



The First Part of Henry the Fourth,

with the Life and Death of HENRY
Surnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

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

King.

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

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yesternight, when all atwart there came
A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

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

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

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmeden*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmeden*s Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hot-spurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beate *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteth*.

And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cousin, is it not? Insaith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among't a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

The

Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine -
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduencure hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vie he keeps, 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 make him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

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

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaffe, and Poincez.

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

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

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

Prin. What, none?

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

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

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd
Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianas* Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Mimions of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Government, being
gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

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

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

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is
not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of duran.e?

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

Prin. Why, what a pexe haue I to doe with my Ho-
stesse of the Tauerne?

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

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

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

Prin. Yea and eliewhere, so fa're as my Come would
stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant,
that thou art Heere apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,
shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou
art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ru-
stie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou
when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

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

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

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

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

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

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

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

Fal. Thou hast the most vnfauoury smiles, and art in-
deed the most comparatiue rascallest, sweet yong Prince.
But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity. I wold
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names
were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated
me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd
him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded
him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

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

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

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

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

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From
Praying, to Purie-taking.

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

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

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poinz.

Poyn. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Monsieur Remorie? 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 yet a Breaker of Proverbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

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

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

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

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

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

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

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

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

Fal. Why, that's well said.

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

Fal. He be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

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

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiring, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. I ar-well, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

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

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

Poyn. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduerture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee I set vpon them.

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

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

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

Poyn. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

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

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

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Poyn.

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:

Yet neerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.

If all the yeare were playing holidays,
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 behaviour 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 Metall on a tullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

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

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

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

Nor. My Lord.

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

Nor. Yes, my good Lord.

Those

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmesden* tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was deliuered to your Maiessty :

Who either through enuy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.

But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;
Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.

He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box : which euer and anon
He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe :
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd :
And as the Souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
To bring a slouely vnhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.

With many Holiday and Lady tearme
He quession'd me : Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Maiessties behalfe.
I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Poppingay)

Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He should, or should not : For he made me mad,
To see him shide so biske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke;
And telling me, the Soueraign st thing on earth
Was Pharmacy, for an inward bruise :

And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier.

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

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

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouiso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransom straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betrayd
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd *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 themselves.

No : on the barren Mountaine let him sterue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost
To ransom home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre : so 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* siegie banke,
In single Opposition hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of swift *Seuernes* flood ;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working, with such deadly wounds ;
Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receiue so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slandered with Reuolt.

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 Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displeas'e ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We License your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so : for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worcester.*

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer* ?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone ?

Hot. He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners;
And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

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

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

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot.

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

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
'And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murderous 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 subtil King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniuit behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that sweet lonely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Fellingbrooke*?
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 vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths.
Therefore I say——

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more
And now I will vnclasp a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Dilcontents,
He reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or die into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this half-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Hee keepe them all.

By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

Hee 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 finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Hee holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, Hee haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.

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

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Hee talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

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

In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glousterhire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from *Rauer* spurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:
Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did preffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
Wee'l stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done insooth.

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

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

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

Hot. I smell it:

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

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

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, He.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. Infaith 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 alwayes thinke him in our debt,

And thinke, we thinke our selues vn-satisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay vs home,

And see already, how he doth beginne

To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

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

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,

Then I by Letters shall direct your course

When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:

He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,

Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powres at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

Wor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.

Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,

Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. *exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

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

Ost. Anon, anon.

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

Enter another Carrier.

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

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

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

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

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Jourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lyc breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come away.

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

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

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Geld-

ding in the stable.

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

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

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

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

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

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

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

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

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarke, He giue thee this necke.

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

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

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

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

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fern-seed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.

Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

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

Gad. Goetoo: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poynes. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstaffs Horse, and he frets like a gund Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

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

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

Fal. What Poynes. Hal?

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

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

They whistle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against thy will.

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: Bardolfe, what newes?

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

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

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

I. To be hang'd.

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

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir Iohn Paunch?

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

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the prooffe.

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

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

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

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

Enter Trauellers.

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

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesu blesse vs.

Fal. Stril e down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs your; downe with them, fleece them.

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

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Baconson, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye faith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poynes.

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

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

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

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

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

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

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotshurre solus, reading a Letter.

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

He could be contented: Why is he not then in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettie, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named are certaine, the Time is selfe vnsorted, and your whole Plot is light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plote, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selse, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the Douglas? Haue I not all their letters, to meeete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selse, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Asson. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

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

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence haue I this fortnight bin A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth? And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes? And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly? In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht, And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres: Speake teames of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin, Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine, And all the current of a headdy fight. Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd, Such as we see when men restraine their breath On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these? Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loues me not.

