

HENRY IV

Part 1

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

<https://shakespeare.folger.edu/>

Contents

| | |
|--------------|---|
| Front Matter | <p>From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library Textual Introduction Synopsis Characters in the Play</p> |
| ACT 1 | <p>Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3</p> |
| ACT 2 | <p>Scene 1 Scene 2</p> |

| | |
|-------|---------|
| | Scene 3 |
| | Scene 4 |
| ACT 3 | Scene 1 |
| | Scene 2 |
| | Scene 3 |
| ACT 4 | Scene 1 |
| | Scene 2 |
| | Scene 3 |
| | Scene 4 |
| ACT 5 | Scene 1 |
| | Scene 2 |
| | Scene 3 |
| | Scene 4 |
| | Scene 5 |

From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the

single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or

whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With ⑆blood⑆ and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: "O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?"). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare's texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Henry IV, Part 1, culminates in the battle of Shrewsbury between the king's army and rebels seeking his crown. The dispute begins when Hotspur, the son of Northumberland, breaks with the king over the fate of his brother-in-law, Mortimer, a Welsh prisoner. Hotspur, Northumberland, and Hotspur's uncle Worcester plan to take the throne, later allying with Mortimer and a Welsh leader, Glendower.

As that conflict develops, Prince Hal—Henry IV’s son and heir—carouses in a tavern and plots to trick the roguish Sir John Falstaff and his henchmen, who are planning a highway robbery. Hal and a companion will rob them of their loot—then wait for Falstaff’s lying boasts. The trick succeeds, but Prince Hal is summoned to war.

In the war, Hal saves his father’s life and then kills Hotspur, actions that help to redeem his bad reputation. Falstaff, meanwhile, cheats his soldiers, whom he leads to slaughter, and takes credit for Hotspur’s death.

Characters in the Play

KING HENRY IV, formerly Henry Bolingbroke

PRINCE HAL, Prince of Wales and heir to the throne (also called Harry and Harry Monmouth)

LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, younger son of King Henry
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
SIR WALTER BLUNT

HOTSPUR (Sir Henry, or Harry, Percy)

LADY PERCY (also called Kate)

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Henry Percy, Hotspur’s father
EARL OF WORCESTER, Thomas Percy, Hotspur’s uncle

EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March

LADY MORTIMER (also called “the Welsh lady”)

OWEN GLENDOWER, a Welsh lord, father of Lady Mortimer

DOUGLAS (Archibald, earl of Douglas)

ARCHBISHOP (Richard Scroop, archbishop of York)

SIR MICHAEL, a priest or knight associated with the archbishop

SIR RICHARD VERNON, an English knight

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

POINS (also called Edward, Yedward, and Ned)

BARDOLPH

PETO

GADSHILL, setter for the robbers

HOSTESS of the tavern (also called Mistress Quickly)

VINTNER, or keeper of the tavern

FRANCIS, an apprentice tapster

Carriers, Ostlers, Chamberlain, Travelers, Sheriff, Servants, Lords,

「ACT I」

「Scene 1」

*Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, 「and the」 Earl
of Westmoreland, with others.*

KING

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0001 | So shaken as we are, so wan with care, | |
| FTLN 0002 | Find we a time for frightened peace to pant | |
| FTLN 0003 | And breathe short-winded accents of new broils | |
| FTLN 0004 | To be commenced in strands afar remote. | |
| FTLN 0005 | No more the thirsty entrance of this soil | 5 |
| FTLN 0006 | Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood. | |
| FTLN 0007 | No more shall trenching war channel her fields, | |
| FTLN 0008 | Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armèd hoofs | |
| FTLN 0009 | Of hostile paces. Those opposèd eyes, | |
| FTLN 0010 | Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, | 10 |
| FTLN 0011 | All of one nature, of one substance bred, | |
| FTLN 0012 | Did lately meet in the intestine shock | |
| FTLN 0013 | And furious close of civil butchery, | |
| FTLN 0014 | Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks, | |
| FTLN 0015 | March all one way and be no more opposed | 15 |
| FTLN 0016 | Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies. | |
| FTLN 0017 | The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife, | |
| FTLN 0018 | No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends, | |
| FTLN 0019 | As far as to the sepulcher of Christ— | |
| FTLN 0020 | Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross | 20 |
| FTLN 0021 | We are impressèd and engaged to fight— | |

FTLN 0022 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
 FTLN 0023 Whose arms were molded in their mothers' womb
 FTLN 0024 To chase these pagans in those holy fields
 FTLN 0025 Over whose acres walked those blessed feet 25
 FTLN 0026 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
 FTLN 0027 For our advantage on the bitter cross.
 FTLN 0028 But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
 FTLN 0029 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.
 FTLN 0030 Therefor we meet not now. Then let me hear 30
 FTLN 0031 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 FTLN 0032 What yesternight our council did decree
 FTLN 0033 In forwarding this dear expedience.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0034 My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 FTLN 0035 And many limits of the charge set down 35
 FTLN 0036 But yesternight, when all athwart there came
 FTLN 0037 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,
 FTLN 0038 Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
 FTLN 0039 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 FTLN 0040 Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40
 FTLN 0041 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 FTLN 0042 A thousand of his people butcherèd,
 FTLN 0043 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
 FTLN 0044 Such beastly shameless transformation
 FTLN 0045 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be 45
 FTLN 0046 Without much shame retold or spoken of.

KING

FTLN 0047 It seems then that the tidings of this broil
 FTLN 0048 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0049 This matched with other did, my gracious lord.
 FTLN 0050 For more uneven and unwelcome news 50
 FTLN 0051 Came from the north, and thus it did import:
 FTLN 0052 On Holy-rod Day the gallant Hotspur there,
 FTLN 0053 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 FTLN 0054 That ever valiant and approvèd Scot,

FTLN 0055 At Holmedon met, where they did spend 55
FTLN 0056 A sad and bloody hour—
FTLN 0057 As by discharge of their artillery
FTLN 0058 And shape of likelihood the news was told,
FTLN 0059 For he that brought them, in the very heat
FTLN 0060 And pride of their contention did take horse, 60
FTLN 0061 Uncertain of the issue any way.

KING

FTLN 0062 Here is ^{ra} dear, a true-industrious friend,
FTLN 0063 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
FTLN 0064 Stained with the variation of each soil
FTLN 0065 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours, 65
FTLN 0066 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
FTLN 0067 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
FTLN 0068 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
FTLN 0069 Balked in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
FTLN 0070 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners Hotspur took 70
FTLN 0071 Mordake, Earl of Fife and eldest son
FTLN 0072 To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Atholl,
FTLN 0073 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
FTLN 0074 And is not this an honorable spoil?
FTLN 0075 A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not? 75

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0076 In faith, it is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

KING

FTLN 0077 Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
FTLN 0078 In envy that my Lord Northumberland
FTLN 0079 Should be the father to so blest a son,
FTLN 0080 A son who is the theme of Honor's tongue, 80
FTLN 0081 Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
FTLN 0082 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
FTLN 0083 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
FTLN 0084 See riot and dishonor stain the brow
FTLN 0085 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved 85
FTLN 0086 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
FTLN 0087 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

FTLN 0089 And called mine "Percy," his "Plantagenet"!
FTLN 0090 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
FTLN 0091 But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz, 90
FTLN 0092 Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners
FTLN 0093 Which he in this adventure hath surprised
FTLN 0094 To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
FTLN 0094 I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0095 This is his uncle's teaching. This is Worcester, 95
FTLN 0096 Malevolent to you in all aspects,
FTLN 0097 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
FTLN 0098 The crest of youth against your dignity.

KING

FTLN 0099 But I have sent for him to answer this.
FTLN 0100 And for this cause awhile we must neglect 100
FTLN 0101 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
FTLN 0102 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
FTLN 0103 Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords.
FTLN 0104 But come yourself with speed to us again,
FTLN 0105 For more is to be said and to be done 105
FTLN 0106 Than out of anger can be utterèd.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0107 I will, my liege.

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0108 Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE

FTLN 0109 Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old
FTLN 0110 sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
FTLN 0111 sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
FTLN 0112 forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst 5
FTLN 0113 truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with
FTLN 0114 the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of
FTLN 0115 sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues

FTLN 0116 of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses,
 FTLN 0117 and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in 10
 FTLN 0118 flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou
 FTLN 0119 shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time
 FTLN 0120 of the day.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0121 Indeed, you come near me now, Hal, for we
 FTLN 0122 that take purses go by the moon and the seven 15
 FTLN 0123 stars, and not by Phoebus, he, that wand'ring
 FTLN 0124 knight so fair. And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou
 FTLN 0125 art king, as God save thy Grace—Majesty, I should
 FTLN 0126 say, for grace thou wilt have none—

PRINCE

FTLN 0127 What, none? 20

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0128 No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to
 FTLN 0129 be prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE

FTLN 0130 Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0131 Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art king,
 FTLN 0132 let not us that are squires of the night's body be 25
 FTLN 0133 called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's
 FTLN 0134 foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the
 FTLN 0135 moon, and let men say we be men of good government,
 FTLN 0136 being governed, as the sea is, by our noble
 FTLN 0137 and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance 30
 FTLN 0138 we steal.

PRINCE

FTLN 0139 Thou sayest well, and it holds well too, for the
 FTLN 0140 fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and
 FTLN 0141 flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by
 FTLN 0142 the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most 35
 FTLN 0143 resolutely snatched on Monday night and most
 FTLN 0144 dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with
 FTLN 0145 swearing "Lay by" and spent with crying "Bring
 FTLN 0146 in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder,
 FTLN 0147 and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the 40
 FTLN 0148 gallows.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0149 By the Lord, thou sayst true, lad. And is not
 FTLN 0150 my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE

As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.

And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of
durance?

45

FALSTAFF

How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy
quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to
do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess
of the tavern?

50

FALSTAFF

Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning
many a time and oft.

PRINCE

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF

No, I'll give thee thy due. Thou hast paid all
there.

55

PRINCE

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would
stretch, and where it would not, I have used my
credit.

FALSTAFF

Yea, and so used it that were it not here
apparent that thou art heir apparent—But I prithee,
sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in
England when thou art king? And resolution thus
fubbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father Antic
the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a
thief.

60

65

PRINCE

No, thou shalt.

FALSTAFF

Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave
judge.

PRINCE

Thou judgest false already. I mean thou shalt
have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a

70

FTLN 0179 rare hangman.
 FALSTAFF
 FTLN 0180 Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps
 FTLN 0181 with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I
 FTLN 0182 can tell you. 75
 PRINCE
 FTLN 0183 For obtaining of suits?
 FALSTAFF
 FTLN 0184 Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman
 FTLN 0185 hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as
 FTLN 0186 melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

19

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 2

PRINCE
 FTLN 0187 Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. 80
 FALSTAFF
 FTLN 0188 Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.
 PRINCE
 FTLN 0189 What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy
 FTLN 0190 of Moorditch?
 FALSTAFF
 FTLN 0191 Thou hast the most unsavory 'similes,' and
 FTLN 0192 art indeed the most comparative, rascaliest, sweet 85
 FTLN 0193 young prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no
 FTLN 0194 more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew
 FTLN 0195 where a commodity of good names were to be
 FTLN 0196 bought. An old lord of the council rated me the
 FTLN 0197 other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked 90
 FTLN 0198 him not, and yet he talked very wisely, but I
 FTLN 0199 regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in
 FTLN 0200 the street, too.
 PRINCE
 FTLN 0201 Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the
 FTLN 0202 streets and no man regards it. 95
 FALSTAFF
 FTLN 0203 O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art
 FTLN 0204 indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done
 FTLN 0205 much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it.
 FTLN 0206 Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now

FTLN 0207 am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than 100
FTLN 0208 one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I
FTLN 0209 will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a
FTLN 0210 villain. I'll be damned for never a king's son in
FTLN 0211 Christendom.

PRINCE

FTLN 0212 Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack? 105

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0213 Zounds, where thou wilt, lad. I'll make one.

FTLN 0214 An I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

PRINCE

FTLN 0215 I see a good amendment of life in thee, from

FTLN 0216 praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0217 Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin 110

FTLN 0218 for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

FTLN 0219 Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a

FTLN 0220 match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what

FTLN 0221 hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the
FTLN 0222 most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand!" to
FTLN 0223 a true man. 115

PRINCE

FTLN 0224 Good morrow, Ned.

POINS

FTLN 0225 Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur

FTLN 0226 Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?

FTLN 0227 Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about 120

FTLN 0228 thy soul that thou soldest him on Good Friday last

FTLN 0229 for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE

FTLN 0230 Sir John stands to his word. The devil shall

FTLN 0231 have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of

FTLN 0232 proverbs. He will give the devil his due. 125

POINS, 「to Falstaff」

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0233 | Then art thou damned for keeping | |
| FTLN 0234 | thy word with the devil. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0235 | Else he had been damned for cozening the | |
| FTLN 0236 | devil. | |
| | POINS | |
| FTLN 0237 | But, my lads, my lads, tomorrow morning, by | 130 |
| FTLN 0238 | four o'clock early at Gad's Hill, there are pilgrims | |
| FTLN 0239 | going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders | |
| FTLN 0240 | riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for | |
| FTLN 0241 | you all. You have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies | |
| FTLN 0242 | tonight in Rochester. I have bespoke supper tomorrow | 135 |
| FTLN 0243 | night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as | |
| FTLN 0244 | sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of | |
| FTLN 0245 | crowns. If you will not, tarry at home and be | |
| FTLN 0246 | hanged. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0247 | Hear you, Yedward, if I tarry at home and | 140 |
| FTLN 0248 | go not, I'll hang you for going. | |
| | POINS | |
| FTLN 0249 | You will, chops? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0250 | Hal, wilt thou make one? | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0251 | Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0252 | There's neither honesty, manhood, nor | 145 |
| FTLN 0253 | good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of | |
| FTLN 0254 | the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten | |
| FTLN 0255 | shillings. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0256 | Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0257 | Why, that's well said. | 150 |

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0258 | Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0259 | | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|----------------------------|
| FTLN 0260 | By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then when thou art king. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0261 | I care not. | |
| | POINS | |
| FTLN 0262 | Sir John, I prithee leave the Prince and me | 155 |
| FTLN 0263 | alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this | |
| FTLN 0264 | adventure that he shall go. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0265 | Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, | |
| FTLN 0266 | and him the ears of profiting, that what thou | |
| FTLN 0267 | speakest may move, and what he hears may be | 160 |
| FTLN 0268 | believed, that the true prince may, for recreation | |
| FTLN 0269 | sake, prove a false thief, for the poor abuses of the | |
| FTLN 0270 | time want countenance. Farewell. You shall find me | |
| FTLN 0271 | in Eastcheap. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0272 | Farewell, 「thou」 latter spring. Farewell, Allhallown | 165 |
| FTLN 0273 | summer. | |
| | | 「 <i>Falstaff exits.</i> 」 |
| | POINS | |
| FTLN 0274 | Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us | |
| FTLN 0275 | tomorrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot | |
| FTLN 0276 | manage alone. Falstaff, 「Peto, Bardolph,」 and Gadshill | |
| FTLN 0277 | shall rob those men that we have already | 170 |
| FTLN 0278 | waylaid. Yourself and I will not be there. And when | |
| FTLN 0279 | they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, | |
| FTLN 0280 | cut this head off from my shoulders. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0281 | How shall we part with them in setting forth? | |
| | POINS | |
| FTLN 0282 | Why, we will set forth before or after them, and | 175 |
| FTLN 0283 | appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our | |
| FTLN 0284 | pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon | |
| FTLN 0285 | the exploit themselves, which they shall have no | |
| FTLN 0286 | sooner achieved but we'll set upon them. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0287 | Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our | 180 |
| FTLN 0288 | horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment | |
| FTLN 0289 | to be ourselves. | |
| | POINS | |
| FTLN 0290 | Tut, our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them | |
| FTLN 0291 | in the wood. Our vizards we will change after we | |
| FTLN 0292 | leave them. And, sirrah, I have cases of buckram | 185 |
| FTLN 0293 | for the nonce, to immask our noted outward | |
| FTLN 0294 | garments. | |

PRINCE

FTLN 0295 Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS

FTLN 0296 Well, for two of them, I know them to be as
 FTLN 0297 true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the 190
 FTLN 0298 third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll
 FTLN 0299 forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the
 FTLN 0300 incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will
 FTLN 0301 tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty at least
 FTLN 0302 he fought with, what wards, what blows, what 195
 FTLN 0303 extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this
 FTLN 0304 lives the jest.

PRINCE

FTLN 0305 Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things
 FTLN 0306 necessary and meet me tomorrow night in Eastcheap.
 FTLN 0307 There I'll sup. Farewell. 200

POINS

FTLN 0308 Farewell, my lord.

Poins exits.

PRINCE

FTLN 0309 I know you all, and will awhile uphold
 FTLN 0310 The unyoked humor of your idleness.
 FTLN 0311 Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 FTLN 0312 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds 205
 FTLN 0313 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 FTLN 0314 That, when he please again to be himself,
 FTLN 0315 Being wanted, he may be more wondered at
 FTLN 0316 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 FTLN 0317 Of vapors that did seem to strangle him. 210
 FTLN 0318 If all the year were playing holidays,
 FTLN 0319 To sport would be as tedious as to work,
 FTLN 0320 But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
 FTLN 0321 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 FTLN 0322 So when this loose behavior I throw off 215
 FTLN 0323 And pay the debt I never promised,
 FTLN 0324 By how much better than my word I am,
 FTLN 0325 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
 FTLN 0326 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,

FTLN 0327
FTLN 0328
FTLN 0329

My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

220

27

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

FTLN 0330
FTLN 0331

I'll so offend to make offense a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

He exits.

