

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,  
Containing his Death: and the Coronation  
of King Henry the Fift.

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*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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INDUCTION

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*Enter Rumour.*

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

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.*

*L.Bar.* Who keepes the Gate hoa?

Where is the Earle?

*Por.* What shall I say you are?

*Bar.* Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.

*Por.* His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,  
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,  
And he himselfe will answer.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*L.Bar.* Heere comes the Earle.

*Nor.* What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Ev'ry minute now  
Should be the Father of some Strategem;  
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse  
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,  
And beares downe all before him.

*L.Bar.* Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

*Nor.* Good, and heaven will.

*L. Bar.* As good as heart can wish:  
The King is almost wounded to the death:  
And in the Fortune of y Lord your Sonne,  
Prince *Harrie* slaine out-right; and both the *Blunts*,  
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Yong Prince *John*,  
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.  
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *John*)  
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day.  
(So fought, so followe'd, and so fairely wonne)  
Came not, till now, to  
dignifie the Times  
Since *Caesars* Fortunes.

*Nor.* How is this defiv'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

*L.Bar.* I spake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,  
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

*Nor.* Heere comes my Servant *Travers*, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

*Enter Travers.*

*L.Bar.* My Lord, I over-rod him on the way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.

*Nor.* Now *Travers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

*Tra.*

*Tra.* My Lord, Sir *John Umfrevill* turn'd me backe  
With joyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)  
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head  
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)  
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him  
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,  
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.  
With that he gave his able Horse the head,  
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles  
Against the panting sides of his poore Jade  
Up to the Rowell head, and starting so,  
Hee seem'd in running, to devoure the way,  
Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha? Againe:  
Said he yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold?  
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,  
Had met ill lucke?

*L. Bar.* My Lord: Ile tell you what,  
If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day,  
Upon mine Honor, for a silken point  
Ile give my Barony. Never talke of it.

*Nor.* Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*  
Give then such instances of Losse?

*L.Bar.* Who, he?  
He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne  
The Horse he rode-on: and upon my life  
Spake at adventure. Looke, here comes more Newes.

*Enter Morton.*

*Nor.* Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,  
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:  
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood  
Hath left a witness Usurpation.  
Say *Morton*, did'st thou come from Srewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)  
Where hatefull death put on his ugliest Maske  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my Sonne, and Brother?  
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke  
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,  
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,  
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in teh dead of night,  
And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.  
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:  
And I, my *Peercies* death, ere thou report'st it.  
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:  
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,  
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.  
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)  
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,  
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

*Mor.* *Dowglas* is living, and your Brother, yet:  
But for my Lord, your Sonne,

*North.* Why he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:  
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,  
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,  
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (*Morton*)  
Tell thou thy Earle, his Divination Lies,  
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,  
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:

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Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

*North.* Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.

I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it in Feare, or Sinne,

To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:

The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:

And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:

Not he, which sayes the dead is not alive:

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes

Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,

Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell

Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

*L.Bar.* I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry I should force you to beleewe

That, which I would to heave, I had not seene.

But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,

Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)

To *Henry Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe

The never-daunted *Percie* to the earth,

From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.

In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,

Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)

Being braved once, tooke fire and heate away

From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.

For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;

Which once, in him abated, all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:

And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,

Upon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,

So did our Men, heavy in *Hotspurres* losse,

Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,

That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,

Tneh did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)

Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester

Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,

(The bloody *Dowglas*) whose well-labouring sword

Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,

Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame

Of those that tur'd their backs: and in his flight,

Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,

Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out

A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,

Under the Conduct of yong Lancaster

And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

*North.* For this, I shall have time enough to mourne.

In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes

(Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,

Being sicke, have in some measure, made me well.

And as the Wretch, whose Feaver-weakned joynts,

Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle under life,

Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire

Out of his keepers armes : Even so, my Limbes

(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,

Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch;

A scale Gauntlet now, with joynts of Steele

Must glove this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.

Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach

The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring

To frowne upon th'enrag'd Northumberland.

Let Heaven kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand

Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,

And let the world no longer be a stage

To feede Contentions in a ling'ring Act:

But let on spirit of the First-borne *Caine*

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Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set  
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,  
And darknesse be the burier of the dead.      (Honor.

*L.Bar.* Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving Complices  
Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o're  
To stormy Passion, must perforce decry.  
You cast th'event of Warre(my Noble Lord)  
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said  
Let us make head: It was your presumize,  
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.  
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge  
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit  
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,  
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this  
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraints  
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befallne?  
Or what hath this bold enterprize beig forth,  
More then that Being, which was like to be?

*L.Bar.* We all that are engaged to this losse,  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,  
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:  
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,  
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,  
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.  
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

*Mor.* 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)  
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:  
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is up  
With well appointed Powres: he is a man  
Who with a double Survey bindes his Followers.  
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,  
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.  
For that same word (Rebellion) did divide  
The action of their bodies, from their soules,  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd  
As men drinke Potions; tht their Weapons only  
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,  
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,  
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop  
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,  
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:  
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:  
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood  
Of faire King *Richard*, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,  
Derives from heaven, his Quarrell, and his Cause:  
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,  
Gasping for life, under great *Bullingbrooke*,  
And more, and lesse, do flocke to folllow him.

*North.* I knew of this before. But to speake truth,  
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.  
Go in with me, and counsell every man  
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:  
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with sped.  
Never so few, nor never yet more need.      *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia*

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*Enter Falstaffe, and Page.*

*Fal.* Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?

