The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death: and the Coronation

of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

INDUCTION

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares: For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
I speake of Peace, while covert Enmitie
(Under the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour,* who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant Warre,
And no such matter? *Rumour,* is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Jealousies, Conjectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houshold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotspurre,* and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the Wrath of noble *Hotspurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death,
This have I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotspurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they have learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What shall I say you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.
Enter Northumberland.
L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe?* Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Strategem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heaven will.
L. Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of y Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* slaine out-right; and both the *Blunts,*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas.* Yong Prince *John,*
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *John)*
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day.
(So fought, so followe'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Caesars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this defiv'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Servant *Travers,* whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.
Enter Travers.
L.Bar. My Lord, I over-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Travers,* what good tidings comes frō you?
Tra.

Tra. My Lord, Sir *John Umfrevill* turn'd me backe
With joyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Jade
Up to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to devoure the way,
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong *Harrie Percyes* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre,* cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?
L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day,
Upon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile give my Barony. Never talke of it.
Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
Give then such instances of Losse?
L.Bar. Who, he?
He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode-on: and upon my life
Speake at adventure. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnest Usurpation.
Say *Morton,* did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his ugliest Maske
To fright our party.
North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in teh dead of night,
And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas,*
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.
Mor. Dowglas is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne,
North. Why he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (*Morton)*
Tell thou thy Earle, his Divination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.
North. Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it in Feare, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which sayes the dead is not alive:
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes
Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to beleeve
That, which I would to heaven, I had not seene.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henrie Monmouth,* whose swift wrath beate downe
The never-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)
Being braved once, tooke fire and heate away
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,
Upon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,
So did our Men, heavy in *Hotspurres* losse,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
Tneh did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Dowglas*) whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
Of those that tur'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Under the Conduct of yong Lancaster
And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.
North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne.
In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes
(Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,
Being sicke, have in some measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Feaver-weakned joynts,
Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes : Even so, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch;
A scale Gauntlet now, with joynts of Steele
Must glove this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne upon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heaven kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feede Contentions in a ling'ring Act:
But let on spirit of the First-borne *Caine*

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.
L.Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisedom from your
Mor. The lives of all your loving Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decry.
You cast th'event of Warre(my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
Let us make head: It was your presurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize beig forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?
L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,
Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is up
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Survey bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; tht their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Derives from heaven, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, under great *Bullingbrooke,*
And more, and lesse, do flocke to folllow him.
North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with sped.
Never so few, nor never yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?
Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.
Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I have no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was never mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The *Juvenall* (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may finish it when he will, he is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall for a Barber shall never earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then *Bardolfe:* he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel,:* a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knave, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand upon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with then in honest Taking-up, then they must stand upon Securitie: I had as leife they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should have sent me two and twenty yards of Satten I as I am true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, thought he have his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe?*

Pag. Ie's gone into Smithfuield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chiefe Justice, and Servant.

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

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seervice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) tis now going with some Charge, to the Lord *John of Lancaster.*

Just. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *John Falstaffe.*

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

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

*Ser,*Sir *John.*

Fal. What? a yong knave and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack subjects. Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

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

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay a-side that which growes to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Avant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Just. Sir *John Falstaffe,* a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rellish of the saltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Just. Sir *John,* I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

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

Just. I talke not of his Majestie: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnese is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie. (you.

Just. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with

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

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

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen.*It is a kinde of deafenesse.

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

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

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

Fal. I am as poore as *Job,* my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Povertie: but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede a scruple it selfe.

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

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

Just. Wel, the truth is (sir *John)* you live in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, [cannot] live in lesse.

Just. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

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

Just. You have misled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

unquiet time, for your quiet o’re-posting that Action.

*Fal.*My Lord? (Wolfe.

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

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

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

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

Just. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Just. You follow the yong Prince up and downe, like his evill Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes upon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costor-mongers, that true valor is turn’d Beare-heard. Pregnan-cie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke with wasted in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-ties of us that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-vers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagges too.

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

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-thing a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hal-lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in juge-ment and unerstanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of th’eare that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensi-ble Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the youg Lion re-pents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Just. Wel, heaven sent the Prince a better companion.