「Scene 3」

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

KING, 「to Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur」

FTLN 0332
FTLN 0333
FTLN 0334
FTLN 0335
FTLN 0336
FTLN 0337
FTLN 0338
FTLN 0339
FTLN 0340

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me, for accordingly
You tread upon my patience. But be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be feared, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

5

WORCESTER

FTLN 0341
FTLN 0342
FTLN 0343
FTLN 0344

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

10

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0345

My lord—

KING

FTLN 0346
FTLN 0347
FTLN 0348
FTLN 0349
FTLN 0350
FTLN 0351

Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need

15

20

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet 55
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God save the
mark!—

31

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

And telling me the sovereignest thing on Earth
Was parmacety for an inward bruise, 60
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpeter should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless Earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns 65
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said,
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation 70
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

BLUNT

The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold, 75
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception 80
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damned Glendower, 85
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason and indent with fears

When they have lost and forfeited themselves? 90

No, on the barren mountains let him starve,

For I shall never hold that man my friend

33

Henry IV, Part I

ACT I. SC. 3

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost

To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer! 95

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war. To prove that true

Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,

Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank 100

In single opposition hand to hand

He did confound the best part of an hour

In changing hardiment with great Glendower.

Three times they breathed, and three times did they

drink, 105

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,

Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds

And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,

Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants. 110

Never did bare and rotten policy

Color her working with such deadly wounds,

Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly.

Then let not him be slandered with revolt. 115

KING

Thou dost belie him, Percy; thou dost belie him.

He never did encounter with Glendower.

I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth 120

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,

FTLN 0422

FTLN 0423

FTLN 0424

FTLN 0425

FTLN 0426

FTLN 0427

FTLN 0428

FTLN 0429

FTLN 0430

FTLN 0431

FTLN 0432

FTLN 0433

FTLN 0434

FTLN 0435

FTLN 0436

FTLN 0437

FTLN 0438

FTLN 0439

FTLN 0440

FTLN 0441

FTLN 0442

FTLN 0443

FTLN 0444

FTLN 0445

FTLN 0446

FTLN 0447

FTLN 0448

FTLN 0449

FTLN 0450

FTLN 0451

FTLN 0452

FTLN 0453

FTLN 0454

FTLN 0455

FTLN 0456

We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

125

King exits 「with Blunt and others.」

35

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

HOTSPUR

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

130

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile.
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer?

Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downtrod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

135

140

NORTHUMBERLAND

Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

He will forsooth have all my prisoners,
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

145

WORCESTER

I cannot blame him. Was not he proclaimed
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0457

FTLN 0458

FTLN 0459

FTLN 0460

FTLN 0461

FTLN 0462

FTLN 0463

FTLN 0464

FTLN 0465

FTLN 0466

FTLN 0467

FTLN 0468

FTLN 0469

FTLN 0470

FTLN 0471

FTLN 0472

FTLN 0473

FTLN 0474

FTLN 0475

FTLN 0476

FTLN 0477

FTLN 0478

FTLN 0479

FTLN 0480

FTLN 0481 He was; I heard the proclamation. 150
FTLN 0482 And then it was when the unhappy king—
FTLN 0483 Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
FTLN 0484 Upon his Irish expedition;

37

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

FTLN 0485 From whence he, intercepted, did return
FTLN 0486 To be deposed and shortly murderèd. 155

WORCESTER

FTLN 0487 And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
FTLN 0488 Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0489 But soft, I pray you. Did King Richard then
FTLN 0490 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
FTLN 0491 Heir to the crown? 160

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0492 He did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0493 Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king
FTLN 0494 That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
FTLN 0495 But shall it be that you that set the crown
FTLN 0496 Upon the head of this forgetful man 165
FTLN 0497 And for his sake wear the detested blot
FTLN 0498 Of murderous subornation—shall it be
FTLN 0499 That you a world of curses undergo,
FTLN 0500 Being the agents or base second means,
FTLN 0501 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? 170

FTLN 0502 O, pardon me that I descend so low
FTLN 0503 To show the line and the predicament
FTLN 0504 Wherein you range under this subtle king.
FTLN 0505 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
FTLN 0506 Or fill up chronicles in time to come, 175
FTLN 0507 That men of your nobility and power
FTLN 0508 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
FTLN 0509 (As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
FTLN 0510 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
FTLN 0511 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? 180

FTLN 0512 And shall it in more shame be further spoken
FTLN 0513 That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off

FTLN 0514

By him for whom these shames you underwent?
No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honors and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,

185

39

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore I say—

190

WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

195

HOTSPUR

If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim!
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

200

NORTHUMBERLAND, *['to Worcester']*

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

205

['HOTSPUR']

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

210

WORCESTER

He apprehends a world of figures here,

FTLN 0515
FTLN 0516
FTLN 0517

FTLN 0518
FTLN 0519
FTLN 0520
FTLN 0521
FTLN 0522

FTLN 0523
FTLN 0524
FTLN 0525
FTLN 0526
FTLN 0527
FTLN 0528
FTLN 0529

FTLN 0530
FTLN 0531
FTLN 0532
FTLN 0533
FTLN 0534

FTLN 0535
FTLN 0536

FTLN 0537
FTLN 0538
FTLN 0539
FTLN 0540
FTLN 0541
FTLN 0542
FTLN 0543
FTLN 0544

FTLN 0545

FTLN 0546 But not the form of what he should attend.— 215
FTLN 0547 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
HOTSPUR
FTLN 0548 I cry you mercy.

41

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

WORCESTER

FTLN 0549 Those same noble Scots
FTLN 0550 That are your prisoners—

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0551 I'll keep them all. 220
FTLN 0552 By God, he shall not have a Scot of them.
FTLN 0553 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
FTLN 0554 I'll keep them, by this hand!

WORCESTER

FTLN 0555 You start away
FTLN 0556 And lend no ear unto my purposes: 225
FTLN 0557 Those prisoners you shall keep—

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0558 Nay, I will. That's flat!
FTLN 0559 He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
FTLN 0560 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer.
FTLN 0561 But I will find him when he lies asleep, 230
FTLN 0562 And in his ear I'll hollo "Mortimer."
FTLN 0563 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
FTLN 0564 Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him
FTLN 0565 To keep his anger still in motion.

WORCESTER

FTLN 0566 Hear you, cousin, a word. 235

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0567 All studies here I solemnly defy,
FTLN 0568 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
FTLN 0569 And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales—
FTLN 0570 But that I think his father loves him not
FTLN 0571 And would be glad he met with some mischance— 240
FTLN 0572 I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

WORCESTER

FTLN 0573 Farewell, kinsman. I'll talk to you
FTLN 0574 When you are better tempered to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND, *to Hotspur*

FTLN 0575 Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

FTLN 0576 Art thou to break into this woman's mood,

245

FTLN 0577 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0578 Why, look you, I am 「whipped」 and scourged with

FTLN 0579 rods,

FTLN 0580 Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear

43

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

FTLN 0581 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

250

FTLN 0582 In Richard's time—what do you call the place?

FTLN 0583 A plague upon it! It is in Gloucestershire.

FTLN 0584 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

FTLN 0585 His uncle York, where I first bowed my knee

FTLN 0586 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke.

255

FTLN 0587 'Sblood, when you and he came back from

FTLN 0588 Ravenspurgh.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0589 At Berkeley Castle.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0590 You say true.

FTLN 0591 Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

260

FTLN 0592 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me:

FTLN 0593 “Look when his infant fortune came to age,”

FTLN 0594 And “gentle Harry Percy,” and “kind cousin.”

FTLN 0595 O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!

FTLN 0596 Good uncle, tell your tale. I have done.

265

WORCESTER

FTLN 0597 Nay, if you have not, to it again.

FTLN 0598 We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0599 I have done, i' faith.

WORCESTER

FTLN 0600 Then once more to your Scottish prisoners:

FTLN 0601 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

270

FTLN 0602 And make the Douglas' son your only mean

FTLN 0603 For powers in Scotland, which, for divers reasons

FTLN 0604 Which I shall send you written, be assured

FTLN 0605 Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,
FTLN 0606 Your son in Scotland being thus employed, 275
FTLN 0607 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
FTLN 0608 Of that same noble prelate well beloved,
FTLN 0609 The Archbishop.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0610 Of York, is it not?

WORCESTER

FTLN 0611 True, who bears hard 280

FTLN 0612 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

FTLN 0613 I speak not this in estimation,

45

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

FTLN 0614 As what I think might be, but what I know
FTLN 0615 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
FTLN 0616 And only stays but to behold the face 285
FTLN 0617 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0618 I smell it. Upon my life it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0619 Before the game is afoot thou still let'st slip.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0620 Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. 290

FTLN 0621 And then the power of Scotland and of York

FTLN 0622 To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER

FTLN 0623 And so they shall.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0624 In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.

WORCESTER

FTLN 0625 And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
FTLN 0626 To save our heads by raising of a head, 295

FTLN 0627 For bear ourselves as even as we can,

FTLN 0628 The King will always think him in our debt,

FTLN 0629 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

FTLN 0630 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

FTLN 0631 And see already how he doth begin 300

FTLN 0632 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0633

He does, he does. We'll be revenged on him.

WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell. No further go in this

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

305

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,

Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet

To bear ^{our} fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

310

47

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 1. SC. 3

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, adieu. O, let the hours be short

Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

FIRST CARRIER

Heigh-ho! An it be not four by the day,

I'll be hanged. Charles's Wain is over the new

chimney, and yet our horse not packed.—What,

ostler!

OSTLER, 「*within*」

Anon, anon.

5

FIRST CARRIER

I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle. Put a few flocks in the point. Poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cress.

Enter another Carrier, 「with a lantern.」

SECOND CARRIER

Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots. This house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

10

FIRST CARRIER

Poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose. It was the death of him.

SECOND CARRIER

I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas. I am stung like a tench.

15

FIRST CARRIER

Like a tench? By the Mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

20

SECOND CARRIER

Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan,

51

53

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 1

and then we leak in your chimney, and your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.

FIRST CARRIER

What, ostler, come away and be hanged. Come away.

25

SECOND CARRIER

I have a gammon of bacon and two races of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

FIRST CARRIER

FTLN 0673 God's body, the turkeys in my pannier
FTLN 0674 are quite starved.—What, ostler! A plague on thee! 30
FTLN 0675 Hast thou never an eye in thy head? Canst not hear?
FTLN 0676 An 'twere not as good deed as drink to break the
FTLN 0677 pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be
FTLN 0678 hanged. Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

GADSHILL

FTLN 0679 Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock? 35

「FIRST」 CARRIER

I think it be two o'clock.

GADSHILL

FTLN 0681 I prithee, lend me thy lantern to see my
FTLN 0682 gelding in the stable.

FIRST CARRIER

FTLN 0683 Nay, by God, soft. I know a trick worth
FTLN 0684 two of that, i' faith. 40

GADSHILL, 「to Second Carrier」

FTLN 0685 I pray thee, lend me
FTLN 0686 thine.

SECOND CARRIER

FTLN 0687 Ay, when, canst tell? “Lend me thy
FTLN 0688 lantern,” quoth he. Marry, I'll see thee hanged
FTLN 0689 first. 45

GADSHILL

FTLN 0690 Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to
FTLN 0691 come to London?

SECOND CARRIER

FTLN 0692 Time enough to go to bed with a
FTLN 0693 candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs,
FTLN 0694 we'll call up the gentlemen. They will along with
FTLN 0695 company, for they have great charge. 50

「Carriers」 exit.

GADSHILL

FTLN 0696 What ho, chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN

At hand, quoth pickpurse.

GADSHILL

That's even as fair as "at hand, quoth the

Chamberlain," for thou variest no more from

picking of purses than giving direction doth from

laboring: thou layest the plot how.

CHAMBERLAIN

Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds

current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin

in the Wild of Kent hath brought three hundred

marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of

his company last night at supper—a kind of auditor,

one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows

what. They are up already and call for eggs and

butter. They will away presently.

GADSHILL

Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas'

clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

CHAMBERLAIN

No, I'll none of it. I pray thee, keep that

for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint

Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADSHILL

What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If

I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows, for if I hang,

old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is

no starveling. Tut, there are other Troyans that

thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are

content to do the profession some grace, that

would, if matters should be looked into, for their

own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no

foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers,

none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms,

but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters

and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such

as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner

than drink, and drink sooner than pray, and yet,

zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint

the commonwealth, or rather not pray to her but

prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and

make her their boots.

55

60

65

70

75

80

85

CHAMBERLAIN

What, the commonwealth their boots?

Will she hold out water in foul way?

90

GADSHILL

She will, she will. Justice hath liquored her.

We steal as in a castle, cocksure. We have the
receipt of fern seed; we walk invisible.

CHAMBERLAIN

Nay, by my faith, I think you are more

beholding to the night than to fern seed for your
walking invisible.

95

GADSHILL

Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in
our purchase, as I am a true man.

CHAMBERLAIN

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

100

GADSHILL

Go to. *Homo* is a common name to all men.

Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable.

Farewell, you muddy knave.

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Prince, Poins, 「Bardolph,」 and Peto.

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter! I have removed Falstaff's
horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE

Stand close.

「Poins, Bardolph, and Peto exit.」

Enter Falstaff.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0751 Pains! Pains, and be hanged! Pains!
 PRINCE

FTLN 0752 Peace, you fat-kidneyed rascal. What a brawling 5
 FTLN 0753 dost thou keep!
 FALSTAFF

FTLN 0754 Where's Pains, Hal?
 PRINCE

FTLN 0755 He is walked up to the top of the hill. I'll go
 FTLN 0756 seek him.

[*Prince exits.*]

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0757 I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. 10
 FTLN 0758 The rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I
 FTLN 0759 know not where. If I travel but four foot by the
 FTLN 0760 square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I

FTLN 0761 doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I
 FTLN 0762 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn 15
 FTLN 0763 his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty
 FTLN 0764 years, and yet I am bewitched with the
 FTLN 0765 rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me
 FTLN 0766 medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. It
 FTLN 0767 could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—Pains!
 FTLN 0768 Hal! A plague upon you both.—Bardolph! Peto!— 20
 FTLN 0769 I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as
 FTLN 0770 good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave
 FTLN 0771 these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever
 FTLN 0772 chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground 25
 FTLN 0773 is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the
 FTLN 0774 stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague
 FTLN 0775 upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!
 FTLN 0776 (*They whistle, [within.]*) Whew! A plague upon you
 FTLN 0777 all! 30

[*Enter the Prince, Pains, Peto, and Bardolph.*]

FTLN 0778 Give me my horse, you rogues. Give me my horse
 FTLN 0779 and be hanged!

PRINCE

Peace, you fat guts! Lie down, lay thine ear
close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the
tread of travelers.

35

FALSTAFF

Have you any levers to lift me up again being
down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear my own flesh so
far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's Exchequer.
What a plague mean you to colt me
thus?

40

PRINCE

Thou liest. Thou art not colted; thou art
uncolted.

FALSTAFF

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my
horse, good king's son.

PRINCE

Out, you rogue! Shall I be your ostler?

45

FALSTAFF

Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent
garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have

61

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 2

not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy
tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison—when a jest
is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

50

Enter Gadshill.

GADSHILL

Stand.

FALSTAFF

So I do, against my will.

POINS

O, 'tis our setter. I know his voice.

「BARDOLPH」

What news?

「GADSHILL」

Case you, case you. On with your vizards.

55

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| | There's money of the King's coming down the hill. | |
| FTLN 0804 | 'Tis going to the King's Exchequer. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0805 | You lie, you rogue. 'Tis going to the King's | |
| FTLN 0806 | Tavern. | |
| | GADSHILL | |
| FTLN 0807 | There's enough to make us all. | 60 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0808 | To be hanged. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0809 | Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow | |
| FTLN 0810 | lane. Ned Poins and I will walk lower. If they 'scape | |
| FTLN 0811 | from your encounter, then they light on us. | |
| | PETO | |
| FTLN 0812 | How many be there of them? | 65 |
| | GADSHILL | |
| FTLN 0813 | Some eight or ten. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0814 | Zounds, will they not rob us? | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0815 | What, a coward, Sir John Paunch? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0816 | Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather, | |
| FTLN 0817 | but yet no coward, Hal. | 70 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 0818 | Well, we leave that to the proof. | |
| | POINS | |
| FTLN 0819 | Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge. | |
| FTLN 0820 | When thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. | |
| FTLN 0821 | Farewell and stand fast. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0822 | Now cannot I strike him, if I should be | 75 |
| FTLN 0823 | hanged. | |
| | PRINCE, <i>「aside to Poins」</i> | |
| FTLN 0824 | Ned, where are our disguises? | |
| | POINS, <i>「aside to Prince」</i> | |
| FTLN 0825 | Here, hard by. Stand close. | |
| | <i>「The Prince and Poins exit.」</i> | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 0826 | Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, | |
| FTLN 0827 | say I. Every man to his business. | 80 |
| | <i>「They step aside.」</i> | |

Enter the Travelers.

「FIRST」 TRAVELER

FTLN 0828 Come, neighbor, the boy shall lead
FTLN 0829 our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot awhile
FTLN 0830 and ease our legs.

THIEVES, 「*advancing*」

FTLN 0831 Stand!

TRAVELERS

FTLN 0832 Jesus bless us! 85

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0833 Strike! Down with them! Cut the villains'
FTLN 0834 throats! Ah, whoreson caterpillars, bacon-fed
FTLN 0835 knaves, they hate us youth. Down with them!
FTLN 0836 Fleece them!

TRAVELERS

FTLN 0837 O, we are undone, both we and ours 90
FTLN 0838 forever!

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0839 Hang, you gorbellied knaves! Are you undone?
FTLN 0840 No, you fat chuffs. I would your store were
FTLN 0841 here. On, bacons, on! What, you knaves, young men
FTLN 0842 must live. You are grandjurors, are you? We'll jure 95
FTLN 0843 you, faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. They 「all」 exit.