*Pag.* He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy  
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more  
diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the

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braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reason, then to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was never mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will set you neither in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The *Juvenall* (the Prince your Maister) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may finish it when he will, he is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still as a Face-Royall for a Barber shall never earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but hee is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

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

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

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

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

*Enter Chiefe Justice, and Servant.*

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

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

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

*Ser. Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

*Just.* He that was in question for the Robbery?

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

*Just.* What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

*Ser.* Sir *John Falstaffe*.

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

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

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

*Ser.* Sir *John*.

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

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

*Ser.* You mistake me Sir.

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

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

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

*Ser.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Just.* To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attentio[n] of your eares, & I care [no tif] I be your Physitian

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Just.* You have misled the youthfull Prince.

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

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

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

*Fal.* My Lord? (Wolfe.

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

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

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

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

*Fal.* My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloving and singing of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in judgement and understanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the youg Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

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

*Fal.* Heaven send the Companion a better Prince : I ca[n-not] rid my hands of him.

*Just.* Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

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

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

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

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

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



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

*Page.* Sir.

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats, and two pence.

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

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.*

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

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

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

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

*Hast.* With him, we may.

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

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

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

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

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

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And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the Ereccion,  
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,  
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell  
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist  
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,  
(Which is(almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,  
And set another up) should we survey  
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;  
Consent upon a sure Foundation:  
Question Surveyors, know our owne estate,  
How able such a Worke to undergo,  
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,  
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,  
Using the names of men, instead of men:  
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house  
Beyon his power to builde it; who(halfe through)  
Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Cost  
A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds,  
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)  
Should be still-borne: and that we now possesst  
The utmost man of expectation:  
I thinke we are a Body strong enough  
(Even as we are) to equall with the King.

*L.Bar.* What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To us no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolfe*.  
For his divisions (as the Times do braul)  
Are in three Heads : one Power against the French,  
And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third  
Must take up us: So is the unfirme King  
In three divided: and his Coffers sound  
With hollow Poverty, and Emptinesse.

*Ar.* That he should draw his severall strengths together  
And come against us in full puissance  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his backe unarm'd, the French, and Welch  
Baying him at the heeles: never feare that.

*L.Bar.* Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:  
Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harry Monmouth*.  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certaine notice.

*Arch.* Let us on:  
And publish the occasion of our Armes.  
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,  
Their over-greedy love hath surfetted:  
An habitation giddy, and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause  
Did'st thou beate heaven with blessing *Bullingbrooke*,  
Before he was, what thou would'st have him be?  
And being now trimm'd up in thine owne desires,  
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thy selfe to cast him up.  
So,so,(thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge  
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*,  
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?  
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him dye,  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave.  
Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head  
When through proud London he came sighing on,  
After th'admired leeles of *Bullingbrooke*,  
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld us that King againe,

And

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And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)

"Past, and to come, seemes best; things Present, worst.

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Times subjects, and Time bids, be gon.

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*Actus Secundus, Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.*

Hostesse. Mr Fang, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?

Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrha, where's Snare?

Host. I, I, [goood] M. Snare..

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaffe.

Host. I good M. Snare, I have enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he wil stab

Host. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stab'd me  
in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not  
what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. He will  
foyne like any divell, he will spare neither man, woman,  
nor childe.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, not I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my  
Vice.

Host. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an  
infinitive thing upon my score. Good M. Fang hold him  
sure: good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continu-  
antly to Py-Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a sad-  
dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in  
Lombard street, to M. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra'ye, since  
my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the  
world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Mark  
is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I have  
borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin fub'd off, and  
fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to  
be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing unles  
a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare e-  
very Knaves wrong. *Enter Falstaffe ad Bardolfe.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bar-  
dolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang,  
& M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fa. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mist. *Quickly.*

Fal. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the Vil-  
laines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.  
Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, mur-  
der, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods of-  
ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art  
a hony seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolfe. Fang. A rescu, a rescu.

Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou  
wilt not? Doe, doe thou Rogue: Doe thou Hempseed.

Pag. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil-  
lirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter. Ch. Justice.*

Just. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.

Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you  
stand to me.

Ch. Ju. How now sir John? What are you brawling here?  
Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?  
You should have bene well on your way to Yorke.  
Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Host.* Yes in troth my Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Falst.* As I am a Gentleman.

*Host.* Nay, you said so before.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ch. Just.* I have heard bitter newes.

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

*Ch. Ju.* Where lay the King last night?

*Mes.* At Basingstoke my Lord.

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

*Ch. Just.* Come all his Forces backe?

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

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

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

*Fal.* My Lord.

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe,  
and Page.*

*Prin.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

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

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

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

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as to remember so weake a Composition.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Poin.* Very hardly, upon such a subject.

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

*Poin.* The reason?

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

*Poin.* I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

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

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

*Prin.* And to thee.

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

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

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Save you: Grace.

*Prin.* And yous, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

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

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

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

*Prin.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bar.* Away, you horson upright Rabbet, away.

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

*Prin.* Instruct us Boy: what dreame, Boy?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Bard.* In bodily health Sir.

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

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

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

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

*Poin.* Why this is a Certificate.

*Prin.* Peace.

