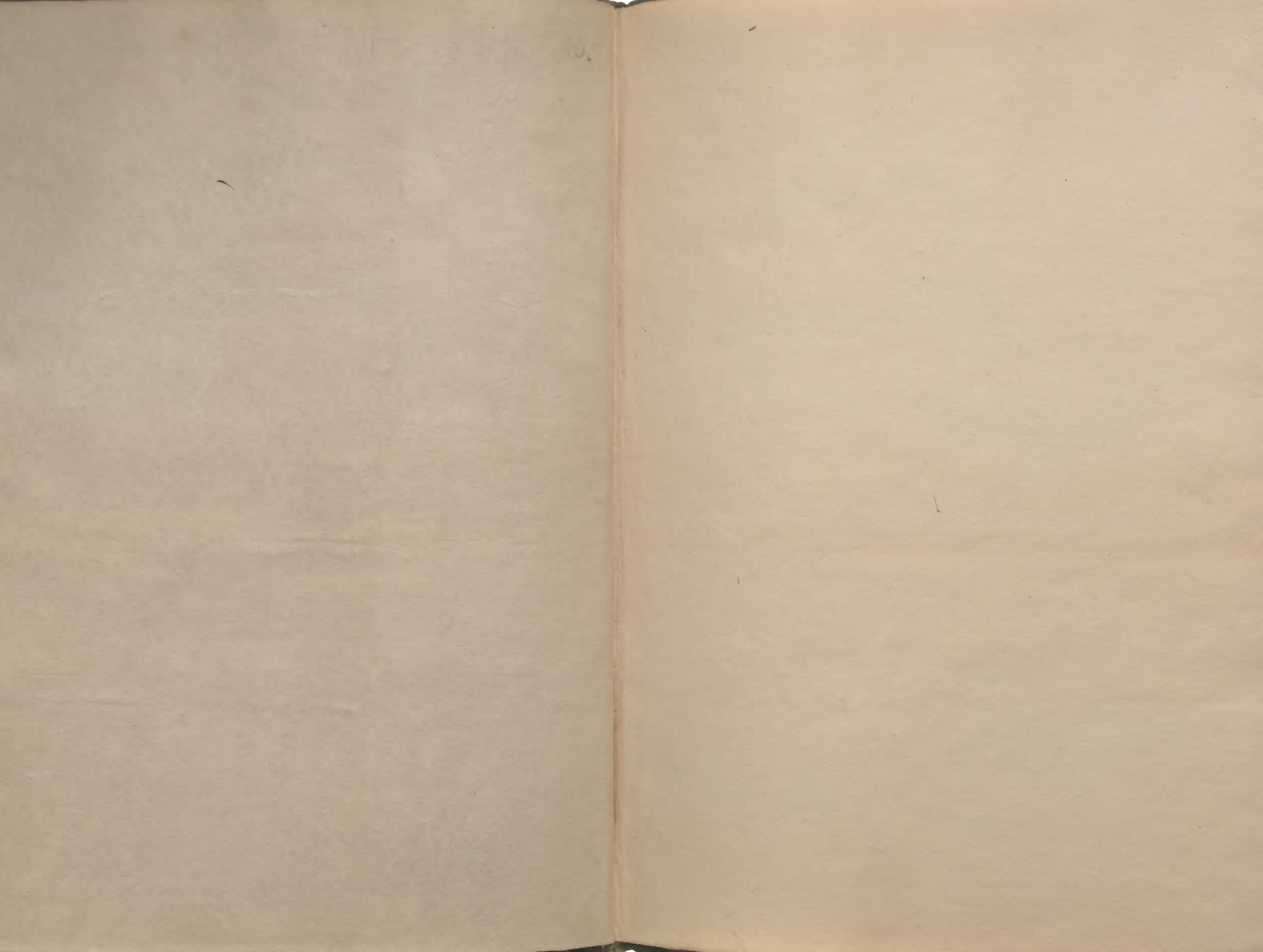
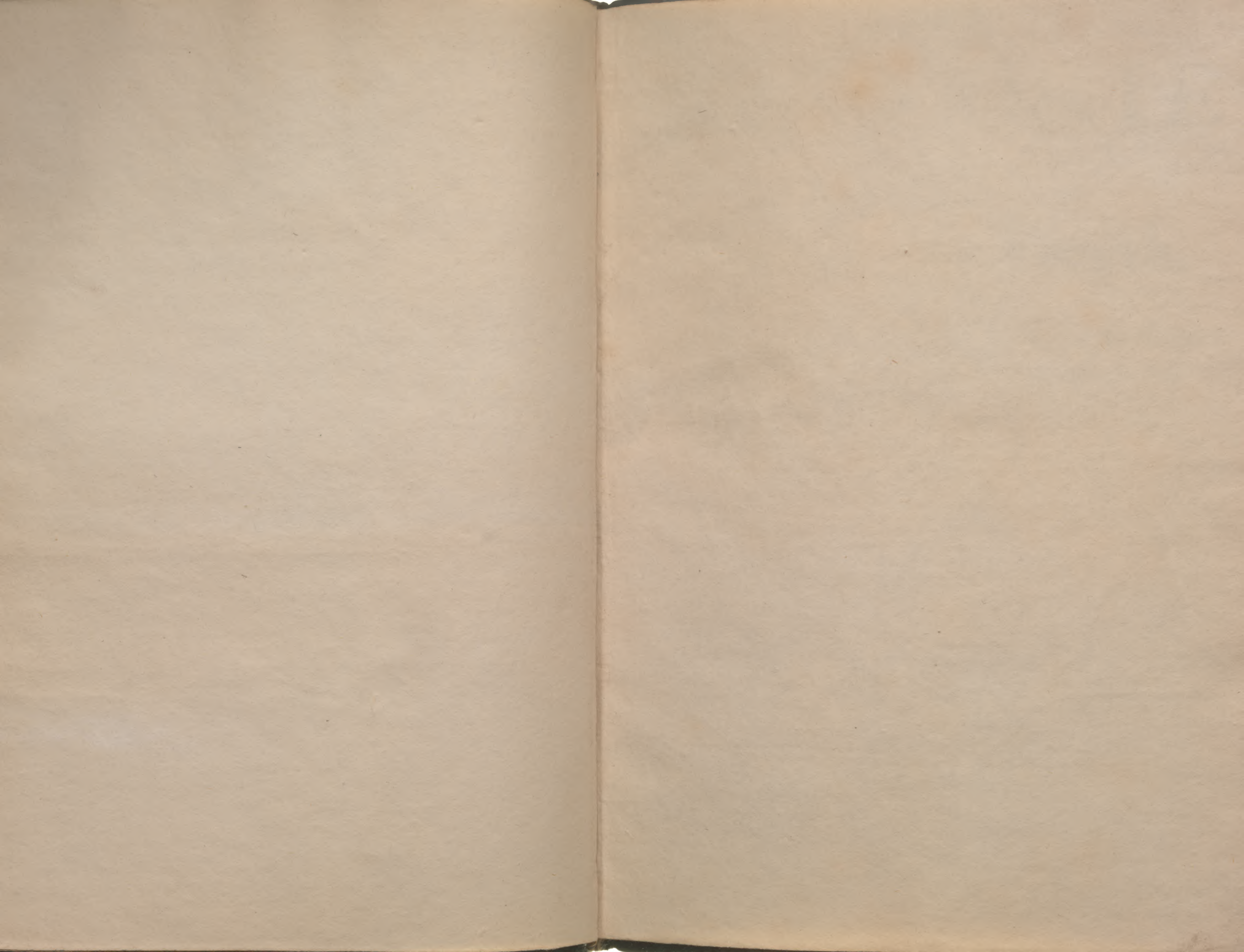






House of Falkland.





THE  
HISTORIE

OF

Henry the Fourth.

With the Battell at *Shrewseburie*, betweene  
the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed  
*Henry Hotspur of the North*.

With the humorous conceits of Sir  
*Iohn Falstaffe*.

Newly corrected.

By *William Shake-speare*.

*Iohannes Baptista mo  
no possidet*



*Iohannes Baptista sp  
possidet humis la*

LONDON,

Printed by T. P. and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling  
in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere  
*S. Austines gate*, 1622.



The Historie of  
*Henry the Fourth.*

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

*King.*

**S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,  
And breath short winded accents of new broiles,  
To be commen't in stronds a farre remote:  
No more the thirstie entrance of this soile,  
Shall daube her lips with her owne childrens blood:  
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hooves  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,  
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,  
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes,  
March all one way, and be no more oppof'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.  
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed Knife,  
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,  
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse  
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we leuie,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,  
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,  
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,  
 For our aduantage on the bitter Croffe:  
 But this our purpose istwelue month old,  
 And bootles tis to tell you we will goe.  
 Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare  
 Of you my gentle Coosen *Westmerland*,  
 What yesternight our Counsell did decree,  
 In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My Liege, this haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits of the charge set downe  
 But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
 A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauie newes;  
 Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
 Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight  
 Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,  
 A thousand of his people butchered:  
 Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly shameles transformation  
 By those Welch-women done, as may not be  
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,  
 Brake off our busines for the Holy-land.

