The First Part of Henry the Fourth,
with the Life and Death of HENRY
Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

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

King.

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

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

Upon whose dead corpses there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.
King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.
West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more uneven and unwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy,* and brave *Archibald,*
That ever-valiant and approoved Scot,
At *Holmeden* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertaine of the issue any way.
King. Heere is a deere and true industrioous friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt,* new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon,* and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and [welcomes] newes.
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Dowglas,* and the Earle of *Atholl,*
Of *Murry, Angus,* and *Menteith.*
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A galland prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.
West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yea there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry.* O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy,* his *Plantagenet;*

The n

Then would I have his *Harry,* and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his owne use he keepes, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife.*

West. This is his Unckles teaching. This is Worcester
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle up
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

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

West. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

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

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

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

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal,* for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seven Starres, and not by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilte have none.

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, no so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

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

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeves of the Dayes beautie. Let us be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chast mistris the Moone, under whose countenance we steale.

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

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

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

Fal. How no? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe-Jerkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe have I to doe with my Hostesse of the Taverne?

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

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

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

Prin. Yea ans elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

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

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou judgest false already. I meane, thou shalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and so become a rare Hangman.

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

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme unto me *Hall,* God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal* I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over : and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for never a Kings sonne in Christendome.

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

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

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

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

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill have set a Watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned.*

Pointz.

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal.* What saies Monsieur Remorse ? What sayes Sir John Sacke and Sugar: Jacke? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir John stands to his word, the divel shall have his bargaine, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: *He will give the divell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the divell.

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

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

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

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

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

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

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

Fal. Why, that's well said.

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

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

Prin. I care not.

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

Fal. Well, maist thou have the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he heares may be beleeved, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

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

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

Poyn. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they adventure uppon the exploit them selves, which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but wee'l set upon them.

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

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leave them: and sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our note outward garments.

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

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

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

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

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Pointz.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while uphold
The unyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother up his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettal on a sullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scoena Tertia.

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

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

Wor. Our house (my Soveraigne Liege) little deserves
The scourge of greatnesse to be used on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Have holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, you presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majestie might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a servant brow,
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake.

Nort. Yea, my good Lord.

Those

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your Majesty:
Who either through envy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault, and not my Sonne.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;
Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Harvest home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, Unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady tearme
He quetion'd me: Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in you Majesties behalfe.
I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what;
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet;
And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God save the marke;
And telling me, the Soveraign'st thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:
And that it was a great pitty, so it was,
That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe have beene a Souldier.
This bald, unjoynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Love, and your high Majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percie* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably dye, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Proviso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother–in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer,*
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid
The lives of those, that he did lead to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower:*
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,
When they have lost and forfeyted themselves.

No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterve:
For I shall never hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost
To ransome home revolted *Mortimer.*
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my Soveraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Severnes siedgie banke,
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower:*
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of swift Severnes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be sland'red with Revolt.
King. Thou do'st bely him *Percy,* thou dost bely him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower:*
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the divell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer.*
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland,*
We License your departure with your sonne,
Send us you Prisoners, or you'l heare of it, *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the divell come and roare for them
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
Although it we with hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay and pause awhile,
Heere comes your Unckle. *Enter Worcester.*
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not joyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Unthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke.*
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who strooke this heate up after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forsooth) have all my Prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once againe
Of my Wives Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer.*
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returen
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Life scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you: did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer,*
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords; the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtill King.
Shall it for shame be spoken in theses dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put downe *Richard,* that sweet lovely [Russe] *[Rose?]*,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke?*
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whome these shames ye unterwent?
No: yet time serves, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selfes
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Revenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say-----
Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyving Discontents,
Ile read you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventurous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the *[un]*steadfast footing of a Speare.
Hot. If *[he]* fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heaven, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or dive into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And plucke up drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-rivall, all her Dignities:
But out upon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.
Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin give me audience for a-while,
And list to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thos same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no care unto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ransome *Mortimer:*
Forbid my tongue to speake of *Mortimer.*
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer.*
Nay, Ile have a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing byt *Mortimer,* and give it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.
Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.
Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke,*
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.
*Wor.*Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke.*
In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague upon't, it is in Gloustershire:
'Twas, where the made up Duke his Uncle kept,
His Uncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke:*
When you and he came backe from Ravenspurgh.
Nor. At Barkley Castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cousin:
O, the Divell take such Couzeners, God forgive me,
Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, too't againe,
Wee'l stay your leysure.
Hot. I have done insooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And maye the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl*[o]*yed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Pralate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow,* the Lord *Scroope.*
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.
Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,
And

