The historye of Henry the iiiijth with his battaile of Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe with the conceipted mirthe of Sir John Falstoff.

vj^4./.

Arber's Transcript, iii. 105.

In the same year (1598), probably immediately after the above entry had been made with the Stationers' Company, the play was printed for the first time, and of this edition the present volume is a facsimile. In this year too, Francis Meres published his *Palladis Tamia*, in the often-quoted passage of which treatise *Henry IV.* is one of the plays mentioned as evidence of Shakspere's excellence in Tragedy.¹ Both parts of the play are here intended by Meres in all probability, for it can be demonstrated, as I shall have occasion to show in the Forewords to Part II., that both parts had been already written.² Next year (1599) we have an allusion to Falstaff in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humor*, which I give here, not as throwing any additional light upon the date of *Henry IV.*, but as evidence how early one of its leading characters had become well-known and popular:


² See Forewords to Part II., p. iii.
§ 2. DATE OF HENRY IV. § 3. EDITIONS OF THE PLAY.

"Marie, I will not do as Plautus in his Amphitryon for all this, (Summi Io vis causa Plaudite;) begge a Plaudite for Gods sake: but if you (out of the bountie of your good-likeing) will beftow it, why, you may (in time) make leane Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaffe."  

But, however interesting such allusions as those of Meres and Jonson may be, the entry in the Stationers' Registers remains our most important guide to the date at which the play was written, proving as it does that it cannot have been later than February, 1598; and if, as will be shown, the Second Part had also been produced by this date, we may be fairly safe in asserting that it cannot have been later than some time in 1597. Very possibly it may have been written in the summer of that year, and followed by the Second Part in the winter of 1597-8.

§ 3. No less than six Quarto editions of Part I. were brought out before the publication of the First Folio in 1623, a fact which compared with the single (known) Quarto of Part II. is somewhat remarkable, viz., in 1598 (the ed. here facsimiled), 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, and 1622. After the publication of the Folio we have two editions, one printed in 1632, the other in 1639. Thus the play went through eight editions in a separate form before the middle of the 17th century, a number equalled by no other play except Richard III.; and this is quite in harmony with what we know of the popularity of the play, and particularly of the character of Falstaff, from the number of "allusions" (I use the word to include mentions) to it which occur throughout the 17th century, and are collected in Dr Ingleby's and Miss Smith's Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse. The title-pages of the first five of these editions will be found in the Cambridge Shakespeare, or in Lowndes. I need only mention here that on the title-page of the 2nd ed. first appears the addition, "Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare." This must be taken, it is hardly necessary to say, at its own value, namely that of a bookseller's puff.

Capell, who was the first editor who made a careful examination

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1 Centurie of Prayse, p. 31.
of the Shaksperian Quartos, points out that each succeeding edition was generally printed from the one next preceding it; and the successive editions of the play before us are no exception to this rule. In the opinion of Malone, the play as it stands in the first Folio was printed from the fifth Quarto of 1613; and in this he is followed by the Cambridge editors, who are also of opinion that the copy sent to press for the Folio had been partly corrected from a consultation of the earlier editions. Allowing therefore for such changes as are due to the editions from 1599 to 1613, it follows that we have in the Folio what is substantially a reprint of the present edition; and a comparison of the two confirms this result. Where the Folio differs from the Quarto, it generally differs for the worse; and although in less than a score of instances it supplies a preferable reading, these are almost all only corrections of obvious mistakes; e.g. two or three defective metres are mended, dropped letters are supplied, or redundant ones cancelled, and misspellings are corrected. Really difficult and defective passages, of which

3 Take a few specimens:

(a) Instances in which the Folio corrects the Quarto. (The Quotations are from the Folio. The notes as to the Quartos and Folios after Q1, F1, are from the Cambridge Shakespeare)

II. iv. 442. For though / the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; / yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. p. 58b
Quarto 1, 2, so.

IV. i. 126-7. I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.

Drow. That's the worst Tidings
that I heare of yet.
Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, can and it.

IV. iii. 21. Your Vnkle Worcesters horse came but to day,

V. ii. 3. Then we are all vndone.

(b) Instances in which the reading of the Folio is inferior to that of the Quarto.

Quarto 1, 2, 3, 4, are we all vnder one. Quarto 5, 6, 7, 8, are we all vndone.

V. iv. 34. But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Quartos (all) and.

V. iv. 68. Nor shall it Harry [brook a double reign], for the houre is come
To end the one of vs;

Quarto Now. [Mr. Aldis Wright informs me that Capell's copy of Q1 has Nor, like the Folio.—F.]

(But where the passage is starr'd (*), the bad reading is due to a later
there are, however, but three in the play and all in the same scene (IV. i. 37, IV. i. 52, and IV. i. 98)\textsuperscript{1} are left unaltered; and of the

Quarto than Q1. The Cambridge editors say that "The version in the first Folio seems to have been printed from a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto," 1613.)

I. iii. 66. This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)  
\textit{Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)} p. 51\textsuperscript{a}  
Quartos (\textit{all}) I answered.

*II. iii. 65. When men restraine their breath.

On some great sodaine hast. p. 55\textsuperscript{a}  
Quarto, hest. Q2, 3, 4, 7, 8, F 3, 4, haste. Q4, 5, 6, F1, 2, hast.

II. iv. 127. Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them [Quartos, and foote them] too. p. 56\textsuperscript{b}  
All the Folios leave "and foote them."

II. iv. 215. Thou knowest my olde / word; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; p. 57\textsuperscript{a}  
Quarto 1, 2, 4, warde. Q3 ward.

*II. iv. 598. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelvesscore p. 60\textsuperscript{a}  
Quarto 1, 2, 3, 8, F3, 4, Match, but Match Q4 [1608 A.D.], Q5 [1613], Q6 [1622]; F1, Q7, F2.

III. i. 32. [the imprisoned wind] for enlargement struing.

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tumbles downe / Steeples, and mossie-grownne Towers. p. 60\textsuperscript{a} b  
Quartos (toples Q5, 6), toples.

*III. i. 66. thrice from the Banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue 1 hent him

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\textsuperscript{1} IV. i. 31. He writes me here, that inward sickness,  
And that his friends by deputation  
Could not so soone be drawne:

**IV i. 52. **Douglas. Faith, and so wee should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuerson.  
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope  
Of what is [Q. tis] to come in:  
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.
§ 4. The Quarto of 1598 is the Standard Text.

omissions, the largest number by far are made in obedience to the Act of Parliament (3 James I. ch. 21) for restraining the abuses of Players; the rest, which,—except in V. v. 32, 33, where two lines have been dropped,—never extend beyond a word or two, are apparently due to errors of the compositor.

§ 4. There can therefore be no hesitation in pronouncing the Quarto of 1598 the standard text of the play. It is not an incorrect, garbled, or fragmentary version, as some of the early Quartos of other plays are, but, with a limited number of exceptions, a faithful reproduction of the author’s manuscript. That it was printed from that manuscript itself is indeed unlikely. The jealousy with which the original MS. would be guarded by its proprietors, especially in the case of so popular a play, forbids such a supposition. But the “copy” employed had been for the most part correctly transcribed, though it is possible from the two or three lacunae in Act IV. sc. i., that this scene at least may have been obtained from an inferior source. At any rate, Andrew Wise was more fortunate in his “copy” for Part I., however obtained, than he and his partner, William Aspley, were in that for Part II. How he obtained it, whether by bribing some actor, or servant of the theatre, or from the MS. of an attentive short-hand writer,¹ can only be matter of

IV. i. 97. Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes, All plum’d like Estridges, that with the Winde Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath’d, p. 66b

¹ On the business done by these short-hand writers at the theatres Mr J. Payne Collier (History of English Dramatic Poetry, ed. 1879, vol. iii. p. 192) quotes Thomas Heywood’s complaint “that some of his pieces had ‘accidentally’ got into the printer’s hands and ‘therefore so corrupt and mangled, copied only by the ear, that I have been unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them.’” T. Heywood, address to the Reader prefixed to the Rape of Lucrece, first published 1608.

Again, “In his Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 1637, Heywood explains in what way plays were ‘copied by the ear’: he is adverting to his Queen Elizabeth (so he there calls his If you know not me, you know Nobody, first published in 1606), and ‘taxeth the most corrupted copy, now imprinted,’ observing;

‘Some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true.’” Collier, ibid.
§ 4. PLAYERS AND PUBLISHERS. § 5. FAULTY STAGE-DIRECTIONS.

conjecture; but we may feel fairly certain that Shakspere himself was in no way connected with the publication. Mr Ebsworth, indeed, in his Introduction to the Roberts Quarto of the Midsummer Night’s Dream, in the present series of Facsimiles, suggests that the Fisher Quarto of the same play may have been an accredited publication, favoured by Shakspere. But this would hardly be likely, if we consider the fact that Shakspere was himself a member of the Lord Chamberlain’s company, and that his interest would be identified with theirs. Now the interest of the players and the bookseller were diametrically opposite. The latter would be anxious to make as much money out of a popular play as he could, by the sale of printed copies, if he could succeed in getting an edition into print, while the former would regard with jealousy any such attempt to interfere with their vested interests. After they had once purchased a play from the author, they justly regarded it as their private property, and any attempt at giving it publicity outside the walls of their theatre might not only tend to diminish their audiences, but would certainly facilitate its production by a rival company.¹

§ 5. In the present edition there is no division into Acts and Scenes: this was first made in the Folio. The Localities and the Dramatis Personæ were first added by Rowe, in 1709. The stage-directions are generally completely given, but in I. ii. 181, the names of two of the actors, “Haruey” and “Roffil,” have crept into the text instead of Bardolph and Peto, an error repeated in the Folio; while in II. iv. 193, 195, and 199, “Roff.” appears in the margin where the Folio has Gad. Neither of these names appears in the list of the actors belonging to the Lord Chamberlain’s company: their connection with it was, therefore, probably a temporary one. Again, in V. i. (stage direction) the Earl of Westmoreland is

¹ From the following entry in Henslowe’s Diary it appears that the players sometimes even bribed a printer to ‘stay the printing’ of one of their plays: ‘Lent unto Robart Shaw, the 18 of March 1599, to geve unto the printer to stay the printing of Patient Grissell, 40s.’ Quoted by Mr Collier, History, &c., vol. iii. p. 193, note.
§ 5. Faulty stage-directions. § 6. This facsimile.

 Included in the list of persons present on the stage, and his name has been retained by the Cambridge editors. Malone omitted it, and I think rightly, for he was clearly at the time indicated a hostage in the rebel camp, and not with the king. Compare IV. iii. 108 ff:

"Go to the king, and let there be impawnde
Some surety for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shal mine vnkle
Bring him our purpos"es"

With V. ii. 28

"My vnkle is return'd,
Deliever vp my Lord of Westmerland;"

And it follows that Westmoreland was the surety required by Hotspur, and that he must have gone to the rebel camp as such before the interview of Hotspur's uncle with the king in Act V. sc. i. at which he is represented as present.