Enter the Prince and Poins, 「disguised」.

PRINCE

FTLN 0844 The thieves have bound the true men. Now
FTLN 0845 could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to
FTLN 0846 London, it would be argument for a week, laughter
FTLN 0847 for a month, and a good jest forever. 100

POINS

FTLN 0848 Stand close, I hear them coming.

「They step aside」.

Enter the Thieves again.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 0849 Come, my masters, let us share, and then to

FTLN 0850
FTLN 0851
FTLN 0852
FTLN 0853

horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not
two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring.
There's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild
duck.

105

*As they are sharing, the Prince
and Poins set upon them.*

65

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 3

FTLN 0854
FTLN 0855

PRINCE

Your money!

POINS

Villains!

*They all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two,
runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

FTLN 0856
FTLN 0857
FTLN 0858
FTLN 0859
FTLN 0860
FTLN 0861
FTLN 0862
FTLN 0863

PRINCE

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

The thieves are all scattered, and possessed with
fear

110

So strongly that they dare not meet each other.

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

115

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS

FTLN 0864

How the fat rogue roared!

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Hotspur alone, reading a letter.

FTLN 0865
FTLN 0866
FTLN 0867
FTLN 0868
FTLN 0869
FTLN 0870
FTLN 0871

「HOTSPUR」 *But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be
well contented to be there, in respect of the love I
bear your house. He could be contented; why is he
not, then? In respect of the love he bears our
house—he shows in this he loves his own barn
better than he loves our house. Let me see some
more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

5

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0872 | Why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, | |
| FTLN 0873 | to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out | |
| FTLN 0874 | of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. | 10 |
| FTLN 0875 | <i>The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends</i> | |
| FTLN 0876 | <i>you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted,</i> | |
| FTLN 0877 | <i>and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise</i> | |
| FTLN 0878 | <i>of so great an opposition. Say you so, say you so?</i> | |
| FTLN 0879 | I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly | 15 |
| FTLN 0880 | hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0881 | the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, | |
| FTLN 0882 | our friends true and constant—a good plot, | |
| FTLN 0883 | good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent | |
| FTLN 0884 | plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited | 20 |
| FTLN 0885 | rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends | |
| FTLN 0886 | the plot and the general course of the action. | |
| FTLN 0887 | Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain | |
| FTLN 0888 | him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my | |
| FTLN 0889 | uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my | 25 |
| FTLN 0890 | Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not | |
| FTLN 0891 | besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to | |
| FTLN 0892 | meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, | |
| FTLN 0893 | and are they not some of them set forward already? | |
| FTLN 0894 | What a pagan rascal is this—an infidel! Ha, you | 30 |
| FTLN 0895 | shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold | |
| FTLN 0896 | heart, will he to the King and lay open all our | |
| FTLN 0897 | proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to | |
| FTLN 0898 | buffets for moving such a dish of skim milk with so | |
| FTLN 0899 | honorable an action! Hang him, let him tell the | 35 |
| FTLN 0900 | King. We are prepared. I will set forward tonight. | |

Enter his Lady.

| | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| FTLN 0901 | How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two | |
| FTLN 0902 | hours. | |

LADY PERCY

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0903 | O my good lord, why are you thus alone? | |
| FTLN 0904 | For what offense have I this fortnight been | 40 |

FTLN 0905

FTLN 0906 A banished woman from my Harry's bed?
FTLN 0907 Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
FTLN 0908 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
FTLN 0909 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth
FTLN 0910 And start so often when thou sit'st alone? 45
FTLN 0911 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks
FTLN 0912 And given my treasures and my rights of thee
FTLN 0913 To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,

69

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 3

FTLN 0914 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars, 50
FTLN 0915 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
FTLN 0916 Cry "Courage! To the field!" And thou hast talked
FTLN 0917 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
FTLN 0918 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
FTLN 0919 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, 55
FTLN 0920 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
FTLN 0921 And all the currents of a heady fight.
FTLN 0922 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
FTLN 0923 And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
FTLN 0924 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow 60
FTLN 0925 Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream,
FTLN 0926 And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
FTLN 0927 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
FTLN 0928 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are
FTLN 0929 these? 65
FTLN 0930 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
FTLN 0931 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0932 What, ho!

〔Enter a Servant.〕

FTLN 0933 Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

SERVANT

FTLN 0934 He is, my lord, an hour ago. 70

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0935 Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

SERVANT

FTLN 0936 One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0937 What horse? 「A」 roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

SERVANT

FTLN 0938 It is, my lord.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0939 That roan shall be my throne. 75

FTLN 0940 Well, I will back him straight. O, Esperance!

FTLN 0941 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

「*Servant exits.*」

71

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 3

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0942 But hear you, my lord.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0943 What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0944 What is it carries you away? 80

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0945 Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0946 Out, you mad-headed ape!

FTLN 0947 A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

FTLN 0948 As you are tossed with. In faith,

FTLN 0949 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will. 85

FTLN 0950 I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

FTLN 0951 About his title, and hath sent for you

FTLN 0952 To line his enterprise; but if you go—

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0953 So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0954 Come, come, you paraquito, answer me 90

FTLN 0955 Directly unto this question that I ask.

FTLN 0956 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

FTLN 0957 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0958 Away!

FTLN 0959 Away, you trifler. Love, I love thee not. 95

FTLN 0960 I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
FTLN 0961 To play with mammets and to tilt with lips.
FTLN 0962 We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,
FTLN 0963 And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
FTLN 0964 What say'st thou, Kate? What wouldst thou have 100
FTLN 0965 with me?

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0966 Do you not love me? Do you not indeed?
FTLN 0967 Well, do not then, for since you love me not,
FTLN 0968 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
FTLN 0969 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no. 105

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0970 Come, wilt thou see me ride?
FTLN 0971 And when I am a-horseback I will swear
FTLN 0972 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
FTLN 0973 I must not have you henceforth question me
FTLN 0974 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout. 110

73

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 4

FTLN 0975 Whither I must, I must; and to conclude
FTLN 0976 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
FTLN 0977 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
FTLN 0978 Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are,
FTLN 0979 But yet a woman; and for secrecy 115
FTLN 0980 No lady closer, for I well believe
FTLN 0981 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
FTLN 0982 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0983 How? So far?

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0984 Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate, 120
FTLN 0985 Whither I go, thither shall you go too.
FTLN 0986 Today will I set forth, tomorrow you.
FTLN 0987 Will this content you, Kate?

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0988 It must, of force.

They exit.

「Scene 4」
Enter Prince and Poins.

PRINCE

FTLN 0989 Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room and
FTLN 0990 lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS

FTLN 0991 Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE

FTLN 0992 With three or four loggerheads amongst three
FTLN 0993 or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very 5
FTLN 0994 bass string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother
FTLN 0995 to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their
FTLN 0996 Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They
FTLN 0997 take it already upon their salvation that though I be
FTLN 0998 but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, 10
FTLN 0999 and tell me flatly I am no proud jack, like Falstaff,
FTLN 1000 but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy—by
FTLN 1001 the Lord, so they call me—and when I am king of
FTLN 1002 England, I shall command all the good lads in
FTLN 1003 Eastcheap. They call drinking deep “dyeing scarlet,” 15

FTLN 1004 and when you breathe in your watering, they
FTLN 1005 cry “Hem!” and bid you “Play it off!” To conclude, I
FTLN 1006 am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour
FTLN 1007 that I can drink with any tinker in his own language
FTLN 1008 during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much 20
FTLN 1009 honor that thou wert not with me in this action; but,
FTLN 1010 sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give
FTLN 1011 thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now
FTLN 1012 into my hand by an undersinker, one that never
FTLN 1013 spake other English in his life than “Eight shillings 25
FTLN 1014 and sixpence,” and “You are welcome,” with this
FTLN 1015 shrill addition, “Anon, anon, sir.—Score a pint of
FTLN 1016 bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to
FTLN 1017 drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do
FTLN 1018 thou stand in some by-room while I question my 30
FTLN 1019 puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and

FTLN 1020 do thou never leave calling “Francis,” that his tale
 FTLN 1021 to me may be nothing but “Anon.” Step aside, and
 FTLN 1022 I’ll show thee a ‹precedent.›

‹*Poins exits.*›

POINS, ‹*within*›
 FTLN 1023 Francis! 35
 PRINCE
 FTLN 1024 Thou art perfect.
 ‹POINS, *within*›
 FTLN 1025 Francis!

Enter ‹Francis, the› Drawer.

FRANCIS
 FTLN 1026 Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgarnet,
 FTLN 1027 Ralph.
 PRINCE
 FTLN 1028 Come hither, Francis. 40
 FRANCIS
 FTLN 1029 My lord?
 PRINCE
 FTLN 1030 How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
 FRANCIS
 FTLN 1031 Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—
 POINS, ‹*within*›
 FTLN 1032 Francis!
 FRANCIS
 FTLN 1033 Anon, anon, sir. 45
 PRINCE
 FTLN 1034 Five year! By ’r Lady, a long lease for the
 FTLN 1035 clinking of pewter! But, Francis, darest thou be
 FTLN 1036 so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture,
 FTLN 1037 and show it a fair pair of heels, and run
 FTLN 1038 from it? 50

FRANCIS
 FTLN 1039 O Lord, sir, I’ll be sworn upon all the books
 FTLN 1040 in England, I could find in my heart—

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| | POINS, 「 <i>within</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1041 | Francis! | |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1042 | Anon, sir. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1043 | How old art thou, Francis? | 55 |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1044 | Let me see. About Michaelmas next, I shall | |
| FTLN 1045 | be— | |
| | POINS, 「 <i>within</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1046 | Francis! | |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1047 | Anon, sir.—Pray, stay a little, my lord. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1048 | Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the sugar thou | 60 |
| FTLN 1049 | gavest me—'twas a pennyworth, was 't not? | |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1050 | O Lord, I would it had been two! | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1051 | I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask | |
| FTLN 1052 | me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it. | |
| | POINS, 「 <i>within</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1053 | Francis! | 65 |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1054 | Anon, anon. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1055 | Anon, Francis? No, Francis. But tomorrow, | |
| FTLN 1056 | Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, | |
| FTLN 1057 | when thou wilt. But, Francis— | |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1058 | My lord? | 70 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1059 | Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, | |
| FTLN 1060 | not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, | |
| FTLN 1061 | smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch— | |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1062 | O Lord, sir, who do you mean? | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1063 | Why then, your brown bastard is your only | 75 |
| FTLN 1064 | drink, for look you, Francis, your white canvas | |
| FTLN 1065 | doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to | |
| FTLN 1066 | so much. | |
| | FRANCIS | |
| FTLN 1067 | What, sir? | |
| | POINS, 「 <i>within</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1068 | Francis! | 80 |

PRINCE

FTLN 1069 Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them
FTLN 1070 call?

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

Enter Vintner.

79

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 4

VINTNER

FTLN 1071 What, stand'st thou still and hear'st such a
FTLN 1072 calling? Look to the guests within. *Francis exits.*

FTLN 1073 My lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more are at
FTLN 1074 the door. Shall I let them in? 85

PRINCE

FTLN 1075 Let them alone awhile, and then open the
FTLN 1076 door. *Vintner exits.* Poins!

Enter Poins.

POINS

FTLN 1077 Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE

FTLN 1078 Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are
FTLN 1079 at the door. Shall we be merry? 90

POINS

FTLN 1080 As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark you,
FTLN 1081 what cunning match have you made with this jest
FTLN 1082 of the drawer. Come, what's the issue?

PRINCE

FTLN 1083 I am now of all humors that have showed
FTLN 1084 themselves humors since the old days of Goodman
FTLN 1085 Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve
FTLN 1086 o'clock at midnight. 95

Francis exits, in haste.

FTLN 1087 What's o'clock, Francis?

FRANCIS

Anon, anon, sir.

100

Francis exits.

PRINCE

That ever this fellow should have fewer words

than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His

industry is upstairs and downstairs, his eloquence

the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's

mind, the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me

105

some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast,

washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon

this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry,"

says she, "how many hast thou killed today?"

"Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers

110

"Some fourteen," an hour after. "A trifle, a

trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff. I'll play Percy,

and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer

his wife. "*Rivo!*" says the drunkard. Call in

Ribs, call in Tallow.

115

81

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 4

*Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Peto, Bardolph;
and Francis, with wine.*

POINS

Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance

too! Marry and amen!—Give me a cup of

sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks

and mend them, and foot them too. A plague

120

of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue!—Is

there no virtue extant?

He drinketh.

PRINCE

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of

butter—pitiful-hearted Titan!—that melted at the

sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold

125

that compound.

FALSTAFF, 「*to Francis*」

FTLN 1115 You rogue, here's lime in this

FTLN 1116 sack too.—There is nothing but roguery to be
FTLN 1117 found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse than
FTLN 1118 a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go 130

FTLN 1119 thy ways, old Jack. Die when thou wilt. If manhood,
FTLN 1120 good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the
FTLN 1121 Earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not
FTLN 1122 three good men unchanged in England, and one of
FTLN 1123 them is fat and grows old, God help the while. A bad 135
FTLN 1124 world, I say. I would I were a weaver. I could sing
FTLN 1125 psalms, or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say
FTLN 1126 still.

PRINCE

FTLN 1127 How now, woolsack, what mutter you?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1128 A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy 140
FTLN 1129 kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy
FTLN 1130 subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll
FTLN 1131 never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of
FTLN 1132 Wales!

PRINCE

FTLN 1133 Why, you whoreson round man, what's the 145
FTLN 1134 matter?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1135 Are not you a coward? Answer me to that—
FTLN 1136 and Poins there?

POINS

FTLN 1137 Zounds, you fat paunch, an you call me coward,
FTLN 1138 by the Lord, I'll stab thee. 150

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1139 I call thee coward? I'll see thee damned ere
FTLN 1140 I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand
FTLN 1141 pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are
FTLN 1142 straight enough in the shoulders you care not who
FTLN 1143 sees your back. Call you that backing of your 155
FTLN 1144 friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1145 | that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack.—I am a | |
| FTLN 1146 | rogue if I drunk today. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1147 | O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou | |
| FTLN 1148 | drunk'st last. | 160 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1149 | All is one for that. (<i>He drinketh.</i>) A plague of | |
| FTLN 1150 | all cowards, still say I. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1151 | What's the matter? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1152 | What's the matter? There be four of us here | |
| FTLN 1153 | have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning. | 165 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1154 | Where is it, Jack, where is it? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1155 | Where is it? Taken from us it is. A hundred | |
| FTLN 1156 | upon poor four of us. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1157 | What, a hundred, man? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1158 | I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword | 170 |
| FTLN 1159 | with a dozen of them two hours together. I have | |
| FTLN 1160 | 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through | |
| FTLN 1161 | the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler | |
| FTLN 1162 | cut through and through, my sword hacked like | |
| FTLN 1163 | a handsaw. <i>Ecce signum!</i> I never dealt better since | 175 |
| FTLN 1164 | I was a man. All would not do. A plague of | |
| FTLN 1165 | all cowards! Let them speak. <i>Pointing to Gadshill,</i> | |
| | <i>Bardolph, and Peto.</i> ¹ | |
| FTLN 1166 | If they speak more or | |
| FTLN 1167 | less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of | |
| FTLN 1168 | darkness. | 180 |
| | 「PRINCE」 | |
| FTLN 1169 | Speak, sirs, how was it? | |
| | 「BARDOLPH」 | |
| FTLN 1170 | We four set upon some dozen. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1171 | Sixteen at least, my lord. | |
| | 「BARDOLPH」 | |
| FTLN 1172 | And bound them. | |

PETO

FTLN 1173 No, no, they were not bound. 185

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1174 You rogue, they were bound, every man of
FTLN 1175 them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

「BARDOLPH」

FTLN 1176 As we were sharing, some six or seven
FTLN 1177 fresh men set upon us.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1178 And unbound the rest, and then come in the 190
FTLN 1179 other.

PRINCE

FTLN 1180 What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1181 All? I know not what you call all, but if I
FTLN 1182 fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of
FTLN 1183 radish. If there were not two- or three-and-fifty 195
FTLN 1184 upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged
FTLN 1185 creature.

PRINCE

FTLN 1186 Pray God you have not murdered some of
FTLN 1187 them.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1188 Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered 200
FTLN 1189 two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues
FTLN 1190 in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a
FTLN 1191 lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my
FTLN 1192 old ward. Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four
FTLN 1193 rogues in buckram let drive at me. 205

PRINCE

FTLN 1194 What, four? Thou said'st but two even now.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1195 Four, Hal, I told thee four.

POINS

FTLN 1196 Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1197 These four came all afront, and mainly
FTLN 1198 thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all 210
FTLN 1199 their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE

FTLN 1200 Seven? Why there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1201 In buckram?

POINS

Ay, four in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF

Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

215

PRINCE, 「*to Poins*」

Prithee, let him alone. We shall have

more anon.

FALSTAFF

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

87

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 4

FALSTAFF

Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These

220

nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE

So, two more already.

FALSTAFF

Their points being broken—

POINS

Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF

Began to give me ground, but I followed me

225

close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought,

seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE

O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out

of two!

FALSTAFF

But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten

230

knaves in Kendal green came at my back,

and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, that thou

couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE

These lies are like their father that begets

them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,

235

thou claybrained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou

whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch—

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1226 What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not
FTLN 1227 the truth the truth?

PRINCE

FTLN 1228 Why, how couldst thou know these men in 240
FTLN 1229 Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not
FTLN 1230 see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest
FTLN 1231 thou to this?