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

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Bowler* brought those horses fro' the Sheriffe?

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

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

Ser. It is my Lord.

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

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

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

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

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

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

Hot. Away, away you triler: Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world To play with Mammers, and to tilt with lips. We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes, And passe them currant too. Gads me, my horse.

What say'st thou *Kate*? what would'st thou haue with me?

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

Well, do not then. For since you loue me not, I will not loue my selse. Do you not loue me? Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me, Whether I go: nor reason whereabout, Whether I must, I must: and to conclude, This evening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no further wise Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman: and for secrecie, No Lady closer. For I will beleaue Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know, And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre?

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

La. It must of force.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Pomes.

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

Pomes. Where hast bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheds. I haue founded the verie bale string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud lack like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then they

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *Tom are welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bassard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roume, while I question my rony Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and he shew thee a President.

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

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

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

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

Fran. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

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

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

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe——

Poin. Francis.

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

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

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

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

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

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

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christfall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

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

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

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

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

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

Poin.

Enter Poin.

Poin. Anon, anon sir.

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

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

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

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

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

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

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

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sacke with in't. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes 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 three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolfacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonnet If I do not beare thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, he neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

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

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

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, hee Rab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Hee see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you that

that

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 drunke to day.

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

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

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

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

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two hou. es together. I haue leaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set vpon soine dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

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

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

Falst. And vbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

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

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

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

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

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

Poin. I, he said foure.

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

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

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

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

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

Falst. Doe't thou heare me, *Hal*?

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

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

Prin. So, two more aleadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hote.

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me

close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

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

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

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

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

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

Prin. Come, your reason *Jack*, your reason.

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

Prin. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-preffer, this Hors-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

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

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

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Weakh: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roat'd, as euer I heard Bull-Casse. What a Siae art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poin. Come, let's beare Iacke: What tricke hast thou now?

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

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

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

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

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

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

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

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

Prin. Piesthee doe lacke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

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

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

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

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

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

Falst. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

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

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

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will pot budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

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

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, ysaith.

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

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

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

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

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eat Black-berryes? a question not to bee aske. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to be aske. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

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

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

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

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

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

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

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

Prin. Swear'st thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rotted Manning free Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Intiquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yecres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat 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?

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

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

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damnd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Paines*: but for sweete *Jacks Falstaffe*, kinde *Jacks Falstaffe*, true *Jacks Falstaffe*, valiant *Jacks Falstaffe*, and therefore more vahant, being as hee is olde *Jacks Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harrys* companie, banish

not him thy *Harrys* companie, banish plump *Jacks*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

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

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

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

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

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

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

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

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

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

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

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

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

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

Prince. What men?

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

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employ'd him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

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

Peto. Item, a Capon.

ii. s. ii. d.

Item, Sawce

iiii. d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons

v. s. viii. d.

Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.

ii. s. vi. d.

Item, Bread.

ob.

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

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

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

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

Hotsp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mapped.

Glend. No, here it is:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diseas'd Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the reeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement struing,
Shakes the old Be'dame Earth, and tombies downe

Steeple, and inosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men

I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, chipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

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

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

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

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

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

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayle him, bring him hither,
And he be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence,
Oh, while you lue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill

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

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

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

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

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawue:
Which being sealed enterchangeably,

(A Businesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,

And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
To meeete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.

My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:

Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall lend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduet shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a Worl'd of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hotsp. Me thanks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:

See, how this Riuet comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Canteour,
He haue the Curraue in this place dam'd vp,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall ruine,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.

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

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

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

Hotsp. He haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. He not haue it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

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

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the Horpe
Many an English Dittie, louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

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

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

Hotsp. I doe not care: He giue thrice so much Land
To any well-deseruing friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
He caull on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

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

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

Hotsp. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Rauon,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning vp the severall Devils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue
With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill faire,
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments:

Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bouptifull, as Mynes of India.

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

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

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

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

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

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

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

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

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

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pow'st down 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.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a Tyrant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rushing Drision to her Lute.

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

The Lady speaks againe to Welsh.

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

Glend. She bids you,

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

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

Glend. Doe so:

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

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

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke plays.

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

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

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

Lady. Wouldst thou haue thy Head broken?

Hosp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hosp. Neyther 'tis a Womens fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hosp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hosp. Peace, shee sings.