§ 6. In the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto, here facsimiled, the head-lines have often been cut into, or cut away altogether, by the mounter; and, in one instance (III. i, 2), the following line of the text has also disappeared:

[Head-line] The Historie
"And our induction ful of prosperous hope."

Mr Griggs has accordingly facsimiled this page from the British Museum copy of the Quarto, and put it in an Appendix. The marginal division into Acts and Scenes is that of the Globe Shakespeare, and the lines are numbered by fours to correspond with the line-numbers in that edition. This system will facilitate reference, and make this facsimile easy to use with such books as Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon. Lines which seem to require emendation have been daggered (+), and the two lines in Act V. sc. v., wanting in the Folio, have been starred (*).

Herbert A. Evans.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Enfers

King Henry the Fourth
Prince of Wales

Sons to the

Lord John of Lancaster
Earle of Westmerland

Of the
Kings

Sir Walter Blunt
Sir John Falstaffe

Party.

Poines
Gadshill
Peto

Irregular
Humorists.

Bardoll
Earle of Northumberland
Earle of Worcester
Harry Percie (Hotspur)

Lord Mortimer
Owen Glendower
Earl of Douglas
Sir Richard Vernon
Archbishop of Yorke
Sir Mighell

Opposites against
the King.

Lady Percie
Lady Mortimer
Hostesse Quickly

Two Carriers, p. 18, 37 (one only); Ostler, p. 18 (does not enter); Chamberlaine, p. 19; Trauailers, p. 22; Servant, p. 24; Drawer, p. 26, 38; Vintner, p. 27; Sheriffe, p. 37; Lords, p. 46; Messengers, p. 55, 71.

1 A mistake; see p. ix. 2 Omitted in Stage Direction. 3 No Stage Direction. 4 Omitted in Stage Direction on first entrance.
P.S. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps possesses a fragment of an edition of this play differing from that of any known edition. In ii, 2, 119, this has "How the fat rogue roared!" whereas all other editions omit the word *fat*; and, omissions being commoner than insertions in early reprints, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps believes that the reading of the fragment tends to show that it belongs to an edition earlier than the one at present known as Quarto 1. Both editions were, he thinks, published by Andrew Wise in 1598, and may be further distinguished by the fact that the fragment has *hystorie* in the headline where the other prints *historie*. This precious relic consists of four leaves only, and was found many years since at Bristol hidden in the recesses of an old book-cover.—(*Outlines of the Life of Shakspere*, p. 131.)

June 14, 1881.

H. A. E.

Note to p. iv. **EARLY POPULARITY OF THE PLAY.**

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of Shakspere*, p. 132) quotes a private familiar letter from Toby Matthew to Dudley Carleton, written in September, 1598, wherein he observes, speaking of some military officers, and with the evident notion that the quotation would be recognized,—"Well, honour pricke them on, and the world thinckes that honour will quickly pricke them of againe." (V, 1, 130.)
THE HISTORY OF HENRIE THE FOURTH;

With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, furnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North.

With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe.

AT LONDON,
Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598.
THE HISTORIE OF
Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westminster, with others.

King.
O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new broiles
To be commencte instrode a far remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this foile
Shall dawbe her lips with her own childrens bloud,
No more shal trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruife her flouris with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces: those opposed eies,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and alies.
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,
No more shal cut his maitier: therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,
Whose soldiour now, vnder whose blessed crose
We are impressted and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leauy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chafe these pagans in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walkt those bless'd feet.

Act I. Sc. i.

Which
Which 1400 yeares ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter croffe.
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
And bootelesse tis to tell you we wil go.
Therefore we meet not nowe: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cofen Westmerland,
What yefternight our counsell did decree
In forwarding this decree expedience.
  West. My liege, this hafte was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yefternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loden with heauy newes,
Whose worft was that the noble Mottimer,
  Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight
  Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered.
  Upon whose dead corpcs there was such mishap,
Such beastly shemeless transformation
By those Welch-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retould, or spoken of.
  King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broyle,
  Brake off our businesse for the holy land.
  West. This matcht with other did, my gratious L,
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes:
  Came from the North, and thus it did import,
  On holly rode day the gallant Hotspur there,
  Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
  That euer valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
  As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horfe
Uncertaine of the issue any way.
  King. Here is decre, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt new lighted from his horfe,
of Henrie the fourth.

Staind with the variation of each soile,
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smothe and welcom newes,
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots,two and twenty knights
Balkt in their own bloud, Did sir Walter see
On Holmedons plaines,of prissoners Hotspur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Douglas,and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorabile spoile?
A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad, and makst me sinne
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:
A sonne, who is the theame of honor stongue,
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilft I by looking on the praise of him
See rost and dishonour staine the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prou’d
That some night tripping fairy had exchang’d,
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And cald mine Percy,his Plantagenet,
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts,What think you coose
Of this young Percies pride? The prissoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surprizd
To his own vse,he keepes and sends me word
I shal haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his vnclers teaching, This is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himselfe,and bristle vp
The creft of youth against your dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answere this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

A.3
Coosen on wednesday next our councel we wil hold
At Windfore, to informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vittered.

West. I will my liege.

Enter prince of Wales and Sir John Falstaffe.

Falst. Now Hal, what time of day is it laed?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde sacke,
and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleaping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaunde that truelie
which thou wouldest trulie knowe. What a diuell hast thou to
do with the time of the daie? vnes hours were cups of sacke,
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne
himselfe a faire hot wench in flame-couloured taffata; I see no
reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demaunde the
time of the day.

Falst. Indeede you come neere me nowe Hal, for wee that
take purses go by the moone and the seuen stars, and not by
Thaxbus, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethee sweet
wag when thou art a king as God faue thy grace: maieftic I
should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falst. No by my troth, not so much as will serve to bee pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Wels, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falst. Marry then sweet wag, when thou art king let not vs
that are squiers of the nights bodie, bee called the eues of the
daies beauty: let vs be Dianaes foresters, gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the moone, and let men say wee be men of
good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaft mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prince. Thou faieft well, and it holds wel to, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for profe. Now
a purse
of Henrie the fourth.

a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and
most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing,
lay by, and spent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe
as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the
ridge of the gallowes.

Falst. By the Lord thou faist true lad, and is not my hostesse
of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of Hbila my old lad of the castle, and is
not a buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falst. How now, how now mad wag, what in thy quips
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe
Jerkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hostesse of
the tauerne?

Falst. Well, thou haft cald her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falst. No, ile giue thee thy due, thou haft paid all there.

Prince. Yea and else where, so far as my coine would stretch,
and where it would not, I haue vised my credit.

Falst. Yea, and so vsd it that were it not here apparant that
thou art heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shal there be
gallowes standing in England when thou art king? and resolu-
tion thus subd as it is with the rusty curbe of olde father An-
ticke the law, do not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Falst. Shall I so rare I by the Lord ile be a braue judge.

Prince. Thou judgest faile already, I meane thou shalt have
the hanging of the theeutes, and so become a rare hangman.

Falst. Well Hall well, and in some sort it jumps with my
humour, as well as weighting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Falst. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the hangman
hath no leane wardrob. Zbloud I am as melancholy as a gyb
Cat, or a lugd beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Falst. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What saiest thou to a Hare - or the melancholy of

Mooreritch?
Moor'ditch?

Falst. Thou hast the most unsavoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparative rascalliest sweet yong Prince. But Hal, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I woulde to God thou and I knewe where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lorde of the councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely and in the street to.

Prin. Thou didst well, for wisedome cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

Fals. O thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a faine: thou hast done much harme vpon me Hal, God forgive thee for it: before I knewe thee Hal I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake trulie, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue out this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villain, Ile bee damnd for never a kings sonne in Christendom.

Prin. Where shal we take a purse to morrow lacke?

Fals. Zounds where thou wilt lad, Ile make one, an I do not call me villain and baffe me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why Hal, tis my vocation Hal, tis no sinne for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter Poynes.

Poynes. Nowe shal we knowe if Gadshill haue set a match. O if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were not enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villain that euer cried, stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Poynes. Good morrow sweete Hal. What faies Monsieur remorse? what faies Sir John Sacke, and Sugar Sacke? howe agreees the Diuell and thee about thy soule that thou fouldest him on good friday last, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge.

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouctbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poynes
of the enorie the journe.

Poynes. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the dyuell.

Prince. Else hee had bin damned for coyening the dyuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gadshill, there are pilgrims going to Cunturburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you al you have horses for your selues. Gadshill lies to night in Rochester, I have bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheape: we may do it as secure as sleepe, if you will go I will fluffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not tarie at home and be hanged.

Falst. Hearn ye Edward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chopes.

Falst. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who I rob, I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

Falst. Theres neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the bloud royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a madcap.

Falst. Why thats well said.

Prince. Well, come what will ile tarie at home.

Falst. By the lord, ile be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poy. Sir John, I prethee leave the prince and mee alone, I will lay him downe suche reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Falst. Well God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move, and what he heares, may be beleued, that the true prince may for recreation sake prove a false thiefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewel, you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prin. Farewel the latter spring, farewel Alhallowne summer.

Poyne. Now my good sweete hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a feat to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstalffe, Haruey, Rosill, and Gadshill, I shall rob those men that we have already way-laid, your selfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

B.i. Prin.
Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?
Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure vp to the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we will set upon them.

Prin. Yea but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our selves.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, tie them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leave them: and first, I have cases of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Wel, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, ile forswear armes. The vertue of this ieft will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue wil tel vs when we meet at supper, how thirtie at ieft he fought with, what wardes, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reprooofe of this lies the ieft.

Prin. Well, ile goe with thee, prouide vs all thinges necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there ile sup: farewell.

Po. Farewel my Lord.

Prin. I know you all, and wil a while vphold
The vnyokt humour of your idlenes,
Yet herin wil I imitate the sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and ougly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him,
If all the yeere were playing holly-dayes,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldom come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loafe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promis'd,
of Henrie the fouvth.
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright metal on a fulling ground,
My reformation glitt'ring o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes
Then that which hath no soile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men thinke least I wil. Exit.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
fir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath bin too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me, for accordingly
You tread upon my patience, but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
Mightie, and to be fearde, then my condition
Which hath bin smooth as oile, soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud foule neare payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne liege) little deserveth
The scourge of greatness to be vld on it,
And that same greatness to which our owne hands
Have holpe to make so portly. Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger, and disobedience in thine eie;
O sir, your preference is too bold and peremptorie,
And Maiestie might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant browe,
You have good leaue to leave vs, when we need
Your vse and counsel we shall send for you. Exit Wor.
You were about to speake.