POINS

FTLN 1232 Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1233 What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were 245
FTLN 1234 at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I
FTLN 1235 would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a
FTLN 1236 reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plentiful
FTLN 1237 as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon
FTLN 1238 compulsion, I. 250

PRINCE

FTLN 1239 I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine
FTLN 1240 coward, this bed-presser, this horse-backbreaker,
FTLN 1241 this huge hill of flesh—

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1242 'Sblood, you starveling, you elfskin, you
FTLN 1243 dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish! 255

FTLN 1244 O, for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor's
FTLN 1245 yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing
FTLN 1246 tuck—

PRINCE

FTLN 1247 Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again, and
FTLN 1248 when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, 260
FTLN 1249 hear me speak but this.

POINS

FTLN 1250 Mark, Jack.

PRINCE

FTLN 1251 We two saw you four set on four, and bound
FTLN 1252 them and were masters of their wealth. Mark now
FTLN 1253 how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we 265
FTLN 1254

FTLN 1255 two set on you four and, with a word, outfaced you
FTLN 1256 from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it
FTLN 1257 you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried
FTLN 1258 your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, 270
FTLN 1259 and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as
FTLN 1260 ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack
FTLN 1261 thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in
FTLN 1262 fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole
FTLN 1263 canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open
and apparent shame? 275

POINS

FTLN 1264 Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou
FTLN 1265 now?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1266 By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that
FTLN 1267 made you. Why, hear you, my masters, was it for
FTLN 1268 me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the 280
FTLN 1269 true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as
FTLN 1270 Hercules, but beware instinct. The lion will not
FTLN 1271 touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter.
FTLN 1272 I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think
FTLN 1273 the better of myself, and thee, during my life— 285
FTLN 1274 I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.
FTLN 1275 But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the
FTLN 1276 money.—Hostess, clap to the doors.—Watch tonight,
FTLN 1277 pray tomorrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts
FTLN 1278 of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to 290
FTLN 1279 you. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play
FTLN 1280 extempore?

PRINCE

FTLN 1281 Content, and the argument shall be thy running
FTLN 1282 away.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1283 Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me. 295

Enter Hostess.

| | | |
|-----------|---|------------------|
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 1284 | O Jesu, my lord the Prince— | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1285 | How now, my lady the hostess, what sayst thou | |
| FTLN 1286 | to me? | |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 1287 | Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the | |
| FTLN 1288 | court at door would speak with you. He says he | 300 |
| FTLN 1289 | comes from your father. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1290 | Give him as much as will make him a royal | |
| FTLN 1291 | man and send him back again to my mother. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1292 | What manner of man is he? | |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 1293 | An old man. | 305 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1294 | What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight? | |
| FTLN 1295 | Shall I give him his answer? | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1296 | Prithee do, Jack. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1297 | Faith, and I'll send him packing. | |
| | | <i>He exits.</i> |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1298 | Now, sirs. 「 <i>To Gadshill.</i> 」 By 'r Lady, you fought | 310 |
| FTLN 1299 | fair.—So did you, Peto.—So did you, Bardolph.— | |
| FTLN 1300 | You are lions too. You ran away upon instinct. You | |
| FTLN 1301 | will not touch the true prince. No, fie! | |
| | BARDOLPH | |
| FTLN 1302 | Faith, I ran when I saw others run. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1303 | Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's | 315 |
| FTLN 1304 | sword so hacked? | |
| | PETO | |
| FTLN 1305 | Why, he hacked it with his dagger and said he | |
| FTLN 1306 | would swear truth out of England but he would | |
| FTLN 1307 | make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded | |
| FTLN 1308 | us to do the like. | 320 |
| | BARDOLPH | |
| FTLN 1309 | Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass | |
| FTLN 1310 | to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our | |
| FTLN 1311 | garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true | |
| FTLN 1312 | men. I did that I did not this seven year before: I | |
| FTLN 1313 | blushed to hear his monstrous devices. | 325 |
| | PRINCE | |

FTLN 1314 O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen

93

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 4

FTLN 1315 years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever
FTLN 1316 since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire
FTLN 1317 and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away.
FTLN 1318 What instinct hadst thou for it? 330

BARDOLPH

FTLN 1319 My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you
FTLN 1320 behold these exhalations?

PRINCE

FTLN 1321 I do.

BARDOLPH

FTLN 1322 What think you they portend?

PRINCE

FTLN 1323 Hot livers and cold purses. 335

BARDOLPH

FTLN 1324 Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE

FTLN 1325 No. If rightly taken, halter.

Enter Falstaff.

FTLN 1326 Here comes lean Jack. Here comes bare-bone.—
FTLN 1327 How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long
FTLN 1328 is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? 340

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1329 My own knee? When I was about thy years,
FTLN 1330 Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist. I could
FTLN 1331 have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A
FTLN 1332 plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a
FTLN 1333 bladder. There's villainous news abroad. Here was 345
FTLN 1334 Sir John Bracy from your father. You must to the
FTLN 1335 court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the
FTLN 1336 north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon the
FTLN 1337 bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore
FTLN 1338 the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a 350
FTLN 1339 Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

POINS

FTLN 1340 []

Owen Glendower.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1341 Owen, Owen, the same, and his son-in-law
FTLN 1342 Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that
FTLN 1343 sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a-horseback 355
FTLN 1344 up a hill perpendicular—

PRINCE

FTLN 1345 He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol
FTLN 1346 kills a sparrow flying.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1347 You have hit it.

PRINCE

FTLN 1348 So did he never the sparrow. 360

95

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 4

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1349 Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him. He
FTLN 1350 will not run.

PRINCE

FTLN 1351 Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him
FTLN 1352 so for running?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1353 A-horseback, you cuckoo, but afoot he will 365
FTLN 1354 not budge a foot.

PRINCE

FTLN 1355 Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1356 I grant you, upon instinct. Well, he is there
FTLN 1357 too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps
FTLN 1358 more. Worcester is stolen away tonight. Thy father's 370
FTLN 1359 beard is turned white with the news. You may buy
FTLN 1360 land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

PRINCE

FTLN 1361 Why then, it is like if there come a hot June,
FTLN 1362 and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads
FTLN 1363 as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds. 375

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1364 By the Mass, thou sayest true. It is like we
FTLN 1365 shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal,
FTLN 1366

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1367 | art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir | |
| FTLN 1368 | apparent, could the world pick thee out three such | |
| FTLN 1369 | enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit | 380 |
| FTLN 1370 | Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not | |
| | horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it? | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1371 | Not a whit, i' faith. I lack some of thy instinct. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1372 | Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow | |
| FTLN 1373 | when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, | 385 |
| FTLN 1374 | practice an answer. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1375 | Do thou stand for my father and examine me | |
| FTLN 1376 | upon the particulars of my life. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1377 | Shall I? Content. 「 <i>He sits down.</i> 」 This chair | |
| FTLN 1378 | shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this | 390 |
| FTLN 1379 | cushion my crown. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1380 | Thy state is taken for a joined stool, thy golden | |
| FTLN 1381 | scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich | |
| FTLN 1382 | crown for a pitiful bald crown. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1383 | Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of | 395 |
| FTLN 1384 | thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1385 | sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be | |
| FTLN 1386 | thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, | |
| FTLN 1387 | and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein. | |
| | PRINCE, 「 <i>bowing</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1388 | Well, here is my leg. | 400 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1389 | And here is my speech. 「 <i>As King.</i> 」 Stand | |
| FTLN 1390 | aside, nobility. | |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 1391 | O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith! | |
| | FALSTAFF, 「 <i>as King</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1392 | Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain. | |

HOSTESS

FTLN 1393 O the Father, how he holds his countenance! 405

FALSTAFF, 「*as King*」

FTLN 1394 For God's sake, lords, convey my 「tristful」 queen,

FTLN 1395 For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

HOSTESS

FTLN 1396 O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry

FTLN 1397 players as ever I see.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1398 Peace, good pint-pot. Peace, good tickle-brain.— 410

FTLN 1399 「*As King.*」 Harry, I do not only marvel

FTLN 1400 where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou

FTLN 1401 art accompanied. For though the camomile, the

FTLN 1402 more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, so youth,

FTLN 1403 the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That 415

FTLN 1404 thou art my son I have partly thy mother's word,

FTLN 1405 partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous

FTLN 1406 trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy

FTLN 1407 nether lip that doth warrant me. If then thou be

FTLN 1408 son to me, here lies the point: why, being son to 420

FTLN 1409 me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of

FTLN 1410 heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A

FTLN 1411 question not to be asked. Shall the son of England

FTLN 1412 prove a thief and take purses? A question to be

FTLN 1413 asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast 425

FTLN 1414 often heard of, and it is known to many in our land

FTLN 1415 by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers

FTLN 1416 do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou

FTLN 1417 keepest. For, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in

FTLN 1418 drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; 430

FTLN 1419 not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is

FTLN 1420 a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy

FTLN 1421 company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE

FTLN 1422 What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

FALSTAFF, 「*as King*」

FTLN 1423 A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a 435

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1424 | corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a | |
| FTLN 1425 | most noble carriage, and, as I think, his age some | |
| FTLN 1426 | fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now | |
| FTLN 1427 | I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man | |
| FTLN 1428 | should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, | 440 |
| FTLN 1429 | I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be | |
| FTLN 1430 | known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then | |
| FTLN 1431 | peremptorily I speak it: there is virtue in that | |
| FTLN 1432 | Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me | |
| FTLN 1433 | now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou | 445 |
| FTLN 1434 | been this month? | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1435 | Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for | |
| FTLN 1436 | me, and I'll play my father. | |
| | FALSTAFF, 「 <i>rising</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1437 | Depose me? If thou dost it half so | |
| FTLN 1438 | gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, | 450 |
| FTLN 1439 | hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a | |
| FTLN 1440 | poulter's hare. | |
| | PRINCE, 「 <i>sitting down</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1441 | Well, here I am set. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 1442 | And here I stand.—Judge, my masters. | |
| | PRINCE, 「 <i>as King</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1443 | Now, Harry, whence come you? | 455 |
| | FALSTAFF, 「 <i>as Prince</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1444 | My noble lord, from Eastcheap. | |
| | PRINCE, 「 <i>as King</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1445 | The complaints I hear of thee are | |
| FTLN 1446 | grievous. | |
| | FALSTAFF, 「 <i>as Prince</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1447 | 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. | |
| FTLN 1448 | —Nay, I'll tickle you for a young prince, i' faith. | 460 |
| | PRINCE, 「 <i>as King</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 1449 | Swarest thou? Ungracious boy, | |
| FTLN 1450 | henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently | |
| FTLN 1451 | carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts | |
| FTLN 1452 | thee in the likeness of an old fat man. A tun of man | |
| FTLN 1453 | is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that | 465 |
| FTLN 1454 | trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, | |

that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard
 of sack, that stuffed cloakbag of guts, that roasted
 Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that
 reverend Vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, 470
 that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste
 sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly but to
 carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning but in
 craft? Wherein crafty but in villainy? Wherein villainous
 but in all things? Wherein worthy but in 475
 nothing?

FALSTAFF, *「as Prince」*

I would your Grace would take
 me with you. Whom means your Grace?

PRINCE, *「as King」*

That villainous abominable misleader
 of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan. 480

FALSTAFF, *「as Prince」*

My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE, *「as King」*

I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF, *「as Prince」*

But to say I know more harm in
 him than in myself were to say more than I know.
 That he is old, the more the pity; his white hairs do 485
 witness it. But that he is, saving your reverence, a
 whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar
 be a fault, God help the wicked. If to be old and
 merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is
 damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's 490
「lean」 kine are to be loved. No, my good lord,

banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for
 sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack
 Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more
 valiant being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not 495
 him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy
 Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish
 all the world.

PRINCE

I do, I will.

*「A loud knocking, and Bardolph, Hostess, and
 Francis exit.」*

Enter Bardolph running.

BARDOLPH

FTLN 1488 O my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a most 500
FTLN 1489 monstrous watch is at the door.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1490 Out, you rogue.—Play out the play. I have
FTLN 1491 much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hostess.

HOSTESS

FTLN 1492 O Jesu, my lord, my lord—

PRINCE

FTLN 1493 Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. 505
FTLN 1494 What's the matter?

HOSTESS

FTLN 1495 The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door.
FTLN 1496 They are come to search the house. Shall I let them
FTLN 1497 in?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1498 Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece 510
FTLN 1499 of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially made
FTLN 1500 without seeming so.

PRINCE

FTLN 1501 And thou a natural coward without instinct.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1502 I deny your major. If you will deny the
FTLN 1503 Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a 515
FTLN 1504 cart as well as another man, a plague on my
FTLN 1505 bringing up. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with
FTLN 1506 a halter as another.

PRINCE, 「*standing*」

FTLN 1507 Go hide thee behind the arras. The
FTLN 1508 rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true 520
FTLN 1509 face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 1510 Both which I have had, but their date is out;
FTLN 1511 and therefore I'll hide me.

「*He hides.*」

PRINCE

FTLN 1512 Call in the Sheriff.

〔All but the Prince and Peto exit.〕

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

PRINCE

FTLN 1513 Now, Master Sheriff, what is your will with me? 525

SHERIFF

FTLN 1514 First pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

FTLN 1515 Hath followed certain men unto this house.

105

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 2. SC. 4

PRINCE

FTLN 1516 What men?

SHERIFF

FTLN 1517 One of them is well known, my gracious lord.

FTLN 1518 A gross fat man. 530

CARRIER

FTLN 1519 As fat as butter.

PRINCE

FTLN 1520 The man I do assure you is not here,

FTLN 1521 For I myself at this time have employed him.

FTLN 1522 And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee

FTLN 1523 That I will by tomorrow dinner time 535

FTLN 1524 Send him to answer thee or any man

FTLN 1525 For anything he shall be charged withal.

FTLN 1526 And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHERIFF

FTLN 1527 I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

FTLN 1528 Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks. 540

PRINCE

FTLN 1529 It may be so. If he have robbed these men,

FTLN 1530 He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHERIFF

FTLN 1531 Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE

FTLN 1532 I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHERIFF

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1533 | Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. | 545 |
| | <i>He exits</i> 「with the Carrier.」 | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1534 | This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go | |
| FTLN 1535 | call him forth. | |
| | PETO | |
| FTLN 1536 | Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and | |
| FTLN 1537 | snorting like a horse. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1538 | Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his | 550 |
| FTLN 1539 | pockets. (<i>He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certain papers.</i>) | |
| FTLN 1540 | What hast thou found? | |
| | PETO | |
| FTLN 1541 | Nothing but papers, my lord. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1542 | Let's see what they be. Read them. | |
| | 「PETO reads」 | |
| FTLN 1543 | <i>Item, a capon,...2s. 2d.</i> | 555 |

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1544 | <i>Item, sauce,...4d.</i> | |
| FTLN 1545 | <i>Item, sack, two gallons,...5s. 8d.</i> | |
| FTLN 1546 | <i>Item, anchovies and sack after supper,...2s. 6d.</i> | |
| FTLN 1547 | <i>Item, bread,...ob.</i> | |
| | 「PRINCE」 | |
| FTLN 1548 | O monstrous! But one halfpennyworth of | 560 |
| FTLN 1549 | bread to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is | |
| FTLN 1550 | else, keep close. We'll read it at more advantage. | |
| FTLN 1551 | There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the | |
| FTLN 1552 | morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place | |
| FTLN 1553 | shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a | 565 |
| FTLN 1554 | charge of foot, and I know his death will be a march | |
| FTLN 1555 | of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again | |
| FTLN 1556 | with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning, | |
| FTLN 1557 | and so good morrow, Peto. | |
| | PETO | |
| FTLN 1558 | Good morrow, good my lord. | 570 |
| | <i>They exit.</i> | |

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, 「and」 Owen
Glendower.*

MORTIMER

FTLN 1559 These promises are fair, the parties sure,
FTLN 1560 And our induction full of prosperous hope.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1561 Lord Mortimer and cousin Glendower,
FTLN 1562 Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester—
FTLN 1563 A plague upon it, I have forgot the map. 5

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1564 No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy,
FTLN 1565 Sit, good cousin Hotspur, for by that name
FTLN 1566 As oft as Lancaster doth speak of you
FTLN 1567 His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh
FTLN 1568 He wisheth you in heaven. 10

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1569 And you in hell,
FTLN 1570 As oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1571 I cannot blame him. At my nativity
FTLN 1572 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
FTLN 1573 Of burning cressets, and at my birth 15
FTLN 1574 The frame and huge foundation of the Earth
FTLN 1575 Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1576 Why, so it would have done

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1577 | At the same season if your mother's cat | |
| FTLN 1578 | Had but kittened, though yourself had never been | 20 |
| FTLN 1579 | born. | |
| | GLENDOWER | |
| FTLN 1580 | I say the Earth did shake when I was born. | |
| | HOTSPUR | |
| FTLN 1581 | And I say the Earth was not of my mind, | |
| FTLN 1582 | If you suppose as fearing you it shook. | |
| | GLENDOWER | |
| FTLN 1583 | The heavens were all on fire; the Earth did tremble. | 25 |
| | HOTSPUR | |
| FTLN 1584 | O, then the Earth shook to see the heavens on fire, | |
| FTLN 1585 | And not in fear of your nativity. | |
| FTLN 1586 | Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth | |
| FTLN 1587 | In strange eruptions; oft the teeming Earth | |
| FTLN 1588 | Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed | 30 |
| FTLN 1589 | By the imprisoning of unruly wind | |
| FTLN 1590 | Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving, | |
| FTLN 1591 | Shakes the old beldam Earth and topples down | |
| FTLN 1592 | Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth | |
| FTLN 1593 | Our grandam Earth, having this distemp'rature, | 35 |
| FTLN 1594 | In passion shook. | |
| | GLENDOWER | |
| FTLN 1595 | Cousin, of many men | |
| FTLN 1596 | I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave | |
| FTLN 1597 | To tell you once again that at my birth | |
| FTLN 1598 | The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, | 40 |
| FTLN 1599 | The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds | |
| FTLN 1600 | Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. | |
| FTLN 1601 | These signs have marked me extraordinary, | |
| FTLN 1602 | And all the courses of my life do show | |
| FTLN 1603 | I am not in the roll of common men. | 45 |
| FTLN 1604 | Where is he living, clipped in with the sea | |
| FTLN 1605 | That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, | |
| FTLN 1606 | Which calls me pupil or hath read to me? | |
| FTLN 1607 | And bring him out that is but woman's son | |
| FTLN 1608 | Can trace me in the tedious ways of art | 50 |
| FTLN 1609 | And hold me pace in deep experiments. | |

HOTSPUR

I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.