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To joyne with *Mortimer,* Ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
to save our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selves as even as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make us strangers to his lookes of love.
Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
Ile steale to *Glendower,* and loe, *Mortimer,*
Where you, and *Dowglas,* and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hourse be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.*exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1.Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles waine* is over the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler?
Ost. Anon, anon.
*1.Car.*I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Jade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

*2.Car.*Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poore Jades the Bottes: This house is turned upside downe since *Robin* the Ostler dyed.
*1.Car.*Poore fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.
2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench:
1.Car. Like a Tench? Thee is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I have beene since the first Cocke.
2.Car. Why, you will allow us ne're a Jourden, and then we leake in your Chimney : and your Chamber-lye breeds Flees like a Loach.
1.Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come away.
2.Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-crosse.
1.Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starved. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads—hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?
*Car.*I thinke it be two a clocke.
Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne t see my Gel-

ding in the stable.

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

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

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

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

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

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

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

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

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S.Nicholas Clarks, Ile give thee this necke.

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

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

Cham. What, the Comonwealth their Bootes? Will she hold our water in foule way?

*Gad.*She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we have the receit of Fernseede,we walke invisible.

*Cham.*Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking invisible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.
Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

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

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

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter,shelter, I have removed *Falstafs* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Velvet.

*Prin.*Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd *Poines.*

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

Fal. What *Poines. Hal?*

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

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I have forsworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I have drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto :* Ile starve ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague upon't, when Theeves cannot be true one to another. *They Whistle.* Whew: a plague light upon you all. Give my Horse you Rogues: give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

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

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

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

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

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

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

Prin. What a Coward Sir *John* Paunch?

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

Prin. Wee'l leave that to the proofe.

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

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

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.

Enter travellers.

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

Theeves. Stay.

Tra. Jes blesse us.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats, a whorson Cterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaves? Yong men must live, you are Grand Jurers, are ye? Wee'l jure ye ifaith.

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

Prin. The Theeves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeves, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good jest for ever.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeves againe.

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

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

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

They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

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

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre, solus, reading a Letter.

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

He.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of
the love he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loves
his owne Barne better then he loves our house. Let me
see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*
Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to
sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) our of
this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The
purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have na-
med uncertaine, the Time it self unsorted, and your whole
Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.*
Say you so, say you so: I say unto you againe, you are a
shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-
braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever
was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte,
good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot,
very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this?
Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the
generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now
by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan.
Is there not my Father, my Unckle, and my Selfe, Lord
Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of *Yorke,* and *Owen Glendour?*
Is there not besides, the *Dowglas?* Have I not all their let-
ters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mo-
neth and are they not some of them set forward already?
What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he
to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could
divide my selfe, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish
of skin'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him,
let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards
to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.
La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight bin
A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?
And given my Treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?
In my faint-slumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culverin,
Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweate hath stood upon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heavie businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it: else he loves me not.
Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Pacet gone?
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses frõ the Sherriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.
Sir. It is my Lord.
Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance,* bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.
*La.*But heare you, my Lord.
Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?
La. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse (my Love) my horse.
La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile know your businesse *Harry,* that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go----
Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Love.
La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly unto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry,* if thou wilt not tel me true.
Hot. Away, away you trifler: Love, I love thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,
And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.
What say'st thou *Kate?* what would'st thou have with me?
La. Do ye not love me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you love me not,
I will not love my selfe. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest, or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
I love thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate,*
I must not have you henceforth, question me,
Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will beleeve
Thou wilt not utter what thou do'st not know,
And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate.
La. How so farre?
Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate,*
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate?*
La. It must of force. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
*Poines.*Where hast bene *Hall?*
Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheads. I have sounded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom, Dicke,* and *Francis.* They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Jack like *Falstaffe,* but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned,* to sweeten which name of *Ned,* I give thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence,* and, *You are welcome:* with this shrill addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone,*or so. But *Ned* to drive away the time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis,* that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

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

Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. forsooth fove yeares, and as much as to----

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

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

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

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin, How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be----

Poin. Francis.

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

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

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

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

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

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

Fran. My Lord.

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

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke; for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so muc,

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

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

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

Enter Vintner.

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

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

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

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon sir.