*West.* This matcht with other like my Gracious Lord,  
 Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,  
 Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
 On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
 Yong *Harry Percie*, and braue *Archibald*,  
 That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,  
 At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend  
 A sad and bloody houre:  
 As by discharge of their Artillarie,  
 And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
 For he that brought them, in the very heate  
 And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
 Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
 Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stainde with the variation of each soyle,  
 Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;  
 And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,  
 The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,  
 Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights  
 Balkt in their owne blood did sir *Walter* see  
 On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne  
 To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,  
 Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:  
 And is not this an honorable spoyle?  
 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 mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne  
 In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,  
 Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,  
 A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tong,  
 Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,  
 Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her pride,  
 Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,  
 See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow  
 Of my yong *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 cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*,  
 Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,  
 But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you Coose,  
 Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners,  
 Which he in this aduenture hath surprisde,  
 To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,  
 I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

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

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

Coolfen, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold  
At *Winsor*, so informe the Lords :

But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.

*West.* I will my Liege.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad ?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches  
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely,  
which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill halt thou to  
doe with the time of the day ? Vnlesse houres were cups of  
Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds,  
and Diall the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sun  
himselſe a faire hot Wench in flame coulored Taffata ; I see  
no reason why thou shouldest bee superfluous to demand the  
time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take  
Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen starres, and not by *Pho-*  
*bus*, he, that wandring Knight so faire : and I prethee sweete  
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace ; Maiesty  
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What none ?

*Fal.* No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-  
logue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then ? come roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs  
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the  
dayes beauty : let vs be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the  
shade, minions of the Moone ; and let men say, we be men of  
good government, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste Mistris the Moone ; vnder whose countenance we  
steale.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-  
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like  
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone ; as for  
proofe

proofe. Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mon-  
day 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 foote of the Ladder, and by and by in  
as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord thou sayest true lad : and is not my Ho-  
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench ?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Castle, and  
is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance ?

*Fal.* How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips  
and thy quiddities ? What a plague haue I to do with a Buffe  
Ierkin ?

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

*Fal.* Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

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

*Fal.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

*Prin.* Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch ;  
and where it would not, I haue vsde my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere apparant that  
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there  
be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King ? & reso-  
lution thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father an-  
tick the Law : do not thou whē thou art a king hang a theefe,

*Prince.* No, thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I ? O rare ! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

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

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

*Prince.* For obtaining of sutes ?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of sutes, whereof the Hangman  
hath no lcaue Wardrop, Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb  
Cat, or a lugd-Bear.

*Prince.* Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

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

*Princ.* What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of  
Moore-



Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethe trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated mee the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regardes it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgie thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, If a man should speake truely, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: He be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome?

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Jacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt lad, He make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and Bassell me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poynes.*

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

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poynes.* Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Monsieur Remorse*? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar, Jacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir *John* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbes; hee will giue the Diuell his due.

*Poynes.*

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

*Prince.* Else he had been damn'd for Cosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads hill*, there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offrings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheester*, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in *Eastcheape*; we may do it as secure as sleepe: if you will goe, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes; if you wil not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fals.* Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, He hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

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

*Fals.* Ther's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camst not of the blood royall, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well, then once in my daies He be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why, thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, He tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord He be a traitor then, when thou art King.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir *John*, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this aduenture, that he shal goe.

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest may moue, & what he heares may be beleeued, that the Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shal find me in *Eastcheape*.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollown summer.

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Haruey*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-hill*, shal rob those men that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B

*Prince.*

*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 faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but weeleset vpon the.

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

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shal not see, jle tie the in the wood, our vizard we wil change, after we leaue them: & sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

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

*Po.* Wel, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest wil be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue wil tell vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of these lies the iest.

*Prin.* Wel, He goe with thee, prouide vs al things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there jle suppe farewell.

*Poy.* Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

*Prince.* I know you all, and will a while vphold  
The vnyokt humor of your idlenesse  
Yet heerein will I immitate the Sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother vp his beauty from the world,  
That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at  
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him,  
If all the yeare were playing holy daies,  
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:  
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,  
And like bright mettall on a fullin ground,  
My reformation glittering or'e 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 will. *Exit.*

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

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

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues  
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,  
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands  
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

*King.* Worcester get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,  
O sir your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure  
The moody frontier of a seruants brow,  
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need  
Your vse and counsell, 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 *Hosmedon* tooke,  
Where as he sayes, not with such strength denide,  
As he deliuered to your Maiestie.  
Either enuy therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

*Hot.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
 But I remember when the fight was done,  
 When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,  
 Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
 Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,  
 Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,  
 Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:  
 He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
 And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held  
 A pouncet boze, which euer and anon  
 He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,  
 And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,  
 To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarse,  
 Betwixt the wind and his Nobility,  
 With many holy day and Lady tearmes.  
 He questioned me: among therest demanded  
 My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.  
 I then al smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pestered with a Poppingay,  
 Out of my grieffe and my impatience,  
 Answered neglectingly, 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 talke so like a waiting gentlewoman;  
 Of Guns and Drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:  
 And telling me the soueraignest thing on earth;  
 Was Parmacity for an inward bruse,  
 And that it was great pittie, so it was,  
 This villanous Saltpeter should be dig'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So towardly: and but for these vile Guns,  
 He would haue been himselfe a Souldier.  
 This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)  
 I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

And I beseech you, let not this report  
 Come currant for an accusation  
 Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my Lord  
 What er'e *Harry Piercie* then had said  
 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 doe him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he vnlay it now.

*King.* Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
 But with prouiso and exception,  
 That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight  
 His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,  
 Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide,  
 The liues of those, that he did lead to fight,  
 Against the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,  
 Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,  
 Hath lately married? shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,  
 When they haue lost and forfeited themselues.  
 No, on the barren mountaine let him sterue,  
 For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,  
 Whose tongue shall aske me for one pennie cost,  
 To ransom home reuolted *Mortimer*.

*Hot.* Reuolted *Mortimer*?  
 He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,  
 But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,  
 Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke  
 When on the gentle *Seuernes* siedgie banke  
 In single opposition hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an houre  
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,  
 Vpon agreement of swift *Seuernes* flood  
 Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

B 3

Ran

Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,  
 And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatans,  
 Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
 Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,  
 Receiue so many, and all willingly.  
 Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,  
 He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,  
 I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,  
 As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
 Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
 Or you shall heare 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 roare for them,  
 I will not send them: I will after straight  
 And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor.* What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
 Heere comes your Vnckle.

*Hot.* Speake of *Mortimer*?  
 Zounds I wil speake of him, and let my soule  
 Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:  
 Yea on his part, Ile empty all these veines,  
 And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th dust,  
 But I wil lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,  
 As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,  
 As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

*Nor.* Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?

*Hot.* He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,  
 And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe  
 Of my wiues brother, then his checke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

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

*Nor.* He was; I heard the Proclamation,  
 And then it was, when the vnhappy King,  
 (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
 Vpon his *Irish* expedition;  
 From whence he intercepted, did returne  
 To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,  
 Liue scandaliz'd and foulie spoken off.

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

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

*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his coosin King,  
 That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.  
 But shall it be that you that set the Crowne  
 Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
 And for his sake weare the detested blot  
 Of murtherous subornation? shall it be  
 That you a world of curses vndergoe,  
 Being the agents, or base second meanes,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
 O pardon if that I descend so low,  
 To shew the line and the predicament,  
 Wherein you range vnder this subtile King.  
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,  
 Or fill vp Cronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power  
 Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,  
 (As both of you God pardon it haue done)  
 To put downe *Richard* that sweet louely Rose,  
 And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?  
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
 By him, for whom these shames ye vnder-went?

No.

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reuenge the ieering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloodie paiement of your deaths:  
Therefore I say,

*Wor.* Peace Coosin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontent  
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to or'e walke a Current roring lowd  
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,  
Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
So honor crosse it from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres  
To rowse a Lion, then to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit,  
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,  
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Wherfadome-line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare  
Without corriual, all her dignities:

But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.  
*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good Coosin giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*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 saue his soule, he shall not,

Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no care vnto my purposes:  
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:  
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*,  
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*:  
But I will find him when he lies a sleepe,  
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:  
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you Coosin, a word.

*Hot.* All studies heere I solemnly defie,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,  
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.  
But that I thinke his father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of *Ale*.

*Wor.* Farewell Kinsman, Ile talke to you  
When you are better tempered to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a Waspe-tongue and impatient foole  
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,  
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,  
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare  
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.

In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;  
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glocestershire*;  
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnckle kept,  
His vnckle *Yorke*, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:

Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenpurgh*,  
*Nor.* At *Barkly* Castle. *Hot.* You say true,

Why what a candie deale of curtesie,  
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,  
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,  
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Coosin:

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgiue me,  
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I haue done yfaith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners,  
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,  
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written bee assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.  
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of *Yorke*, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*:  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely staies but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

*Nor.* Before the game's afoote thou still let'st slip.

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

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith it is exceedingly well aynd.

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

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

*Wor.* Coolin, farewell. No further goe in this,  
Then I by Letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:  
Ile steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,  
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

*Nor.* Farewell good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Vnckle, adue: O let the houres be short,  
Till Fields, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

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

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, jle be hangd,  
*Charles-waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not  
packt. What *Ostler*?

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in  
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and  
that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this house  
is turned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

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

2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the most villanous house in all  
*London* road for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is neare a King  
christen, cold be better bit, thē I haue bin since the first cock.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and then  
wee leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie breedes  
Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What *Ostler*, come away, & be hangd, come away.

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Gin-  
ger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-  
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in  
thy head? canst not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as

drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee:

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it betwo a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lanterne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God soft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to London.

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbor *Muges*, wee call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

*Cham.* At hand quoth Picke-purse.

*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the *Chamber-lain*, for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currât that I told you yester night, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & Butter: they will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipsst Saint *Nicholas*, as trucly as a man of falshood may.

*Gad.* What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir *John* hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no starueling: tut, there are o-

thers:

ther Troians that thou dream'st 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 credit sake, make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hewd-malt-worms, but with nobility & tranquility. Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speak, & speake sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner then pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their bootes.