I'll to dinner.

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy. You will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

55

HOTSPUR

Why, so can I, or so can any man,

But will they come when you do call for them?

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the
devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil

60

By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him

hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

65

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

70

HOTSPUR

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

GLENDOWER

Come, here is the map. Shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

MORTIMER

The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:

75

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1635 | England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, | |
| FTLN 1636 | By south and east is to my part assigned; | |
| FTLN 1637 | All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, | |
| FTLN 1638 | And all the fertile land within that bound | 80 |
| FTLN 1639 | To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you | |
| FTLN 1640 | The remnant northward lying off from Trent. | |
| FTLN 1641 | And our indentures tripartite are drawn, | |
| FTLN 1642 | Which being sealèd interchangeably— | |
| FTLN 1643 | A business that this night may execute— | 85 |
| FTLN 1644 | Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I | |
| FTLN 1645 | And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth | |
| FTLN 1646 | To meet your father and the Scottish power, | |
| FTLN 1647 | As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury. | |
| FTLN 1648 | My father Glendower is not ready yet, | 90 |
| FTLN 1649 | Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. | |
| FTLN 1650 | <i>['To Glendower.']</i> Within that space you may have | |
| FTLN 1651 | drawn together | |
| FTLN 1652 | Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen. | |
| | GLENDOWER | |
| FTLN 1653 | A shorter time shall send me to you, lords, | 95 |
| FTLN 1654 | And in my conduct shall your ladies come, | |
| FTLN 1655 | From whom you now must steal and take no leave, | |
| FTLN 1656 | For there will be a world of water shed | |
| FTLN 1657 | Upon the parting of your wives and you. | |
| | HOTSPUR, <i>['looking at the map']</i> | |
| FTLN 1658 | Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here, | 100 |
| FTLN 1659 | In quantity equals not one of yours. | |
| FTLN 1660 | See how this river comes me cranking in | |
| FTLN 1661 | And cuts me from the best of all my land | |
| FTLN 1662 | A huge half-moon, a monstrous <i>['candle']</i> out. | |
| FTLN 1663 | I'll have the current in this place dammed up, | 105 |
| FTLN 1664 | And here the smug and silver Trent shall run | |
| FTLN 1665 | In a new channel, fair and evenly. | |
| FTLN 1666 | It shall not wind with such a deep indent | |
| FTLN 1667 | To rob me of so rich a bottom here. | |

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1668 Not wind? It shall, it must. You see it doth. 110

MORTIMER, 「to Hotspur」

FTLN 1669 Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs
FTLN 1670 me up

FTLN 1671 With like advantage on the other side,
FTLN 1672 Gelding the opposèd continent as much
FTLN 1673 As on the other side it takes from you. 115

WORCESTER

FTLN 1674 Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
FTLN 1675 And on this north side win this cape of land,
FTLN 1676 And then he runs straight and even.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1677 I'll have it so. A little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1678 I'll not have it altered. 120

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1679 Will not you?

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1680 No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1681 Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1682 Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1683 Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh. 125

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1684 I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
FTLN 1685 For I was trained up in the English court,
FTLN 1686 Where being but young I framèd to the harp
FTLN 1687 Many an English ditty lovely well
FTLN 1688 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament— 130
FTLN 1689 A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1690 Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.
FTLN 1691 I had rather be a kitten and cry “mew”
FTLN 1692 Than one of these same 「meter」 balladmongers.
FTLN 1693 I had rather hear a brazen can'stick turned, 135
FTLN 1694 Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,
FTLN 1695 And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
FTLN 1696 Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
FTLN 1697 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1698 Come, you shall have Trent turned. 140

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1699 I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land

FTLN 1700 To any well-deserving friend;

FTLN 1701 But in the way of bargain, mark you me,

FTLN 1702 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

FTLN 1703 Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone? 145

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1704 The moon shines fair. You may away by night.

FTLN 1705 I'll haste the writer, and withal

FTLN 1706 Break with your wives of your departure hence.

FTLN 1707 I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

FTLN 1708 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. 150

He exits.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1709 Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1710 I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me

FTLN 1711 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

FTLN 1712 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

FTLN 1713 And of a dragon and a finless fish, 155

FTLN 1714 A clip-winged griffin and a moulted raven,

FTLN 1715 A couching lion and a ramping cat,

FTLN 1716 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

FTLN 1717 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—

FTLN 1718 He held me last night at least nine hours 160

FTLN 1719 In reckoning up the several devils' names

FTLN 1720 That were his lackeys. I cried "Hum," and "Well, go

FTLN 1721 to,"

FTLN 1722 But marked him not a word. O, he is as tedious

FTLN 1723 As a tired horse, a railing wife, 165

FTLN 1724 Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live

FTLN 1725 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

FTLN 1726 Than feed on cates and have him talk to me

FTLN 1727 In any summer house in Christendom.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1728 In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 170

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1729 | Exceedingly well read and profited | |
| FTLN 1730 | In strange concealments, valiant as a lion, | |
| FTLN 1731 | And wondrous affable, and as bountiful | |
| FTLN 1732 | As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin? | |
| FTLN 1733 | He holds your temper in a high respect | 175 |
| FTLN 1734 | And curbs himself even of his natural scope | |
| FTLN 1735 | When you come cross his humor. Faith, he does. | |
| FTLN 1736 | I warrant you that man is not alive | |
| FTLN 1737 | Might so have tempted him as you have done | |
| FTLN 1738 | Without the taste of danger and reproof. | 180 |
| FTLN 1739 | But do not use it oft, let me entreat you. | |
| | WORCESTER, <i>to Hotspur</i> | |
| FTLN 1740 | In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame, | |
| FTLN 1741 | And, since your coming hither, have done enough | |
| FTLN 1742 | To put him quite besides his patience. | |
| FTLN 1743 | You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault. | 185 |
| FTLN 1744 | Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, | |
| FTLN 1745 | blood— | |
| FTLN 1746 | And that's the dearest grace it renders you— | |
| FTLN 1747 | Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage, | |
| FTLN 1748 | Defect of manners, want of government, | 190 |
| FTLN 1749 | Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain, | |
| FTLN 1750 | The least of which, haunting a nobleman, | |
| FTLN 1751 | Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain | |
| FTLN 1752 | Upon the beauty of all parts besides, | |
| FTLN 1753 | Beguiling them of commendation. | 195 |
| | HOTSPUR | |
| FTLN 1754 | Well, I am schooled. Good manners be your speed! | |
| FTLN 1755 | Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. | |
| | <i>Enter Glendower with the Ladies.</i> | |
| | MORTIMER | |
| FTLN 1756 | This is the deadly spite that angers me: | |
| FTLN 1757 | My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh. | |
| | GLENDOWER | |
| FTLN 1758 | My daughter weeps; she'll not part with you. | 200 |
| FTLN 1759 | She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars. | |

MORTIMER

FTLN 1760 Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
FTLN 1761 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh,
and she answers him in the same.*

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1762 She is desperate here, a peevish self-willed harlotry,
FTLN 1763 One that no persuasion can do good upon. 205

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1764 I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh
FTLN 1765 Which thou pourest down from these swelling
FTLN 1766 heavens

FTLN 1767 I am too perfect in, and but for shame
FTLN 1768 In such a parley should I answer thee. 210

The Lady 「speaks」 *again in Welsh.* 「They kiss.」

FTLN 1769 I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
FTLN 1770 And that's a feeling disputation;
FTLN 1771 But I will never be a truant, love,
FTLN 1772 Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
FTLN 1773 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned, 215
FTLN 1774 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
FTLN 1775 With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1776 Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1777 O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1778 She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down 220
FTLN 1779 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
FTLN 1780 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
FTLN 1781 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
FTLN 1782 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
FTLN 1783 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep 225
FTLN 1784 As is the difference betwixt day and night

FTLN 1785 The hour before the heavenly harnessed team
FTLN 1786 Begins his golden progress in the east.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1787 With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.
FTLN 1788 By that time will our book, I think, be drawn. 230

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1789 Do so, and those musicians that shall play to you
FTLN 1790 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
FTLN 1791 And straight they shall be here. Sit and attend.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1792 Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down.
FTLN 1793 Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy 235
FTLN 1794 lap.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 1795 Go, you giddy goose.

The music plays.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1796 Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,
FTLN 1797 And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
FTLN 1798 By 'r Lady, he is a good musician. 240

LADY PERCY

FTLN 1799 Then should you be nothing but musical,
FTLN 1800 for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie
FTLN 1801 still, you thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1802 I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in
FTLN 1803 Irish. 245

LADY PERCY

FTLN 1804 Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1805 No.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 1806 Then be still.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1807 Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 1808 Now God help thee! 250

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1809 To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 1810 What's that?
HOTSPUR
FTLN 1811 Peace, she sings.
Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.
HOTSPUR
FTLN 1812 Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
LADY PERCY
FTLN 1813 Not mine, in good sooth. 255
HOTSPUR
FTLN 1814 Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear

129

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 3. SC. 2

FTLN 1815 like a comfit-maker's wife! "Not you, in good
FTLN 1816 sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall
FTLN 1817 mend me," and "as sure as day"—
FTLN 1818 And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths 260
FTLN 1819 As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
FTLN 1820 Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
FTLN 1821 A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth,"
FTLN 1822 And such protest of pepper-gingerbread
FTLN 1823 To velvet-guards and Sunday citizens. 265
FTLN 1824 Come, sing.
LADY PERCY
FTLN 1825 I will not sing.
HOTSPUR
FTLN 1826 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast
FTLN 1827 teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll
FTLN 1828 away within these two hours, and so come in when 270
FTLN 1829 you will.

He exits.

GLENDOWER
FTLN 1830 Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow
FTLN 1831 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
FTLN 1832 By this our book is drawn. We'll but seal,
FTLN 1833 And then to horse immediately. 275
MORTIMER
FTLN 1834 With all my heart.

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

KING

FTLN 1835 Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
FTLN 1836 Must have some private conference, but be near at
FTLN 1837 hand,
FTLN 1838 For we shall presently have need of you.

Lords exit.

FTLN 1839 I know not whether God will have it so
FTLN 1840 For some displeasing service I have done,
FTLN 1841 That, in His secret doom, out of my blood

5

131

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 3. SC. 2

FTLN 1842 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me.
FTLN 1843 But thou dost in thy passages of life
FTLN 1844 Make me believe that thou art only marked
FTLN 1845 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
FTLN 1846 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
FTLN 1847 Could such inordinate and low desires,
FTLN 1848 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
FTLN 1849 attempts,
FTLN 1850 Such barren pleasures, rude society
FTLN 1851 As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,
FTLN 1852 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
FTLN 1853 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

10

15

PRINCE

FTLN 1854 So please your Majesty, I would I could
FTLN 1855 Quit all offenses with as clear excuse
FTLN 1856 As well as I am doubtless I can purge
FTLN 1857 Myself of many I am charged withal.
FTLN 1858 Yet such extenuation let me beg
FTLN 1859 As, in reproof of many tales devised,
FTLN 1860 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
FTLN 1861 By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
FTLN 1862 I may for some things true, wherein my youth
FTLN 1863 Hath faulty wandered and irregular,

20

25

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 1864 | Find pardon on my true submission. | 30 |
| | KING | |
| FTLN 1865 | God pardon thee. Yet let me wonder, Harry, | |
| FTLN 1866 | At thy affections, which do hold a wing | |
| FTLN 1867 | Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. | |
| FTLN 1868 | Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, | |
| FTLN 1869 | Which by thy younger brother is supplied, | 35 |
| FTLN 1870 | And art almost an alien to the hearts | |
| FTLN 1871 | Of all the court and princes of my blood. | |
| FTLN 1872 | The hope and expectation of thy time | |
| FTLN 1873 | Is ruined, and the soul of every man | |
| FTLN 1874 | Prophetically do forethink thy fall. | 40 |
| FTLN 1875 | Had I so lavish of my presence been, | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1876 | So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men, | |
| FTLN 1877 | So stale and cheap to vulgar company, | |
| FTLN 1878 | Opinion, that did help me to the crown, | |
| FTLN 1879 | Had still kept loyal to possession | 45 |
| FTLN 1880 | And left me in reputeless banishment, | |
| FTLN 1881 | A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. | |
| FTLN 1882 | By being seldom seen, I could not stir | |
| FTLN 1883 | But like a comet I was wondered at, | |
| FTLN 1884 | That men would tell their children "This is he." | 50 |
| FTLN 1885 | Others would say "Where? Which is Bolingbroke?" | |
| FTLN 1886 | And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, | |
| FTLN 1887 | And dressed myself in such humility | |
| FTLN 1888 | That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts, | |
| FTLN 1889 | Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths, | 55 |
| FTLN 1890 | Even in the presence of the crownèd king. | |
| FTLN 1891 | Thus did I keep my person fresh and new, | |
| FTLN 1892 | My presence, like a robe pontifical, | |
| FTLN 1893 | Ne'er seen but wondered at, and so my state, | |
| FTLN 1894 | Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast | 60 |
| FTLN 1895 | And won by rareness such solemnity. | |
| FTLN 1896 | The skipping king, he ambled up and down | |
| FTLN 1897 | With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits, | |
| FTLN 1898 | Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state, | |
| FTLN 1899 | Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools, | 65 |
| FTLN 1900 | | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1901 | Had his great name profanèd with their scorns, | |
| FTLN 1902 | And gave his countenance, against his name, | |
| FTLN 1903 | To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push | |
| FTLN 1904 | Of every beardless vain comparative; | |
| FTLN 1905 | Grew a companion to the common streets, | 70 |
| FTLN 1906 | Enfeoffed himself to popularity, | |
| FTLN 1907 | That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes, | |
| FTLN 1908 | They surfeited with honey and began | |
| FTLN 1909 | To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little | |
| FTLN 1910 | More than a little is by much too much. | 75 |
| | So, when he had occasion to be seen, | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1911 | He was but as the cuckoo is in June, | |
| FTLN 1912 | Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes | |
| FTLN 1913 | As, sick and blunted with community, | |
| FTLN 1914 | Afford no extraordinary gaze | 80 |
| FTLN 1915 | Such as is bent on sunlike majesty | |
| FTLN 1916 | When it shines seldom in admiring eyes, | |
| FTLN 1917 | But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down, | |
| FTLN 1918 | Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect | |
| FTLN 1919 | As cloudy men use to their adversaries, | 85 |
| FTLN 1920 | Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full. | |
| FTLN 1921 | And in that very line, Harry, standest thou, | |
| FTLN 1922 | For thou hast lost thy princely privilege | |
| FTLN 1923 | With vile participation. Not an eye | |
| FTLN 1924 | But is aweary of thy common sight, | 90 |
| FTLN 1925 | Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more, | |
| FTLN 1926 | Which now doth that I would not have it do, | |
| FTLN 1927 | Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1928 | I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord, | |
| FTLN 1929 | Be more myself. | 95 |
| | KING | |
| FTLN 1930 | For all the world | |
| FTLN 1931 | As thou art to this hour was Richard then | |
| FTLN 1932 | When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh, | |
| FTLN 1933 | And even as I was then is Percy now. | |
| FTLN 1934 | Now, by my scepter, and my soul to boot, | 100 |
| FTLN 1935 | | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1936 | He hath more worthy interest to the state | |
| FTLN 1937 | Than thou, the shadow of succession. | |
| FTLN 1938 | For of no right, nor color like to right, | |
| FTLN 1939 | He doth fill fields with harness in the realm, | 105 |
| FTLN 1940 | Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws, | |
| FTLN 1941 | And, being no more in debt to years than thou, | |
| FTLN 1942 | Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on | |
| FTLN 1943 | To bloody battles and to bruising arms. | |
| FTLN 1944 | What never-dying honor hath he got | 110 |
| FTLN 1945 | Against renownèd Douglas, whose high deeds, | |
| | Whose hot incursions and great name in arms, | |

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1946 | Holds from all soldiers chief majority | |
| FTLN 1947 | And military title capital | |
| FTLN 1948 | Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ. | |
| FTLN 1949 | Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swaddling | 115 |
| FTLN 1950 | clothes, | |
| FTLN 1951 | This infant warrior, in his enterprises | |
| FTLN 1952 | Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once, | |
| FTLN 1953 | Enlargèd him, and made a friend of him, | |
| FTLN 1954 | To fill the mouth of deep defiance up | 120 |
| FTLN 1955 | And shake the peace and safety of our throne. | |
| FTLN 1956 | And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland, | |
| FTLN 1957 | The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, | |
| FTLN 1958 | Mortimer, | |
| FTLN 1959 | Capitulate against us and are up. | 125 |
| FTLN 1960 | But wherefore do I tell these news to thee? | |
| FTLN 1961 | Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes, | |
| FTLN 1962 | Which art my nearest and dearest enemy? | |
| FTLN 1963 | Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear, | |
| FTLN 1964 | Base inclination, and the start of spleen, | 130 |
| FTLN 1965 | To fight against me under Percy's pay, | |
| FTLN 1966 | To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns, | |
| FTLN 1967 | To show how much thou art degenerate. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 1968 | Do not think so. You shall not find it so. | |
| FTLN 1969 | And God forgive them that so much have swayed | 135 |
| FTLN 1970 | Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me. | |
| FTLN 1971 | | |

FTLN 1972
FTLN 1973
FTLN 1974
FTLN 1975
FTLN 1976
FTLN 1977
FTLN 1978
FTLN 1979
FTLN 1980

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,
When I will wear a garment all of blood 140
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 145
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

139

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 3. SC. 2

FTLN 1981
FTLN 1982
FTLN 1983
FTLN 1984
FTLN 1985
FTLN 1986
FTLN 1987
FTLN 1988
FTLN 1989
FTLN 1990
FTLN 1991
FTLN 1992
FTLN 1993
FTLN 1994
FTLN 1995
FTLN 1996
FTLN 1997
FTLN 1998

For every honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! For the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange 150
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf.
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up, 155
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your Majesty may salve 160
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

KING

FTLN 1999
FTLN 2000

A hundred thousand rebels die in this. 165
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

FTLN 2001
FTLN 2002
FTLN 2003

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.
BLUNT
So hath the business that I come to speak of.