North. Yea my good Lord,
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded.
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke;
Were as he faies, not with such strength denied
As is delievered to your maiestie,
Either enui therefore, or misprision,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.
Hotspur. My liege, I did denie no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreme toile,
Breathles and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreft,
Freshe as a bridegrome, and his chin new reft,
Shewd like a flubble land at harvest home,
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he helde
A pouncet boxe, which ever and anon
He gaue his nose, and tooke away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there
Toke it in snuffe, and still hee sniffed and talkt:
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,
He calld them vntaught knaues, vnmanerlie,
To bring a slouenly vnhandsome coarse
Betwixt the winde and his nobilitie:
With many holly-day and ladye termes
He questiond me, amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so peftrd with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impacionce
Answerd negligently, I know not what
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark:
And telleing me the soueraigne sthing on earth
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruife,
And that it was great pitty, so it was,
This villanous saltpeeter, should be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns
He would himselfe have bene a souldior.
This bald vniynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anwered indirectly (as I said) And
of Henrie the fourth.

And I befeech you, let not his report
Come currant for an accufation
Betwixt my loue and your high maeftie.

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

King. Why yet he doth denie his prisoners,
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who on my soule, hath wilfully betrayd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Against that great Magitian, damnd Glendower,
Whose daughter as we here, that Earle of March
Hath lately married; thall our cofferes then
Be emptied, to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares
When they haue loft and forfeited themselves:
No, on the barren mountaines let him flaine:
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost
To ransom home revoluted Mortimer,

Hot. Revoluted Mortimer:
He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne liege
But by the chance of war, to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuerns fiedgie banke,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,
Three times they breathd & three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement off wifh Seuerns flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crise-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-tainted with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten pollicy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be flandered with revolt,
King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tel thee he durft as well have met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? but sirke, henceforth
Let me not hear you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speedieft meanes,
Or you that hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland;
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. Exit King
Hot. And if the diuell come and more for them
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tel him so, for I will ease my hart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? dronk with choler, stay, & pause a while,
Here comes your vncle. Enter Wor.
Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I do not joine with him:
Yea, on his part, ile empty all these vaines,
And shed my deere bloud, drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the aire as this vnthankefull king,
As this ingratitude and cankered Bullingbrooke.
Nor. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?
Hot. He wil forsooth have all my prisoners,
And when I vs'd the ransom once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale.
And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

Worst. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappy king,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon)did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Worst. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liee scandaliz'd and souly spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you did king Richard then
Proclaime my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coveren king,
That wipt him on the barren mountaine's statue,
But shal it be that you that set the crowne
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? shal it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather,
O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil king!
Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,
Or shal the Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vnialt behalfe,
(As both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put down Richard, that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And shal it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are foold, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No, yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banisht honors, and restore your felues
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace coosen, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
I reade you matter deepe and daungerous,
As full of peril and aduenterous spirit,
As to orewalke a Current roaring lowd,
On the vnstedsft footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, god-night, or sinke, or swim,
Send danger from the East into the West.
So honor cross it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirr
To roufe a lyon than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinkes it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honour from the palefac'd moone,
Or diue into the botomme of the deepe,
Where sadome line could never touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might weare
Without coniuall all her dignities,
But out vpon this halfe fact fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cringe you mercie.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would save his soule he shall not.
Ilke keepe them by this hand.

_Wor._ You flart away,
And lend no care vnto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shal keepe.

_Hot._ Nay I will: that's flat:
He said he would not ransome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleepe,
And in his eare ile hollow Mortimer:
Nay, ile haue a starling shalbe taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him
To keepe his anger still in motion,

_Wor._ Heare you cøsen a word,

_Hot._ All studies here I solemnly defie,
Sawe how to galle and pinch this Bullenbrooke,
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mishance:
I would haue him poifoned with a pot of ale.

_Wor._ Farewel kinsman, ile talke to you
When you are better tcmperd to attend.

_Nor._ Why what a waife flung and impatient foole
Art thou? to breake into this woman's moode,
Tying thine eare to no toung but thine owne?

_Hot._ Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with pilms, when I heare
Of this vile polititian Bullingbrooke,
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vncele kept
His vncele Yorke, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bullenbrooke:
Zholoud, when you and he came backe from Raenspurgh.

_North._ At Barkly castle.

_Hot._ You say true.
Why what a candy deale of curtezie,
This fawning greyhound then did profer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind coosen:
O the diuell take such cozeners, god forgive me,
Good uncle tell your tale, I haue done,
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it again,
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I haue done Itaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prifoners,
Deliever them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas sonne your only meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be allur'd
Wit easely be granted you my Lord,
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shal secretly into the bofome creepe
Of that same noble prelat welbelou'd,
The Archbpishop,
Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who bearres hard
His brothers death at Briflow the lord Scroop,
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stales but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shal bring it on.
Hot. I smell it, Upon my life it will do well,
Nort. Before the game is afoote thou still let it slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To joine with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And so they shal.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads by raising of a head,
For beare our selues as even as we can,
The king will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home,
And see already how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.
of Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be renew'd on him.
Worl. Cozen farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
Ile steale to Glendower, and Lo: Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it shall happily meeet,
To beare our fortunes in our own strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thrive I trust.
Hot. Vnclide adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. Exeunt
Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand

1 Car. Heigh ho. An it be not soure by the day ilie be hangd,
Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Oftler.

Of. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I preethe Tome beat Cuts saddle, put a few flockes in
the point, poore iade is wrong in the withers, out of all cease.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to giue poore iades the boces: this house is turned
vpside downe since Robin Oftler died.

1 Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the prisse of Oates rose,
it was the death of him.

2 Car. I thinke this be the most villainous house in al London
road for fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench, by the Masse there is nere a King chri-
sten could be better bit then I haue bin since the first cocke.

2 Car. Why they will allowe vs nere a lordan, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breedes fleas like
a loach.

1 Car. What Oftler, come away and be hangd, come away.

2 Car. I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of Gin-
ger, to be deliuered as far as Charing croffe.

1 Car. Gods bodie, the Turkies in my Paniere are quite star-
ued: what Oftler? a plague on thee, haft thou neuer an eye in thy
head; cant not heare, and twere not as good deed as drinke to

C 2 break
break the pate on thee, I am a very villain, come and be hangd, haft no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Cariers, what's a clocke?
Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.
Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I knowe a tricke worth two of that I faith.
Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 Car. I when canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry I le see thee hangd first.
Gad. Sirrha Carier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee, come neighbour Mugs, wee call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. 

Cham. At hand quoth pickepurse.
Gad. Thats even as faire as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then quaying di-rection doth from labouring: thou laiest the plot how.
Cham. Good morrow maister Gadshill, it holdes currant that I tolde you yeasternight, ther'sa Frankelin in the wilde of Kent hath brought three hundred Markes with him in golde, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Eggs and butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirrha, if they meete not with Saint Nicholas clearkes, ile giue thee this necke.
Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hang-man, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas, as trulie as a man offalhood may.
Gad. What talkeft thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, olde Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other Troians
Troians that thou dreamst not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am joyned with no footlande rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquilitie, Burgomasters and great Oneyres, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speak, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continuallie to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will shee hold out water in soule way?

Gad. She will, she will, justice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castell cocksure: wee haue the receyte of Ferme seede, wee walke invisiblle.

Cham. Nay by my fath, thinke you are more beholding to the right then to Ferme seede, for your walking invisiblle.

Gad. Giv thee mee thy hand, thou shal haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay rather let me haue it, as you are a false thief.

Gad. Go to, homo is a common name to all men: bid the Oftler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell you muddy knawe.

Enter Prince, Poyne, and Peto, &c.

Po. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstaffes horse, and he fretts like a gumd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Falstaff. Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling doft thou keep?

Falstaff. Wheres Poynes Halle?

Prin. He is walke vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

Falstaff. I am accurst to rob in that theues companie, the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tied him I knowe not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forsworne his companie houldy any time this xxii. yeares, and yet I am be...

C.iii.
whistle with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not gi-
ven me medicines to make mee loue him, ile be hanged. It could
not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hall, a plague
vpon you both. Bardoll, Petec ile stalle ere ile rob a foote
further, and twere not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-
man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer
chewed with a tooth; eight yeardes of vnuen ground is thir-
score and ten myles a foote with mee, and the flonie hearted
villaines knowe it well enough, a plague vpon it when theuees
cannot be true one to another:

They whistle,

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horfe you rogues,
giue me my horfe and be hangd:

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, laie thine ear close to the
ground, and lift if thou canst heare the treade of travellers.

Falst. Have you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down,
zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre a foote againe for
all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane
ye to colte me thus?

Prin. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falst. I preeth the good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horfe, good
kings sonne.

Prin. Out ye rogue shall I be your Ostler?

Falst. Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters,
if I be taken, ile peache for this: and I haue not Ballads made on
youall, and sung to flickie tunes, let a cuppe of facke bee my
poyson, when a feast is so forward, and a foote too I hate it.

Enter Gadshaill.

Gad. Stand. Falst. So I do against my will.

Po. Otis our letter, I know his voice, Bardoll, what newes.

Bar. Caste yee, caste yee on with your vizards, there is money
of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings
Exchequer.

Falst. Youlie ye rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad. Theres inough to make vs all:

Falst. To be hangd.

Prin. Sirs you foure shall front them in the narrowe lane: Ned
Poines, and I wil walke lower, if they scape from your encoun-
ter
yet no coward, Hail.

Prin. Well, we leave that to the proofe.

Po. Sinne Iacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell & stand fast.

Fal. Now can not I strike him if I should be hangd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Po. Here, hard by, stand close.

Fal. Now my masters, happy man bee his dole, say I, euery man to his business, Enter the travellers.

Travell. Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses down the hill, weele walk a foote a while and eafe our legs.

Theeues. Stand. Travell. Jesus bless vs.

Falst. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates, a horeson Caterpillars, bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Travell. Where we are wendone, both we and ours for euery.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye wendone, no yee fatte chuffes, I would your store were here; on baconson, what yee knaues yong men must liue, you are grand iurers, are ye, weele iure ye faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Enter the prince and Poynes.

Prin. The theeues have bound the true men, nowe coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merlie to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good lese for euery.

Po. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fal. Come my masters, let vs share and then to horse before day, and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowardes theres no equitie flaring, theres no more valour in that Poynes, then in a wilde ducke.

Prin.
II.ii.

As they are bearing the Prince & Poins

Prin. Your money, Set upon them, they all runne away, and

Poin. Villaines. Fallalffe after a blowe two runs away

too, leaving the bootie behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the thecues are all scattered, and possesse with feare so strongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, awaie good Ned, Falstaffe swaete to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wert not for laughing I should pitie him.


II.iii.

Enter Hotspur solus reading a letter.