*I will imitate the honourable Romaines in brevity.*

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

*Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou useth him. Jacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:*

*John with my Brothers and Sisters: & Sir*

*John, with all Europe.*

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

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

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

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

*Bard.* Yes my Lord.

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

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

*Prin.* What Company?

*Page.* Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

*Prin.* Sup any women with him?

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

*Prin.* What Pagan may that be?

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

*Prin.* Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfours are to the  
Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale upon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

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

*Prin.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your  
Maister that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

*Bar.* I have no tongue, sir.

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

*Prin.* Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teare-sheet* should be some Rode.

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

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

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

*Prin.* From a god, to a Bull? A heavy declension: It  
was Joves case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low trans-  
formation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the pur-  
pose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned.* *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry*

*Percies Lady.*

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

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

*Nor.* Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,  
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

*La.* Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Warrs;  
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it, then now,  
When your owne Percie, when my heart-deere *Harry*,  
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father  
Bring up his Powres: but he did long in vaine.  
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?

There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:

For His, it stucke upon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vault of Heaven: and by his Light

Did all the Chevalry of England move

To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse

Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselves.

He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valiant.

For those that could speake low, and tardily,

Would turne their own Perfection, to Abuse,

To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He

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

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

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

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

*Nor.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde  
As with the Tyde, swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.  
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,  
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.  
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,  
Till Time and Vantage crave my company.    *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter two Drawers:*

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

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

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

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

*1. Drawer.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent strategem.

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

*Enter Hostesse, and Dol.*

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

*Dol.* Better then I was: Hem.

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

*Enter Falstaffe.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Drawer.*

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

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

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

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

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

*Falst.* Do'st

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

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

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

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

*Dol.* So you doe, Hostesse.

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

*Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.*

*Pist.* 'Save you, Sir *John*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Pist.* I know you, Mistress *Dorothy*.

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

*Pist.* I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

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

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

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*Bard.* Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.  
*Falst.* Hearke thee hither, Mistris *Dol.*  
*Pist.* Not I : I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reveng'd on her.  
*Page.* 'Pray thee goe downe.  
*Pist.* Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I : Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: have wee not *Hiren* here?  
*Host.* Good Captaine *Pistol* be quiet, it is very late: I beseeke you now, aggravate your Choler.  
*Pist.* These be good Humors indeede. Shall Packe-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Jades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirty miles a day, compare with *Caesar*, and with Caniballs, and Trojan Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shal wee fall foule for Toyes?  
*Host.* By my troth Captaine, there are very bitter words.  
*Bard.* Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.  
*Pist.* Die men, like Dogges, give Crownes like Pinnes: Have wee not *Hiren* here?  
*Host.* On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denie her? I pray be quiet.  
*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, give me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente*. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend give fire: Give e some Sacke: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?  
*Fal. Pistol*, I would be quiet.  
*Pist.* Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee have seene the seven Starres.  
*Dol.* Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascall.  
*Pist.* Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-way Nagges?  
*Fal.* Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.  
*Baed.* Come, get you downe stayres.  
*Pist.* What? shall wee have Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let greivous, ghastly, gaping Wounds, untwind'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.  
*Host.* Here's good stuffe toward.  
*Fal.* Give me my Rapier, Boy.  
*Dol.* I prethee *Jack*, I prethee doe not draw.  
*Fal.* Get you downe stayres.  
*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.  
*Dol.* I prethee *Jack*, be quiet, the rascall is gone: ah you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.  
*Host.* Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a throwd Thrust at your Belly.  
*Fal.* Have you turn'd him out of doores?  
*Bard.* Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you have hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.  
*Fal.* A Rascall to brave me.  
*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou

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

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

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

*Enter Musique.*

*Page.* The Musique is come, Sir.

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

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

*Enter the Prince and Poinès disguis'd.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Dol.* Why doth the Prince love him so then?

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

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

*Poin.* Let us beate him before his Whore.

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

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

*Fal.* Kisse me *Dol*.

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* Some Sack, *Francis*.

*Prin.* *Poin.* Anon, anon, Sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* Didst thou heare me?

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* No abuse (*Hal*)

*Poin.* No abuse?

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

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

*Poin.* Answer thou dead Elme, answer.

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

*Prin.* For the Women?

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

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No.

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

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

*Prince.* You, Gentlewoman.

*Dol.* What sayes your Grace?

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

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

*Enter Peto.*

*Prince.* *Peto*, how now? what newes?

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

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

*Falstaffe*, good night. *Exit.*

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

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

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

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

*Falst.* Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

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

*Bard.* Mistris *Teare-sheet*.

*Host.* What's the matter?

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

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

*Exeunt.*

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*Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter the King, with a Page.*

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

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

*Enter Warwicke and Surrey.*

*War.* Many good-morrowes to your Majesty.

*King.* Is it good-morrow, Lords?

*War.* 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

*King.* Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)  
Have you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have (my Liege.)

*King.* Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome,  
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,  
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

*VVar.* It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little Medicine:  
My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

*King.* Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,  
And see the revolution of the Times  
Make Mountaines levell, and the Continent  
(Weary of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe  
Into the Sea: and other Times, to see  
The beachy Girdle of the Ocean  
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks  
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration  
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,  
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,  
Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,  
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres fince,  
This *Percie* was the man, neereest my Soule,  
Who like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,  
And layd his Love and Life under my foot:  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of *Richard*  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by  
(You Cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember)  
When *Richard*, with his Eye brim-full of Teares,  
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)  
Did speake these words (now prov'd a Prophecie:)  
*Northumberland*, thou Ladder, by the which

My

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

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sil.* Indeede Sir, to my cost.