FTLN 2004 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
FTLN 2005 That Douglas and the English rebels met 170
FTLN 2006 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
FTLN 2007 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
FTLN 2008 If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a state.

KING

FTLN 2009 The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today, 175
FTLN 2010 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
FTLN 2011 For this advertisement is five days old.—

141

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 3. SC. 3

FTLN 2012 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward.
FTLN 2013 On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting
FTLN 2014 Is Bridgenorth. And, Harry, you shall march 180
FTLN 2015 Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
FTLN 2016 Our business valuèd, some twelve days hence
FTLN 2017 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
FTLN 2018 Our hands are full of business. Let's away.
FTLN 2019 Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. 185

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2020 Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since
FTLN 2021 this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle?
FTLN 2022 Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's
FTLN 2023 loose gown. I am withered like an old applejohn.
FTLN 2024 Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in 5
FTLN 2025 some liking. I shall be out of heart shortly, and then
FTLN 2026 I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not
FTLN 2027 forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I
FTLN 2028 am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a
FTLN 2029 church! Company, villainous company, hath been 10
FTLN 2030 the spoil of me.

BARDOLPH

Sir John, you are so fretful you cannot live

long.

FALSTAFF

Why, there is it. Come, sing me a bawdy

song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a 15

gentleman need to be, virtuous enough: swore

little; dived not above seven times—a week; went to

a bawdy house not above once in a quarter—of an

hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four

times; lived well and in good compass; and now I 20

live out of all order, out of all compass.

BARDOLPH

Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must

143

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 3. SC. 3

needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable

compass, Sir John.

FALSTAFF

Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my 25

life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern

in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the

Knight of the Burning Lamp.

BARDOLPH

Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

FALSTAFF

No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as 30

many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento*

mori. I never see thy face but I think upon hellfire

and Dives that lived in purple, for there he is in his

robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given

to virtue, I would swear by thy face. My oath should 35

be "By this fire, ^{that's} God's angel." But thou art

altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the

light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When

thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my

horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis* 40

fatuus, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in

money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting

FTLN 2062 bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand
FTLN 2063 marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the
FTLN 2064 night betwixt tavern and tavern, but the sack that 45
FTLN 2065 thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as
FTLN 2066 good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I
FTLN 2067 have maintained that salamander of yours with fire
FTLN 2068 any time this two-and-thirty years, God reward me
FTLN 2069 for it. 50

BARDOLPH

FTLN 2070 'Sblood, I would my face were in your
FTLN 2071 belly!

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2072 Godamercy, so should I be sure to be
FTLN 2073 heartburned!

Enter Hostess.

FTLN 2074 How now, Dame Partlet the hen, have you enquired 55
FTLN 2075 yet who picked my pocket?

145

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 3. SC. 3

HOSTESS

FTLN 2076 Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John,
FTLN 2077 do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have
FTLN 2078 searched, I have enquired, so has my husband,
FTLN 2079 man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. 60
FTLN 2080 The 'tithe' of a hair was never lost in my house
FTLN 2081 before.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2082 You lie, hostess. Bardolph was shaved and
FTLN 2083 lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was
FTLN 2084 picked. Go to, you are a woman, go. 65

HOSTESS

FTLN 2085 Who, I? No, I defy thee! God's light, I was
FTLN 2086 never called so in mine own house before.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2087 Go to, I know you well enough.

HOSTESS

FTLN 2088 No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2089 | know you, Sir John. You owe me money, Sir John, | 70 |
| FTLN 2090 | and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I | |
| FTLN 2091 | bought you a dozen of shirts to your back. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2092 | Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I have given them | |
| FTLN 2093 | away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters of | |
| FTLN 2094 | them. | 75 |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 2095 | Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight | |
| FTLN 2096 | shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir | |
| FTLN 2097 | John, for your diet and by-drinkings and money | |
| FTLN 2098 | lent you, four-and-twenty pound. | |
| | FALSTAFF, 「 <i>pointing to Bardolph</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 2099 | He had his part of it. | 80 |
| FTLN 2100 | Let him pay. | |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 2101 | He? Alas, he is poor. He hath nothing. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2102 | How, poor? Look upon his face. What call | |
| FTLN 2103 | you rich? Let them coin his nose. Let them coin his | |
| FTLN 2104 | cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a | 85 |
| FTLN 2105 | younger of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine | |
| FTLN 2106 | inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a | |
| FTLN 2107 | seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark. | |
| | HOSTESS, 「 <i>to Bardolph</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 2108 | O Jesu, I have heard the Prince | |
| FTLN 2109 | tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was | 90 |
| FTLN 2110 | copper. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2111 | How? The Prince is a jack, a sneak-up. | |

FTLN 2112 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a
 FTLN 2113 dog if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, 「with Peto,」 and Falstaff
 meets him playing upon his truncheon like a fife.*

FTLN 2114 How now, lad, is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must 95

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 2115 | we all march? | |
| | BARDOLPH | |
| FTLN 2116 | Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion. | |
| | HOSTESS, 「 <i>to Prince</i> 」 | |
| FTLN 2117 | My lord, I pray you, hear me. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2118 | What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth | |
| FTLN 2119 | thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man. | 100 |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 2120 | Good my lord, hear me. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2121 | Prithee, let her alone, and list to me. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2122 | What say'st thou, Jack? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2123 | The other night I fell asleep here, behind the | |
| FTLN 2124 | arras, and had my pocket picked. This house is | 105 |
| FTLN 2125 | turned bawdy house; they pick pockets. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2126 | What didst thou lose, Jack? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2127 | Wilt thou believe me, Hal, three or four | |
| FTLN 2128 | bonds of forty pound apiece, and a seal ring of my | |
| FTLN 2129 | grandfather's. | 110 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2130 | A trifle, some eightpenny matter. | |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 2131 | So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard | |
| FTLN 2132 | your Grace say so. And, my lord, he speaks most | |
| FTLN 2133 | vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man, as he is, and | |
| FTLN 2134 | said he would cudgel you. | 115 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2135 | What, he did not! | |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 2136 | There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood | |
| FTLN 2137 | in me else. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2138 | There's no more faith in thee than in a | |
| FTLN 2139 | stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a | 120 |
| FTLN 2140 | drawn fox, and for womanhood, Maid Marian may | |
| FTLN 2141 | be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you | |
| FTLN 2142 | thing, go. | |
| | HOSTESS | |
| FTLN 2143 | Say, what thing, what thing? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2144 | What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on. | 125 |

HOSTESS

FTLN 2145 I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou
FTLN 2146 shouldst know it! I am an honest man's wife, and,
FTLN 2147 setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to
FTLN 2148 call me so.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2149 Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a 130
FTLN 2150 beast to say otherwise.

HOSTESS

FTLN 2151 Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2152 What beast? Why, an otter.

PRINCE

FTLN 2153 An otter, Sir John. Why an otter?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2154 Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man 135
FTLN 2155 knows not where to have her.

HOSTESS

FTLN 2156 Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or
FTLN 2157 any man knows where to have me, thou knave,
FTLN 2158 thou.

PRINCE

FTLN 2159 Thou sayst true, hostess, and he slanders thee 140
FTLN 2160 most grossly.

HOSTESS

FTLN 2161 So he doth you, my lord, and said this other
FTLN 2162 day you owed him a thousand pound.

PRINCE

FTLN 2163 Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2164 A thousand pound, Hal? A million. Thy love is 145
FTLN 2165 worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

HOSTESS

FTLN 2166 Nay, my lord, he called you "jack," and said
FTLN 2167 he would cudgel you.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2168 Did I, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 2169 | Indeed, Sir John, you said so. | 150 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2170 | Yea, if he said my ring was copper. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2171 | I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy | |
| FTLN 2172 | word now? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2173 | Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but | |
| FTLN 2174 | man, I dare, but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I | 155 |
| FTLN 2175 | fear the roaring of the lion's whelp. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2176 | And why not as the lion? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2177 | The King himself is to be feared as the lion. | |
| FTLN 2178 | Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? | |
| FTLN 2179 | Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break. | 160 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2180 | O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about | |

151

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 3. SC. 3

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 2181 | thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, | |
| FTLN 2182 | truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine. It is all | |
| FTLN 2183 | filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest | |
| FTLN 2184 | woman with picking thy pocket? Why, thou whoreson, | 165 |
| FTLN 2185 | impudent, embossed rascal, if there were | |
| FTLN 2186 | anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, | |
| FTLN 2187 | memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor | |
| FTLN 2188 | pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee long-winded, | |
| FTLN 2189 | if thy pocket were enriched with any other | 170 |
| FTLN 2190 | injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will | |
| FTLN 2191 | stand to it! You will not pocket up wrong! Art thou | |
| FTLN 2192 | not ashamed? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2193 | Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the | |
| FTLN 2194 | state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor | 175 |
| FTLN 2195 | Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I | |
| FTLN 2196 | have more flesh than another man and therefore | |
| FTLN 2197 | more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my | |
| FTLN 2198 | pocket. | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2199 | It appears so by the story. | 180 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2200 | Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready | |
| FTLN 2201 | breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, | |
| FTLN 2202 | cherish thy 「guests.」 Thou shalt find me tractable | |
| FTLN 2203 | to any honest reason. Thou seest I am pacified still. | |
| FTLN 2204 | Nay, prithee, begone. (<i>Hostess exits.</i>) Now, Hal, to | 185 |
| FTLN 2205 | the news at court. For the robbery, lad, how is that | |
| FTLN 2206 | answered? | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2207 | O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to | |
| FTLN 2208 | thee. The money is paid back again. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2209 | O, I do not like that paying back. 'Tis a double | 190 |
| FTLN 2210 | labor. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2211 | I am good friends with my father and may do | |
| FTLN 2212 | anything. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2213 | Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou | |
| FTLN 2214 | dost, and do it with unwashed hands too. | 195 |
| | BARDOLPH | |
| FTLN 2215 | Do, my lord. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2216 | I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2217 | I would it had been of horse. Where shall I | |
| FTLN 2218 | find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief of | |
| FTLN 2219 | the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously | 200 |
| FTLN 2220 | unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these | |
| FTLN 2221 | rebels. They offend none but the virtuous. I laud | |
| FTLN 2222 | them; I praise them. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2223 | Bardolph. | |
| | BARDOLPH | |
| FTLN 2224 | My lord. | 205 |

PRINCE, *handing Bardolph papers*

FTLN 2225 Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
FTLN 2226 To my brother John; this to my Lord of
FTLN 2227 Westmoreland.

Bardolph exits.

FTLN 2228 Go, Peto, to horse, to horse, for thou and I
FTLN 2229 Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. 210

Peto exits.

FTLN 2230 Jack, meet me tomorrow in the Temple hall
FTLN 2231 At two o'clock in the afternoon;
FTLN 2232 There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
FTLN 2233 Money and order for their furniture.
FTLN 2234 The land is burning. Percy stands on high, 215
FTLN 2235 And either we or they must lower lie.

He exits.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2236 Rare words, brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast,
FTLN 2237 come.—
FTLN 2238 O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

He exits.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2239 Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth
FTLN 2240 In this fine age were not thought flattery,
FTLN 2241 Such attribution should the Douglas have
FTLN 2242 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
FTLN 2243 Should go so general current through the world. 5
FTLN 2244 By God, I cannot flatter. I do defy
FTLN 2245 The tongues of soothers. But a braver place

FTLN 2246 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
FTLN 2247 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
DOUGLAS
FTLN 2248 Thou art the king of honor. 10
FTLN 2249 No man so potent breathes upon the ground
FTLN 2250 But I will beard him.

HOTSPUR
FTLN 2251 Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter [a Messenger] with letters.

FTLN 2252 What letters hast thou there? [To Douglas.] I can but
FTLN 2253 thank you. 15

MESSENGER
FTLN 2254 These letters come from your father.
HOTSPUR

FTLN 2255 Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?

MESSENGER
FTLN 2256 He cannot come, my lord. He is grievous sick.

157

159

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 1

HOTSPUR
FTLN 2257 Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick
FTLN 2258 In such a justling time? Who leads his power? 20
FTLN 2259 Under whose government come they along?

MESSENGER, [handing letter to Hotspur, who begins
reading it]

FTLN 2260 His letters bears his mind, not I, my [lord.]

WORCESTER
FTLN 2261 I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESSENGER
FTLN 2262 He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,
FTLN 2263 And, at the time of my departure thence, 25
FTLN 2264 He was much feared by his physicians.

WORCESTER
FTLN 2265 I would the state of time had first been whole
FTLN 2266 Ere he by sickness had been visited.

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2267 | His health was never better worth than now. | |
| | HOTSPUR | |
| FTLN 2268 | Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect | 30 |
| FTLN 2269 | The very lifeblood of our enterprise. | |
| FTLN 2270 | 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. | |
| FTLN 2271 | He writes me here that inward sickness— | |
| FTLN 2272 | And that his friends by deputation | |
| FTLN 2273 | Could not so soon be drawn, nor did he think it | 35 |
| FTLN 2274 | meet | |
| FTLN 2275 | To lay so dangerous and dear a trust | |
| FTLN 2276 | On any soul removed but on his own; | |
| FTLN 2277 | Yet doth he give us bold advertisement | |
| FTLN 2278 | That with our small conjunction we should on | 40 |
| FTLN 2279 | To see how fortune is disposed to us, | |
| FTLN 2280 | For, as he writes, there is no quailing now, | |
| FTLN 2281 | Because the King is certainly possessed | |
| FTLN 2282 | Of all our purposes. What say you to it? | |
| | WORCESTER | |
| FTLN 2283 | Your father's sickness is a maim to us. | 45 |

HOTSPUR

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2284 | A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off! | |
| FTLN 2285 | And yet, in faith, it is not. His present want | |
| FTLN 2286 | Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good | |
| FTLN 2287 | To set the exact wealth of all our states | |
| FTLN 2288 | All at one cast? To set so rich a main | 50 |
| FTLN 2289 | On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? | |
| FTLN 2290 | It were not good, for therein should we read | |
| FTLN 2291 | The very bottom and the soul of hope, | |
| FTLN 2292 | The very list, the very utmost bound | |
| FTLN 2293 | Of all our fortunes. | 55 |

DOUGLAS

| | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| FTLN 2294 | Faith, and so we should, where now remains | |
| FTLN 2295 | A sweet reversion. We may boldly spend | |
| FTLN 2296 | Upon the hope of what 'tis to come in. | |
| FTLN 2297 | A comfort of retirement lives in this. | |

HOTSPUR

| | | |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|----|
| FTLN 2298 | A rendezvous, a home to fly unto, | 60 |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|----|

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2299 | If that the devil and mischance look big | |
| FTLN 2300 | Upon the maidenhead of our affairs. | |
| | WORCESTER | |
| FTLN 2301 | But yet I would your father had been here. | |
| FTLN 2302 | The quality and hair of our attempt | |
| FTLN 2303 | Brooks no division. It will be thought | 65 |
| FTLN 2304 | By some that know not why he is away | |
| FTLN 2305 | That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike | |
| FTLN 2306 | Of our proceedings kept the Earl from hence. | |
| FTLN 2307 | And think how such an apprehension | |
| FTLN 2308 | May turn the tide of fearful faction | 70 |
| FTLN 2309 | And breed a kind of question in our cause. | |
| FTLN 2310 | For well you know, we of the off'ring side | |
| FTLN 2311 | Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament, | |
| FTLN 2312 | And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence | |
| FTLN 2313 | The eye of reason may pry in upon us. | 75 |
| FTLN 2314 | This absence of your father's draws a curtain | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2315 | That shows the ignorant a kind of fear | |
| FTLN 2316 | Before not dreamt of. | |
| | HOTSPUR | |
| FTLN 2317 | You strain too far. | |
| FTLN 2318 | I rather of his absence make this use: | 80 |
| FTLN 2319 | It lends a luster and more great opinion, | |
| FTLN 2320 | A larger dare, to our great enterprise | |
| FTLN 2321 | Than if the Earl were here, for men must think | |
| FTLN 2322 | If we without his help can make a head | |
| FTLN 2323 | To push against a kingdom, with his help | 85 |
| FTLN 2324 | We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. | |
| FTLN 2325 | Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole. | |
| | DOUGLAS | |
| FTLN 2326 | As heart can think. There is not such a word | |
| FTLN 2327 | Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear. | |

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| | HOTSPUR | |
| FTLN 2328 | My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul. | 90 |

VERNON

FTLN 2329 Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
FTLN 2330 The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
FTLN 2331 Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2332 No harm, what more?