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

Just. Well, the King hath sever’d you and Prince *Har-ry,* I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, a-gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it : but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies joyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-traordinarily : if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven bless your Expedition.

fal. Will your Lordhip lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

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

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Covetousnesse, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the pirse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Ursula,* whome I have weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything: I will turne diseases to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our causes, & kno our Means:
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Upon the Power and puisance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

*L.Bar.*The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hole-up-head, without Northuberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble.
my judgement is, we should not step too farre
Till we had his Assistance by the hand.
For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,
Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

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

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
Flatt'ring himselfe with Project of a power,
Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But(by your leave) it never yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action: cause on foot,
Lives so in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruite,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as Dispaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is(almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Consent upon a sure Foundation:
Question Surveyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to undergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house
Beyon his power to builde it; who(halfe through)
Gives o’re, and leaves his part-created Cost
A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds,
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.
Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be still-borne: and that we now possest
The utmost man of expectation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Even as we are) to equall with the King.
L.Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?
Hast. To us no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolf.*
For his divisions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads : one Power against the French,
And one against *Glendower:* Perforce a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirme King
In three divided: and his Coffers sound
With hollow Poverty, and Emptinesse.
Ar. That he should draw his severall strengths together
And come against us in full puissance
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his backe unarm’d, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: never feare that.
L.Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?
Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harrie Monmouth.*
But who is substituted ‘gainst the French,
I have no certaine notice.
Arch. Let us on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfetted:
An habitation giddy, and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did’st thou beate heaven with blessing *Bullingbrooke,*
Before he was, what thou would’st have him be?
And being now trimm’d in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou provok’st thy selfe to cast him up.
So,so,(thou common Dogge) did’st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard,*
And now thou would’st eate thy dead vomit up,
And howl’st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv’d, would have him dye,
Are now become enamour’d on his grave.
Thou that threw’st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th’admired leeles of *Bullingbrooke,*
Cri’st now, O Earth, yeeld us that King agine,
And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"*Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.*
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times subjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus, Scoena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.
Hostesse. Mr *Fang,* have you entred the Action?
*Fang.*It is enter'd.
Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*
Hostesse. I, I, good M. *Snare..*
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaffe.*
Host. I good M. *Snare,* I have enter'd him, and all.
Sn. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he wil stab
Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stab'd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any divell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Hostesse. No, not I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.
Host. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good M. *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombard street, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin fub'd off, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing unles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare every Knaves wrong. *Enter Falstaffe ad Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang,* & M. *Snare,* do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. *Sir* John, I arrest you at the suit of Mist. *Quickly.*
Falst. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe:* Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.
Host, Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Falst. Keep them off, *Bardolfe.* *Fang.*A rescu, a rescu.
Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter. Ch. Justice.*
Just. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.
Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.
Ch.Just. How now sir *John*? What are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?
You should have bene well on your way to Yorke.
Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. *Ch. Just.* For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out againe, or I will rinde thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground, to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, *Sir John?* Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Ar you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?

Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee upon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing man of Windsr; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst [yu] deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly?* comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling us, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby [yu] didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st [yu] not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes up & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, poverty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redresse against them.

Just. Sir *John,*sir *John,* I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a levell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd upon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes in troth my Lord.

Just. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not underto this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty [remembred] I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliv'rance from these Officers being upon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

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

Falst. Come hither Hostesse. *Enter M. Gower*

Ch.Just. Now Master *Gower*; What newes?

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

Falst. As I am a Gentleman.

Host. Nay, you said so before.

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

Host. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Water worke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

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

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

Host. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

*Fal.*Will I live? Go with her, with her : hooke-on, hooke-on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Teare-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Just. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch.Ju. Where lay the King last night?

Mes. At Basingstoke my Lord.

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

Ch.Just. Come all his Forces backe?

Mes. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, five hundred Horse
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and tha Archbishop.

*Fal.*Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch.Just. You shall have Letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre.*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch.Just. What's the matter?

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

Gow. I must waite upon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir *John.*

Ch.Just. Sir *John,* you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers up, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gowre?*

Ch.Just. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Master *Gower,* if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

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

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to dseire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prince Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede thse humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow ? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings [yu] hast: (Viz. those, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inventorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for use. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shrift to eate up thy Hollnd.

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

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz?*

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serve among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

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

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Divels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe,*for obduracie and persistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

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

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. Irt would be every mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so much ingraffed to *Falstaffe.*

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confessse I canot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe.*

Prince. And the Boy that I gave *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villian have not trans form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Save you: Grace.

Prin. And yous, most Noble *Bardolfe.*

Poin. Come you pernitious Asse, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window:

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Pri. Instruct us Boy: what dreame, Boy?

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

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

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

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

Prince. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph?*

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

Poin. Deliver'd with good respect: And ho doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian: but that moves not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

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

Poin. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight : (Every man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Even like those that are kinne to the King, for they never pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the Kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes upon him not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they wil fetch it from *Japhet.* But to the Letter: ---*Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in brevitie.

*Poin.*Sure he meanes brevity in breath: short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with* Pointz*, for hee misuses thy Favours so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou useth him. Jacke Falstaffe *with my Familiars:*
John *with my Brothers and Sisters: & Sir*
John, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

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

Poin. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I never said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke us: Is your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore feede in the old Franke?