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

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

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

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

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

*Sil.* Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

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

*Sil.* Truly Cousin, I was not there.

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

*Sil.* Dead, Sir.

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

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

*Shal.* And is olde *Double* dead?

*Enter Bardolph and his Boy.*

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

*Shal.* Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Falstaffe.*

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

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

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

*Falst.* Good Master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good Worship is welcome.

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

*Shal.* Marry have we sir: Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

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

*Moul.* Heere, if it please you.

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

*Fal.* Is thy name *Mouldy*?

*Moul.* Yea, if it please you.

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

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

*Fal.* Pricke him.

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

*Falst.* Goe too; peace *Mouldy*, you shall goe. *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent?

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

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

*Shal.* Where's *Shadow*?

*Shad.* Heere sir.

*Fal.* *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?

*Shad.* My Mothers sonne, Sir.

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

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

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

*Shal.* *Thomas Wart*?

*Falst.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Heere sir.

*Falst.* Is thy name *Wart*?

*Wart.* Yea sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged Wart.

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*Shal.* Shall I pricke him downe,  
*Sir John?*

*Falst.* It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built upon his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pinnes: pricke him no more.

*Shal.* Ha,ha,ha. you can doe it sir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

*Francis Feeble.*

*Feeble.* Heere sir.

*Shal.* What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

*Feeble.* A Womans Taylor sir.

*Shal.* Shall I pricke him, sir?

*Falst.* You may:

But if he had been a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaille, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?

*Feeble.* I will doe my good will sir, you can have no more.

*Falst.* Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylor well Master *Shallow*, deepe Maister *Shallow*.

*Feeble.* I would *Wart* might have gone sir;

*Falst.* I would thou were a mans Tailur, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private souldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.

*Feeble.* It shall suffice.

*Falst.* I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

*Shal.* *Peter Bulcalfe* of the Greene.

*Falst.* Yea marry, let us see *Bulcalfe*.

*Bul.* Heere sir.

*Falst.* Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalfe* till he roare againe.

*Bul.* Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

*Falst.* What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.

*Bul.* Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

*Falst.* What disease hast thou?

*Bul.* A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, upon his Coronation day sir.

*Falst.* Come, thou shalt goe to the Warres in a Gowne: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

*Shal.* There is two more called then your number: you must have but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

*Falst.* Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner, I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

*Shal.* O sir *John*, doe you remember since we lay all night in the Winde-mill, in Saint Georges Field?

*Falst.* No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No more of that.

*Shal.* Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Jane Nightworke* alive?

*Falst.* She lives, Master *Shallow*.

*Shal.* She never could away with me,

*Falst.* Never, never: she would alwayes say she could not abide M. *Shallow*.

*Shal.* I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth she hold her owne well?

*Fal.* Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be  
h old:

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

*Sil.* That's fifty five yeeres agoe.

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

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

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

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

*Bard.* Goe-too: stand aside.

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

*Bard.* Go-too: stand aside.

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

*Bard.* Well said, thou art a good fellow.

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

*Falst.* Come sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Foure of which you please.

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

*Falst.* Go-too: well.

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

*Falst.* Doe you chuse for mee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Exit.*

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

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*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

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

*Bish.* What is this Forrest call'd?

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

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

*Hast.*

*Hast.* Wee have sent forth already.

*Bish.* 'Tis well done.

My friends. and Brethren (in these great Affaires)

I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd

New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:

Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.

Here doth he wish his Person, with such Powers

As might hold sortance with his Quality,

The which he could not levy: whereupon

Hee is retr'y'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,

to Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,

That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,

And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

*Mow.* Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now? what newes?

*Mess.* West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:

And by the ground they hide, I judge their number

Upon, or neere, the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mow.* The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway-on, and face them in the field.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*Bish.* What well-appointed Leader fronts us here?

*Mow.* I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

*West.* Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,  
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of Lancaster.

*Bush.* Say on (my Lord of *Westmerland*) in peace:  
What doth concerne your comming?

*West.* Then (my Lord)

Unto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse

The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion

Came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs,

Led on by bloody Yourh, guarded with Rage,

And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggery:

I say if damn'd Commotion so appeare,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You (Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords)

Had not beene here, to dresse the ugly forme

Of base, and bloody insurrection,

With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,

Whose Sea is by a Civill Peace maintain'd,

Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,

Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutot'd,

Whose white Investments figure Innocence,

The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.

Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,

Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,

Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?

Turning your Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,

Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue divine

To a low Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

*Bish.* Wherefore doe I this? so the question stands.

Briefly to this end: We are all diseas'd,

And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,

Have brought our selves into a burning Fever,

And we must bleede for it: of which Disease,

Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.

But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)

I take not on me here as a Physician,

Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,

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Troope in the Throngs of Military men:  
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,  
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,  
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop  
Oour very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.  
I have in equall ballance justly weigh'd,  
What wrongs our Armes may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our Griefes heavier then our Offences.  
We see which way the streame of Time doth runne,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,  
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,  
And have the summary of all our Griefes  
(When time shall serve) to shew in Articles;  
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,  
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,  
We are deny'd accesse unto his person,  
Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood; and the examples  
Of every Minutes instance (present now)  
Hath put us in these il-beseeming Armes:  
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,  
But to establish here a Peace indeed,  
Concurring both in Name and Quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd?  
Wherein have you been galled by the King?  
What Peere hath been suborn'd to grate on you,  
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke  
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine?