*Cham.* What the Common-wealth their Bootes? will she hold out Water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cockesure; wee haue the receipt of Ferne-seed, wee walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferne-seed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

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

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a cōmon name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.*

*Poynes.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued *Falstaffes* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd veluet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fals.* *Poynes*, *Poynes*, and be hangd *Poynes*.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat kidneyd rascal, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

*Fals.* What *Poynes*, *Hal*?

*Prince.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

*Fals.* I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tyed them I know not where, if I trauel but 4. foot by the squire further a foot, I shall breake my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworn his company hourelly any time this 22. year, and yet I am be-

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, jle be handg: it cold not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere jle rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue me my Horse, you rogues, Giue me my Horse, and be handg.

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

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

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

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, jle peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when ieast is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case ye; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

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

*Fals.* To be hanged.

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

*Peto.*

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What? a coward Sir *John Parruch*?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *John of Gant* our Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poines.* Sirra *Iack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell, & stand

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be handg. (fast.

*Prince.* *Ned*, where are our disguises?

*Poines.* Heere hard by stand close.

*Fals.* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say, eue ry man to his busines.

*Enter the Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come neighbor, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, weele walke a foote a while, and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Iesus blesse vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throats: a horeson caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

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

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fat chuffes, I would your store were heere: on bacons, on, what ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand Iurers, are ye? weele iure ye yfaith.

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

*Prince.* The theeues han e bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and goe merrily to *London*, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

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

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come my maisters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* & *Poines* be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity stirring, ther's no more valour in that *Poines* than in a wild Ducke.

*Prince.*



*As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes set upon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.*

*Prin.* Got with much eale, Now merrily to horse, the theeues are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweare to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him:

*Poynes.* How the rogue roard

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.*

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

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house: he shoues in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* cōmends the plot, & the general course of the action, *Zounds* & I were now by this rascal I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vnckle, & my selfe, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, & *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*? haue I not all theire letters to meet me in *Armes* by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of the set forward already? What a pagan rascall is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe,

selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tel the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

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

For what offence haue I this fortnight been

A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth,

And start so often when thou sitst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes,

And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,

To thicke-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?

In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,

And heard thee murmure tales of yron *Warres*,

Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,

Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt

Of sallies; and retires, trenches, tents,

Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,

Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,

And all the current, of a heddy fight,

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat hath stood 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 sodaine hast. O what portents are these?

Some heauy busines 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 agoe.

*Hot.* Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriff?

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

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

*Ser.* It is my Lord.

*Hot.* That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*Lady.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horte (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith I know your busines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you

*Hot.* So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue. (go)

*La.* Com, come, you *Paraquito*, answer me directly vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifler, loue; I louethee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world

To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,

We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me my horse,

What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

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

Wel doe not then? for since you loue me not,

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

Nay, tell me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me?

Whither I go: nor reason were about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecie,

No Lady closer, for I will belecue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou doest not know.

And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate* Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forward, to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

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

*Poynes.* Where hast beene *Hall*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the very base string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of Drawers and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of *Curtesie*, & tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, alad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they cal me) and when I am king of *England*, I shall command al the good lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; & when you breath in your wat'ing, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any *Tinker* in his owne language during my life. I will tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then 8. shillings & 6. pence, & *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon sir, skore a pint of Bastard in the Halse moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, & do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon, anon sir, looke down into the Pomgranet, Ralfe.*

*Prince.* Come hither *Francis.*  
*Francis.* My Lord,  
*Prince.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis?*  
*Francis.* Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to  
*Poines.* *Francis.*  
*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.  
*Prince.* Five yeares; berlady along lease for the chincking  
of Pewter : But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play  
the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of  
heeles, and runne from it?  
*Francis.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in  
*England*, I could find in my heart.  
*Poines.* *Francis.* *Francis.* Anone sir.  
*Prince.* How old art thou *Francis?*  
*Francis.* Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be  
*Poines.* *Francis.*  
*Francis.* Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.  
*Prince.* Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou  
gauest me, 't was but a penny worth, wast not?  
*Francis.* O Lord, I would it had beene two.  
*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee  
when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.  
*Poines.* *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon, anone.  
*Prince.* Anon *Francis?* No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*,  
or *Francis*, on thurseday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt:  
But *Francis.*  
*Francis.* My Lord,  
*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall but-  
ton, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter,  
Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?  
*Francis.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?  
*Prince.* Why then your Browne bastarde is your onelie  
drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doublet  
will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.  
*Francis.* What sir; *Poines.* *Francis.*  
*Prince.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?  
Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not  
knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.*

*Vint.* What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling?  
looke to the Ghestes within. My Lord, old sir *John* with halfe  
a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?  
*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore: *Poines.*  
*Poines.* Anone, anone sir. *Enter Poines.*  
*Prin.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the  
doore, shall we be merry?  
*Poin.* As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what  
cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer;  
come, what's the issue?  
*Prin.* I am now of al humors, that haue shewed themselues  
humors, since the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill  
age of this present Twelue a cloke at midnight. What's a  
clocke *Francis?*  
*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.  
*Prin.* That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then  
a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires  
and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I  
am not yet of *Perceys* mind, the *Hotspur* of the *North*, he that  
kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his  
hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want  
worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she! how many hast thou kild  
to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers,  
some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee cal in  
*Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* shall play  
*Dame Mortimer* his wife. *Riue*, saies the drunkard: call in ribs,  
call in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poines.* Welcome *Iacke*, where hast thou beene?  
*Fals.* A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too,  
marry & Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. E're I lead this  
life long, Ile sow neather stocks, & mend them, & foot them  
too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is  
there no vertue extant?  
*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of butter, pitt-  
full hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if  
thou didst, then behold that compound.

D. 3.

*Falst.*

*Fal.* You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worle then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not 3 good men vnhangd in *Eng-land*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing *Psalmes*, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Princ.* How now *Wollacke*, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

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

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and poines there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde eare I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pourd I cold run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last.

*Fal.* All's one for that.

*He drinks.*

A plague of all cowars still say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tanea thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fals.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon p<sup>r</sup>ore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe sword, with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hole,

Hose, my buckler cut through & through, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of al cowards, let them speak if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*Gad.* Speake sirs, how was it;

*Rofs.* Wee foure set vpon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene at least, my Lord.

*Rofs.* And bound them.

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

*Fal.* You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew else, an Ebrew Iew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set v p<sup>o</sup> vs.

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

*Prin.* What fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Poin.* Pray God you haue not murthered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them, Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in Buccrom suites: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I tel thee a lie, spit in my face; cal me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in buccorum let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou saidst but two, euen now.

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

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

*Fal.* These foure came all a front, & mainly thrust at me, I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Target, thus.

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

*Fal.* In Buccorum.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buccorum suites.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these Hilt's, or I am a villaine else.

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

*Fals.* Doest thou heare me *Hal*.

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

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buc-  
krom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their points being broken,

*Poin.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came  
in foot & hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuell wold haue it, three mis-begottē knaues,  
in *Kendall* green, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it  
was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets thē, grosse  
as a moūtain, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou  
knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the  
truth?

*Prin.* Why how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall*  
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?  
come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

*Poin.* Come your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the  
strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on  
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons  
were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason  
vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sin. This sanguine co-  
ward, this bed-preiser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill  
of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you staruling, you elskin, you dried neats tong,  
buls-pizzell, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like  
thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile stan-  
ding tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou  
hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, hear me speak but thus.

*Poin.* Marke, *Iacke*.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, &  
were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal  
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a  
word

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew  
it you here in the house: and *Falstalffe*, you carried your guts a-  
way as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, and  
still run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a slaue art thou  
to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it was in fight?  
what tricke? what deuce? what starting hole canst thou now  
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poin.* Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke hast thou now?

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee.  
Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire  
apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? V Why, thou  
knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Li-  
on will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I  
was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe,  
and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true  
Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you haue the money.  
Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow:  
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good  
fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall wee haue  
a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. *Enter Hostesse.*

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the *Hostesse*, what saist thou to me?

*Hof.* Marry, my L, there is a Noble man of the court, at doore  
would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

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

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I  
giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke*.

*Fal.* Fayth, and ile send him packing.

*Prin.* Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so  
did you *Rardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct,  
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaf*'s Sword so hackt?

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

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

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

*Enter Falstaf.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee; when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *John braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The lame mad fellow of the *North Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Duwell* his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a welch hocke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O *Glendower*.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes *Douglasse*, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll killes a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prinee.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as stincking Maekreli.

*Prin.* Then t'is like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffering hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hobnailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, thou shalt true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, Art not thou horrible afraid? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three such enemies again as that *Geno Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendowr*? Art thou not horrible afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

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

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

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shalbe my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifull bald Crowne.

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

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech : stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

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

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene : For teares do stop the floud-gates of her eies.

Ho. O Iesu, hee doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time, but also, how thou art accompanied : For though the Cammo-mile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes ; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares : thou art my sonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion ; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be so true to me, herelieth the poynt ; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at ? shall the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eat Black-cherries ? a question not to be asked, shall the Son of England proue a thiefe, and take purses ? a question to be asked ; there is a thing,

Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch ; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile ? so doth the company thou keepest : For Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares, not in pleasure, but in passion ; not in words onely, but in woes also : and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

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

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble cariage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaffe : if that man should be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I see vertue in his lookes ; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falstaffe, ban him keepe with, the rest banish : and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King ? doe thou stand for me, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prince. Now Harry, whence come you ?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false : nay, Ile tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngracious boy ? henceforth nere look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Diuell haunts thee in the likenesse of a fat old man, a tunne of man is thy companion : why dost thou conuerse with that trunk of humors, that boultng-hutch of beastlinelle, that swolne parcell of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stufft Cloke-bag of guttes, that rosted Manning tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares : wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke and drinke it ? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eat it ? wherein cunning, but in Craft ? wherein craftie, but in Villanie ? wherein villanous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

Fal. I would your Grace would take mee with you : whom meanes your Grace ?