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

He could be contented; why is hee not then? in the respect of the love he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loves his own barne better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous,

Why that certaine, is so dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord soole) out of this nestle danger, we plucke this flower saferie.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertaine, the time it selfe is unforted, and your whole plot too light for the counterployse of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie: what a lacke braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, verie good friends; what a sly spirted rogue is this? why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the Action. Zoundes, and I were nowe by this rascal I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my selfe; Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower: is there not besides the Douglas, haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward alreadie? What a pagan rascal is this, an insidell: Ha, you shall see now in very sinceritie offare and cold heart, will hee to the King, and lay open all our proceedings? O I could deuide my
of Henric the fourth.

my selfe, and go to buffets, for mowing such a dish of skim milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to night  Enter his Lady.

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

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

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banifht woman from my Harries bed?
Tel me sweet Lord, what ill that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy goulden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eies upon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt alone?
Why hast thou loft the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyde musing, and curs melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee haue watcht,
And heard the murmur, tales of fyrone wars,
Speake teares of manmage to thy bounding fleed,
Cry courage to the field, And thou hast talkt
Of all the, and retyes of trenches tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of soldiots slaine,
And all the currents of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
And thus hast so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beads of sweat haue flood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
On some great fudain heft. O what portents are these?
Some seauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse my Lord he brought euennow.

Hot. What horse. Roane? a cropeare is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.
Hot. That roane shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight; O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saith thou my Lady?

La. What is it carres you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loute) my horse.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene as you are tost with. In faith Ie knowe your businesse Harry that I will, I feare my brother Monimer doth sitt about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go.

Hot. So far a foot I thall be weary love.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, answere me directlie vnto this question that I ask, in faith Ie breake thy litle finger Harry and if thou wilt not tel me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, love, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate; this is no world To play with mammetes, and to tilt with lips, We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too; gods me my horse: What saith thou Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?

Wel, do not then, for since you loue me not I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay tel me if you speake in jest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth question me Whither I go, nor reason where about,

Hot. How, so far.

Whither I must, I must, and to conclude This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate,

I know you wife, but yet no farther wife

Then Harry Percies wife, constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecy

No Lady closer, for I well beleue

Thou wilt not vitter what thou dost not know,

And so far will I trust thee gentle Kate.

La. How, so far.
The Historie

Hot. Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you,
Will this content you Kate?
La. It must of force.

Enter Prince and Poins.

Prin. Ned, prethe come out of that fat roome, and lende me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where hast bin Hal?

Prin. With three or foure loggerheads, amongst three or foure score hogheads. I have founded the verie base string of humility. Sirha, I am sworne brother to a leafe of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis, they take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, and tell me flatly I am no proud lacke like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of metall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am king of England I shall command all the good lads in East-chape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarier, and when you breath in your watering they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficiet in one quarter of an houre that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language, during my life. I tell thee Ned thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweete Ned, to sweete which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, elapt even now into my hand by an underskinner, one that neuer spake other English in his life then eight shillings and fixe pence, and you are welcome, with this thrill addition, anon, anon sir, skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to diuie awaie the time till Falstaffe come: I prethee doe thou stande in some by-rooms, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou beuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may bee nothing but anon, step aside and ile thew thee a present.

Po. Frances.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Prin. Frances.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir. Looke downe into the Pomgarner, Ralph.
The Historie

**Prim.** Come hether Frances.  **Fran.** My Lord.

**Prim.** How long haft thou to serue Frances?

**Fran.** Forsooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to,

**Poi.** Frances.

**Fran.** Anon, anon sir.

**Prim.** Fiue yeares, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pewter, but Frances, dareft thou be so valiant, as to play the cowarde with thy Indenture, and shewe it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

**Fran.** O Lord sir, ile be sworn upon all the bookes in Eng.

land, I could find in my harte.

**Poi.** Frances.

**Prim.** How old art thou Frances?

**Fran.** Let me see, about Michelmase next I shalbe.

**Poi.** Frances.

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

**Prim.** Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest me, was a peniworth, waft not?

**Fran.** O Lord, I would it had bin two.

**Prince.** I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it,

**Poi.** Frances.

**Prim.** Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thursday; or indeede Frances when thou wilt. But Frances,

**Fran.** My Lord.

**Prim.** Wilt thou rob this leathern Eirkin, cristall button, not-
peted, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smythe tongue, Spanish pouch?

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

**Prim.** Why then your brown baftard is your only drinke; for looke you Frances, your white canvas doublet will fulle. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

**Fran.** What sir?  **Poi.** Frances.

**Prim.** Away you rogue, doft thou not heare them call.

Here they both cal bin, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

**Enter Vintner.**

**Vint.** What standst thou stil and hearest such a calling?  oke
of Henrie the fourth.

to the guefts within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a douzen more are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Pri. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: Poiues.
Poi. Anon, anon sir. Enter Poiues.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaffe and the rest of the theues are at the door, shall we be merrie?

Po. As merry as Crickets my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer: comne whats the ifue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors since the oulde dayes of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelve a clocke at midnight. What is a clocke Frances?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Pr. That euer this fellowes should haue fewer wordes then a Parat, and yet the sonne of a woman. His induftric is vp staires and down staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Perceyes minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kils mee some fixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefaft: washes his handes, and faies to his wife, fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry faies she! how manie haft thou kild to day? Giue me roane horfe a drench (layes hee) and aunsweres some fouretteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I preeth the call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brauue (hall play dame Mortimer his wife. Risto faies the drunkarde: call in Ribs, cal in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poius. Welcome Jacke, where haft thou bin?

Falst. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Eare I lead this life long ile sow neatherstocks and mend them, and fote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke rogue, is there no vertue extant? he drinketh.

Pruis. Didst thou never see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitifull harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes; if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3 Falst.
Falz. You rogue, heres lime in this sacke too: there is nothing but rogery to be found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villainous coward. Go thy waies old Jacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there lyes not three good men hangde in England, and one of them is I, and grows old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing psalms, or any thing. A plague of all cowards I say still.

Prin. How now Wolfacke, what mutter you?

Falz. A kings sonne, if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subiects afor the like a flock of wild ghee, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you prince of Wyles.

Prin. Why you horeson round-man, what's the matter?

Falz. Are not you a coward? aunfweie me to that, and Poincs there.

Poin. Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward by the Lord ile flab thee.

Falz. I call thee coward, ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I woulde give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends, a plague upon such backing, give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke. Iam a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villain, thy lips are scarce wipst since thou drunke it last.

Falz. All is one for that. He drinketh.

A plague of all cowards still say I,

Prin. What's the matter?

Falz. What's the matter, there be foure of us here haue tane a thousand pound this day morning.

Prin. Where is it Jacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falz. I am a rogue if I were not at halfe sword with a douzen of them two hours together. I haue scarcd by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hofe, my
my buckler cut through and through, my sword hackt like a
handshaw, ecce signum. I never dealt better since I was a man al
would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they
speake more or lesse then truth, they are villains, and the sonses
of darkness.

Gad Speake sirs, how was it?
Roff. We forse set vpon some douzen.
Fals. Sixteen at least my Lord.
Roff. And bound them.
Peto. No, no, they were not bound.
Fals. You rogue they were bounde euerie man of them, or
I am a Jew else: an Ebrew Jew.
Roff. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set
vpon vs.
Fals. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other,
Prim. What, fought you with them all?
Fals. Al, I knowe not what you call, but if I fought not with
fistie of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or
three and fistie vpon poore olde Jacke, then am I no two legd
Creature.

Prim. Pray God you haue not murdered some of them.
Fals. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepperd two of them.
Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom futes: I tel
thee what Hall, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse,
thou knowest my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my
poynt, four nogues in Buckrom let drive at me.
Prim. What foure thou saidst but two euene now.
Fals. Four Hal, I told thee foure.
Poin. I, I, he said foure.
Fals. These foure came all a front, and mainlynne threw at me,
I made me no more ado, but tooke all their seuen points in my
target, thus,

Prim. Seuen, why there were but foure euene now.
Fals. In Buckrom.
Po. I foure in Buckrom futes.
Fals. Seuen by these hills, or I am a villain else.
Prim. Preethe let him alone we shall haue more anon.
Fals. Does thou heare me Hal?

Prim.
Prince. I, and make thee to iacke.
Falst. Do so: for it is worth the listening to; these nine in Buck-rom that I told thee of.
Prince. So, two more alreadie,
Falst. Their points being broken.
Toy. Downe fell their hose.
Falst. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot, and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.
Fal. But as the diuell would have it, three this begotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let drue at mee, for it was so darke Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand,
Prince. Theselies are like their father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay brained guts, thou knotty-pated soole, thou horeson obscene greasie tallow-catch.
Falst. What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?
Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal greene when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand, come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?
Po. Come your reason, iacke, your reason.
Falst. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the rackes in the worlde, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.
Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.
Falst. Blead you starving, you elsskin you dried neastlong, you bulspizzle, you fleshfish: O for breath to vter what is like thee, your tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing ruck.
Prince. Wel, breath a while, and then to iragaine, and when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons heare mee speake but this,
Po. Marke iacke.
Prince. We two saw you foure set on foure, and bound them and were maisters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a worde,
worde, outfac't you from your prize, & have it, yea & can shew it you here in the house; and Falstaffe you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexterity, & roard for mercy, and stil run and roard, as ever I heard bul-calf. What a faue art thou to hacke thy sword as thou haft done? and then say it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame? Po. Come, lets heare iacke, what trickehafi thou now? Falstaff. By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made ye. Why heare you my maisters, was it for me to kill the heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true prince? why thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince, instinct is a great matter. I was now a cowarde on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince: but by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money, Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrowe, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of golde, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What shall wee bee merrie, shall wee haue a play extempore? 

Prin. Content, and the argument shall bee thy running away. Falstaff. A, no more of that Hal and thou louest me: Enter hostesse

Ho. O Iesu, my Lord the prince!

Prin. How now my lady the hostesse, what saist thou to me?

Ho. Marry my Lo. there is a noble man of the court at doore would speake with you; he saies he commes from your father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother. 

Fal. What maner of man is he?

Host. An olde man.

Falstaff. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answere? 


Ex. 

Prin: Now sir, bltlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are lions to, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no fie. 

Bar. Faith I ran when I saw others runne,
Prin. Faith tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded vs to do the like.

Bar. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spearegrass, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous devises.

Prin. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of Sacke eightene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hastt fire and sword on thy sайд, and yet thou ran'st away, what sinister hast thou for it?

Bar. My Lord do you see these meteors; do you behold these exhalations? Prin. I do.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purses,

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falstaff.