*Bish.* My Broher generall, the Common-wealth,  
I make my Quarrell, in particular.

*West.* there is no neede of any such redresse:  
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mow.* Why not to him in part, and to us all.  
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,  
And suffer the Condition of these Times  
To lay a heavy and unequall Hand upon our Honors?

*West.* O my good Lord *Mowbray*,  
Construe the Times to their Necessities,  
And you shall say (indeed) it is the Time,  
And not the King, that doth you injuries.  
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,  
Either from the King, or in the present Time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a Griefe on: Were you not restor'd  
To all the Duke or Norfolkes Seignories,  
Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

*Mow.* What thing, in Honor, had my father lost,  
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?  
The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,  
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:  
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and he  
Being mounted, and both rowd in their Seates,  
Their heighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,  
Their armed Staves in charge, their beavers downe,  
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,  
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke*:  
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,  
(His owne Life hung upon the Staffe he threw)  
Then threw he downe himselfe, and all their Lives,  
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,  
Have since mis-carried under *Bullingbrooke*.



*West.* You speake (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not  
 The Earle of Hereford was reputed then      (what.  
 In England the most valiant Gentleman.  
 Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?  
 But if your Father had been Victor there,  
 He ne're had borne it our of Coventry.  
 For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,  
 Cry'd hate upon him: and all the prayers, and love,  
 Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,  
 And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.  
 But this is meere digression from my purpose.  
 Here come I from our Princely Generall,  
 To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,  
 That he will give you Audience: and wherein  
 It shall appeare, that your demands are just,  
 You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,  
 That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

*Mow.* But he hath forc'd us to compell this Offer,  
 And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Love.

*West.* *Mowbray*, you over-weene to take it so:  
 This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.  
 For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,  
 Upon mine Honor, all too confident  
 To give admittance to a thought of feare.  
 Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,  
 Our Men more perfect in the use of Armes,  
 Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;  
 Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.  
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mow.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no Paarley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
 A rotten Case abides no handing.

*Hast.* Hat the Prince *John* a full Commission,  
 In every ample vertue of his father,  
 To heare, and absolutely to determine  
 Of what Conditions we shall stand upon?

*West.* That is intended in the Generals Name:  
 I muse you make so slight a Question.

*Bish.* Then take (my lord of Westmerland) this Sche  
 For this containes our generall Grievences:      (dule,  
 Each severall Article herin redress'd,  
 All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,  
 That are insinewed to this Action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,  
 And present execution of our wills,  
 To us, and to our purposes confin'd,  
 We come within our awfull Banks againe,  
 And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

*West.* This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,  
 In sight of both our Battailles, wee may meete  
 At either end in peace: which Heaven so frame,  
 Or to the place of difference call the Swords,  
 Which must decide it.

*Bish.* My Lord, wee will doe so.

*Mow.* There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,  
 That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

*Hast.* Feare you not that, if we can make our Peace  
 Upon such large termes, and so absolute,  
 As our Conditions shall consist upon,  
 Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rocky Mountaines.

*Mow.* I, but our valuation shall be such,  
 That every slight, and false-derived Cause,  
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,  
 Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:  
 That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love,  
 We shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

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That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,  
And good from bad find no partition.

*Bish.* No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is weary  
Of dainty, and such picking Grievances:  
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,  
Revives two greater in the Heires of Life.  
And therefore will he wipe his Tables cleane,  
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memory,  
That may repeat, and History his losse,  
To new remembrance. For full well he knowes,  
He cannot so precisely weede this Land,  
As his misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That plucking to unfixe an Enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd Correction in the Arme,  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,  
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke  
The very Instruments of Chastisement:  
So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion  
May offer, but not hold.

*Bish.* 'Tis very true:  
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)  
If we doe now make our attonement well,  
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)  
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

*Mow.* Be it so:  
Heere is return'd my Lord of *Westmerland*.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*We.* The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship  
To meet his Grace, just distance 'twene our Armies?

*Mow.* Your Grace of Yorke, in heaven's name then  
forward.

*Bish.* Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

*Enter Prince John.*

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

Under

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Under the counterfeited Zeale of Heaven,  
The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father,  
And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,  
Have here up-swarmed them.

*Bish.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:  
But (as I told my Lord of *Westmerland*)  
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence  
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Forme,  
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace  
The parcels. and particulars of our Griefe,  
The which hath ben with scorne shov'd from the Court:  
Wheron this *Hydra-Sonne* of Warre is borne,  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,  
With graunt of our most just and right desires;  
And true-Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,  
Stoope tamely to the foot of Majesty.

*Mow.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes,  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall downe,  
We have Supplyes, to second our Attempt:  
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.  
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,  
And Heire from Heire shall hold the Quarrell up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*John.* You are too shallow (*Hastings*)  
Much too shallow,

To sound the bottome of the after-Times.

*West.* Pleaseth your Grace to answere them directly,  
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

*John.* I like them all, and doe allow them well:  
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,  
My Fathers purposes have beene mistooke,  
And some, about him, have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning, and Authority.  
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:  
Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your Powers unto their several Counties,  
As we will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,  
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,  
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,  
Of our restored Love and Amity.