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

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly,* and M. *Doll Teare-sheet.*

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

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

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?
Shall we steale upon them (*Ned)* at Supper?

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

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

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

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

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

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selves be seene?

Poin, Put on two Leaather Jerkens, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heavie declension: It was Joves case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Give an even way unto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I have given over, I will speak no more,
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere *Harry,*
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father
Bring up his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:
For His, it stucke upon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heaven: and by his Light
Did all the Chevalrie of England move
To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselves.
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For those that could speake low, and tardily,
Would turne their own Perfection, to Abuse,
To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) un-seconded by you,
To looke upon the hideous God of Warre,
In dis-advantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Necke)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Over-sights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse provided.

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

Lady If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then joyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And never shall have length of Life enough,
To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heaven,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage crave my company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. Drawer. What hast thou brought there? Apple-Johns? Thou know'st Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-John.

2.Draw. Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for-got that.

1.Draw. Why then cover, and set them downe: and see of thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; Mistris *Tearesheet* would faine have some Musique.

2.Draw. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, ad Aprons, and Sir *John* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1.Draw. Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an ex-cellent strategem.

2. Draw. Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake.* *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose : But you have drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

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

Enter Falstaffe.

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

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

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

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris *Dol.*

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

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serve bravely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgerie bravely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers bravely.

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you. you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

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

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swatterers heere: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

Host. 'Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir *John*) there comes n Swaggerers heere.

Falst. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir *John*) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master *Tisick*, the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dombe*, our Minister, was by then : Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receive those that are Civill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receive: Receive (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him up (Drawer.)

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not love swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hostesse.

Host. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir *John.*

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

Pist. I will discharge upon heer (Sir *John)* with two Bullets.

Falst. She is Pistoll-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

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

Pist. Then to you (Mistris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scurvie Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, Mistris *Dorothie.*

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Jugler,you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

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

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde,they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee lives upon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious : Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Mistris *Dol.*

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

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I : Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: have wee not *Hiren* here?

Host. Good Captaine *Pistol* be quiet, it is very late: I beseeke you now, aggravete your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Jades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Caesar*, and with Caniballs, and Trojan Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, there are very bitter words.

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

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; give Crownes like Pinnes: Have we not *Hiren* here?

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

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis.)*Come, give me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.* Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend give fire: Give e some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee have seene the seven Starres.

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

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

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

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Pist. What? shall wee have Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grevious, ghastly, gaping Wounds, untwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos,* I say.

Host. Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Jack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forsweare keeping house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Jack*, be quiet, the rascall is gone: ah you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

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

*Fal.*Have you turn'd him out of doores?

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

Fal. A Rascall to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou

art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon,* and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slave, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blanket.

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

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

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

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

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

*Dol.*Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

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

Dol. They say *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumpes upon Joyn'd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois.*

Prince. Would not this Nave of a Wheele have his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let us beat him before his Whore.

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

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-live performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol.*

Prince. Saturne and *Venus* this yeere in Conjunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

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

Fal. Thou do'st give me flatt'ring Busses.

Dol. Nay truely, I kisse the with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a scurvie young Boy of them all.

*Fal.*What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kittle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: prove that ever I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

*Fal.*Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prin.Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

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

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

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

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

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heaven blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.*Thou whorson mad Compound of Majestie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your revenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly did you speake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, civill Gentlewoman?

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

*Fal.*Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

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

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

Fal. No abuse (*Hal)* on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to disprayse me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hal*)

*Poin.*No abuse?

*Fal.*No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thankes for it. No abuse (*Hal:*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with us? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answere thou dead Elme, answere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Privy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes : for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Devill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

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

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

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

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells against.

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

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tavernes,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaffe.*

Prince. By Heaven *Poines*) I feel me much to blame,
so idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falstaffe, good night. *Exit.*

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the night, and wee must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

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

Falst. Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol.* You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

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

Falst. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honester, and truer-hearted man.---Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistris *Teare-sheet.*

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris *Teare-sheet* come to my Master.

Host. Oh runne *Dol,* runne: runne, good *Dol.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs,
Upon uneasie Pallads stretching thee,
And huisht with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Under the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,
In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, upon the hight and giddie Mast,
Seal up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their mostrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Uneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Majestie.
King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?
War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.
King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Have you read o're the Letters that I sent you?
War. We have (my Liege.)
King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?
War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little Medicine:
My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.
King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the revolution of the Times
Make Mountaines levell, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since *Richard,* and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres fince,
This *Percie* was the man, neerest my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Love and Life under my foot:
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin *Nevil,* as I may remember)
When *Richard,* with his Eye brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did speake these words (now prov'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which
My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the division of our Amitie.