Prin. No if rightly taken halter. Here commes leane jacke, here commes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long is it ago jacke since thou sawest thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee, when I was about thy yeares (Hall) I was not an Eagles talent in the waffe, I could haue crept into anie Alder mans thumbering ring: a plague of fighing and grief it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Thers villianous newes abroade, heere was sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North Percie, and he of Wales that gaue Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuel his true liegeman vp the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poyne. O Glendower.

Falst. Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in lawe Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horsebacke vp a hill perpendiculer.

Prin. He that rides at high speede, and with his pistoll killes a sparrow flying.
of Henry the fourt.

Falst. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horsebacke(ye cuckold)but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes I acke, vpon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye vpon instinct: well hee is there to, and one Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking Mackrel.

Prin. Why then, it is like if there come a hote Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we shal buy maidenheads as they buy hob nailes, by the hundreds.

Falst. By the maffe lad thou failest true, it is like wee shall have good trading that way: but tell mee Hall, art not thou horrible afsarde? thou being heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe? as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuel Glendower, art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy bloud thril at it?

Prin. Not a whit I faith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well thou wilt bee horriblie chidden to morowe when thou commeste to thy father, if thou loue mee prafile an aunswere.

Prin. Do thou stand for my father and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Falst. Shall I content. This chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

Prin. Thy state is taken for a joynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaded dagger, and thy precious rich crowne for a pitiful bald crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee nowe shalt thou be moued. Give me a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it maie bee thought I haue wept, for I muist speake in passion, and I will doe it in king Cambilles vaine.

Ez Prin.
Prince. Well, here is my leg,

Falst. And here is my speech; stand aside Nobilitie.

Hof. O Iesu, this is excellent sport of faith.

Falst. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, convey my trustfull Queene,

For teares do stop the floudgates of her eyes.

Hof. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotrie plaiers as euer I see.

Falst. Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harrie, I doe notonelie maruail where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the cammomill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth the more it is wafted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my fon I haue partly thy mothers worde, particly my owne opinion, but chieflie a villainous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lippe, that dooth warrant me. Ifthen thou bee sonne to mee, heere lies the poyn, why being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at that the blessed funne of heauen proue a mother, and eat black-berrys? a queftion not to be askt. Shall the sonne of England proue a theepe, and take purses? a queftion to be askt. There is a thing Harry, which thou haft often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile, so doth the company thou keepeft: for Harrie, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares: not in pleafure but in passion: not in words onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man and it like your Maieftie?

Falst. A goodly portly man ifayth, and a corpulent, of a cheerful looke, a pleasing eie, and a moft noble cariage, and as I thinke his age some fiftie, or birtladi inclination to threecore, and nowe I remember me, his name is Falsalfe, if that man shoulde bee lewdly giuen, bee decciueth me. For Harry, I see vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falsalfe, him keepe with the rest banish, and tell me now thou naughtie varlet, tell me where haft thou bene this month?
of Henrie the fourth.

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king, do thou stand for me, and ile play my father.
Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maystical-ly, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heele for a rabbet fucker, or a poulters Hare
Prin. Well, here I am set.
Fal. And here I stand, judge my maister.
Prin. Now Harry, whence come you?
Fal. My noble Lord from Eastcheape.
Prin. The complaints I heare of thee are greeuous.
Fal. Zbloud my Lord they are false: nay ile tickle ye for a yong prince I faith.
Prin. Swearest thou vngratious boy, hence forth nere looke on me, thou art violently carried awayne from grace, there is a diuell haunts thee in the likeness of an olde fat man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doest thou conuerse with that trunke of humours, that boultinghutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell of dropsies, that huge bombard of sace, that lust cloakebag of guts, that rosted Manningtre Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father rufian, that va-

Prin. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Fal-
Falstalfe, that olde white bearded Sathan.
Fal. My Lord, the man I know.
Prin. I know thou doest.
Fal. But to say, I knowe more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know: that he is olde the more the pit-tie, his white haires doe witnesse it, but that he is sauing your re-uerence, a whoremaster, that I ytterlie denye: if sace and sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be olde and merry be a sin, then many an old hooft that I know is damn'd; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaos lane kine are to be loued. No my good lord banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish Poines, but for sweet Iacke
I he Histore

Falstaffe, kinde Jacke Falstaffe, true Jacke Falstaffe, valiant Jacke Falstaffe & therfore more valiant being as he is old Jacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish plumpe Jacke, and banish all the world.

Prin. I do, I will. Enter Bardoll running.

Bar. O my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Falst. Out ye rogue, play out the play, I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the hostesse.

HoSt. O Iefu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prin. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides uppon a fiddle flicke, what is the matter?

HoSt. The Sheriffe and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Falst. Doeft thou heare Hal? never call a true piece of golde a counterfet, thou art essentially made without seeming so.

Prin. And thou a natural coward without instinct.

Falst. I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sheriffe so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp, I hope I shall as soon bee strangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue, now my masters for a true face and good conscience.

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

Prin. Call in the Sheriffe.

Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.

Prin. Now master Sheriffe, what is your wil with me?

Sher. First pardon me my Lord, a hue and crie hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known my gratious Lorde, a groffe fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prin. The man I do assure you is not here, For I my selfe at this time haue emploied him:

And
And Sheriffe, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will go to morrow dinner time
Send him to answere thee or any man,
For anything he shall be charg'd withal,
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will my Lord; there are two gentlemen
Hauing in this robbery lost 300. markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men
He shall be answerable, and so fare well.

She. God night my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is god morrow is it not?

She. Indeed my Lord; I thinke it be two a clocke.

Exit

She. God night my noble Lord.

Peto. slaghalffe: fast a sleepe behind the Arras, and snorring
like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Pr. What hast thou found?


Prin. Let see what they be, read them.

Item a capon, 2.s.iiijd.

Item sawee, iiiijd.

Item sacker two gallons, v.s.vijijd.

Item anchoues and sacker after supper, 2.s.vijijd.

Item bread, ob.

O monstrous! but one hailepeniworth of bread to this intolera-
ble deale of sacker's what there is else keepe close, weel read it at
more aduantage; there let him sleepe till day, ile to the court in
the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be ho-
norable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know
his death will bee a march of twelue skore, the money shall bee
paid backe againe with aduantage; bee with the betimes in the
morning and so good morrow Peto.

Peto Good morrow good my Lord.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,
Owen Glendover.

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and coosen Glendower, wil you fit down? and Uncle Worcester, a plague upon it I haue forgot the map.

Glendower. No here it is; fit Coosen Percy, fit good Coosen Hotspur, for by that name as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee will the you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glendower. I cannot blame him; at my nativity
The front of heauen was full of fiery shapes
Of burning creffets, and at my birth
The flame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season if your mothers cat bad but kitten, though your selfe had never beene borne.

Glendower. I say the earth did shake when I was borne.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shooke.

Glendower. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble,
Hot. Oh then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your nativity,
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth,
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collique pinch’d and vex’t,
By the imprisoning of wantonly wind
Within her vombe, which for enlargement striving
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples and mossedrown towers. At your birth
Out Grandam earth, hauing this distemperate
In passion shooke.

Glendower. Coosen of many men
I do not bear these crossings, give me leaue
To tell you once againe that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fiery shapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were strangely clamorous to the sighted fields.

These
of Henrie the fourth.

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roule of commen men:
Where is he liuing clipt in with the sea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calz me pupil or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but womans sonne?
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arte,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hor. I thinke there is no man speakes better Welsh
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace cozen Percy, you wil make him mad.

Glen. I can cal spirits from the vastly deepe.

Hor. Why so can I, or so can any man,
But wil they come when you do call for them

Glen. Why I can teach you cozen to command the Deuill,
Hor. And I can teach thee coze to shame the deuill,

By telling truth. Tel truth and shame the deuill:
If thou haue power to raise him bring him hither,
And ile be sworne I haue power to shame him hence:
Oh while you liue tel truth and shame the deuill.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnaprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullenbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the bankes of Wye,
And sandly bottomd Seuern heuue I sent him
Booteles home, and weather beaten backe,

Hor. Home without bootes, and in soule weather too,

How seapes he agues in the deuils name?

Glen. Come here is the map, shal we diuide our right?

According to our threefold ordertane.

Mor. The Archdeacon hath diuided it
Into three limits very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuern hitherto,
By South and East is to my part assigned:
Al westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne Shore,
And al the fertile land within that bound
To Owen Glendower: and deare coze to you
The remnant Northward lying off from Trent,

And
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A businesse that this nightmay execute:)
To morrow cozen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his helpe these fourteen daies,
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friend, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale and take no leuæ,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Me thinks my moiety North from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours,
See how this riuier comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out,
Ile haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the smug and siluer Trent shall run
In a new channell faire and euenly,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a botomme here.

Glen. Not wind it shal, it must, you see it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke howe he beares his course, and runs mee
vp with like aduaunctage on the other side; gelding the opposed
continent as much as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea but a little charge wil trench him here,
And on this Northside win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. Ile haue it so a little charge will do it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altered.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
of Henry the fourth.

Glen. Why that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then, speake it in Welsh.
Glen. I can speake English Lord as well as you,
For I was trraied vp in the English court,
Where being but yong I framed to the harpe
Many an English ditty louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpeful ornament,
A vertue that was never seene in you.
Hot. Martyr and I am glad of it with all my hart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet mongers,
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,
Or a drie wheele grate on the exile tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry,
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.
Glen. Come, you shall haue Trent turnd.
Hot. I do not care, ile give thrice so much land
To any well deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine marke ye me,
Ile caull on the ninth part of a haire,
Are the Indentures drawn, shal we be gone?
Glen. The moon shines faire, you may away by night
Ile haft the writer, and withal
Breake with your, wuues of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much the doethe on her Mortimer. Exit
Mor. Fie coolen Percy, how you crose my father.
Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a Dragon and a finles fish,
A clopping Griffin and a molten rauen
A couching Leon and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble scamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tel you what,
He held me last night at least nine houres
In reckoning vp the severall Diuels names

F 2
That
That were his lackies, I cried hum, and wèl go to,
But mark him not a word; O he is as tedious
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house, I had rather live
With cheese and garlike in a Windmil far,
Then feed on cates and have him talke to me,
In any summer house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read and profited
In strange concealcments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India; shall I tell you cozen,
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you come croffe his humor, faith he does,
I warrant you that man is not alieue
Might so haue tempted him as you haue done,
Without the taft of danger and reproofe,
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith my Lord you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience,
You must needs learne Lord to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnes, courage, bloud,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftestimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain,
The least of which hasting a noble man,
Looseth mens harts and leaues behind a staine
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation,

Hot. Wel I am schoold good maners be your speed,
Here come our wiuern, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.
Glén. My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,
Sheele
Sheele be a soultior to sheele to the wars.

Mor. Good father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
Shal follow in your conduct speedily.

Glonover speakes to her in Welsb, and she answeres
him in the same.