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

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

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

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is up-staires and downe-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seven dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe,* Ile play *Percy,* and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo,* sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Jacke, where hast thou beene?

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

Prin. Didst thou never see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Jacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile never weare haire on my face more.. You Prince of Wales?

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

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

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care nor who sees your backe: Call you that

that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

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

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinkes.* A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

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

Prince. Where is it, *Jack, w*here is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust though the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No,no, they were not bound.

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

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seven fresh men set upon us.

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

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

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

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murthered some of them.

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

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

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

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

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

Prince. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure in Buckram Sutes.

Falst. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone we shall have more anon.

Falst. Doest thou heare me, *Hal?*

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

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

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hose.

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

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

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

Falst. But as the Devill would have it, three mis-begotten Knaves, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, tht thou could'st not see thy Hand.

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

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

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

Poin. Come, your reason *Jack,* your reason.

Falst. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsi-on? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would give no man a Reason upon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This san-guine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starveling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish, O for breth to utter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

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

Poin. Marke Jacke.

Prin We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark no who a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe,* you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slave art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Jacke: What tricke hast thou now?

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

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

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou lovest me.

Enter Hostesse,

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

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

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

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

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gravitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shal I bive him his answere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Jacke.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

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

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

Poin. O, *Glendower.*

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

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

Falst. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

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

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

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Jacke,* upon instinct.

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

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

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

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

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commest to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practise an answere.

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

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

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

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack: to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

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

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: judge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry,* whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape

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

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

Prin. Swearest thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Devill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloakebagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

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

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

Falst. My Lord, tht man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'st.

Fallst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (saving your reverence) a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. Is Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heaven helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto,* banish *Bardolph,* banish *Poines :* but for sweete *Jack Falstaffe,* kinde *Jacke Falstaffe,* true *Jack Falstaffe,* valiant *Jacke Falstaffe,* and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Jack Falstaffe,* banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish

not him thy *Harryes* companie; banish plumpe *Jacke*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

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

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

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

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

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

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal,* never call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

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

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

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

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

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

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

Prince. What men?

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

Car. As fat as Butter.

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

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

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

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

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

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii,s,ii.d.
Item, Sawce. iiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.
Item, Anchoves and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.viii.d.
Item Bread. ob.

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

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

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

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

Hotsp. Lord *Mortimer,* and Cousin *Glendower,*
Will you sit downe?
And Unckle *Worcester;* a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Cousin *Percy,* sit good Cousin *Hotspurre:*
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heaven.

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

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

Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had never beene borne.

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

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

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

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativitie.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.
Glend. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these Crossings: Give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heaven was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
These fignes have markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calles me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.
Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:
Ile to Dinner.
Mort. Peace Cousin *Percy,* you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.
Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the
Devill.
Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the Devill.*
If thou have power to rayse him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devill.
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable
Chat.
Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severne,have I hent him
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.
Hotsp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Devils name?
Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee divide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?
Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severne, hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severne shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower:* And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A Businesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin *Percy,* You and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteene dayes:
Within that space, you may have drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords.
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leave,
For there will be a World of Water shed,

Upon

Upon the parting of your Wives and you.
Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.
Ile have the Currant in this place damn'd up,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and evenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.
Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,
And runnes me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Worc. Yea, but a little Change will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and even.
Hotsp. Ile have it so, a little Charge will doe it.
Glend. Ile not have it alter'd.
Hotsp. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speake it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd up in the English Court;
Where being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many and English Dittie, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was never seene in you.
Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cavill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?
Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haste the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer.* *Exit.*
Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy,* how you crosse my Father.
*Hotsp.*I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning up the severall Devils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather live
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on Cates, and have him talke to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.
Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affible,
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbes himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaes behinde a stayne]Upon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speede;
Heere come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.
*Mort.*Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

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

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

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answere thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that peaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.
Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.
Glend. Doe so:
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
Hotsp. Come *Kate,* thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy
Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hotsp/ Now I perceive the Devill understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.
Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in
Irish.
Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?
*Hotsp.*No.
Lady. Then be still.
Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.
Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hotsp. Peace, she sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?
You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth ; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And givest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou never walk'st further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate,* like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.
Lady. I will not sing.
Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-
brest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

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

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer,* you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently have neede of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done;
That in his secred Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?