*Bish.* I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

*John.* I give it you, and will maintaine my word:  
And thereupon I drinke unto your Grace.

*Hast.* Goe Captaine, and deliver to the Army  
This newes of Peace: let them have pay, and part:  
I know, it will well please them.

High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

*Bish.* To you, my Noble Lord of *Westmerland*.

*West.* I pledge your Grace:  
And if you knew what paines I have bestow'd,  
To breede this present Peace,  
You would drinke freely: but my love to ye,  
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

*Bish.* I doe not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

*Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season,  
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

*Bish.* Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,  
But heaviness fore-runnes the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry(Cooze) since sodaine sorrow  
Serves to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

*Bish.* Beleeve me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mow.* So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

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*John.* The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they showt.

*Mow.* This had been chearefull, after Victory.

*Bish.* A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither party looser.

*John.* Goe (my Lord)  
And let our Army be discharged too:  
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines  
March by us, that we may peruse the men *Exit.*  
We should have coap'd withall.

*Bish.* Goe, good Lord *Hastings:*  
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

*John.* I trust (Lords) we shall lye to night together.

*Enter Westmerland.*

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

*West.* The Leaders having charge from you to stand,  
Will not goe off, untill they heare you speake.

*John.* They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* Our Army is dispers'd:  
Like youthfull Steeres, unyoak'd, they tooke their course  
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke up,  
Each hurries towards his nome, and sporting place.

*West.* Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,  
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:  
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,  
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

*Mow.* Is this proceeding just, and honorable?

*West.* Is your Assembly so?

*Bish.* Will you thus breake your faith?

*John.* I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances  
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,  
I will performe, with a most Christian care.  
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due  
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike up our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,  
Heaven, and not wee, have safely fought to day.  
Some guard these Traitors to the Blocke of Death.  
Treasons true bed, and yeelder up of breath. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Collevile.*

*Falst.* What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

*Col.* I am a Knight Sir:

And my Name is *Collevile* of the Dale.

*Falst.* Well then, *Collevile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collevile* shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still *Collevile* of the Dale.

*Col.* Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe*?

*Falst.* As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee yeeld sir, or shall I sweate for you? If I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze up Feare and Trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Col.* I thinke you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, and in that thought yeeld me.

*Fal.* I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes any other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe undoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

*Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.*

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

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

*John.* It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser-  
ving.

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

*John.* Thine's too heavie to mount.

*Falst.* Let it shine then.

*John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

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

*John.* Is thy Name *Collevile*?

*Col.* It is (my Lord.)

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

*Falst.* And a famous true Subject tooke him.

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

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

*Enter Westmerland.*

*John.* Have you left pursuit?

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

*John.* Send *Collevile*, with his Confederates,  
To Yorke, to present Execution.

*Blunt,* leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

*Exit with Collevile.*

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before us, to his Majesty,

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:

And we with sober speede will follow you.

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

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

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

How now *Bardolph*?

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

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

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.*

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

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

*King.*

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*King. Humphrey* (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

*Glo.* I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

*King.* And how accompanied?

*Glo.* I doe not know my Lord.)

*King.* Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

*Glo.* No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

*Clar.* What would my Lord, and Father?

*King.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas.*)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.

For hee is gracious, if he be observ'd:

He hath a Teare for Pitty, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well observ'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,

When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth:

But being moody, give him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working. Learne this *Thomas*,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoope of Gold, to bind thy Brothers in:

That the united Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall never leake, though it doe worke as strong

As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder.

*Clar.* I shall observe him with all care, and love.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas*?)

*Clar.* Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

*King.* And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

*Clar.* With *Pointz*, and other his continuall followers.

*King.* Most subject is the fattest soyle to Weedes: And he (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is over-spread with them: therefore my grieve

Stretches it self beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) th'unguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke upon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,

When Meanes and lavish Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

*War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studyes his Companions,

like a strange tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

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Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,  
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther use,  
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,  
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memory  
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, live,  
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,  
Turning past-evills to advantages.

*Kin.* 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe  
In the dead Carrion.

*Enter Westmerland.*

Who's heere? *Westmerland?*

*West.* Health to my Sovereigne, and new happinesse  
Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince *John*, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:  
*Mowbray*, the Bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and all,  
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.  
There is not now a Rebels Sword unsheath'd,  
But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:  
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,  
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,  
With every course, in his particular.

*King.* O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings  
The lifting up of day.

*Enter Harcourt.*

Looke, heere's more newes.

*Har.* From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Majesty:  
And when the stand against you, may they fall,  
As those that I am come to tell you of.  
The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,  
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire overthrowne:  
The manner, and true order of the fight,  
This Packet (please it you) containes at large.

*King.* And wherefore should these good newes  
Make me sicke?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?  
Shee eyther gives a Stomacke, and no Foode,  
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,  
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)  
I should rejoyce now, at this happy newes,  
And now my Sight fayles, and my braine is giddy.  
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

*Glo.* Comfort your Majestie.

*Cla.* Oh, my Royall Father.

*West.* My Sovereigne Lord, cheare up your selfe, looke  
up.

*War.* Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits  
Are with his Highnesse very ordinary.  
Stand from him, give him ayre:  
Hee'le straight be well.

*Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hold out: these pangs,  
Th'incessant care, and labour of his mind,  
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,  
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

*Glo.* The people feare me: for they doe observe  
Unfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:  
The seasons change their manners, as the yeere  
Had found some moneths asleepe, and leap'd them over.