Prince. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. Prin. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know : that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haire do witness it : but that he is (sauing your reuerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny : if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked : if to be old and merry be a sinne, then many an old Host that I know, is damn'd : if to bee fatte, be to be hated, then Pharaohs leane kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Poines ; but

## The Historie of

for sweet *Iacke Falstalffe*, kind *Iacke Falstalffe*, true *Iacke Falstalffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstalffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstalffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plumpe *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstalffe*.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

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

*Fal.* Dost thou heare *Hal*? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

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

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

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

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now maister Sherife, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

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

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

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

And She ife, I will ingage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow dinner time, Send him to answere thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreate you leaue the house.

*Sher.* I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men, He shalbe answerable: and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

*Prince.* This oyle rascall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstalffe*? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and smorting like a horse.

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

*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.*

*Prince.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my Lord.

*Prince.* Lets see what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon	ii. s. ii. d.
Item sawce	iiii. d.
Item, Sacke, two gallons.	v. s. viii. d.
Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper:	ii. s. vi. d.
Item bread.	ob.

O monstrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke. what there is else, keepe close, weele reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day; Ile to the court in the morning. We must all to the warres, and thy place shalbe honourable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue score; the money shall be payed backe againe with aduantage: be with mee betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto*.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,*

*Owen Glendower.*

*Mer.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And



And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and coosin Glendower, wil you sit downe,  
And vnicie Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit coosin Percy, sit good coosin Hotspur,  
for by that name, as often as Lancaster doth speake of you, his  
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in  
Heauen.

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

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,  
The front of Heauen was full of firie shapes,  
Of burning Creslets: and at my birth,  
The frame and foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had neuer beene  
borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my minde,  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. 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 Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,  
Is with a kinde of Collicke pincht and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde  
Within her wombe, which for enlargement striuing,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe  
Steeple, and molle-growne Towers. At your Birth  
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men  
I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,  
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
The Goats ranne from the Mountaines; and the Heardes  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened Fields,

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,  
And all the courses of my life doe shew,  
I am not in the roll of common men:  
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,  
That chides the Banks of England, Scotland, and Wales,  
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,  
And bring him out that is but Womans sonne,  
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,  
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh,  
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee coosen, to command the Diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee coosen to shame the Diuell,  
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.  
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, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

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

Glen. Three times hath Henry Buttingbrooke made head  
Against my power, thrice from the bankes of Wye,  
And Sandy bottom'd Seuerne haue I sent him  
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without Bootes, and in foule weather too?  
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide our right,  
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it  
Into three limits, very equally:  
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,  
By South and East, is to my part assignde,  
All Westward Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound  
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you  
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

And our indentures tripartite are drawne  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A busines that this night may execute:)  
To morrow coosen *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 *Shremsbury*.  
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his helpe these foureteene daies;  
Within that space, you may haue drawne together  
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

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

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety *North* from *Burton* heere  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out:  
He 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 bottome here.

*Glen.* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mor.* Yea, but marke how he beares his course, & runs me  
vp, with like aduantage on the otherside, gelding the opposed  
continent, as much, as on the other side it takes from you.

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

*Hot.* He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

*Glen.* He not haue it alred.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glen.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not vnderstand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.

*Glen.* I can speake *English* Lord, as well as you,  
For I was traind vp in the *English* Court,  
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe  
Many an *English* dittie, louely well,  
And gaue the tongue a helpfull ornament:  
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart;  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:  
I had rather heare a brasen cansticke turnd,  
Or a dry wheele grate on the axele-tree,  
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:  
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glen.* Come you shall haue *Trent* turnd.

*Hot.* I doe not care, he giue thrice so much land  
To any well deseruing friend:  
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:  
He cauill on the ninth part of a haire.  
Are the indentures drawne? shall we begone?

*Glen.* The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:  
He hast the writer, and withall,

Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*,

*Mor.* Fie, cosen *Percy*, how you crosse my father. *Exit.*

*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 finlesse fish,  
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulted Rauens,  
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of Skimble skamble stuffe,  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,  
In reckoning vp the seuerall diuels names,

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
Worse then a smokie House, I had rather liue  
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,  
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull  
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
Without the tast of danger and reproofe:  
But doe 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 greatnesse, courage, blood,  
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of gouernement,  
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdaine;  
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,  
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behind a staine:  
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,  
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies:*

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

*Glen.* My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,

Shee

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to the warres.

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

*Glendower speakes to her in welsh, and she answeres  
him in the same.*

*Glen.* She is desperat heere,  
A peeuish selfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe  
good vpon.

*The Lady speakes in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy lookes, that pretty welsh,  
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,  
I am too perfect in, and but for shame  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*The Lady againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And thats a feeling disputation:  
But I will neuer be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes *Welsh* as sweets as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire *Queene* in a Summers bowre,  
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne mad.

*The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* O, I am ingnorance it selfe in this.

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,  
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse,  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The houre before the heauenly haruest teeme  
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

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

*Glen.* Do so, and those Multitions that shall play to you,  
Hang in the ayre a thousand Leagues from thence,  
And straight they shall be here, sit and attent.

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

*La.* Go, ye giddy goose.

*The Musicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*.  
And 't is no maruell he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musition.

*Lady.* Then would you be nothing but musicall,  
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:

Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

*Hot.* I had rather heare *Lady*, my breech howle in *Irish*.

*La.* Would 'st haue thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither, 't is a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

*La.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings.

*Heere the Lady sings a welsh song.*

*Hot.* Come, Ile haue your song too.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-  
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and  
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,

As if thou neuer walkst further then *Finsbury*:

Sweare me *Kate*, like a Ladie as thou art,

A good mouth filling oath, and leave insooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,

To veluet gards, and Sunday-Cittizens.

Come, sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'T is the next way to turne taylor, or be red-brest teacher  
and the indentures be drawne, yle away within these 3. hours,  
and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,  
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but scale,  
And then to horse immediately.

*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Exeunt.*

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

*King.* Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of *Wales*, and I,  
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,  
For we shall presently haue need 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,

Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:  
But thou dost in the passages of life,  
Make me belecue, that thou art onely mark't  
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of Heauen,

To punish my mistreadings Tell me else  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,  
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatnes 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 charg'd withall:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As in reproofe of many tales deuifde,  
Which oft the eare of greatnes needs must heare  
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,  
I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee, yet let me wonder *Harry*,  
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors:  
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy yonger Brother is supplide;  
And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,  
 The hope and expectaion of thy time,  
 Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
 Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:  
 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
 So common hackneid in the eies of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
 Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne  
 Had still kept loyall to possession,  
 And left me in reputeles banishment.  
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,  
 By being seldome seene, I could not stir  
 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 curtesie from heauen,  
 And drest my selfe in such humilitie,  
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:  
 Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes  
 Euen in the presence of the crowned King.  
 Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
 My presence like a robe pontificall,  
 Ne' re seene, but wondred at, and so my state  
 Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast  
 And wan by rarenes such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,  
 With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;  
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
 And gaue his countenance against his name,  
 To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
 Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enforc't himselfe to popularity,  
 That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,  
 They surfetted with hony, and began to loath  
 The tast of swetnes, whereof a little,

More

More then a little, is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to be seene,  
 He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
 Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes  
 As sicke and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinarie gaze.  
 Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,  
 When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,  
 But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe  
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
 As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaries,  
 Being with his presence, glutted, gorgde, and full.  
 And in that very line, *Harry* standest thou,  
 For, thou hast lost thy Princely priuiledge,  
 with vile participation, Not an eye  
 But is a weary of thy common sight,  
 Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
 Which now doth that I would not haue it done,  
 Make blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.  
*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord  
 Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world  
 As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,  
 When I from *France* set foot at *Rauen spurgh*,  
 And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:  
 Now by my scepter and my soule to boote,  
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
 Then thou, the shadow of succession,  
 For of no right nor colour like to right.  
 He doth fill fieldes with Harnes in the Realme,  
 Turns head against the Lyons armed lawes,  
 And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou  
 Leadst ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,  
 To bloody battels, and to brusing armes,  
 What neuer dying honor hath he got,  
 Against renouued *Douglas*? whose high deedes,  
 Whose hot incursions and great name in Armes,  
 Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,  
 And military title capitall.

G

Through

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
 Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars* in swathing clothes,  
 This infant warriour, in his enterprises,  
 Discomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,  
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
 And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*  
 The Archbishops Grace of *Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer,*  
 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
 But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?  
 Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,  
 Which art my neer'st and deereft enemy?  
 That thou art like enough through vassall feare,  
 Base inclination, and the start of spleene,  
 To fight against me vnder *Percyes* pay,  
 To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,  
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*Prin.* Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,  
 And God forgine them, that so much haue swayde  
 Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
 I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head;  
 And in the closing of some glorious day  
 Be bould to tell you that I am your sonne,  
 When I will weare a garment all of bloud,  
 And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,  
 Which washt away, shall scoure 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-praysed knight,  
 And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meett,  
 For every honor fitting on his helme,  
 Would they were multitudes, and one my head  
 My shame redoubled. For the time will come  
 That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange  
 His glorious deedes for my indignities,  
*Percy* is but my Factor, good my Lord  
 To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render euery glory vp,  
 Yea, euen the slightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.  
 This in the name of God I promise here,  
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe  
 I do beseech your Maiestie may salue,  
 The long growne woundes of my intemperance:  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
 And I will die an hundred thousands deaths,  
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
 Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraine trust herein,  
 How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* So hath the buisines that I come to speake of.  
 Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent ward,  
 That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met,  
 The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie*:  
 A mighty and a fearefull head they are,  
 (If promises be kept on euery hand)  
 As euer offered foule play in a state.