Glen. She is desperate here,
A pucuifh selfe wild harlotrie, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The Lacies speakes in Welsb.

Mor. I understand thy lookes, that prettie Welsb,
Which thou powreft downe from these swolling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answere thee.

The Lacies a vane in Welsb

Mor. I understand thy kisles, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation,
But I will never be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnt thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsb as sweet as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,
With rauishing diuision to her Lute.

Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will the run mad.

The Lacies speakes againe in Welsb.

Mor. O I am ignorance it feele in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruthes lay you downe,
And reft your gentle head vpon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleafeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauenisie,
Making such difference twixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harness teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the east.

Mor. With all my heart i feu and heare her sing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so, & those musitions that shal play to you,
Hang in the aire a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shalbe here, fit and attend.

F.i.ii

Hos.
Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go ye giddy goose.

The musick plays.

Hot. Now I perceive the diuell understandes Welsh,
And tis no maruaile he is so humorous,
Bis lady he is a good musition.

La. Then should you be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors,
Lie still ye thiefs, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare lady my brache howle in Irish.
La. Wouldst thou haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, tis a womans fault.


Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. Whats that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here she sings a welsh song.

Hot. Come Kate, ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in goodooth.

Hot. Not yours in goodooth, Hart, you sweare like a comfit-
makers wife, not you in goodooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shal mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such farcenet surety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsbury,
Sweare me Kate like a ladie as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leave in footh,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread
To velvet gards, and Sunday Citizens,
Come sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreast teacher,
and the indentures be drawne ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will.
Exit.

Glen. Come come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As Hot. Lord Percy is on fire to go:

By
of Henric the fourth.

By this our booke is drawne, weele but leale,
And then to horse immediatlie.
Mor. With all my hart. Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference, but be neare at hand,
For we shall presently haue neede of you. Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether God will haue it so
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome out of my blood,
Heele breed reuengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life,
Make me beleue that thou art onely marke
For the hot vengeaunce, and the rod of heauen,
To punifh my mistreadings, Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts.
Such barren pleasures, rude societie
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am chargd withall,
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reprooue of many tales deuided,
Which of the care of greenes needs must heare
By smiling pickthanks, and bafe newes mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultily wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission,

Kin. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy unceftors,
Thy place in counsell thou haft rudely loft
Which by thy younger brother is supplide,
And art almost an alien to the harts

Of
Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruined, and the foule of every man
Prophetically do forethinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hacknied in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputeleffe banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being seldome scene, I could not stirre
But like a Comet I was wondred at;
That men would tell their children this is he:
Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I stole all courte from heauen,
And drest my selfe in such humilitie
That I did plucke allegiance from mens heatts,
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,
Euen in the presence of the crowned king,
Thus did I keepe me person fresh and new,
My presence like a roabe pontificall,
Nere scene but wondred at and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous shewed like a feast,
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.
The skipping king, heambled vp and downe,
With shallow jesters, and rash bawin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone hurst, carded his state,
Mingled his royaltie with capring foolees,
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the puch
Of every beardlesse vaine comparatique,
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Ensoft himselfe to popularitie,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They suffice with honie, and began to loath
The taste of sweetnesse whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the Cuckoe in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such ease
As sickle and blunted with common use,
Afford no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on sup-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eies,
But rather drowsy, and hung their eie-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line Harry flankest thou,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind it self with foolish tenderness.

*Prior.* I shall hereafter my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more myself. *King.* For all the world,
As thou art to this hour was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenburgh,
And even as I was then, is Percy now,
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boote,
He hath more worthie interest to the state
Then thou the shadow of succession.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lions armed iawes,
And being no more in debt to yeares, then thou
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
To bloudie battailes, and to bruising armes,
What never dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Dovglas? Whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,
Holds from all prouds chiefe majestie
And martialle title capitall.

G. I. Through
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathling cloths,
This infant warrior in his enterprizes,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne,
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp,
But wherefore do I tel these newes to thee?
Why Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtfic at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

**Prin.** Do not thinke so, you shal not find it so,
And God forgive them that so much have swaide
Your maiesties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeem all this on Percies head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And stain my fawors in a blody maske,
Which washt away shall scoute my shame with it,
And that shall be the day when ere it lights,
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will com
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroffe vp glorious deeds on my behalfe.
And I will call him to strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleased I shall performe:
I do beseech your majesty may false.
The long grown wounds of my intemperance,
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere breake the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt have charge andhoueain trust herein.
How now good blunt thy looks are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury,
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered soule play in a flate.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,
With him my sonne Lord John of Lancastier,
For this aduertisement is five daies old.
On Wednesday next, Harry you shall set forward,
On thursday we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march
Through Glocestershire, by which account
Our business valued some twelue daies hence,
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet:
Our hands are full of business, let us away,
Advantage feedes him fat while men delay. Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not faire away vileyly since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skinne hangs about me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an oulde apple John. Well, ile repent and that suddainly, while I am in G 2. some
some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper come, a brewers Horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villainous company, hath been the spoile of me.

**Bar.** Sir John, you are so fretfull you cannot live long.

**Fal.** Why, there is it; come sing me a bawdie song, malle me merry, I was as vertuously guyen as a gentleman need to be, vsetuous enough, swore little, die't not aboue seven times a weeke, went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, and in good compasse, and nowe I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

**Bar.** Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir John.

**Fal.** Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

**Bar.** Why, Sir John, my face does you no harme.

**Fal.** No ile be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his tobes burning burning. If thou wert any waie guen to vertue, I would sweate by thy face: my oath should be by this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether guen over: and wert indeede but for the light in thy face, the sonne of utter darkeness. When thou ranst vp Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not thinke thou hadst bene an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, theres no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an everlafting bonfire light, thou haft faued me a thousand Markes in Linkes, and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt taeueme and taeueme; but the sacke that thou haft drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintained that Sallamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty yeares, God reward me for it.

**Bar.** Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

**Fal.** Godamerey, so should I be sure to be hartburnt.
How now dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd Enter hofst. yet who pickt my pocket?

_Hostesse._ Why sir John, what do you thinke sir John, doe you think e I keepe theeues in my houfe, I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servaunt by seruant, the right of a baire, was never loft in my houfe before.

_Fal._ Yee lie Hostesse, Bardoll was hau'd, and loft manie a haire, and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

_Ho._ Who I No, desie thee: Gods light I was never cald so in mine owne houfe before.

_Fal._ Go to. I know you well enogueth.

_Ho._ No. sir John you do not know me. sir John, I knowe you sir John, you owe me mony sir John, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it. I bought you a douzen of thirts to your backe.

_Fals._ Doulaes, filthie Doulaes, I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiuies, they haue made boulters of them.

_Ho._ Now as I am a true woman, hollond of viii s. an ell, you owe mony here, besides sir John, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you xxiii. pound.

_Fals._ He had his part of it, let him pay.

_Ho._ He, alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

_Fal._ How poore? looke upon his face. What call you fiche? let them conye his nose, let them conye his cheekes, ile not pay a dayyet: what will you make a yonker of mee? shall I not take mine case in mine Inne, but I shall have my pocket pickt? I haue lost a scale ring of my grandparents worth fortie marke.

_Ho._ O Iefu, I haue heard the Prince tell him I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

_Fals._ How? the prince is a jacke, a sneakcup, Zbloud and hee were here, I would cudgell him like a dog if he would say so.

_Enter the prince marching, and Falsalffe meetes him_ playing upon his truncheon like a fife.

_Fals._ How now lad, is the winde in that doore ifaich, must we all march?

_Bar._ Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

_Ho._ My Lord, I pray you heare me,
Pr. What faist thou mistris quickly, how doth thy husband?

Fa. I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Ho. Good my Lord heare me?

Fa. Preethe let her alone, and lift to me.

Pr. What faist thou iacke?

Fa. The other night I fel a sleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turn'd baudy house, they pick pockets.

Pr. What didst thou loose iacke?

Fa. Wilt thou beleue me Hall, three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers,

Pr. A triffe, some eight penie matter.

Ho. So I told him my Lord, and I saide I heard your grace say so: & my lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouthe, man as he is, and saide he would cudgel you.

Pr. What he did not?

Ho. Theris neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fa. Theris no more faith in thee then in a flued prune, not no more truth in thee then in a drawn fox, and for womanhood maid marion may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing, go.

Ho. Say what thing, what thing?

Fa. What things? why a thing to thanke God on.

Ho. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest man's wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fa. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Ho. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?


Pr. An Otter sir John, why an Otter?

Fa. Why? thees neither fith nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Ho. Thou art an vnjust man in saying so, thou or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Pr. Thou faist true hostesse, and hee flaunders theer most grossely.

Ho. So hee doth you my Lord, and saide this other day you ought
ought him a thousand pound,

*Prin.* Sirrha, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Falst.* A thousand pound Hall? a million, thy loue is worth a million, thou owest me thy loue.

*HoSt.* Nay my Lord, he calle you iacke, and saide hee woulde cudgel you.

*Falst.* Did I Bardol?

*Bar.* Indeed sir John you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prin.* I say tis copper, darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Falst.* Why Hall? Thou knowest as thou art but man I dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion, doest thou thinke iel feare thee as I feare thy father? nay and I doo, I pray God my girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, howe woulde thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirrha, there is no roome for faith, truehe, nor honesty, in this bosome of thine. It is all fild vp with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket, why thou horcson impudent imboft rascall, if there were anie thing in thy pocket but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of baudie houses, and one poore peniworth of sugar-candie to make thee long winded, if thy pocket were inricht with any other injuries but thefe; I am a villain, and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong, art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Doest thou heare Hall, thou knowest in the state of innocencie Adam fell, & what should poore iacke Falstaff do in the dates of villanie? thou seeft I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You conesse then you pickt my pocket.

*Prin.* It appears so by the storie.

*Fal.* HoSsfffe, I forgive thee, go make ready breakfast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruaunts, cherish thy ghesse, thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason, thou seeft I am pacified still, nay prethe be gone. *Exit HoStffe*

Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery lad, how is that answered?

*Prin.*
Prim. O my sweet deceit, I must still be good angel to thee, the money is paid back again.

Fal. O I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labor.

Prim. I am good friends with my father and may do anything

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashable hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prim. I have procured thee lacke a charge of foot,

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I finde one that can theale well, O for a fine thief of the age of xxii. or thereabouts: I am大大提高ly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laude them, I praise them.

Prim. Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

Prim. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John, this to my lord of Westminster,

Go Petre to horse, to horse, for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time,

Lacke, meete me to morrow in the temple haule

At two o'clock in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture,

The land is burning. Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world hostesse, my breakfast come,

Oh I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

Per. Well said my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought slattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas have,

As not a souldier of this seasons stamp,

Should go so generally currant through the world

By God, I cannot flatter, I do defie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my heart loue hath no man then your selfe,

Nay take me to my word, approove me Lord.