*Clar.* The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:  
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)  
Say it did so, a little time before  
That our great Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de.

*War.*



*War.* Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-  
vers.

*Glo.* This Apoplexy will (certaine) be his end.

*King.* I pray you take me up, and beare me hence  
Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)

Unlesse some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my weary Spirit.

*War.* Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

*King.* Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.

*Clar.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

*Enter Prince Henry.*

*P.Hen.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

*Clar.* I am here (Brother) full of heavinesse.

*P.Hen.* How now? Raine within doores, and none  
abroad? How doth the King?

*Glo.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard he the good newes yet?

Tell it him.

*Glo.* He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

*Pri .Hen.* If he be sicke with Joy,  
Hee'le recover without Physicke.

*War.* Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince, speake lowe.

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

*Clar.* Let us with-draw into the other Roome.

*War.* Wil't please your Grace to goe along with us?

*Pri. Hen.* No. I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, upon his Pillow,

Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keepst the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As he whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majesty!

When thou do'st pinceh thy Bearer, thou do'st sit

Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,

That scald'st with safety: by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne

Perforce must move. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is sound indeed: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heavy Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Love, and filiall tendernesse,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy place, and blood)

Derives it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,

Which Heaven shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength in to one gyant arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leave,

As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

*Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*

*King.* Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

*Clar.* Doth the King call?

*War.* What would your Majesty? How fares your  
Grace?

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*King.* Why did you leave me here alond (my Lords?)  
*Cla.* We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)  
Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

*King.* The prince of Wales? where is he? let me  
see him.

*War.* This doore is open, he is gone this way.

*Glo.* Hee came not through the Chamber where we  
stayd.

*King.* Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my  
Pillow?

*War.* When we with-drew (my Liege) wee left it  
heere.

*King.* The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:  
Goe seeke him out.  
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose  
My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of *Warwick*)  
Chide him hither: this part of his conjoyes  
With my disease, and helpes to end me.  
See Sonnes, what things you are:  
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,  
When Gold becomes her Object?  
For this, the foolish over-carefull fathers  
Have broke their sleepes with thoughts,  
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.  
For this, they have ingrossed and pyl'd up  
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieved Gold:  
For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to invest  
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:  
When, like the Bee, culling from every flower  
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,  
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hive;  
And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.  
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,  
To the ending father.

*Enter Warwicke.*

Now, where is he, that will not stay so long,  
Till his friend sicknesse hath determin'd me?

*War.* My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,  
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,  
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,  
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,  
Would (by beholding him) have wash'd his Knife  
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

*King.* But wherefore did he take away the Crowne?

*Enter Prince Henry.*

Loe, where he comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.*)  
Depart the Chamber, leave us heere alone. *Exit.*

*P.Hen.* I never thought to heare you speake againe.

*King.* Thy wish was father(*Harry*) to that thought:  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Do'st thou so hunger for my empty Chayre,  
That thou wilt needes invest thee with mine Honors,  
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will over-whelme thee,  
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignity  
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,  
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.  
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres  
Were thine, without offence: and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.  
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me dye assur'd of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at halfe an howre of my life.  
What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?

Then

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Then get thee gone, and digge my grave thy selfe,  
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy eare  
That Thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse  
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:  
Onely compound me with forgotten dust;  
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Wormes:  
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;  
For now a time is come, to mocke at forme.  
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Up Vanity,  
Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsailors, hence:  
And to the English Court, assemble now,  
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idelenesse.  
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:  
Have you a Ruffian that will sweare? drinke? dance?  
Revell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit  
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.  
England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might:  
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd License pluckes  
The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge  
Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent.  
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with civill blowes)  
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,  
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?  
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,  
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.  
*Prince.* O pardon me(my Liege)  
But for my Teares,  
The most Impediments unto my Speech,  
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,  
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,  
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,  
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,  
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,  
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,  
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit  
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.  
Heaven witenesse with me, when I heere came in,  
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,  
How cold it strooke my heart. If I doe faine,  
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,  
And never live, to shew th'incredulous World,  
The Noble change that I have purposed.  
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)  
I spake unto the Crowne (as having sense)  
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,  
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,  
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.  
Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious,  
Preserving life, in Med'cine potable:  
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,  
Hast eate the Bearer up.  
Thus (my Royall Liege)  
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,  
To try with it (as with an Enemy,  
That had before my face murdred my father)  
the Quarrell of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with Joy,  
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,  
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,  
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,  
Give entertainment to the might of it,

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Let heaven, for ever, keepe it from my head,  
And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,  
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

*King.* O my Sonne!

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

*Prince.* My gracious Liege:  
You wonne it, wore it: Kept it, gave it me,  
Then plaine and right must my possession be;  
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,  
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

*Enter Lord John of Lancaster,  
and Warwicke.*

*King.* Looke, looke,  
Heere comes my *John* of Lancaster:

*John.* Health, Peace, and Happinesse,  
To my Royall Father.

*King.* Thou bring'st me happinesse,  
(Sonne *John*,)

But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne  
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Upon thy sight  
My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where

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Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

*Prin.* My Lord of Warwicke.

*King.* Doth any name particular, belong  
Unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

*War.* 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my Noble Lord.