War. There is Historie in all mens Lives,
Figuiring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreasured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote upon,
Unlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let us meete them like Necessities;
And that same word, even now cryes out on us:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Majestie had beene this fort-night ill,
And the unseason'd howres perforce must adde
Unto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give mee your Hand, Sir; give mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence?*

Sil. Good-morrow,good Cousin *Shallow.*

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

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow.*)

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

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

*Shal.*I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare,* and *Francis Pick-bone,* and *Will Squele* a Cot-sal-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jacke Falstaffe (*now Sir *John*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray,* Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same: I saw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish,* a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

*Shal.*Certain: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure: Feath is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shoote. *John* of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteene, and fourteene and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

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

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John Falstaffes* Men (as I thinke.)

*Shal.*Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Justices of the Peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

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

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir,pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo:* very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being

whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very just : Looke, heere comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *John.*

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

Shal. No sir *John,* it is my Cosin *Silence:* in Commission with mee.

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

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen), have you provided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie:* let them appeare as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let me see, where is *Mouldie?*

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends,

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie?*

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha,ha,ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke use: a very singular good. Well saide Sir *John,* verie well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be undone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and heer Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too; peace *Mouldie,* you shall goe. *Mouldie,* it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace,fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir *John:* Let me see: *Simon Shadow.*

Fal. I marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Heere sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

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

Shal. Do you like him, sir *John?*

Falst. Shadow will serve for Summer: pricke him: For wee have a number of shadowes to fill uppe the Muster-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir.

Falst. Is thy name *Wart?*

*Wart.*Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,
Sir *John?*
Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built upon his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.
Shal. Ha,ha.ha. you can do it sir: you can doe it: I commend you well.
Francis Feeble.
Feeble. Heere sir.
Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble?*
Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir.
Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir?
Fal. You may:
But if he had been a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?
Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can have no more.
Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious *Feeble:* thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylor well Master *Shallow,* deepe Maister *Shallow.*
Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone sir.
Fal. I would thou were a mans Tailur, that [yu] might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private souldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble.*
Feeble. It shall suffice.
Falst. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble.* Who is the next?
Shal. Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.
Falst. Yea marry, let us see *Bulcalfe.*
Bul. Heere sir.
Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalfe* till he roare againe.
Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.
Fal. What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.
Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.
Fal. What disease hast thou?
Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, upon his Coronation day sir.
Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?
Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must have but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.
*Fal.*Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner, I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow.*
*Shal.*O sir *John,* doe you remember since we lay all night in the Winde-mill in S. Georges Field?
Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow:* No more of that.
Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Jane Nightworke* alive?
Fal. She lives, M. *Shallow.*
Shal. She never could away with me,
Fal. Never, never: she would alwayes say shee could not abide M. *Shallow.*
Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a *Bona-Roba.* Doth she hold her owne well.
Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow.*
*Shal.*Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be

old: certaine shee's old: and had *Robin Night-worke,* by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

Shal. Ha. Cousin *Silence,* that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I have seene: hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Falst. Wee have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master *Shallow.*

Shall. That wee have, that wee have; in faith, Sir *John,* wee have: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee have seene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph,* stand my friend, and heere is four *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine owne part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Goe-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall have fortie, sir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will never beare a base minde: if it be my destinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serve his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

*Feeble.*Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

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

Falst. Go-too: well.

Shall. Come, sir *John,* which foure will you have?

Falst. Doe you chuse for mee.

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

*Falst. Mouldie,*and *Bull-calfe:* for you *Mouldie,* stay at home, till you are past service: and for your part, *Bull-calfe,* grow till you come unto it: I will one of you.

*Shal.*Sir *John,* Sir *John*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? give mee the spirit (Master *Shallow.*) Where's *Wart?* you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-faced fellow, *Shadow.* give me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme levell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will the *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph.*

Bard. Hold *Wart,* Traverse: thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyver: so: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart,* thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiver fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you inL Rah, tah, tah, would he say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

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

Shal. Sir *John,* Heaven blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send us Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

*Falst.*I would you would, Master *Shallow.*

Shal. Go-too: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *bardolph,* leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Justices: I doe see the bottome of Justice *Shallow.* How subject wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Yourh, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd upon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were invincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came ever in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *John* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworne Brotheer to him: and Ile be sworne hee never saw him but once in the Tilt-year, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *John* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name. for you might have truss'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoeboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *Exeunt,*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Colevile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

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

Bish. Here stand(my Lords) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee

Hast. Wee have sent forth alreadie.
Bish. 'Tis well done.
My Friends. and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland:*
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not levie: whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
to Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?
Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.
Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts us here?
Mow. I think it is my Lord of Westmerland.
West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of Lancaster.
Bush. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
West. Then (my Lord)
Unto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs,
Led on by bloodie Yourh, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You (Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Civill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutot'd,
Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
Briefly to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
Have brought our selves into a burning Fever,
And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Oour late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Oour very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I have in equall ballance justly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences.
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And have the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serve) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd accesse unto his Person,
Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put us in these il-beseeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
West. When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peere hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine?
Bish. My Broher generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
West. there is no neede of any such redresse:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all.
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heavie and unequall Hand upon our Honors?
West. O my good Lord *Mowbray,*
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have an ynch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke or Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowsed in their Seates,
Their heighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke:*
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung upon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have since mis-carryed under *Bullingbrooke.*

 West. You

West. You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your Father had been Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it our of Coventry.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him: and all the prayers, and love,
Were set on *Herford,* whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will give you Audience: and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.
Mow. But hee hath forc'd us to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Love.
West. Mowbray, you over-weene to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Upon mine Honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the use of Armes,
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Paarley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling.
Hast. Hat the Prince *John* a full Commission,
In every ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muse you make so slight a Question.
Bish. Then take (my lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grievences:
Each severall Article herin redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are insinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To us, and to our purposes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.
West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.
Bish. My Lord wee will doe so.
Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.
Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Upon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.
Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight, and false-derived Cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love,
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.
Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion:
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant up,
And hangs resolv'd Correction in the Arme,
That was uprear'd to execution.
Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Instruments of Chasticement:
So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion
May offer, but not hold.
Bish. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it so:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.
Enter Westmerland.
West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'tweene our Armies?
Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heaven's name then forward.
Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.
John. You are wel encountred here (my cosin *Mowbray)*
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord *Hastings,* and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reverence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
then now to see you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that sits within a Monarches heart
And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his favor,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you , Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe your were within the Bookes of Heaven?
To us, the Speaker in his Paarliament;
To us, th'imagine Voice of Heaven it selfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeve,
but you mis-use the reverence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heaven,
As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes dis-honorable? You have taken up,
Under

Under the counterfeited Zeale of Heaven,
The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
Have here up-swarmed them.
Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safetie up. I sent your Grace
The parcels. and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shov'd from the Court:
Wheron this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With graunt of our most just and right desires;
And true-Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Majestie.
Mow. If not, wee readie are to try our fortunes,
To the last man.
Hast. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee have Supplyes, to second our Attempt:
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold the Quarrell up,
Whiles England shall have generation.
John. You are too shallow (*Hastings)*
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after-Times.
West. Pleaseth your Grace to answere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.
John. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes have beene mistooke,
And some, about him, have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers unto their several Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Love and Amitie.
Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.
John. I give it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke unto your Grace.
Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliver to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.
High thee Captaine. *Exit.*
Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.
West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I have bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my love to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.
Bish. I doe not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray.*
Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.
Bish. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But heavinesse fore-runnes the good event.
West. Therefore be merry(Cooze) since sodaine sorrow
Serves to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.
Bish. Beleeve me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how
they showt.
Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.
Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie looser.
John. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by us, that we may peruse the men *Exit.*
Wee should have coap'd withall.
Bish. Goe, good Lord *Hastings:*
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*
John. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.
Enter Westmerland.
Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?
West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, untill they heare you speake.
John. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*
Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, unyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke up,
Each hurryes towards his nome, and sporting place.
West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
I doe arrest thee Itraytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray,*
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.
Mow. Is this proceeding just, and honorable?
West. Is your Assembly so?
Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?
John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heaven, and not wee, have safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death.
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder up of breath. *Exeunt.*
Enter Falstaffe and Collevile.
Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are
you? and of what place, I pray?
Col. I am a Knight Sir:
And my Name is *Collevile* of the Dale.
Falst. Well then, *Collevile* is your Name, a Knight is
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collevile* shall
still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-
geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be
still *Collevile* of the Dale.
Col. Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe?*
Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: do yee
yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? If I doe sweate, they
are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death,
therefore rowze up Feare and Trembling, and do obser-
vance to my mercy.
Col. I thinke you are Sir *John Falstaffe,* & in that thought
yeeld me.
Fal. I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of
mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other
word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-
rencie, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe:
my wombe, my wombe, my wombe undoes mee. Heere
comes our Generall.

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmerland.*
Now *Falstaffe,* where have you beene all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

Falst. I would be sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I have fowndred nine score and odde Postes: and heere (travell-tainted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Collevile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and yeelded: that I may justly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deserving.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yield him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Collevile* kissing my foot:) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeve not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee have right, and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thicke to shine.

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

John. Is thy Name *Collevile?*

*Col.*It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, *Collevile.*

Falst. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am(my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should have wonne them dearer then you have.