Doug. Thou art the King of honor,

No man so potent breaths upon the ground,

But I will bear him. Enter one with letters.

Per.
Per. Do so, and is well. What letters hast thou there?
I can but thank ye you:
Mes. These letters come from your father.
Per. Letters from him, why comes he not himselfe?
Mes. He cannot come my lord, he is grievous sick.
Per. Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a jutting time, who leads his power?
Vnder whose government come they along?
Mes. His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.
War. I prethe tel me, doth he keepe his bed?
Mes. He did my lord, soure daies ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feared by his Phisitions.
War. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Eare he by sickness had bin visitid,
His health was never better worth then now.
Per. Sicke now, drope now, this sickness doth infect
The very life bloud of our enterprisse,
Tis catching hither even to our campe,
He writes me here that inward sickness,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn, nor did he thinke it meet
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any soule remou'd but on his own,
Yet doth he give vs bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to vs,
For as he writes there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possesst
Of all our purposes, what say you to it?
War. Your fathers sickness is a maine to vs.
Per. A perillous gash, a very limbe lopt off,
And yet in faith it is not, his present want
Seemes more then we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
At one cast? to set so rich a maine
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good for therein should we read

The
The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very lift, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what is to come in,
A comfort of retirement lies in this.

Per. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto
If that the Devil and miscarke look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had bin heere:
The quality and haire of our attempt
Brookes no deuision, it will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisedome, loialty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of searefull faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For wel you know we of the offering side
Must kepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes every loope from whence
The eie of reacon may pric in vpon vs,
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtain
That shewes the ignorant a kind offear.
Before not dreamt of.

Per. You straine too far.
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lends a lufte and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise
Then if the Earle were here, for men must thinke
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push against a kingdome, with his helpe
We shall returne it topsie turey down,
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As hart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this tearme of feare.

Enter sir Re: Vernon.

Per.
of Henrie the fourth.

Per. My coosen Vernon, welcom by my soule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be wortha welcome lord,
The Earle of Westmerland seuen thousand strong
Is marching hetherwards, with him prince John.
Per. No harne, what more?
Ver. And further I haue learm'd,
The King him selfe in person is set forth,
Or hetherwards intended speedily
With strong and mighty preparation,
Hot. He shal be welcome too: where is his sonne?
The nimble footed madcap prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades that daft the world aside
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht al in Armes:
All plumde like Estridges that with the wind
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bathd,
Glittering in golden coates like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midsummer:
Wanton as youthful goates, wild as young buls,
I saw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cushes on his thighs gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such eafe into his feat,
As if an Angel drop down from the clouds,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more, worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish aues, let them come,
They come like sacrifces in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maide of smoky war,
Al hot and bleeding will we offer them,
The mailed Marschal on his altars sit
Vp to the eares in bloud I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come let me tall my horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bozome of the Prince of Wales,

H 2. 

Harry
Harry to Harry shall hot horse to horse,  
Meece and neare part til one drop down a coarse,  
Oh that Glendower were come,  

Ver. There is more newes,  
I learnt in Worcester as I rode along,  
He can draw his power this fourteeene daies.  

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I heare of it.  
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.  
Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?  

Ver. To thirty thousand.  

Hot. Forty let it be,  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of vs may serve so great a day,  
Come let vs take a muster speedily,  
Doomes day is neare, die all, die merelie.  

Doug. Tale not of dying, I am out of fear  
Of death or deaths hand for this one halfe yeare.  

Enter Falstaff, Bardolf.  

Falst. Bardolf get thee before to Coventry, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our soldiours shall march through. Weele to Sutton cop-hill to night.  

Bar. Will you giue me money captaigne?  
Fal. Lay out, lay out,  
Bar. This bottell makes an angel.  
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Liuetenant Peto meet me at townes end:  

Bar. I will captaigne, farewel.  

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiours, I am a foule gurnet,  
I have misused the kings pressie damnable. I have got in exchange of 150 soldiours 300 and odd pounds. I pressie me none but good housoulders, Yeomans sounes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the banes, such a commodity of warme slaves, as had as lieue heare the Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a strucke soule, or a hurt wild ducke: I pret mee none but such tostes and butter with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pinnes heades, and they have bought out their services, and nowe
of Henry the Fourth,

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemen of companies: slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores, and such as indeed were never souldiours, but discarded, yotuing men, younger sons, brotber, revolted tapsters, and Oftlers, the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an olde razd ancient, and such have I to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating draffe and husks. A mad fellowe met mee on the way, and tolde mee I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skarrows. Thes not march through Couentry with them, thats flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gives on, for indeeede I had the most of them out of prison, there is not a sheert and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe sheert is two napkins tackt togethers, and throwne over the shoulders like a Herald's coate without sleues, and the sheert to lay the truth stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red-nose Inkeeper of Dauntry, but thats all one, theile find linnen inough on eucrie hedge.

Enter the Prince, Lord of Westmerland.

Prim. How now blewne iacke? how now quilt ?
Fal. What Hal, how now mad wag? what a diuel dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lo of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had alreadie bin at Shrewesburie.
West. Faith sir Iohn tis more then time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already, the king I can tel you lookes for vs all, we must away all night.
Falst. Tut neuer feare mee, I am as vigilant as a Cat to steale Creame.

Prim. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee butter, but tell me iacke, whose felowes are these that come after?
Falst. Mine Hall, mine.
Prince. I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.
Falst. Tut, tut, good inoongh to toffe, foode for powder, foode for
for powder, thelle fill a pit as well as better; thus man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I but sir John, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Falst. Faith for their povertry I know not where they had that, and for their barenesse I am sure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingeres in the ribs bare, but sith ha make hast, Percy is already in the field. Exit.

Fal. What is the king incampt?

West. He is sir John, I feare we shal stay too long.

Fal. Wele, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dul fighter and a kene guest.

IV. iii.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Doug: Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so, lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So do we,

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good coosen be aduif’d, for not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Doug. You do not counsel wel,

You speake it out of feare, and cold hart.

Ver. Do me no slander Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life,

If well respeeted honor bid me on,

I shoule as little counsell with weake feare,

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

Let it be seene to morrow in the battell which of vs feares:

Doug. Yea or to night,

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not he,

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

That you foresee not what impediments.

Drag backe our expedition, certaine horse

Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp.
Your Uncles Worcester's horses came but to day,
And now their pride and mettal is a sleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tamed and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemie
In generall journey bated and brought low,
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth our,
For Gods sake cozen stay till all come in.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome Sir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination,
Some of vs love you well, and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an enemie.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against annointed Maiestie,
But to my charge, The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostilitie: teaching his dutious land
Audacious crueltie, if that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind, and well we know the king
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay;
My father, and my uncle, and my selfe,
Did give him that same Royaltie he weares,
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sick in the worlds regard: wretched and low.
A poore vrellid oowaw meaking homo,
My father gaue him welcome to the shor,
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pitie mou'd,
Swoere him assistence, and performed it too.
Now when the Lords and Barons of the realme,
Perceiv'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lese came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Borroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stoe-de in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, profferd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father while his blood was poore
Vpon the naked shor at Rauenpurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some freight decrees,
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrey wrongs, and by this face
This seeming brow of justice did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourits that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poyn't.
In short time after he depo'd the king,
Soone after that depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that taskt the whole state,
To make that woore, suffred his kinsman March
(Who is if euerie owner were well plac'd)
of Henry the Fourth.

Indeed his king to be ingag’d in Wales,
There without raunsome to lie forfeited,
Disgrac’t me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vnkle from the counsell board,
In rage dismis’d my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion droue vs to seeke out
This head of safetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answere to the king?
Hot. Not so sir Walter. Weele withdraw a while,
Go to the king, and let there be impawnde
Some surety for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shal mine vnkle
Bring him our purpose, and so farewelle.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbifhop of Yorke, sir Mighell.

Arch. His good sir Mighell, bearer this sealed breife
With winged hafte to the Lord Marshall,
This to my cozen Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import you would make hafte.

Sir M. My good Lord I geffe their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To mormor good sir Mighell is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Muf’t bide the touch. For sir at Shrewsbury
As I am truly giuen to understand,
The king with mighty and quicke Raised power
Meetes with Lord Harry And I feare sir Mighell
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was a rated finew too,

And
And comes not in ouemulde by prophecies,  
I feare the power of Percy is too weake  
To wage an instant triall with the king.  

Sir M. Why my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.  

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.  

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy.  
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gellant warriours, noble gentlemen.  

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The speciall head of all the land togethers,  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blune,  
And many mo coriuals and deare men  
Of estimation and command in armes.  

Sir M. Doubt not my Lo: they shalbe wel oppos'd.  

Arch. I hope no lesse, yet needfull tis to feare,  
And to prevent the worst, sir Mighell speed:  
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And tis but wifedome to make strong against him,  
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe  
To other friends, and so farewell sir Mighell.  

Exeunt Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland sir Walter Blunt,Falshalfe.  

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare  
About yon bulky hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemprature.  

Prim. The Southren winde  
Doth play the trumps to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaues  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.  

Kin. Then with the loosers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can feeme foule to those that winne,  

The trumps sounds. Enter Worcester  

King. How now my Lord of Worcester, tis not wel,  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes  

As
As now we meete. You have deceiued our trust,
And made vs doffe our easte roakes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in vngendle steele,
This is not well my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orb againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhalede meteor,
A prodigie offare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times.

Wor. Heare me my liege:
For mine own part I could be well content,
To entretaine the laq end of my life
With quiet hours For I protest
I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not fought it, how comes it then?

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

Prin. Peace cheuer, peace.

Wor. It pleaft your maiesty to turne your lookes
Off sauer from my selfe, and all our house,
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you my staffe of office did I breake
In Richards time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in acause
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sware that oath at Dancafter,
That you did nothing purpose against the state,
Nor clame no further then your new false right,
The fear of Gaunt, Dukedom of Lanchester:
To this we sware our aide; but in short space
It rainde downe fortune shouring on your head,
And such a flood of greatenesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarne offaire adventages,
You took occasion to be quickly woed
To grip the general sway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at Dancafter,
And being fed by vs, you vsd vs so
As that vgentle gull the Cuckoes bird
Vfeth the sparrow, did oppresse our neast,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulke,
That euue our loue durst not come neare your sight,
For feare of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforst for safety sake to flie
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes,
As you your selfe haue foride against your selfe
By unkind vsage, daungerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworne to vs in your yonger enterprize.