*King.* The Earle of *Westmerland* set fourth to day,  
 With him my soone Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,  
 For this aduertisement is fise dayes old,  
 On wednesday next *Harry* thou shalt set forward:  
 On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting  
 Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall march  
 Throug *Glocester-shire*, by which account  
 Our buisines valued some twelue dayes hence  
 Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meete.  
 Our hands are full of buisines, let's away,  
 Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*

*Fal.* *Bardoll*, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?  
 doe I not hate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about  
 me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde  
 apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am in

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the spoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it; come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

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

*Fal.* Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

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

*Fal.* No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giue ouer; and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vter darkenesse. VWhen thou runst vp *Gads-bill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me at thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* & *Tauerne*: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

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

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my Pocket?

*Enter host.*

*Host.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*? do you thinke I keepe the cues in my house, I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie Hostesse, *Bardol* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

*Host.* Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

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

*Host.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money heere besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How; poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fortie marke.

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

*Fal.* How? the *Prince* is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zblound and hee were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so,

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him*

*Playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the wind in that doorey faith, Must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two and two; Newgate fashion.

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

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Mistris quickly*? how dow thy husband?  
I loue him well, he is an honelt man.

*Hofst.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell a sleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockers.

*Prin.* what didst thou loose, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou belecue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Hofst.* So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vniely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Hofst.* Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox; and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

*Hofst.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Hofst.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it? I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

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

*Fal.* What beast? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

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

*Hofst.* Thou art an vniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue tbhu.

*Prin.* Thou sayst true *Hofstesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grosely.

*Hofst.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

You

You ought him a thousand pound.

*Prin.* Sarra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand poud *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou owest me thy loue.

*Hofst.* Nay, my Lord, hee called you *Iacke*, and said hee would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardoll*?

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

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

*Prin.* I say tis Copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why *Hal*? thou knowst, as thou art but a 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 himselte, is to be feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdlebreake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sarra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all filde vp with Guttes, and Midriffe: Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeson impudent impost rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandoms of Bawdy houles, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Doest thou heare *Hal*? thou knowest in the state of innocencie, *Adam* fell: & what should poore *Iacke Falstalffe* do in the daies of villany? thou seeest, I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty you confesse then you pickt my pocket.

*Prin.* It appeares so by the story.

*Fal.* *Hofstesse*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfast, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghestes, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seeest I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit *Hofstesse*.

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

Prin.



*Prin.* O my sweet beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing,

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue Procured thee *lack* a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainously vnprovidid. Well, God bee thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayse them.

*Prince. Bardoll.*

*Bar. My Lord.*

*Prin.* Goe beare this letter to Lord *John of Lancaster*, To my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmerlands*. Go, *Peto*, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke* meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And either they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hofes*, my breakefast come, Oh, I could wish this *Tauerne* were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Dowglas.*

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

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I defie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dom.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well: what letters haue you there, I can but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sicke.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the leisure to be sicke

In such a iustling time? who leades his power?

Vnder whose gouernement come they along?

*Mess.* His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

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

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

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much feard by his Phisition.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole, Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now, this sicknesse doth infect

The very life-bloud of our enterprise,

'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possess

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limme 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,

All at one cast? to set so rich a maim,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good, for therein should we read

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our Fortunes.

*Dowg.* Fayth, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweete reuersion.  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in,  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,  
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big  
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

*Wer.* But yet I would your Father had been heere:  
The qualitie and heire of our attempt  
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdome, loyalty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence  
And thinke, how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offring side,  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:  
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,  
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You straine too farre.  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,  
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,  
If we without his helpe, can make a head  
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,  
We shall, or turne it topsie turuy downe:  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

*Dowg.* As heart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this deame of feare.

*Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.*

*Hot.* My coosen *Vernon*, welcome by my soule.  
*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.  
The Earle of *Westmerland*, seauen thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *John*.

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further, I haue learnd,  
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,  
The nimble-footed mad cap, *Prince of Wales*,  
And his Cumrades, that daft the world aside,  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht? all in Armes?

All plumpe like *Eltriges*, that with the winde  
Bayted like *Eagles*, hauing lately bath'd,  
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,  
As full of spirit as the moneth of May,  
And gorgious as the Sunne at *Midsomer*;  
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wild as young *Buls*:  
I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,  
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly armde,  
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,  
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,  
To turn and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,  
And witch the world with noble Horse-manship.

*Hot.* No more, no more, worse then the Sunne in *March*.  
This prayse doth nourish Agues; let them come,  
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyde mayde of smokie warre,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Alrar sit  
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire  
To heare this rich repizall is so nigh:  
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,  
Who is to beare me like a thunder-boult,  
Against the bolome of the *Prince of Wales*,

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:  
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Dawg.* That's the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.

*Wor.* I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.

*Hot.* What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirtie thouſand.

*Hot.* Fortie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

*Dawg.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare  
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.*

*Fal.* *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of  
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*  
*hill* to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money Captaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an Angell.

*Fal.* And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,  
take them all, I'll anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*  
meet me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I  
haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange  
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but  
good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted  
Batchelers, ſuch as had ben aſkt twice on the Banes; ſuch a com-  
moditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiuē heare the Diuell as a  
Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a  
ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſt me none but ſuch  
Toiſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins  
heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now, my  
whole

whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,  
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the  
painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and  
ſuch as iudeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt Ser-  
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters  
and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long  
peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fac'd An-  
cient: and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue  
bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a  
hundred and fiftie rottered Prodigals; lately come from Swine-  
keeping, from eating draffe and huſkes. A mad fellow met mee  
on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and  
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſene ſuch Skar-crowes.  
He not march through *Conentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and  
the villaines march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues  
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's not  
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is twoo  
Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a  
Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay the truth,  
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the red-nose Inkeeper  
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on e-  
uery Hedge.

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

*Prin.* How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

*Fal.* What *Hal*? How now madd wag, what a diuell doſt thou  
in *Warwick ſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I  
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbury*.

*Weſt.* Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, it's more then time, that I were there,  
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can  
tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are  
theſe that come after?

*Fal.* Mine *Hal*, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut, good enough to toiſe, food for powder, food

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, *Sir John*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that, And for their barennes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Prin.* No ile be sworne, ynlelse you call three fingers on the ribs bare: but sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What is the King incamp'd?

*West.* He is *Sir John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt*

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

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night,

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dow.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

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

*Ver.* So doe wee.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is dubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosen be aduisde, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Dow.* You doe not counsell well:

Then speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do not slaunder, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold 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.

*Dow.* Yea, or to night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

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

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

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,  
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hot.* So are the Horses of the *Enemie*,  
In generall iourney bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth ours:  
For Gods sake, *Coosen*, stay till all come in.

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

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offer 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 loue you well, and euen those some  
Enuie your great deseruings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,  
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 annoynted Maiesty:  
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon  
You coniure from the breast of ciuill Peace,  
Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land  
Audaciouscruelty. If that the King  
Haue any way your good desertes forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefes, and with all speed,  
You shall haue your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,  
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The King is kind: and well wee know, the King  
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:  
My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,  
Did giue him that same royalty he weares,  
And when he was not sixe and twenty strong,  
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,

A

A poore vnminde'd outlaw sneaking home,  
 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
 He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,  
 To sue his liuery and beg his peace,  
 With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:  
 My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd;  
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,  
 Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,  
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
 Attend him on bridges, stoo'de in lanes,  
 Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,  
 Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,  
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
 He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
 Steps me a little higher then his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,  
 Vpon the naked shore at *Rauen'spurgh*  
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees  
 That lay too heauie on the common wealth,  
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
 Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,  
 This seeming brow of Iustice, did he winne  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for?  
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
 Of all the fauourites 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 poynt.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,  
 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,  
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole state:  
 To make that worse, suffred his kinsman *March*,  
 Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,  
 There without ransome to lie forfeited,  
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,  
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
 Rated my Vncle from the Counsell boord,  
 In rage dismisde my Father from the Court,  
 Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,  
 And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out  
 This head of safetic, and withall to prie  
 Into his title, the which we finde  
 Too indirect for long continuance.

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

*Hot.* Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while:  
 Goe to the King, and let there be impaund  
 Some suretie for a safe returne againe,  
 And in the morning early shall my Vncle  
 Bring him our purpose, and so fare well.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and loue.

*Hot.* And may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you doe.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.*

*Arch.* Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe  
 With winged hast to the Lord *Marshall*,  
 This to my coosen *Scroope*, and all the rest  
 To whome they are directed. If you knew  
 How much they doe import, you would make hast.

*Sir Mi.* My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you doe,  
 Tomorrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day  
 Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men  
 Must bide the touch: For *Sir* at *Shrewsbury*,  
 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
 The King with mighty and quick rayfed power,  
 Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare *Sir Michell*,  
 What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,  
 Whose power was in the first proportion;  
 And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,  
 Who with them was rated firmly too,

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,  
Ifcare the power of *Percy* is too weake,  
To wage an instant tryall 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*, *L. Harry Percy*,  
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head  
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the land together.