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

Enter Westmerland.

John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send *Collevile,* with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collevile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.
Our Newes shall goe before us, to his Majestie,
Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:
And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserve. *Exit.*

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no marvaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's never any of these demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth so over-coole their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quicke, forgetive, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and setled) left the Liver white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft up with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke.) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Devill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forsweare thinne Potations, and to addict themselves to Sack. *Enter Bardolph/* How now *Bardolph?*

Bar,. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth give successfull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Navie is addressed, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well invested,
And every thing lyes levell to our wish;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:
And pawse us, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoake of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majestie
Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hum-

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
the Prince, your Brother?
Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-
sor.
King. And how accompanied?
Glo. I doe not know my Lord.)
King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with
him?
Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.
Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
Hee loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas.)*
Thou hast a better place in his Affection, 'Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may'st effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love,
Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold,or carelesse of his will.
For hee is gracious, if hee be observ'd:
Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,
When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth:
But being moodie, give him Line, and scope,
Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themselves with working. Learne this *Thomas,*
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the united Vessell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall never leake, though it doe worke as strong
As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder.
Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and love.
King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him *(Tho-
mas?)*
*Clar.*Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-
don.
King. And how accompanyed? Canst thou tell
that?
Clar. With *Pointz,* and other his continuall fol-
lowers.
King. Most subject is the fattest soyle to Weedes:
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is over-spread with them: therefore my griefe
Stretches it self beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
(In formes imaginarie) th'unguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you shall looke upon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,
When Meanes and lavish Manners meete together;
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his Companions,
like a strange tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther use,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memorie
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past-evills to advantages.
King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe
In the dead Carrion.
Enter Westmerland.
Who's heere? *Westmerland?*
West. Health to my Soveraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliver.
Prince *John,* your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop,*Scroope, Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
With every course, in his particular.
King. O *Westmerland,* thou art a Summer Bird,
Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting up of day.
Enter Harcourt.
Looke, heere's more newes.
Harc. From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Majestie:
And when the stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earle *Northumberland,* and the Lord *Bardolfe,*
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire overthrowne:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (please it you) containes at large.
King. And wherefore should these good newes
Make me sicke?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
That have aboundance, and enjoy it not.)
I should rejoyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.
Glo. Comfort your Majestie.
Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.
West. My Soveraigne Lord, cheare up your selfe, looke
up.
War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.
Stand from him, give him ayre:
Hee'le straight be well.
Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.
*Glo.*The people feare me: for they doe observe
Unfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them over.
Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did so, a little time before
That our great Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recovers.
Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.
King. I pray you take me up, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber: softly pray.
Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Unlesse some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.
War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.
King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.
War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here (Brother) full ofheavinesse.
P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glo. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen, Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it him.
Glo. Hee alter'd much, upon the hearing it.
P.Hen. If hee be sicke with Joy,
Hee'le recover without Physicke.
War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince, speake lowe.
The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleep.
Clar. Let us with-draw into the other Roome.
*War.*Wil't please your Grace to goe along with us?
P. Hen. No. I will sit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, upon his Pillow,
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?
O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keepst the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
Yet not so sound, and halfe so deepely sweete,
As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majestie!
When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:
Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne
Perforce must move. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd
So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and heavie Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Love, and filiall tendernesse,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood)
Derives it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,
Which Heaven shall guard:
And put the worlds whole strength in to one gyant Arme,
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leave,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.
Clar. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majestie? How fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alond (my Lords?)
Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.
King. The prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee
see him.
War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.
Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee
stayd.
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
Pillow?
War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it
heere.
*King.*The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe seeke him out.
Is hee so hastie, that he doth suppose
My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conjoyes
With my disease, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object?
For this, the foolish over-carefull Fathers
Have broke their sleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
For this, they have ingrossed and pyl'd up
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieved Gold:
For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to invest
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from every flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,
To the ending Father.
Enter Warwicke.
Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) have wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.
King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?
Enter Prince Henry.
Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.)*
Depart the Chamber, leave us heere alone. *Exit.*
P.Hen. I never thought to heare you speake againe.
King. Thy wish was Father*(Harry)* to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.
Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes invest thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!
Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will over-whelme thee,
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.
Thy Life did manifest , thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me dye assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,
To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?
Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my grave thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare
That Thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the teares, that should bedew my Hearse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Up Vanity,
Down Royall State: All you sage Counsailors, hence:
And to the English Court, assemble now,
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idelenesse.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Have you a Ruffian that [swill] sweare? drinke? dance?
Revell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry,* from curb'd License pluckes
The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with civill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me(my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The most Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
Heaven witnesse with me, when I heere came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majestie,
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,
And never live, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I spake unto the Crowne (as having sense)
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preserving life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Hast eate the Bearer up.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
the Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Joy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let heaven, for ever, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.
King. O my Sonne!
Heaven put in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'st joyne the more, thy Fathers love,
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither *Harrie,* sit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
That ever I shall breath: Heaven knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the soyle of the Atchievement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with boystrous hand,
And I had many living, to upbraide
My gaine of it, by their Assistances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.
All these bold Feares,
Thou seest (with perill) I have answered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles upon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st successively,
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Have but their stings, and teeth newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe displac'd. Which to avoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere unto my State.
Therefore (my *Harrie*)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is utterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.
Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: Kept it, gave it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster,
and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *John* of Lancaster:
John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.
King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace
(Sonne *John:*
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Upon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a period.
Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.
King. Doth any name particular, belong
Unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem,* my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heaven:
Even there my life must end.
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,
I should not dye, but in *Jerusalem:*
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Jerusalem,* shall *Harry* dye.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Davie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
What *Davy,* I say.
Fal. You must excuse me, M. *Robert Shallow.*
Shal. I will not excuse you : you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not be admitted : there is no excuse shall
serve: you shall not be excus'd.
Why *Davie.*
Davie. Heere sir.
Shal. Davy, Davy. Davy. let me see (*Davy*) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *John,* you shal
not be excus'd.
Davy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
serv'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with
Wheate?
Shal. With red Wheate *Davy.* But for *William* Cook:
are there no yong Pigeons?
Davy. Yes Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooting,
And Plough-Irons.
Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *John,* you shall
not be excus'd.
Davy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee
had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*
Fayre?
Shal. He shall answer it:
Some Pigeons *Davy,* a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a
joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kichshawes,
tell *William* Cooke.
Davy, Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?
*Shal.*Yes *Davy:*
I will use him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a
penny in purse. Use his men well *Davy,* or they are ar-
rant Knaves, and willl backe-bite.
Davy. No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they
have marvellous fowle linnen.
Shallow. Well conceited *Davy:* about thy Businesse,
Davy.
Davy. I beseech you sir,
To countenance *William Visor* of Woncot, against *Cle-*
ment Perkes of the hill.
Shal. There are many Complaints *Davy,* against that
Visor, that *Visor* is an arrant Knave, on my know-
ledge.