King. These things indeed you haue articulate,
Proclaimd at market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changlings and poore discontentes,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly inovation,
And neuer yet did insurrection want
Such water colors to impaint his cause
Nor moody beggars staring for a time,
Of pell mell huacocke and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soule,
Shall pay full dearly for this incounter
If once they ioine in trial, tell your nephew
The prince of Wales doth ioine with all the world
In praise of Henrie Percy, by my hopes
This present enterprize set of his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actue, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds,
For my part I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a truant bene to Chivalrie,
And so I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my fathers maiftie,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will to faue the blood on either side
Trie fortune with him in a single fight.
King. And prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it; no good Worcester no,
We loue our people well, euén those we loue
That are misfled vpon your cooſens part,
And will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea euery man
Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his,
So tell your cooſen, and bring me word
What he will do But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction weight on vs,
And they shall do their office, So be gone:
We will not now be troubled with replie,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly. Exit Worcester.
Prince. It will not be accepted on my life,
The Dowglas and the Hotspur both togeth'er,
Are confident against the world in armes,
King. Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,
For on their answere will we set on them,
And God befriend vs as our caufe is iuft. Exeuent:manent
Falſe Hal, if thou see me downe in the battel Prince, Falſe.
And bestride me, so, tis a poynt of friendship.
Prince Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship,
Say thy prayers, and farewell.
V.i.  

Stand here were bed time Hal, and all well,

Prim. Why, thou oweft God a death.

Falst. Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day, what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, it is no matter, honor prickes me on, yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arm? no, or take away the grieve of a wound? no, honor hath no skill in surgerie then; no, what is honor? a word, what is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire, a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feel it? no, doth he hear it? no, is insensible the? yea, to the dead, but wilt not live with the liuing; no, why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore he none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know Sir Richard, The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all under one,

It is not possible, it cannot be
The king should keep his word in lovely vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time
To punish this offence in otheraults,
Supposition all our liues shall be full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who never can tame, so cherisht and lockt vp,
Will have a wilde tricke of his ancestors,
Looke how we can, or sad or merely,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht till the nearer death,
My nephews trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of prudence,
A hair-braind Hotspur gouernd by a spleene,
All his offences liee upon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the spring of all shall pay for all:
Therefore good cozen, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliuer what you will, ile lay tis so: Here comes your cozen.
Hot. My uncle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland,
Uncle, what newes?
Wor. The king will bid you battell presently.
Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.
Hot. Lord Douglas go you and tell him so.
Wor. There is no seeming mercie in the king
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid,
Wor. I tolde him gently of our greeuances,
Of his oath breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughtie armes this hatefull name in vs. Enter Douglas.
Doug. Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And nephew, challenge you to single fight.
Hot. O would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day
But I and Harry Monmouth, tell me, tell me,
How shewed his tasking? seemd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soule I never in my life
Did heare a challenge vrgde more modestly,
Vnleffe a brother shoulde a brother dare,
To gentle exercise and proue of armes.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd vp your praisues with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your defervings like a Chronicle,
Making you euery better then his praisue,
By still dispraising praisue valued with you,
And which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mafore there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly,
There did he pause, but let me tell the world
If he outline the ennie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse,

Hope coffee I think thou art enamored
On his follies, neuer did I heare
Of any prince so wilde a libertie,
But he as he will, yet once ere night
I will imbrace him with a souldiours arme,
That he shall shrink under my curtesie,
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, soldiours, friends,
Better consider what you haue to do
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion, Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
OGentlemen the time of life is short,
To spend that shortnes saftely were too long
If life did ride upon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
And if we live we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braise death when princes die with vs,
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire
When the intent of bearing them is just, Enter another,

Mes. My Lord, prepare the king comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I professe not talking onely this,
Let each man do his belt, and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the belt bloud that I can meet withall.
In the a duenture of this perilous day,
Now esperance Percy and set on,
Sound all the loftie instruments of war,
And by that Musicke let ys all embrace.
of Henrie the fourth.

For heauen to earth some ofvs neuer shall
A second time do such a courtefie.

Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the king enters with his
power, alarime to the battel, then enter Douglas, and Sir Wal-
ter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name that in battell thus thou crosseft me,
What honour doft thou seeke upon my head?
Doug. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenes, for in steed of thee king Harry
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee
Vnlesse thou yeld thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder thou proud Scot,
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglas kils Blunt then enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
Ineuer had triumpht upon a Scot.
Doug. Als done, als won here, breathles lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably surmisht like the king himselfe.
Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haft thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my sword I will kill al his coates,
Ille murder all his wardrop, pcece by pcece
Vntill I meete the king. Hot. Vp and away,
Our soouldiers stand full fairely for the day

Alarime, Enter Falstaffe solus.

Falst. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the
shot here, heres no skoring but vpon the pate, Soft, who are you?
sir Walter Blunt, heres honour for you, heres no vanitie, I am as
The Historie

hot as molten lead, & as heauie too: God keepe leade out of me,
I need no more weight then mine owne bowels; I haue led my
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd, there is not three of my
150 left alive, and they are for the townes ende, to beg during
life: but who comes here? Enter the Prince.

Prin. What, stands thou idle here? lend me thy sword,
Many a noble man lies stark and stiffe,
Vnder the hooves of vaunting enemies,
whose deaths are yet vnreued, I preethe lend mee thy sword.

Falst. O Hal, I preethe giue me leave to breath a while, Turke
Gregorie never did such deeds in armes as I haue done this day,
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I preethe lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God Hal, if Percy be alive thou gets not my
sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what? is it in the cafe?

Falst. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, there is that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to leaft and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. Exit.

Falst. Well if Percy be alive, Ie pierce him; if hee doe come in
my way so, if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make
a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Wal-
ter hath, giue me life, which if I can saue, so; if not, honor comes
vnelookt for, and thers an end.

Alarne, excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn
of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland.

King. I preethe Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too
Lord Iohn of Lancaster go you with him, (much,

P. Iohn. Not I my Lord, vnsaf I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your majestie make vp,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent.

King. I will do so. My Lord of Westmerland lead him to his
West. Come my Lord, Ie lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
of Henry the fourth.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where staind nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumpe in massacres.
Iob. We breath too long, come cozen Westminster
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God thou hast deceiued me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit,
Before I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn,
But now I do respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lusterier maintaine then I did looke for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prin.* O this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

*Doug.* Another king they growe like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeft the person of a King?

*King.* The king himself, who Douglas grieues at hart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met
And not the verie king, I haue two boies
Seeke Percy and thy selue about the field,
But seeing thou falt on me so luckily
I will affay thee and defend thy selue.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another counterfeit,
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a king,
But mine I am sure thou art who er thou be,
And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the king being in danger.* Enter Prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits
Of Valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes,
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas fleeth.*

Cheerly my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton, ile to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay and breath a while,
Thou hast redeemed thy loft opinion, 
And shewed thou makst some tender of my life, 
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me. 

*Prin.* O God they did me too much injury, 
That euer said I harkned for your death, 
If it were so, I might have let alone 
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you, 
Which would have been as speedy in your end 
As all the poisonous potions in the world, 
And sau'd the treacherous labour of your sonne. 

*King.* Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawley. Exit Ki: 

Enter Hotspur. 

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

*Prin.* Thou speakest as if I would deny my name. 

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy. 

*Pr.* Why then I see a very valiant rebel of the name; 
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy 
To share with me in glory any more: 
Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere, 
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne 
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales. 

*Hot.* Now shall it Harry, for the hour is come 
To end the one of vs, and would to God 
Thy name in armes were now as great as mine. 

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

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

*They fight Enter Falstaffe.* 

*Fal.* Well said Hall, to it Hall. Nay you shall find no boyes 
play here I can tel you, 

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls 
down as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.* 

*Hot.* Oh Harry thou haft rob'd me of my youth, 
I better brooke the loffe of brittle life 
Then those proud titles thou haft won of me,
of Henrie the fourth.

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh,
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes survey of all the world
Must haue a stop. O I could prophecy,
But that the earthly and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy thou art dust
And food for.

Pr. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee wel great hart
Ill weaue ambition, how much art thou shrunke,
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too smal a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is roome enough, this earth that beares the dead
Beares not aliue so stout a gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of curtesie
I shoul not make so deare a shew of zeale,
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe I cleare my selfe,
For doing these faire rights of tendernesse,
Adiew and take thy praiie with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spich Falstaff on the ground.

What old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore Jacke farewell,
I could haue better spard a better man:
O I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not strooke so fast a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloudy fray,
Inboweld will I see thee by and by,
Til then in bloud by noble Percy lie.

Exit.

Falstaff riseth vp.

Fal. Inboweld, if thou inbowel me to day, ile give you leave
to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zbloud twas time
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paide me scot and
lot too. Counterfet ile, I am no counterfet, to die is to bee a
counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not
K 3.
the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true & perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have sauc'd my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead, how if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit, therefore I make him sure, yea, and Ile swear I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confines me but eyes, and no body sees me threfore firtha, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He taketh up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother John, full bravely haft thou slieht
Thy mayden sword.

John of Lan But soft, whom have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground.Art thou alieue?
Or is it fantastie that playes vpon our eiesight?
I preethe speake, we will not trust our eies Without our cares, thou art not what thou semest.

Fal. No thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not lacke Falstaffe, then am I a lacke: there is Percy, if your father will doe me anie honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe; I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can as- sure you.


Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, howe this world is giuen to lying, I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rofe both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleued so: if not, let them that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. He take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were alieue, and would deny it, zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother John,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.
of Henrie the fourth.

For my part if a lie may do thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happiest termes I haue.

A retraite is founded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retraite, the day is out,
Come brother let vs to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead. Exeunt.

Fal. Ile follow as they say for reward. Hee that rewardes mee
God reward him. If I do growe great, ile growe leffe, for ile
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanlie as a noble man
should do.

Exit.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord
John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester,
and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary?
Mislike the tenor of thy kinmans trust,
Three knights upon our party slaine to day,
A noble Earle and many a creature else,
Had been alie this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armyes true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done my safetie urg'd me to:
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Beare Worcester to the death and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble Percy slaine and all his men
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is: and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King.
With all my hart.

Then brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honorable bounty shall belong,
Go to the Douglas and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free,
His valours shewne upon our Creasts to daie
Haue taught vs how to cherishe such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

I thanke your grace for this high curtesie,
Which I shall giue away immediatly.

Then this remaines that we deuide our power,
You sonne John, and my coofen Westmerland
Towards York shal bend, you with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who as we heare are busily in armes:
My selfe and you sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March,
Rebellion in this land shall loose his sway,
Meeting the checke of such another day,
And since this business so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be won.  

King

FINIS.
Mr. Griggs finds the leaf of the British Museum Quarto containing the missing line to be defective, and has therefore been unable to facsimile the page as stated in § 6.
King. With all my hart.

Prin. Then brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honorable bounty shal belong,
Go to the Douglas and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,
His valours shewne vpon our Crests to daie
Haue taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our aduersaries.