The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,  
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;  
And many mo *Coriuales*, and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes.

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

*Arch.* I hope no lesse; yet, needfull t'is to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:  
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King  
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacie;

And t'is but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe

To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell.* *Exeunt.*

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

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

*Prince.* The Southerne winde  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

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

*The Trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of *Worcester*? t'is not well,  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,  
To crush our old vneasie lims in vngentle Steele:  
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.

What say you to it? will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred warre?

And moue in that obedient orbe againe,  
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,  
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,

A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischiese to the vnborne times?

*Wor.* Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content  
To entertaine the lag-end of my life  
With quiet houres: For I protest,  
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

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

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

*Prince.* Peace, Chewet peace.

*Wor.* It pleasde your Maiesty to turne your looks

Off fauour, from my selfe, and all our House;

And yet I must remember you my Lord:

We were the first and dearest of your friends,

For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,

In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;

It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,

That brought you home, and boldly did out-date

The danger of the time. You swore to vs,

And you did sweare that Oath at *Dancaster*,

That you did nothing of purpose gainst the state,

Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,

The seate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *Lancaster*,

To this, we sweare our ayde: but in short space

It rained downe Fortune showing on your head,

And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you.

What with our helpe, what with the absent King,  
 What with the iniuries of wanton time,  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
 And the contrarious windes that helde the King  
 So long in the vnluckie *Irish* Warres,  
 That all in *England* did repute him dead;  
 And from his swarme of faire aduantages,  
 You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed,  
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,  
 Forgot your oath to vs at *Doncaster*;  
 And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs so,  
 As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird,  
 Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our nest,  
 Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,  
 That euen our loue durst not come 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 forg'd against your selfe,  
 By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Swore to vs in your younger enterprife.

*King.* These things indeede, you haue articulate,  
 Proclaymed at Market crosses, read in Churches,  
 To face the garment of Rebellion,  
 With some fine colour that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings, and poore discontents,  
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes  
 Of hurlyburly innouocation:

And neuer yet did insurrection want  
 Such water colours, to impaint his cause;  
 Nor muddy Beggars, staruing for a time,  
 Of pel-mell hauocke and confusion.

*Prin.* In both your Armes, there is many a soule  
 Sall pay full dearely for this encounter.  
 If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,  
 The Prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world

In praise of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes  
 This present enterprife set of his head,  
 I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
 More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong,  
 More daring, or more bould, is now aliue,  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds:  
 For my patt, I may speake it to my shame,  
 I haue a trewant been to *Chiualrie*,  
 And so I heare he doth account me too;  
 Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,  
 I am content that he shall take the ods  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will to saue the blond on either sied,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*King.* And, *Prince of Wales*, so dare we venture thee,  
 Albeit, considerations infinite  
 Doe make against it: No good *Worcester*, no,  
 We loue our people well; euen those we loue  
 That are misled vpon your *Coosens* Part:  
 And will they take the offer of our Grace,  
 Both hee, and they, and you yea every man,  
 Shall bee my griend againe, and Ile be his.  
 So tell your *Coosen*, and bring me word,  
 What he will doe. But if he will not yeelds  
 Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,  
 And they shall doe their office. So be gone,  
 We will not now bee troubled with reply,  
 We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

*Exit Worcester.*

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

*King.* Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,  
 For on their answer will we set on them;

And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt. manent*

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

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

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

*Prin.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, t'is no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour see to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the grieffe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.*

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

*Ver.* T'were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vndone,  
It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,  
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,  
To punish this offence in others faults;  
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,  
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,  
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,  
Will haue a wilde tricke of his ancesters:  
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:  
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,  
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.  
My Nephews trespasse may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,  
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,  
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene,  
All his offences liue vpon my head,  
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,  
And his corruption being tane from vs.

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:

Therefore good Coosen, let not *Harry* know

In any case, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotspur.*

*Ver.* Deliuier what you wil, Ile say tis so. Here comes your Co-

*Hot.* My vnckle is returnd, *(Sen.*

Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland;

Vnckle, what newes?

*Wor.* The King will bid you Battell presently.

*Dow.* Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

*Hot.* Lord *Dowglas*, go you and tell him so.

*Dow.* Mary and shall, and very willingly. *Exit Dowg.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I told him gently of your grieuances,  
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,  
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,

He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge  
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dowg.*

*Dow.* 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, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to day,  
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,  
How shewd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soule, I neuer in my life  
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,  
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare  
To gentle exercise and prooue of armes.  
He gaue you all the duties of a man,  
Trimd vp your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,  
Making you euer better then his praise,  
By still dispraising prayse, valued with you:  
And which became him like a Prince indeed,



He made a blushing citall of himselfe,  
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,  
As if he maltred there a doule spirit  
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:  
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,  
If he out-lieue the enuie of this day,  
*England* did neuer owe so sweete a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored  
On his follies: neuer did I heare  
Of any Prince so Wild at liberty:  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,  
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,  
That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie  
Arme, arme with speede, and fellowes Souldiers friends,  
Better consider what you haue to doe,  
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your bloud vp with perswasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, here are Letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot reade them now,  
O, Gentlemen the time of life is short,  
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:  
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,  
Still ending at the arriual of an hower,  
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,  
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,  
Now for our Consciencs, the armes is faire,  
When the intent for bearing them is iust, *Enter another.*

*Mess.* 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 doe his best; and heare draw I a Sword,  
Whose temper I intend to staine  
With the best blood that I can meet withall,  
In the aduenture of this perillous day.  
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,  
Sound all the loftie instruments of warre,  
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall  
A second time doe such a curtesie.

*Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with his  
power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Dowglas, and sir Walter  
Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name that in Battell thus thou crossst me?  
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

*Dom.* Know then my name is *Dowglas*,  
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,  
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Dom.* The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought  
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King *Harry*  
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,  
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scot,  
And thou shalt find a King that will reuenge  
Lord *Staffords* death.

*They fight, Dowglas kills Blunt, then enters Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O *Dowglas*, had it thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,  
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.

*Dom.* Als done, als won, heere breathlesse lies the King.

*Hot.* Where?

*Dom.* Heere.

*Hot.* This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well,  
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;  
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

*Dom.* Ah foole, go with thy soule whither it goes,  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare,  
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

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

*Dom.* Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,  
He murder all his Wardrope piece by piece,  
Vntill I meet the King. *Hot.* Vp and away,  
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day,

*Alarms, enter Falstaffe solus.*

*Fals.* Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the  
shot heere, heere's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are  
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanitie,

K

I

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliuē, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

*Prince* What standst thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword, Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd Percy, I haue made him sure.

*Prince.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God Hal, if Percy be aliuē, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prince* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.*

*Prince* What, is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the Bottell at him. Exit.*

*Fal.* If Percy be aliuē, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King* I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord John of Lancaster, goe you with him.

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

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiestie make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*Ki.* I will do so; my L. of Westmerland, leade him to his Tent.

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

*Prince* Lead me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The prince of *Wales* from such a field as this, Where staine Nobilitie lies troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*John* We breathe too long, come coolen *Westmerland*, Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

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

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

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

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

*Ki.* The King himselfe, who *Douglas* grieues at heart, So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King: I haue two Boyes. Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field; But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will atsay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another Counterfeit; And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be; And thus I winne thee,

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prince.* 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 flieth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace? *Sir Nicholas Gawssey* hath for succour sent, And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* strait.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while,

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prince.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer said, I hearkned to your death:  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,  
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poysonous potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

*Kin.* Make vp to *Cliston*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawsey*. *Exit.*  
*Enter Hotspur.*

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

*Prince.* Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percy*.

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

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

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

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

*They fight. Enter Falstaffe.*

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

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he fals downe as  
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,  
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:

But

But thought's the slaue of life, and life times foote,  
And Time that takes suruey of all the world,  
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,  
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death  
Lies on my tonge: no *Percy*, thou art dust,  
And food for

*Prince.* For Worms, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,  
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
When that this body did containe a spirit,  
A Kingdome for it, was too small 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 should not make so great a shew of zeale:  
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
For doing these faire rites of tenderneise,  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh  
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke* farewell:  
I could haue better spar'd a better man:  
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with vanitie;  
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,  
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,  
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,  
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

*Falstaffe riseth vp.*

*Fal.* Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day; Ile giue you  
leauē to powder me, and eate mee too to morrow. Zlound, t'was  
time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had payd mee  
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to  
be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who  
hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man  
thereby

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am asfeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile swear I slew him. Why may not he rise aswell as I? nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flesht Thy mayden Sword.

*John* But soft, who haue we heere?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Artsthou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fals.* No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falstalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselve: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why *Percy*, I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fals.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleecued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, 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.

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,  
Ile guilde it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prince* The Trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours:  
Come Brother, lets to the highest of the Field,  
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

*Fals.* Ile follow, as they say, for reward; He that rewardes me,  
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow lesse: for Ile purge,  
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should doe.

*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 finde 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,  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?  
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,  
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had beene aliue this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

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

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

*Prince* The noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw  
The fortune of the day turn'd quite 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 bruizd,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent,  
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,  
I may dispose of him.