Davy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knave Sir:) But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knave should have some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knave is not. I have serv'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter heare out a knave, against an honest man, I have but a very little credite with your Worshippe. The Knave is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
I say he shall have no wrong: Looke about *Davy.*
Where are you Sir *John?* Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your hand M. *Bardolfe.*

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

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

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow. Bardolfe,* looke to our Horses. If I were saw'de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen os such bearded Hermites staves, as Master *Shallow.* It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by observing of him, do beare themselves like foolish Justices: Hee, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a Justice-like Servingman. Their spirits are so married in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many Wilde-Gese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow,* I would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Maister *Shallow,* that no man could better command his Servants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with *Intervallums.* O it is much that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a jest (with a sadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John.*

Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow.*

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

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

*Warwicke:*How now, my Lord Chiere Justice, whether away?

Ch.Just. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Ch.Just. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him,
The service, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loves you not.
Ch.Just. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heavy Issue of dead *Harrie:*
O, that the living *Harrie* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?
Ch.Just. Alas, I feare. all will be over-turn'd.
John. Good morrow, Cosin Warwicke, good morrow.
Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cosin.
John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talke.
Joh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made us heavy
Ch.Just. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.
John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.
Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir *John Falstaffe* faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And never shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.
If Troth, and upright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Just. Good morrow: and heaven save your Majesty
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Frare:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,
But *Harry, Harry:* Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a joynt burthen, laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be assur'd)
Ile be your Father, ad your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Love, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Harrie's* dead, and so will I.
But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those Teares
By number, into houres of Happinesse.
John, &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.
Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,
You are (I thinke assur'd, I love you not.
Chei.Just. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid upon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch.Just. I then did use the Person of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Majesty, and power of Law, and Justice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very Seate of Judgement :
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Justice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, tu spurne at your most Royall Image,
And mocke you workings, in s Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
After this cond considerance, sentence me;
And as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Lieges Soveraigntie.
Prin. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
'Till you do live, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, having such a Sonne,
That would deliver up his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Justice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'untainted Sword that you have us'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartiall spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
to your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
And Princes all, beleeve me, I beseech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Grave,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I survive,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe back to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Majesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Pece, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (Father) shall have formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heaven (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

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

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of y owne graffing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come Cosin *Silence,* and then to bed.

Fal. You have heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *John:* Marry, good ayre. Spread *Davy,* spread *Davie:* Well said *Davie.*

Falst. This *Davie* serves you for good uses: he is your Servingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *John:* I have drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come Cosin.