VERNON

FTLN 2333 And further I have learned 95
FTLN 2334 The King himself in person is set forth,
FTLN 2335 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
FTLN 2336 With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2337 He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
FTLN 2338 The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales, 100
FTLN 2339 And his comrades, that daffed the world aside
FTLN 2340 And bid it pass?

VERNON

FTLN 2341 All furnished, all in arms,
FTLN 2342 All plumed like estridges that with the wind
FTLN 2343 Bated like eagles having lately bathed, 105

165

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 1

FTLN 2344 Glittering in golden coats like images,
FTLN 2345 As full of spirit as the month of May,
FTLN 2346 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,
FTLN 2347 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
FTLN 2348 I saw young Harry with his beaver on, 110
FTLN 2349 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
FTLN 2350 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury
FTLN 2351 And vaulted with such ease into his seat
FTLN 2352 As if an angel ¹dropped¹ down from the clouds,
FTLN 2353 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus 115
FTLN 2354 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2355 No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March
FTLN 2356 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come.
FTLN 2357 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
FTLN 2358 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war 120
FTLN 2359 All hot and bleeding will we offer them.

FTLN 2360 The mailed Mars shall on his ¹altar sit
FTLN 2361 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
FTLN 2362 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
FTLN 2363 And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse, 125
FTLN 2364 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
FTLN 2365 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
FTLN 2366 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
FTLN 2367 Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
FTLN 2368 O, that Glendower were come! 130

VERNON

FTLN 2369 There is more news.
FTLN 2370 I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
FTLN 2371 He ¹cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2372 That's the worst tidings that I hear of ¹yet.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2373 Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound. 135

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2374 What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

167

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 2

VERNON

FTLN 2375 To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2376 Forty let it be.
FTLN 2377 My father and Glendower being both away,
FTLN 2378 The powers of us may serve so great a day. 140
FTLN 2379 Come, let us take a muster speedily.
FTLN 2380 Doomsday is near. Die all, die merrily.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2381 Talk not of dying. I am out of fear
FTLN 2382 Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

They exit.

¹Scene 2

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FALSTAFF

Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry. Fill
me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march
through. We'll to Sutton 「Coldfield」 tonight.

BARDOLPH

Will you give me money, captain?

FALSTAFF

Lay out, lay out.

5

BARDOLPH

This bottle makes an angel.

FALSTAFF

An if it do, take it for thy labor. An if it make
twenty, take them all. I'll answer the coinage. Bid
my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

BARDOLPH

I will, captain. Farewell.

10

He exits.

FALSTAFF

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a
soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I
press me none but good householders, 「yeomen's」
sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as
had been asked twice on the banns—such a commodity
of warm slaves as had as 「lief」 hear the devil
as a drum, such as fear the report of a caliver worse

15

than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me
none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their
bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have
bought out their services, and now my whole
charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants,
gentlemen of companies—slaves as ragged as Lazarus
in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs
licked his sores; and such as indeed were never
soldiers, but discarded, unjust servingmen, younger
sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and

20

25

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2412 | ostlers tradefallen, the cankers of a calm world and | 30 |
| FTLN 2413 | a long peace, ten times more dishonorable-ragged | |
| FTLN 2414 | than an old feazed ancient; and such have I to fill up | |
| FTLN 2415 | the rooms of them as have bought out their services, | |
| FTLN 2416 | that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty | |
| FTLN 2417 | tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, | 35 |
| FTLN 2418 | from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me | |
| FTLN 2419 | on the way and told me I had unloaded all the | |
| FTLN 2420 | gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath | |
| FTLN 2421 | seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry | |
| FTLN 2422 | with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains | 40 |
| FTLN 2423 | march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on, | |
| FTLN 2424 | for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. | |
| FTLN 2425 | There's not a shirt and a half in all my company, | |
| FTLN 2426 | and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together | |
| FTLN 2427 | and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat | 45 |
| FTLN 2428 | without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, | |
| FTLN 2429 | stolen from my host at Saint Albans or the red-nose | |
| FTLN 2430 | innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find | |
| FTLN 2431 | linen enough on every hedge. | |

Enter the Prince ¹ and the ¹ Lord of Westmoreland.

PRINCE

| | | |
|-----------|--------------------------------------|----|
| FTLN 2432 | How now, blown Jack? How now, quilt? | 50 |
|-----------|--------------------------------------|----|

FALSTAFF

| | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| FTLN 2433 | What, Hal, how now, mad wag? What a devil | |
| FTLN 2434 | dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of | |

171

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 2

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| FTLN 2435 | Westmoreland, I cry you mercy. I thought your | |
| FTLN 2436 | Honor had already been at Shrewsbury. | |

WESTMORELAND

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2437 | Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time | 55 |
| FTLN 2438 | that I were there and you too, but my powers are | |
| FTLN 2439 | there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us | |
| FTLN 2440 | all. We must away all night. | |

FALSTAFF

| | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| FTLN 2441 | Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant as a cat to | |
|-----------|--|--|

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2442 | steal cream. | 60 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2443 | I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath | |
| FTLN 2444 | already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose | |
| FTLN 2445 | fellows are these that come after? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2446 | Mine, Hal, mine. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2447 | I did never see such pitiful rascals. | 65 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2448 | Tut, tut, good enough to toss; food for powder, | |
| FTLN 2449 | food for powder. They'll fill a pit as well as | |
| FTLN 2450 | better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men. | |
| | WESTMORELAND | |
| FTLN 2451 | Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are | |
| FTLN 2452 | exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly. | 70 |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2453 | Faith, for their poverty, I know not where | |
| FTLN 2454 | they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they | |
| FTLN 2455 | never learned that of me. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2456 | No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers | |
| FTLN 2457 | in the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is | 75 |
| FTLN 2458 | already in the field. | |
| | <i>He exits.</i> | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2459 | What, is the King encamped? | |
| | WESTMORELAND | |
| FTLN 2460 | He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too | |
| FTLN 2461 | long. | |
| | <i>He exits.</i> | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2462 | Well, | 80 |
| FTLN 2463 | To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a | |
| FTLN 2464 | feast | |
| FTLN 2465 | Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. | |
| | <i>He exits.</i> | |

[Scene 3]

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, [and] Vernon.

HOTSPUR

We'll fight with him tonight.

WORCESTER

It may not be.

DOUGLAS

You give him then advantage.

VERNON

Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

5

VERNON

So do we.

HOTSPUR

His is certain; ours is doubtful.

WORCESTER

Good cousin, be advised. Stir not tonight.

VERNON, [to Hotspur]

Do not, my lord.

DOUGLAS

You do not counsel well.

10

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life

(And I dare well maintain it with my life),

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

15

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

Let it be seen tomorrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

DOUGLAS

Yea, or tonight.

VERNON

Content.

20

HOTSPUR

Tonight, say I.

VERNON

Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

FTLN 2490 Drag back our expedition. Certain horse 25
FTLN 2491 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up.

175

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 3

FTLN 2492 Your uncle Worcester's 'horse' came but today,
FTLN 2493 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
FTLN 2494 Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
FTLN 2495 That not a horse is half the half of himself. 30

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2496 So are the horses of the enemy
FTLN 2497 In general journey-bated and brought low.
FTLN 2498 The better part of ours are full of rest.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2499 The number of the King exceedeth 'ours.'
FTLN 2500 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. 35
The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

BLUNT

FTLN 2501 I come with gracious offers from the King,
FTLN 2502 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2503 Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God
FTLN 2504 You were of our determination.
FTLN 2505 Some of us love you well, and even those some 40
FTLN 2506 Envy your great deservings and good name
FTLN 2507 Because you are not of our quality
FTLN 2508 But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT

FTLN 2509 And God defend but still I should stand so,
FTLN 2510 So long as out of limit and true rule 45
FTLN 2511 You stand against anointed majesty.
FTLN 2512 But to my charge. The King hath sent to know
FTLN 2513 The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
FTLN 2514 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
FTLN 2515 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land 50
FTLN 2516 Audacious cruelty. If that the King
FTLN 2517 Have any way your good deserts forgot,

FTLN 2518
FTLN 2519

Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed

177

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 3

FTLN 2520
FTLN 2521
FTLN 2522

You shall have your desires with interest 55
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2523
FTLN 2524
FTLN 2525
FTLN 2526
FTLN 2527
FTLN 2528
FTLN 2529
FTLN 2530
FTLN 2531
FTLN 2532
FTLN 2533
FTLN 2534
FTLN 2535
FTLN 2536
FTLN 2537
FTLN 2538
FTLN 2539
FTLN 2540
FTLN 2541
FTLN 2542
FTLN 2543
FTLN 2544
FTLN 2545
FTLN 2546
FTLN 2547
FTLN 2548
FTLN 2549
FTLN 2550
FTLN 2551
FTLN 2552
FTLN 2553

The King is kind, and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself 60
Did give him that same royalty he wears,
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore; 65
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved, 70
Swore him assistance and performed it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, 75
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself, 80
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father while his blood was poor
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees 85
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his 'country's' wrongs, and by this face,

FTLN 2554 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
FTLN 2555 The hearts of all that he did angle for, 90

179

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 3

FTLN 2556 Proceeded further—cut me off the heads
FTLN 2557 Of all the favorites that the absent king
FTLN 2558 In deputation left behind him here
FTLN 2559 When he was personal in the Irish war.

BLUNT

FTLN 2560 Tut, I came not to hear this. 95

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2561 Then to the point.
FTLN 2562 In short time after, he deposed the King,
FTLN 2563 Soon after that deprived him of his life
FTLN 2564 And, in the neck of that, tasked the whole state.
FTLN 2565 To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March 100
FTLN 2566 (Who is, if every owner were well placed,
FTLN 2567 Indeed his king) to be engaged in Wales,
FTLN 2568 There without ransom to lie forfeited,
FTLN 2569 Disgraced me in my happy victories,
FTLN 2570 Sought to entrap me by intelligence, 105
FTLN 2571 Rated mine uncle from the council board,
FTLN 2572 In rage dismissed my father from the court,
FTLN 2573 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
FTLN 2574 And in conclusion drove us to seek out
FTLN 2575 This head of safety, and withal to pry 110
FTLN 2576 Into his title, the which we find
FTLN 2577 Too indirect for long continuance.

BLUNT

FTLN 2578 Shall I return this answer to the King?

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2579 Not so, Sir Walter. We'll withdraw awhile.
FTLN 2580 Go to the King, and let there be impawned 115
FTLN 2581 Some surety for a safe return again,
FTLN 2582 And in the morning early shall mine uncle
FTLN 2583 Bring him our purposes. And so farewell.

BLUNT

FTLN 2584 I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2585

And maybe so we shall.

120

BLUNT

Pray God you do.

「*They exit.*」

181

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 4

「Scene 4」

Enter Archbishop of York 「and」 Sir Michael.

ARCHBISHOP, 「*handing papers*」

Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealèd brief
With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

5

SIR MICHAEL

My good lord, I guess their tenor.

ARCHBISHOP

Like enough you do.

Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry. And I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'erruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.

10

15

20

SIR MICHAEL

Why, my good lord, you need not fear.
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCHBISHOP

No, Mortimer is not there.

SIR MICHAEL

But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

25

ARCHBISHOP

And so there is. But yet the King hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:

183

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 4. SC. 4

The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,

And many more corrivals and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms.

30

SIR MICHAEL

Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

ARCHBISHOP

I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;

And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed.

For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King

Dismiss his power he means to visit us,

For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him.

Therefore make haste. I must go write again

To other friends. And so farewell, Sir Michael.

35

40

They exit.

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Sir Walter Blunt, 「and」 Falstaff.*

KING

FTLN 2628 How bloodily the sun begins to peer
FTLN 2629 Above yon bulky hill. The day looks pale
FTLN 2630 At his distemp'rature.

PRINCE

FTLN 2631 The southern wind
FTLN 2632 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, 5
FTLN 2633 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
FTLN 2634 Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

KING

FTLN 2635 Then with the losers let it sympathize,
FTLN 2636 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
The trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester 「and Vernon.」

FTLN 2637 How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well 10
FTLN 2638 That you and I should meet upon such terms
FTLN 2639 As now we meet. You have deceived our trust
FTLN 2640 And made us doff our easy robes of peace
FTLN 2641 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
FTLN 2642 This is not well, my lord; this is not well. 15
FTLN 2643 What say you to it? Will you again unknit
FTLN 2644 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war

187

189

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 1

FTLN 2645 And move in that obedient orb again
FTLN 2646 Where you did give a fair and natural light,
FTLN 2647 And be no more an exhaled meteor, 20
FTLN 2648 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
FTLN 2649 Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?

WORCESTER

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2650 | Hear me, my liege: | |
| FTLN 2651 | For mine own part I could be well content | |
| FTLN 2652 | To entertain the lag end of my life | 25 |
| FTLN 2653 | With quiet hours. For I protest | |
| FTLN 2654 | I have not sought the day of this dislike. | |
| | KING | |
| FTLN 2655 | You have not sought it. How comes it then? | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 2656 | Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 2657 | Peace, chewet, peace. | 30 |
| | WORCESTER | |
| FTLN 2658 | It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks | |
| FTLN 2659 | Of favor from myself and all our house; | |
| FTLN 2660 | And yet I must remember you, my lord, | |
| FTLN 2661 | We were the first and dearest of your friends. | |
| FTLN 2662 | For you my staff of office did I break | 35 |
| FTLN 2663 | In Richard's time, and posted day and night | |
| FTLN 2664 | To meet you on the way and kiss your hand | |
| FTLN 2665 | When yet you were in place and in account | |
| FTLN 2666 | Nothing so strong and fortunate as I. | |
| FTLN 2667 | It was myself, my brother, and his son | 40 |
| FTLN 2668 | That brought you home and boldly did outdare | |
| FTLN 2669 | The dangers of the time. You swore to us, | |
| FTLN 2670 | And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, | |
| FTLN 2671 | That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state, | |
| FTLN 2672 | Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right, | 45 |
| FTLN 2673 | The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster. | |
| FTLN 2674 | To this we swore our aid. But in short space | |
| FTLN 2675 | It rained down fortune show'ring on your head, | |
| FTLN 2676 | And such a flood of greatness fell on you— | |
| FTLN 2677 | What with our help, what with the absent king, | 50 |
| FTLN 2678 | What with the injuries of a wanton time, | |

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2679 | The seeming sufferances that you had borne, | |
| FTLN 2680 | And the contrarious winds that held the King | |
| FTLN 2681 | So long in his unlucky Irish wars | |
| FTLN 2682 | That all in England did repute him dead— | 55 |
| FTLN 2683 | | |

FTLN 2684 And from this swarm of fair advantages
FTLN 2685 You took occasion to be quickly wooed
FTLN 2686 To gripe the general sway into your hand,
FTLN 2687 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster; 60
FTLN 2688 And being fed by us, you used us so
FTLN 2689 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
FTLN 2690 Useth the sparrow—did oppress our nest,
FTLN 2691 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
FTLN 2692 That even our love durst not come near your sight
FTLN 2693 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing 65
FTLN 2694 We were enforced for safety sake to fly
FTLN 2695 Out of your sight and raise this present head,
FTLN 2696 Whereby we stand opposèd by such means
FTLN 2697 As you yourself have forged against yourself
FTLN 2698 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance, 70
FTLN 2699 And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

KING

FTLN 2700 These things indeed you have articulate,
FTLN 2701 Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,
FTLN 2702 To face the garment of rebellion 75
FTLN 2703 With some fine color that may please the eye
FTLN 2704 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
FTLN 2705 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
FTLN 2706 Of hurlyburly innovation.
FTLN 2707 And never yet did insurrection want 80
FTLN 2708 Such water colors to impaint his cause,
FTLN 2709 Nor moody beggars starving for a time
FTLN 2710 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

PRINCE

FTLN 2711 In both your armies there is many a soul
FTLN 2712 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter 85

FTLN 2713 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
FTLN 2714 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
FTLN 2715 In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
FTLN 2716 This present enterprise set off his head,
FTLN 2717 I do not think a braver gentleman, 90
FTLN 2718

FTLN 2719
FTLN 2720
FTLN 2721
FTLN 2722
FTLN 2723
FTLN 2724
FTLN 2725
FTLN 2726
FTLN 2727
FTLN 2728

More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry, 95
And so I hear he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side, 100
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

KING

FTLN 2729
FTLN 2730
FTLN 2731
FTLN 2732
FTLN 2733
FTLN 2734
FTLN 2735
FTLN 2736
FTLN 2737
FTLN 2738
FTLN 2739
FTLN 2740
FTLN 2741
FTLN 2742

And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no.
We love our people well, even those we love 105
That are misled upon your cousin's part.
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word 110
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So begone.
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer fair. Take it advisedly. 115

Worcester exits 「with Vernon.」

PRINCE

FTLN 2743
FTLN 2744
FTLN 2745

It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

KING

FTLN 2746
FTLN 2747
FTLN 2748

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them, 120
And God befriend us as our cause is just.

They exit. Prince and Falstaff remain.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2749 Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and
 FTLN 2750 bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
 PRINCE
 FTLN 2751 Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.
 FTLN 2752 Say thy prayers, and farewell. 125
 FALSTAFF
 FTLN 2753 I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.
 PRINCE
 FTLN 2754 Why, thou owest God a death.
[He exits.]
 FALSTAFF
 FTLN 2755 'Tis not due yet. I would be loath to pay Him
 FTLN 2756 before His day. What need I be so forward with
 FTLN 2757 Him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter. 130
 FTLN 2758 Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me
 FTLN 2759 off when I come on? How then? Can honor set to a
 FTLN 2760 leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a
 FTLN 2761 wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then?
 FTLN 2762 No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word 135
 FTLN 2763 "honor"? What is that "honor"? Air. A trim reckoning.
 FTLN 2764 Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth
 FTLN 2765 he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible,
 FTLN 2766 then? Yea, to the dead. But will [it] not live with the
 FTLN 2767 living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, 140
 FTLN 2768 I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon. And
 FTLN 2769 so ends my catechism.
He exits.