Heare the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hosp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hosp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You swear like a Combe-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
Aid giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsbury.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hosp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-
breast teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come on, when yee
will. *Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne: wee le but scale,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'll breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me elie,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

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

King. Heauen pardon thee:

Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept toyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldome seene, I could not haue,
But like a Comet, I was wonder'd at,

The

That men would tell their Children, This is hee :
Others would say; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I stole all Courtelie from Heauen,
And dress my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Shows 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,
Nē're seene, but wondred at : and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
The skipping King, hee ambled vp and downe,
With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scoones,
And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie :
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfered with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded : seene but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes :
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou :
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is aware of thy common sight,
Sauer mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more :
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesie.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foot at *Rauenstpurgh* ;
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now :
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boor,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succession ;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes ;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armies.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas* ? whose high Deedes,
Whose hot IncurSIONS, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdome that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, sa'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this ? *Percy*, *Northerland*,
The Arch-bishops Grace of *Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee ?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemy ?
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Ease Inclination, and the start of Splicene,
To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degeuerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so :
And Heauen forgue them, that so much haue sway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me :
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske :
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed Knight,
And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet :
For euery Honor fitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities :
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here :
The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,
I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature :
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this :
Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

Enter *Blunt*.

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

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsbury* :
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered soule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day :
With him my sonne, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is five dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward :
On Thursday, wee our selues will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*; and *Harry*, you shall march

f

Through

Through Gloucestershire: by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Falst. No, Ile be sworn: 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 giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of viter Darknesse. When thou ranst vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euer-lasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

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

Enter Hostesse.

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

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

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

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

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

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

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

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

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

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

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

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

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe; and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

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

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

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

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

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

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

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

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

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

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

Prince. What hee did not?

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

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a *fittide Prunce* nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for *Woo-man-hood*, *Maid-marian* may be the *Deputies* wife of the *Ward* to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

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

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

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

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

Fal. What *beast*? Why an *Otter*.

Prin. An *Otter*, *for John*? Why an *Otter*?

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

Host. Thou art *vnust* main *lying*; so; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou *knaue* thou.

Prin. Thou say *fitue Hostesse*, and he *slanders* thee most *groffely*.

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

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

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

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

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

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

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

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

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

Prin. And why not as the *Lyon*?

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

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

Fal. Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the *state* of *Innocency*, *Adam* fell: and what should *poore Iacke Falstaffe* do, in the *dayes* of *Villany*? Thou seest, I haue more *flesh* then another *man*, and therefore more *frailty*. You confesse then you *pickt* my *Pocket*?

Prin. It appeares so by the *Story*.

Fal. *Hostesse* I forgive thee:

Go make ready *Breakfast*, loue thy *Husband*, Looke to thy *Servants*, and cherish thy *Guests*: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest *reason*: Thou seest, I am *pacified* still. Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit *Hostesse*.

Now *Hal*, to the *newes* at *Court* for the *Robbery*, *Lad*? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet *Beefe*:

I must still be good *Angell* to thee.

The *Monie* is paid backe againe.

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

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

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

Bar. Do my *Lord*.

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

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

Prin. *Bardolph*.

Bar. My *Lord*.

Prin. Go beare this *Letter* to *Lord John* of *Lancaster* To my *Brother John*. This to my *Lord* of *Westmerland*, Go *Peto*, to horse: for thou, and I, Haue *thirtie* miles to ride yet ere *dinner* time.

Iacke, meet me to morrow in the *Temple Hall*

At two a *clocke* in the *afternoone*,

There shalt thou know thy *Charge*, and there receiue *Money* and *Order* for their *Furniture*.

The *Land* is *burning*, *Perce* stands on *hye*,

And either they, or we must lower *lyc*.

Fal. Rare words! braue world.

Hostesse my *breakfast*, come:

Oh, I could wish this *Tauerne* were my *drumme*.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Harris Hotspurre*, *Worcester*, and *Douglas*.

Hot. Well said, my *Noble Scot*, if speaking *truth* In this fine *Age*, were not thought *flatterie*, Such *attribution* should the *Douglas* haue, As not a *Souldiour* of this *seasons* *stampe*, Should go so *generall* *currant* through the *world*. By heauen I cannot *flatter*: I defie The *Tongues* of *Soothers*. But a *Brauer* place In my hearts *loue*, hath no man then your *Selfe*. Nay, *taske* me to my *word*: *aproue* me *Lord*.