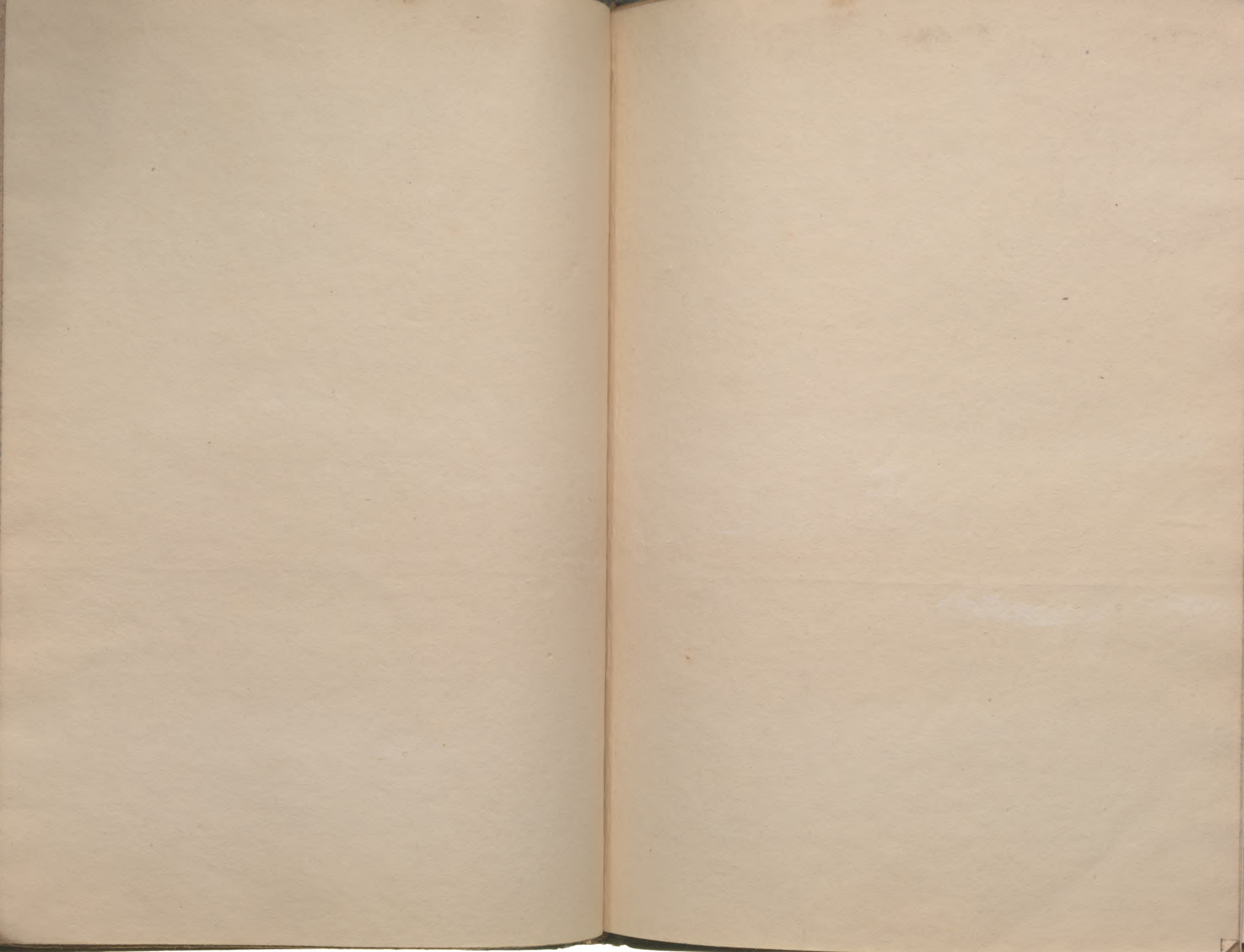
*King.* With all my heart.

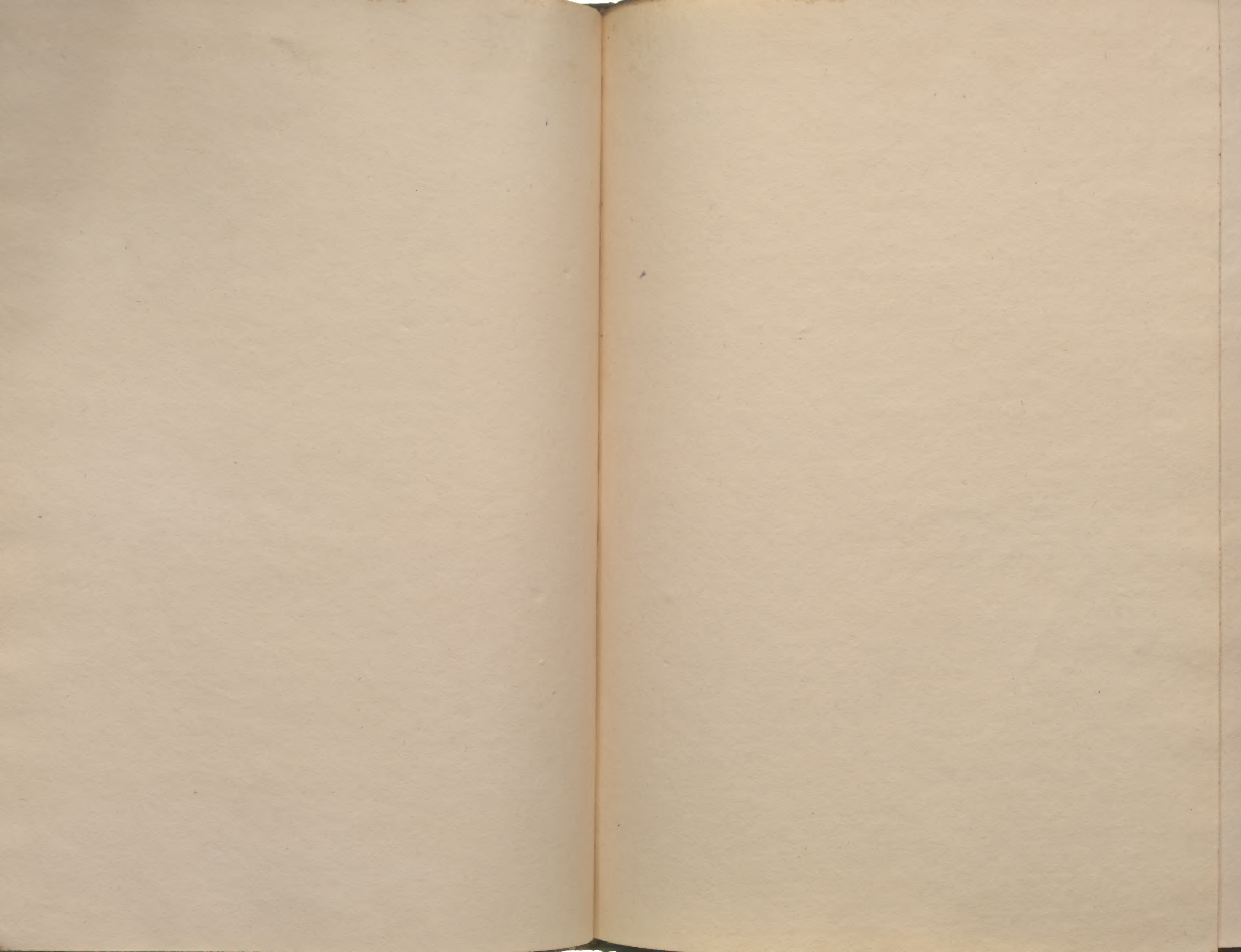
*Prince.* Then brother *John of Lancaster*,  
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,  
Go to the *Douglas* and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure ransomlesse and free.  
His valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,  
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,  
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

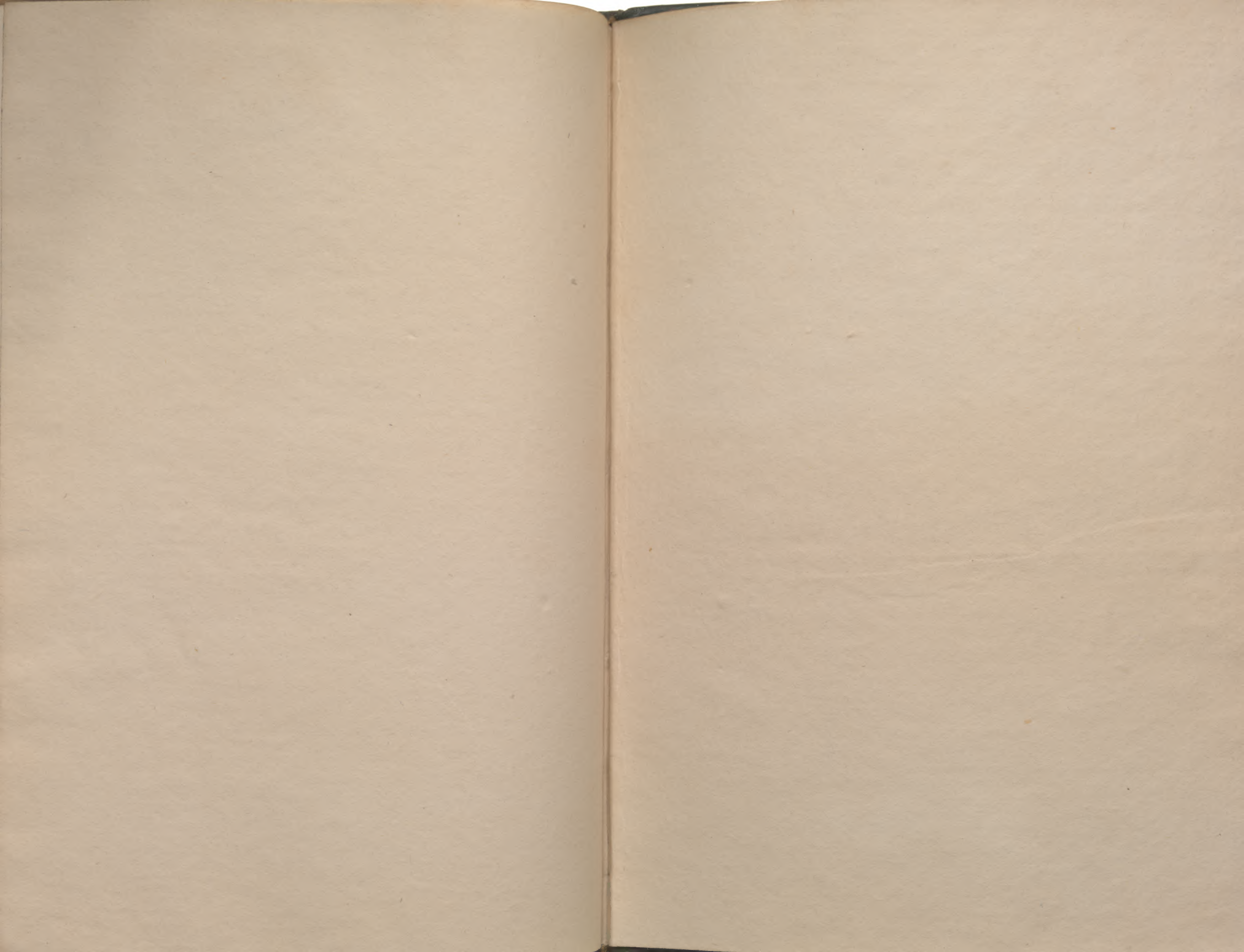
*King.* Then this remaines, that we diuide our Power,  
You Sonne *John*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,  
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you with your deereft speed,  
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,  
Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:  
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,  
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.  
Rebelliou in this Land shall loose his way,  
Meeting the checke of such another day:  
And since this businette so faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