[Scene 2]
Enter Worcester [and] Sir Richard Vernon.

WORCESTER
 FTLN 2770 O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
 FTLN 2771 The liberal and kind offer of the King.

FTLN 2772 'Twere best he did.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2773 Then are we all 「undone.」

FTLN 2774 It is not possible, it cannot be 5

FTLN 2775 The King should keep his word in loving us.

FTLN 2776 He will suspect us still and find a time

FTLN 2777 To punish this offense in other faults.

FTLN 2778 「Suspicion」 all our lives shall be stuck full of

FTLN 2779 eyes, 10

FTLN 2780 For treason is but trusted like the fox,

FTLN 2781 Who, never so tame, so cherished and locked up,

FTLN 2782 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

FTLN 2783 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,

FTLN 2784 Interpretation will misquote our looks, 15

FTLN 2785 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

FTLN 2786 The better cherished still the nearer death.

FTLN 2787 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;

FTLN 2788 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

FTLN 2789 And an adopted name of privilege— 20

FTLN 2790 A harebrained Hotspur governed by a spleen.

FTLN 2791 All his offenses live upon my head

FTLN 2792 And on his father's. We did train him on,

FTLN 2793 And his corruption being ta'en from us,

FTLN 2794 We as the spring of all shall pay for all. 25

FTLN 2795 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know

FTLN 2796 In any case the offer of the King.

VERNON

FTLN 2797 Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.

Enter 「Hotspur, Douglas, and their army.」

FTLN 2798 Here comes your cousin.

HOTSPUR, 「to Douglas」

FTLN 2799 My uncle is returned. 30

FTLN 2800 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.—

FTLN 2801 Uncle, what news?

WORCESTER

FTLN 2802 The King will bid you battle presently.

DOUGLAS, 「to Hotspur」

FTLN 2803 Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2804 Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. 35

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2805 Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

Douglas exits.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2806 There is no seeming mercy in the King.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2807 Did you beg any? God forbid!

WORCESTER

FTLN 2808 I told him gently of our grievances,

FTLN 2809 Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus 40

FTLN 2810 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.

FTLN 2811 He calls us “rebels,” “traitors,” and will scourge

FTLN 2812 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Douglas.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2813 Arm, gentlemen, to arms. For I have thrown

FTLN 2814 A brave defiance in King Henry’s teeth, 45

FTLN 2815 And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it,

FTLN 2816 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2817 The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the King,

FTLN 2818 And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2819 O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads, 50

FTLN 2820 And that no man might draw short breath today

FTLN 2821 But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,

FTLN 2822 How showed his tasking? Seemed it in contempt?

VERNON

FTLN 2823 No, by my soul. I never in my life

FTLN 2824 Did hear a challenge urged more modestly, 55

FTLN 2825 Unless a brother should a brother dare

FTLN 2826 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2827 | He gave you all the duties of a man, | |
| FTLN 2828 | Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue, | |
| FTLN 2829 | Spoke your deservings like a chronicle, | 60 |
| FTLN 2830 | Making you ever better than his praise | |
| FTLN 2831 | By still dispraising praise valued with you, | |
| FTLN 2832 | And, which became him like a prince indeed, | |
| FTLN 2833 | He made a blushing cital of himself, | |
| FTLN 2834 | And chid his truant youth with such a grace | 65 |
| FTLN 2835 | As if he mastered there a double spirit | |
| FTLN 2836 | Of teaching and of learning instantly. | |
| FTLN 2837 | There did he pause, but let me tell the world: | |
| FTLN 2838 | If he outlive the envy of this day, | |
| FTLN 2839 | England did never owe so sweet a hope | 70 |
| FTLN 2840 | So much misconstrued in his wantonness. | |

HOTSPUR

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2841 | Cousin, I think thou art enamored | |
| FTLN 2842 | On his follies. Never did I hear | |
| FTLN 2843 | Of any prince so wild a liberty. | |
| FTLN 2844 | But be he as he will, yet once ere night | 75 |
| FTLN 2845 | I will embrace him with a soldier's arm | |
| FTLN 2846 | That he shall shrink under my courtesy.— | |
| FTLN 2847 | Arm, arm with speed, and, fellows, soldiers, | |
| FTLN 2848 | friends, | |
| FTLN 2849 | Better consider what you have to do | 80 |
| FTLN 2850 | Than I that have not well the gift of tongue | |
| FTLN 2851 | Can lift your blood up with persuasion. | |

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

| | | |
|-----------|------------------------------------|--|
| FTLN 2852 | My lord, here are letters for you. | |
|-----------|------------------------------------|--|

HOTSPUR

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2853 | I cannot read them now.— | |
| FTLN 2854 | O gentlemen, the time of life is short; | 85 |
| FTLN 2855 | To spend that shortness basely were too long | |
| FTLN 2856 | If life did ride upon a dial's point, | |
| FTLN 2857 | Still ending at the arrival of an hour. | |
| FTLN 2858 | An if we live, we live to tread on kings; | |
| FTLN 2859 | If die, brave death, when princes die with us. | 90 |

FTLN 2860 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair
 FTLN 2861 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another 「Messenger.」

「SECOND」 MESSENGER

FTLN 2862 My lord, prepare. The King comes on apace.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2863 I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
 FTLN 2864 For I profess not talking. Only this: 95
 FTLN 2865 Let each man do his best. And here draw I a sword,
 FTLN 2866 Whose temper I intend to stain
 FTLN 2867 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 FTLN 2868 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 FTLN 2869 Now, Esperance! Percy! And set on. 100
 FTLN 2870 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 FTLN 2871 And by that music let us all embrace,
 FTLN 2872 For, heaven to Earth, some of us never shall
 FTLN 2873 A second time do such a courtesy.

Here they embrace. The trumpets sound.

「They exit.」

「Scene 3」

The King enters with his power, 「crosses the stage and exits.」 Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt, 「disguised as the King.」

BLUNT, 「as King」

FTLN 2874 What is thy name that in 「the」 battle thus
 FTLN 2875 Thou crossest me? What honor dost thou seek
 FTLN 2876 Upon my head?

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2877 Know then my name is Douglas,
 FTLN 2878 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus 5
 FTLN 2879 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT, 「as King」

FTLN 2880 They tell thee true.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2881 The Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought
 FTLN 2882 Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
 FTLN 2883 This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
 FTLN 2884 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

10

BLUNT, *['as King']*

FTLN 2885 I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,
 FTLN 2886 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 FTLN 2887 Lord Stafford's death.

*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.**Then enter Hotspur.*

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2888 O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
 FTLN 2889 I never had triumphed upon a Scot.

15

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2890 All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

HOTSPUR

Where?

DOUGLAS

Here.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2893 This, Douglas? No, I know this face full well.
 FTLN 2894 A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt,
 FTLN 2895 Semblably furnished like the King himself.

20

DOUGLAS, *['addressing Blunt's corpse']*

FTLN 2896 *['A']* fool go with thy soul whither it goes!
 FTLN 2897 A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.
 FTLN 2898 Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

25

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2899 The King hath many marching in his coats.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2900 Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats.
 FTLN 2901 I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
 FTLN 2902 Until I meet the King.

HOTSPUR

Up and away!

30

FTLN 2903 Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
 FTLN 2904

['They exit.']

Alarm. Enter Falstaff alone.

FALSTAFF

Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,

I fear the shot here. Here's no scoring but upon
the pate.—Soft, who are you? Sir Walter Blunt.

There's honor for you. Here's no vanity. I am as hot 35
as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out

of me; I need no more weight than mine own

bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are
peppered. There's not three of my hundred and fifty

left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg 40

during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

PRINCE

What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenged. I prithee 45

Lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe

awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms

as I have done this day. I have paid Percy; I have

made him sure. 50

PRINCE

He is indeed, and living to kill thee.

I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou

gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou

wilt. 55

PRINCE

Give it me. What, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF

Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will

sack a city.

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

209

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 4

PRINCE

FTLN 2932 What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throws the bottle at him [and] exits.

FALSTAFF

FTLN 2933 Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do 60

FTLN 2934 come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his
FTLN 2935 willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not
FTLN 2936 such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath. Give me
FTLN 2937 life, which, if I can save, so: if not, honor comes
FTLN 2938 unlooked for, and there's an end. 65

[He exits. Blunt's body is carried off.]

[Scene 4]

*Alarm, excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John
of Lancaster, [and the] Earl of Westmoreland.*

KING

FTLN 2939 I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself. Thou bleedest
FTLN 2940 too much.

FTLN 2941 Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

FTLN 2942 Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

PRINCE

FTLN 2943 I beseech your Majesty, make up, 5
FTLN 2944 Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

KING

FTLN 2945 I will do so.—My Lord of Westmoreland,
FTLN 2946 Lead him to his tent.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2947 Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

PRINCE

FTLN 2948 Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help, 10
FTLN 2949 And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

FTLN 2950
FTLN 2951
FTLN 2952

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stained nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres.

211

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 4

LANCASTER

FTLN 2953
FTLN 2954

We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland, 15
Our duty this way lies. For God's sake, come.
 「Lancaster and Westmoreland exit.」

PRINCE

FTLN 2955
FTLN 2956
FTLN 2957
FTLN 2958

By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster.
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John,
But now I do respect thee as my soul. 20

KING

FTLN 2959
FTLN 2960
FTLN 2961

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

PRINCE

FTLN 2962

O, this boy lends mettle to us all.

He exits.

「Enter Douglas.」

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2963
FTLN 2964
FTLN 2965
FTLN 2966

Another king! They grow like Hydra's heads.— 25
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING

FTLN 2967
FTLN 2968
FTLN 2969
FTLN 2970
FTLN 2971
FTLN 2972

The King himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met 30
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field,
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee. And defend thyself.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2973
FTLN 2974

I fear thou art another counterfeit, 35
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king.

FTLN 2975 But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
FTLN 2976 And thus I win thee.

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

213

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 4

PRINCE

FTLN 2977 Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
FTLN 2978 Never to hold it up again. The spirits 40
FTLN 2979 Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt are in my arms.
FTLN 2980 It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
FTLN 2981 Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight. Douglas flieth.

FTLN 2982 「To King.」 Cheerly, my lord. How fares your Grace?
FTLN 2983 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent, 45
FTLN 2984 And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

KING

FTLN 2985 Stay and breathe awhile.
FTLN 2986 Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion
FTLN 2987 And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life
FTLN 2988 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

PRINCE

FTLN 2989 O God, they did me too much injury
FTLN 2990 That ever said I hearkened for your death.
FTLN 2991 If it were so, I might have let alone
FTLN 2992 The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
FTLN 2993 Which would have been as speedy in your end 55
FTLN 2994 As all the poisonous potions in the world,
FTLN 2995 And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

KING

FTLN 2996 Make up to Clifton. I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
King exits.

Enter Hotspur.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2997 If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

FTLN 3018 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me. 80
FTLN 3019 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
FTLN 3020 flesh.
FTLN 3021 But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool,
FTLN 3022 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
FTLN 3023 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, 85
FTLN 3024 But that the earthy and cold hand of death
FTLN 3025 Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
FTLN 3026 And food for—

〔He dies.〕

PRINCE

FTLN 3027 For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart.

217

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 4

FTLN 3028 Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk! 90
FTLN 3029 When that this body did contain a spirit,
FTLN 3030 A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
FTLN 3031 But now two paces of the vilest earth
FTLN 3032 Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
FTLN 3033 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. 95
FTLN 3034 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
FTLN 3035 I should not make so dear a show of zeal.
FTLN 3036 But let my favors hide thy mangled face;

〔He covers Hotspur's face.〕

FTLN 3037 And even in thy behalf I'll thank myself
FTLN 3038 For doing these fair rites of tenderness. 100
FTLN 3039 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.
FTLN 3040 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
FTLN 3041 But not remembered in thy epitaph.

He spieth Falstaff on the ground.

FTLN 3042 What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
FTLN 3043 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell. 105
FTLN 3044 I could have better spared a better man.
FTLN 3045 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee
FTLN 3046 If I were much in love with vanity.
FTLN 3047 Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,
FTLN 3048 Though many dearer in this bloody fray. 110
FTLN 3049 Emboweled will I see thee by and by;
FTLN 3050 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

*He exits.
Falstaff riseth up.*

FALSTAFF

FTLN 3051 Emboweled? If thou embowel me today, I'll
FTLN 3052 give you leave to powder me and eat me too
FTLN 3053 tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or 115
FTLN 3054 that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot
FTLN 3055 too. Counterfeit? I lie. I am no counterfeit. To die is
FTLN 3056 to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a
FTLN 3057 man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit
FTLN 3058 dying when a man thereby liveth is to be no 120
FTLN 3059 counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life
FTLN 3060 indeed. The better part of valor is discretion, in the

219

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 4

FTLN 3061 which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am
FTLN 3062 afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead.
FTLN 3063 How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my 125
FTLN 3064 faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.
FTLN 3065 Therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear
FTLN 3066 I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I?
FTLN 3067 Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.
FTLN 3068 Therefore, sirrah, 「stabbing him」 with a new wound 130
FTLN 3069 in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his back.

Enter Prince 「and」 John of Lancaster.

PRINCE

FTLN 3070 Come, brother John. Full bravely hast thou fleshed
FTLN 3071 Thy maiden sword.

LANCASTER

FTLN 3072 But soft, whom have we here?
FTLN 3073 Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? 135

PRINCE

FTLN 3074 I did; I saw him dead,
FTLN 3075 Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—Art thou
FTLN 3076 alive?
FTLN 3077 Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 3078 | I prithee, speak. We will not trust our eyes | 140 |
| FTLN 3079 | Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 3080 | No, that's certain. I am not a double man. | |
| FTLN 3081 | But if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a jack. There | |
| FTLN 3082 | is Percy. If your father will do me any honor, so; if | |
| FTLN 3083 | not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be | 145 |
| FTLN 3084 | either earl or duke, I can assure you. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 3085 | Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead. | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 3086 | Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is | |
| FTLN 3087 | given to lying. I grant you, I was down and out of | |
| FTLN 3088 | breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant | 150 |
| FTLN 3089 | and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I | |
| FTLN 3090 | may be believed, so; if not, let them that should | |
| FTLN 3091 | reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll | |

221

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 5

| | | |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 3092 | take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in | |
| FTLN 3093 | the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny | 155 |
| FTLN 3094 | it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my | |
| FTLN 3095 | sword. | |
| | LANCASTER | |
| FTLN 3096 | This is the strangest tale that ever I heard. | |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 3097 | This is the strangest fellow, brother John.— | |
| FTLN 3098 | Come bring your luggage nobly on your back. | 160 |
| FTLN 3099 | For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, | |
| FTLN 3100 | I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. | |
| | <i>A retreat is sounded.</i> | |
| FTLN 3101 | The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is 「ours.」 | |
| FTLN 3102 | Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field | |
| FTLN 3103 | To see what friends are living, who are dead. | 165 |
| | <i>They exit.</i> | |
| | FALSTAFF | |
| FTLN 3104 | I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that | |
| FTLN 3105 | rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, | |
| FTLN 3106 | I'll grow less, for I'll purge and leave sack and live | |

cleanly as a nobleman should do.

He exits 「*carrying Hotspur's body.*」

「Scene 5」

*The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales,
Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with
Worcester and Vernon prisoners, 「and Soldiers.*」

KING

FTLN 3108

Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

FTLN 3109

Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,

FTLN 3110

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

FTLN 3111

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary,

FTLN 3112

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? 5

FTLN 3113

Three knights upon our party slain today,

FTLN 3114

A noble earl, and many a creature else

223

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 5

FTLN 3115

Had been alive this hour

FTLN 3116

If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne

FTLN 3117

Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

WORCESTER

FTLN 3118

What I have done my safety urged me to.

FTLN 3119

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

FTLN 3120

Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

KING

FTLN 3121

Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too.

FTLN 3122

Other offenders we will pause upon. 15

「*Worcester and Vernon exit, under guard.*」

FTLN 3123

How goes the field?

PRINCE

FTLN 3124

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

FTLN 3125

The fortune of the day quite turned from him,

FTLN 3126

The noble Percy slain, and all his men

FTLN 3127

Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest, 20

FTLN 3128

And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised

FTLN 3129

That the pursuers took him. At my tent

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 3130 | The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace | |
| FTLN 3131 | I may dispose of him. | |
| | KING | |
| FTLN 3132 | With all my heart. | 25 |
| | PRINCE | |
| FTLN 3133 | Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you | |
| FTLN 3134 | This honorable bounty shall belong. | |
| FTLN 3135 | Go to the Douglas and deliver him | |
| FTLN 3136 | Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free. | |
| FTLN 3137 | His valors shown upon our crests today | 30 |
| FTLN 3138 | Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds, | |
| FTLN 3139 | Even in the bosom of our adversaries. | |
| | LANCASTER | |
| FTLN 3140 | I thank your Grace for this high courtesy, | |
| FTLN 3141 | Which I shall give away immediately. | |
| | KING | |
| FTLN 3142 | Then this remains, that we divide our power. | 35 |
| FTLN 3143 | You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland, | |

225

Henry IV, Part I

ACT 5. SC. 5

| | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 3144 | Towards York shall bend you with your dearest | |
| FTLN 3145 | speed | |
| FTLN 3146 | To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop, | |
| FTLN 3147 | Who, as we hear, are busily in arms. | 40 |
| FTLN 3148 | Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales | |
| FTLN 3149 | To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. | |
| FTLN 3150 | Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, | |
| FTLN 3151 | Meeting the check of such another day. | |
| FTLN 3152 | And since this business so fair is done, | 45 |
| FTLN 3153 | Let us not leave till all our own be won. | |

They exit.