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

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

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would say; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke.*
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heaven,
And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus did I keepe my Person fresh and new,
My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled up and downe,
With shallow Jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of every Beardlesse vaine Comparative;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enscoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Majestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men use to doe to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry,* standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is awearie of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

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

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now;
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Jawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on
TO bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armes.
What never-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas?* whose high Deedes,
Whose hot incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Majoritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through al the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars,* in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas,* ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him.
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance up,
And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, *Douglas, Mortimer,*
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry,* doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majisties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood
And staine my favours in a bloody Maske:
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day when ere it lights,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur,* this all-praysed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry* chance to meet:
For every Honor fitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this NortherneYouth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse up glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here:
The which, if I performe, and doe survive,
I doe beseech your Majestie, may salve
The long-growne Wounds of my interperature:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.
King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:
Thou shalt have Charge, and soveraigne trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt?* thy Lookes are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.
King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:
With him my sonne, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, wee our selves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry,* you shall march

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

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

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

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not above once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compasse: and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

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

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

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

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori.* I never see thy Face, but I thinke upon Hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire:* But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of utter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st up Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an *Ignis fatuus,* or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night bwtwixt Taverne and Taverne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostesse.

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

Hostesse. Why Sir *John,* what doe you thinke, Sir *John*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tight of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

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

Hostesse: Who I? I defie thee: I was never call'd so in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

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

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas : I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bard. Yes, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistrisse *Quickly?* How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heere mee.

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

Prince. What say'st thou *Jacke?*

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

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Jacke?*

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

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

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

Prince. What he did not?

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

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

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

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

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

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

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

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

Host. Thou art unjust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

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

Prince. Sirra, do I owe you a thousand pound?

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

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

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*

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

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

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

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

Prnce. And why not as the Lyon?

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

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

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

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

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

Exit Hostesse.

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

Prin. O my sweet Beefe:
I must still be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe.
Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double
Labour.
Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do
any thing.
Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st,
and do it with unwash'd hands too.
Bard. Do my Lord.
Prin. I have procured thee *Jacke* a Charge of Foot.
Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde
one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and
twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously unprovided. Wel
God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but
the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.
Prin. Bardolph.
Bar. My Lord.
Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster
To my Brother *John.* This to my Lord of Westmerland,
Go *Peto,* to horse: for thou, and I,
Have thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Jacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye,
And either they, or we must lower lye.
Fal. Rare words! brave world.
Hostesse, my breakfast, come:
Oh, I could wish this Taverne were my drumme.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester,
and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,
Should go so generall currant through the world.
By heaven I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Braver place
In my hearts love, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word: approve me Lord,
Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?
I can but thanke you.
Mess. These Letters come from your Father.
Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himself?
Mes. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greevous sicke.
Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,
In such a justling time? Who leades his power?
Under whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letteers beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.
Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole,
Ere he by sickenesse had been visited:
His health was never better worth then now.
Hotsp. Sick now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remov'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainely possest
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to us.
Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,
The very List, the very utmost Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith, and so wee should,
Where no remaines a sweet reversion.
We may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement lives in this.
Hotsp. A Rendevous, a Home to flye unto,
If that the Devill and Mischance looke bigge
Upon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisedome, loyaltie, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:
For well you know, wee of the offring side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in upon us:
This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.
Hotsp. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it topsie-turvy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

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

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon,* welcome by my Soule,
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *John.*
Hotsp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.
Hotsp. He chall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?
Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, having latley bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Bever on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury.*
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat.
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegasus,*
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.
Hotsp. No more, no more,
Worse then the Sunne in March:
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry,* shall not Horse to Horse
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?
Oh, that *Glenwower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of
yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.
Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach
unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendoweer* being both away,
The powres of us, may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.
Exeunt Omnes.
Scena

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

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

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out

Bard, This Bottle makes an Angell.

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

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

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sowc't-Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the Kings Presse damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me noue but good House-holders,Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaves, as had as lieve heare the Devill, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Caliver, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Toftes and Butter with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their services: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sorts; and such, as indeed were never Souldiers, but dis-carded unjust Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, revolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an ol-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the roomes of them that have bought out their services: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyves on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeves: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Davintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Jack?* how now Quilt?

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

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

Falst. Tut, never feare me, I am as vigiilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

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

Falst. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

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

Falst. Faith, for their povertie,I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

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

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

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

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

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

*Vern.*So doe wee.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

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

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counsaile well:
You speake it out of fere, and cold heart.