F I N I S.

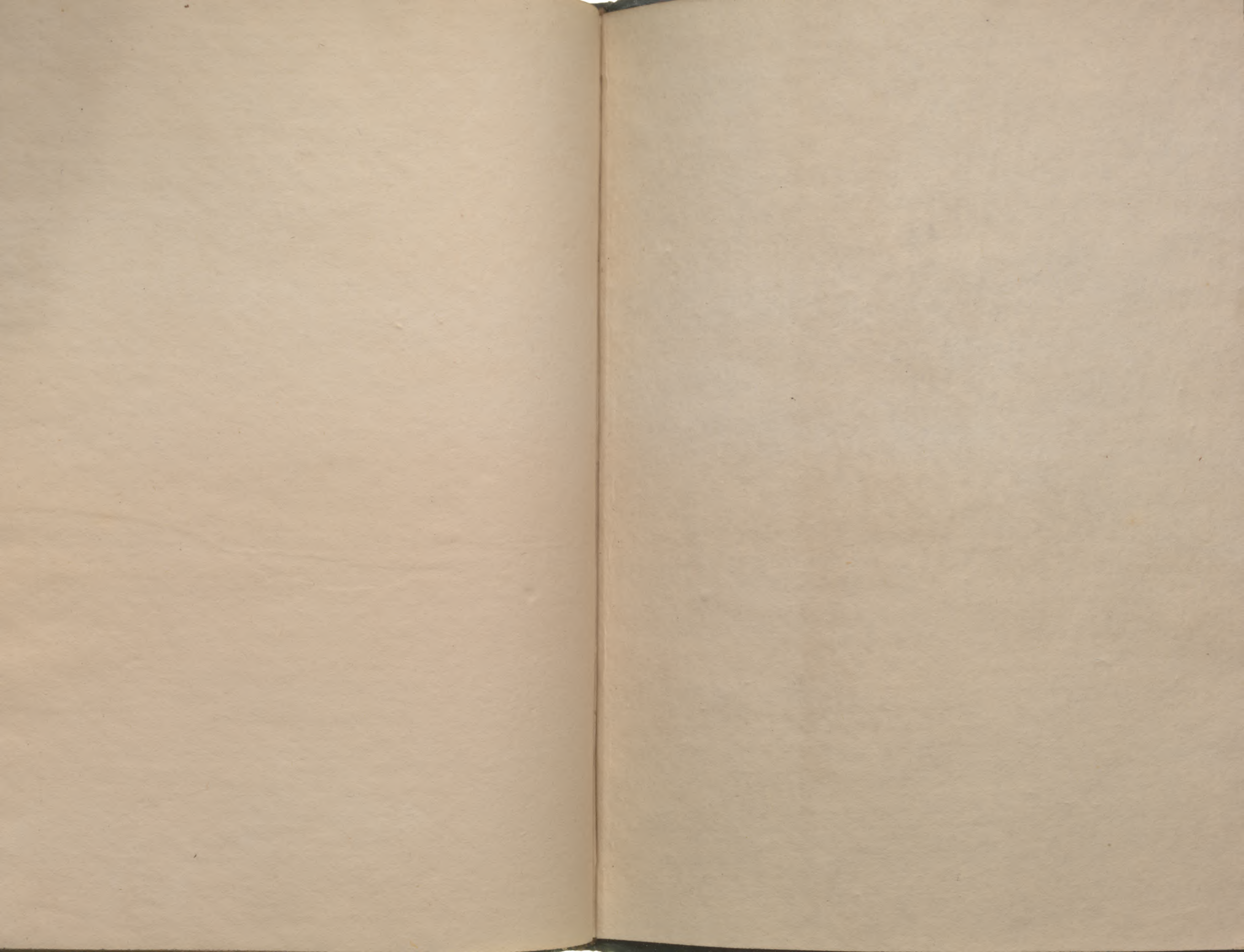
*John Clark is the true  
owner of this Book;*











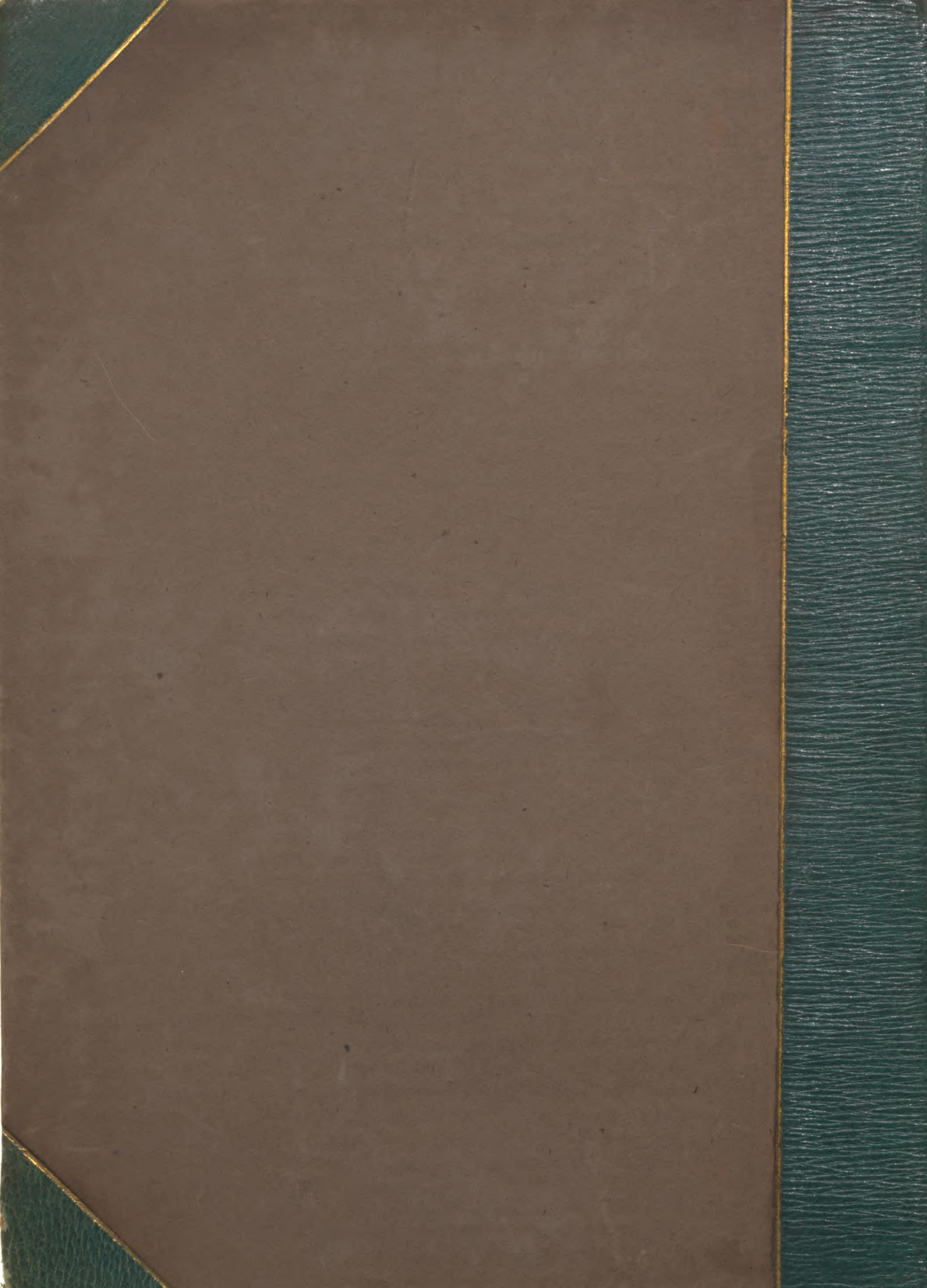
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