Dow. Thou art the *King* of *Honor*: No man so *potent* *breathes* vpon the *ground*, But I will *Beard* him.

Enter a *Messenger*.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What *Letters* hast there? I can but *thanke* you.

Mess. These *Letters* come from your *Father*.

Hot. *Letters* from him?

Why comes he not himfelfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my *Lord*, He is *greeuous* *sicke*.

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

f 2

Mess

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,
The very List, the very vtmost Bound
Of all our fortunes.

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

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

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitic and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuision: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdome, loyaltie, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:
For well you know, wee of the offering 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 kinde of feare,
Before not dreame of.

Hotsp. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it topsie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

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

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *John*.

Hotsp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further, I haue lea'n'd,
The King himseife in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.
Where is his Soune,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?

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

Hotsp. No more, no more,
Worse then the Sunne in March:
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse &
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Vern. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.

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

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

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?

Vern. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs, may serue so great a day.
Come, let vs take a muster speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily!

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

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

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

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

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. Exit.

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a lowe't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme Slaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Caluier, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded vniust Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the mozt of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Herald's Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dauntry. But that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Jack? how now Quilt?

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

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

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilantes a Cat, to steale Creame.

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

Falst. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to cosse: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'll fill a Pix, as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

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

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

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

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'll fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

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

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

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

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counsaile well: You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, *Douglas*: by my Life, And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, If well-respected Honor bid me on, I hold as little counsaile with weake feare, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues, Let it be leene to morrow in the Battell, Which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are That you fore-see not what impediments Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp. Your Vnckle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day, And now their pride and mettrall is asleepe, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

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

f 3

Worc. The

Warr: The number of the King exceedeth ours.
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

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

Blunt: Come with gracious offers from the King:
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hotsp: Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:*
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs foue you well: and euen those some
Enuie your great desertings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Maestie,
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and wherenpon
You coniuere from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hotsp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and lowr,
A poore vnmindeed Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at *Rauenpurgh*:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behande him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hotsp. Then to the point.

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

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter.*

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

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

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

Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Turke, and Sir Michell.

Arch Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Brieve
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

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

Arch. Like enough you doe.

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

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

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Barry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and waulike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

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

Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis 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, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make halt, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, *Sir Michell.* *Exiunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

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

Prim. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his holiow whistling in the Leaues,
Portels a Tempest, and a bluttring day.

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

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

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

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:

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

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

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

Prim. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your looks
Of Fauour, from my Selve, 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 *Richard's* time, and poasted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selve, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The seeming iustitances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
I forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being sed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Viech the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were infer'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this pretent Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

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

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

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do

Do make against it: No good Worcester, no;
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas 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.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

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

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

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

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

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

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

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherish't, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish't, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptiuiledge,
A haire-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a Splene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newe-?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas: Go you and tell him so

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly. *Exit Douglas.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greevances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King Henries teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

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

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

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on space.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale.

For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to stame
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now Esperance *Percy*, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.

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

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y crossist me?
What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?

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

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

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

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himselve.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
He murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarm, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shor-free at London, I fear
the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft
who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy
too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I heede no more
weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of

Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg du-
ring life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Pri. What, is it a tyme to iest and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

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

Scena Tertia.

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

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

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

Pri. I beseech your Maiesty make vp,
Least you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:

My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, He leade you to your Tent.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

King. The King himselve: who *Dowglas* grieues at hart

So

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

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp they head vile *Scot*, or thou art like
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 flyeth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gansley hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

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

K. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *Sir Nicholas Gansley*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

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

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

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

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

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

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

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaffe.

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

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who falls downe
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brattle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophecie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for _____

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

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 wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
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 stricke so far a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
give you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow.
'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant *Scot*,
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-
terfeit; to dye, is to be 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 liueth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-
deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I haue sau'd my life. I am affraide of
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would
proue the better counterfeit, therefore Ile make him sure:
yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along me. *Takes his spurres on his backe.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flish't
thy Maiden 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: Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I be not Iacke *Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Percy*,
if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
kill the next *Percy* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.

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

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

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

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

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe :
For my part, if a lye may do thee gract,
He gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours :
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead *Exeunt*
Fal. He follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
wards me, hee giues me reward him. If I do grow great again,
He grow lesse ? For He purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

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

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you ?
And 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 bene alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

War. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be enoyed, it falls on mee.

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

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field ?

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

King. With all my heart.

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

King. Then this remaines : that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne Iohn, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selve, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day :
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