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

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

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

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

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

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:*
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envie your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against us like an Enemie.
Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Majestie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the Brest of Civill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.
Hotsp. The King is kinde:
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Unckle, and my selfe,
Did give him that same Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liverie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiv'd *Notrhumberland* did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gave him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heavie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out upon abuses, seemes to weepe
Over his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
the hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hotsp. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March,*
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Unckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismis'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove us to seeke out
This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?
Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter.*
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Unckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.
Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall.
Blunt. Pray Heaven, you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

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

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroope,* and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell,* is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power.
Meetes with Lord *Harry:* and I feare, Sir *Michell,*
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland,*
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer.*
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake, Vernon,* Lord *Harry Percy,*
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land togeether:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt;*
And many moe Corrivals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit us:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Michell.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Fortels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.
The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How no my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in ungentle Steele:
This is not well my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And move in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
A prodegie of Feare, and a Portent
Of breached Mischeefe, to the unborne Times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turne your lookes
Of Favour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poasted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of Purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gaunt,* Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,
And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the unlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Useth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feding, to so great a bulke,
That even our Love durst not come neere your sight
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes,
As you your selfe, have forg'd against your selfe,
By unkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to us in yonger enterprize.
Kin. These things indeede you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innovatio:
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havocke, and confusion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they joyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth joyne with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percie:* By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I have a Truant beene to Chivalry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we ventur thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do

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

Exit Worcester.

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

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

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

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

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

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

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

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

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lives, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and loc'd up,
Will have a wilde tricke of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of [Ptiviledge,*[privilege]*
A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre,* govern'd by as Spleene:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, Ile say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cosin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Unkle is return'd,
Deliver up my Lord of Westmerland.
Unkle, what newe-?
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.
Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westemerland.
Hot. Lord *Dowglas:* Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.
Exit Dowglas.
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.
Wor. I told him gently of our greevances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He cals us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.
Enter Dowglas.
Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth.* Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valew'd with hou:
And which became him lie a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envie of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.
Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke under my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
That I that have not well the givt of Tongue,
Can

Can lift your blood up with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

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

Enter another Messenger.

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

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

For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.
Now Esperance *Percy*, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musicke, let us all imbrace:
For heaven to earth, some of us never shall,
A second time do such a curtesie:

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

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus [yu] crossest me?
What honor dost thou seeke upon my head?

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

Blunt. They tell thee true.

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

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt fined a King that will revenge
[Lords] Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas,* hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumphed o’re a Scot.

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

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

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

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

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by beece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away,
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot heere: heere’s no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt,* there’s Honour for you: Here’s no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too; heaven keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mind owne Bowelles. I have let my rag of

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

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman [likes] stark and stiffe
Under the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword

Fal. O *Hal,* I prethee give me leave to breath awhile:
Turke *Gregory* never did such deeds in Armes, as I have
done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

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

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

Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Case?

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

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to jest and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

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

Scena Tertia.

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

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

P.Joh. Not I, my Lord, unlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Majesty make up,
Least you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:
My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his tent.

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

Prin. Lead me myLord? I do not need your helpe;
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as thus,
Where stain'd Nobility lyes trodden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

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

Prin. By heaven thou hast deceiv'd me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I love'd thee as a Brother, *John;*
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

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

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to us all. Exit.

Enter Dowglas.

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

*King.*The King himselfe: who *Dowglas* grieves at hart

So

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.
Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
Enter Prince.
Prince. Hold up thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt,* are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he meanes to pay.
They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawfey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton:* Ile to *Clifton* straight.
King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brough to mee.
Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sav'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.
K. Make up to *Clifton,* Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gaufey. Exit.*
Enter Hotspur.
Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*
Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie.*
Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy,*
to share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it *Harry,* for the houre is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaffe
*Fal.*Well said *Hal,*to it *Hal.* Nay you shall finde no
Boyes play heere, I can tell you.
Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who fals downe as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.
Hot. Oh *Harry,* thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me.
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy,* thou art dust
And food for-----
Prin. For Wormes, brave *Percy.* Farewell great heart:
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of tendernesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Jacke, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth up.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell me to day Ile give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow. 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect imaga of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would prove the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me. *Takes Hotspurre on his backe.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword.

*John.*But soft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may doe thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I have.
A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt*
Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leave Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

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

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Love to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights upon our party Slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it fals on mee.
King. Beare Worcester to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pause upon.
Exit Worcester and Vernon.
How goes the Field?
Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Upon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace.
I may dispose of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prin, Then Brother *John* of Lanaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas,* and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne upon our Crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adversaries.
King. Then this remaines: that we divide our Power.
You Sonne *John,* and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope,*
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower,* and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S .