*Sil.*Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praise heaven for the merrie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and ever among so merrily.

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

*Shal.*Good M. *Bardolfe.* some wine, *Davie.*

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l have in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

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

*Sil.*Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all:
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;;
And welcome merry Shrovetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think M.*Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

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

Davy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. Davie.

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

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke unto the Leman mine: and a merry heaart lives long-a.

*Fal.*Well said, M. *Silence.*

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

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

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

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

Dav. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Davie.*

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

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

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

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

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

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

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

Fal. 'Tis so.

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

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

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pist. Sir *John,* 'save you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

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

Sil. Indeede, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson.

Pist. Puffe? purre in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *John,* I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie joyes. And golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

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

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

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

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons?*
And shall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to utter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Under which King?
Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Under King *Harry.*

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *John,* thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.
When Pistoll lyes, do this , and figge-me, like the bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Pist. As naile in doore.
The things I speake, are just.
Fal. Away *Bardolfe,* Sadle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow,* choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol,* I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
*Pist.*What? I do bring good newes.
Fal. Carrie Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow,*my Lord *Shallow.* be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away *Bardolfe:* Come Pistoll, utter more to mee: and withall devise something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let us take any mans Horses: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which have beene my Friendes: and woe unto my Lord Chiefe Justice.
Pist. Let Vultures vil'de sieze on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might dy, that I might have thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of joynt.
Off. The Constables have deliver'd her over to mee: and shee shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hat beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.
Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.
Host. O that Sir *John* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miscarry.
Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions againe, you have but eleven now. Come I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll beate among you.
Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou think man in a Censor; I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, Ile forsweare halfe Kirtles.
Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.
Host. O, that right should thus o're come might. Wel of sufferance, comes ease.
Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Justice.
Host. Yes, come you starv'd Blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.
Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.
Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Rascall.
Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1.Groo. More Rushes, more Rushes.

2.Groo. The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1.Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Corination. *Exit Groo.*

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

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow,* I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere upon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will give me.

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistol,* stand behind me. O if I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

*Shal.*It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth so.

*Fal.*My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.*As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, nor to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most ceertaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Travaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in oblivion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem:* for *obsque hoc nihil est.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal.'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol,* and *Helen* of thy noble thoghts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze uppe Revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

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

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

Falst. Save thy Grace, King *Hall,* my Royall *Hall.*

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

Fal.'Save thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Justice, speake to that vaine man.

Ch.Just. Have you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Jove; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Jester?

I have

I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make less thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gourmandizing; Know the Grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Jest,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceive)
That I have turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie.
When thou dost heare I am, as I have bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I have done the rest of my Misleadeers,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to evill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selves,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master *Shallow,* I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.*I marry Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow,* do not you grieve at this: I shall be set for in private to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unlesse you should
give me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I
beseech you, good Sir *John,* let mee have five hundred of
my thousand.

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

*Shall.*A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *John.*

*Fal.*Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Pistol,* come *Bardolfe,*
I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch.Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

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

Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chief Justice.

John. Ilike this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well provided for:
But all are banisht, till their conversations
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch.Just. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Civill Swords, and Native fire
As farre as France. I hear a Bird so sing,
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? *Exeunt.*

F I N I S .

E P I L O G U E .

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech.
My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie:
And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a
good speech now, you undoe me: For what I have to say, is
of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will
(I doubt) prove mine owne marring. But to the Purpose,
and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come uluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay wou some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to use my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt. But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never seene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Store (with Sir John *in it) and make you merry, with faire* Katherine *of* France: *where* (*for any thing I know*) Falstaffe *shall dye of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For* Old-Castle *dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But* (indeed) to pray for the Queene.

The

ACTOR

NAMES.

RUMOUR The Presentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
Prince *John* of Lancaster \
Humphrey of Gloucester } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
Thomas of Clarence. /

Northumberland. |
The Arch Byshop of Yorke. |
Mowbray. |
Hastings. | Opposites against King *Henrie* the
Lord Bardolfe. > Fourth.
Travers. |
Morton. |
Colevile. |

Warwicke | Pointz. |
Westmerland | Falstaffe. |
Surrey. > Of the Kings Bardolphe. > Irregular
Gowre | Partie. Pistoll. |
Harecourt. | Peto. |
Lord Chiefe Justice. | Page. |

Shallow. \ Both Country
Silence / Justices.
Davie, Servant to Shallow. Drawers Northumberlands Wife.
Phang,and Snare,2.Servants Beadles Percies Widdow.
Mouldie. \ Groomes Hostesse Quickly.
Shadow. \ Doll Teare-sheete.
Wart > Country Soldiers Epilogue.
Feeble. /
Bullcalfe. /