*King.* Laud be to heaven:

Even there my life must end.  
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,  
I should not dye, but in *Jerusalem*:  
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.  
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:  
In that *Jerusalem*, shall *Harry* dye.      *Exeunt.*

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*Actus Quintus.    Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,  
Page, and Davy.*

*Shal.* By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.  
What *Davy*, I say.

*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master *Robert Shallow*.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you : you shall not be excused.  
Excuses shall not be admitted : there is no excuse shall  
serve: you shall not be excus'd.  
Why *Davy*.

*Davy.* Heere sir.

*Shal.* *Davy, Davy. Davy.* let me see (*Davy*) let me see:  
*William Cooke*, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you shall  
not be excus'd.

*Davy.* Marry sir, thues: those Precepts cannot bee  
serv'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with  
Wheate?

*Shal.* With red Wheate *Davy*. But for *William Cook*:  
are there no yong Pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooting,  
And Plough-Irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *John*, you shall  
not be excus'd.

*Davy.* Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes be  
had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*  
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*  
*Fayre*?

*Shal.* He shall answer it:  
Some Pigeons *Davy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a  
joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kichshawes,  
tell *William Cooke*.

*Davy.* Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

*Shal.* Yes *Davy*:

I will use him well. A friend i'th Court, is better then a  
penny in purse. Use his men well *Davy*, for they are ar-  
rant Knaves, and willl backe-bite.

*Davy.* No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they  
have marvellous fowle linnen.

*Shall.* Well conceited *Davy*: about thy Businesse,  
*Davy*.

*Davy.* I beseech you sir,  
To countenance *William Visor* of *Woncot*, against *Cle-*  
*ment Perkes* of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many Complaints *Davy*, against that  
*Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knave, on my know-  
ledge.

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

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

*Bard.* I am glad to see your Worship.

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

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

*Shal.* Sir *John*.

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

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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

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

*Chei.Just.* How doth the King?

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

*Chei.Just.* I hope, not dead.

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

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

*War.*

*War.* Indeed I thinke the yong King loves you not.

*Chei. Just.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe  
To welcome the condition of the Time,  
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,  
Then I have drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester,  
and Clarence.*

*War.* Heere come the heavy Issue of dead *Harry*:  
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:  
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,  
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?

*Chei. Just.* Alas, I feare. all will be over-turn'd.

*John.* Good morrow, Cosin *Warwicke*, good morrow.

*Glou. Clar.* Good morrow, Cosin.

*John.* We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

*War.* We do remember: but our Argument

Is all too heavy, to admit much talke. (heavy.

*Joh.* Well: Peace be with him, that hath made us

*Chei. Just.* Peace be with us, least we be heavier.

*Glou.* O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:  
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

*John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,  
You stand in coldest expectation.  
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speake Sir *John Falstaffe* faire,  
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

*Chei. Just.* Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,  
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,  
And never shall you see, that I will begge  
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and upright Innocency faile me,  
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,  
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Heere comes the Prince.

*Enter Prince Henrie.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow: and heaven save your Majesty

*Prince.* This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,  
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.  
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Frare:  
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:  
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,  
But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)  
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:  
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,  
But entertaine no more of it (good brothers)  
Then a joynt burthen, laid upon us all.  
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be assur'd)  
Ile be your Father, ad your Brother too:  
Let me but beare your Love, Ile beare your Cares;  
But weepe that *Harry's* dead, and so will I.  
But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those Teares  
By number, into houres of Happinesse.

*John, &c.* We hope no other from your Majesty.

*Prin.* You all looke strangely on me: and you most,  
You are (I thinke) assur'd, I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)  
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate mee.

*Pr.* No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget  
So great Indignities you laid upon me?

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What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison  
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?  
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

*Chei. Just.* I then did use the Person of your Father:

The Image of his power, lay then in me,  
And in th'administration of his Law,  
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,  
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,  
The Majesty, and power of Law, and Justice,  
The Image of the King, whom I presented,  
And strooke me in my very Seate of Judgement :  
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)  
I gave bold way to my Authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,  
To have a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?  
To plucke downe Justice from your awefull Bench?  
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword  
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?  
Nay more, tu spurne at your most Royall Image,  
And mocke you workings, in s Second body?  
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:  
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:  
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,  
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;  
Behold your selfe, so by a sonne' disdained:  
And then imagine me, taking you part,  
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:  
After this cond considerance, sentence me;  
And as you are a King, speake in your State,  
What I have done, that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my Lieges Sovereignty..

*Prin.* You are right Justice, and you weigh this well:

Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:  
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,  
'Till you doe live, to see a Sonne of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live, to speake my Fathers words:  
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice, on my proper sonne;  
And no lesse happy, having such a Sonne,  
That would deliver up his Greatnesse so,  
Into the hands of Justice. You did commit me:  
For which, I do commit into your hand,  
Th'untainted Sword that you have us'd to beare:  
With this Remembrance; that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartiall spirit  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,  
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:  
My voyce shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,  
And I will stoope, and humble my intents,  
to your well-practis'd, wise Directions.  
And Princes all, beleeeve me, I beseech you:  
My father is gone wilde into his Grave,  
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)  
And with his Spirits, sadly I survive,  
To mocke the expectation of the World;  
To frustrate Prophetesies, and to race out  
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe  
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,  
Hath prowldly flow'd in Vanity, till now.  
Now doth it turne, and ebbe back to the Sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formall Majesty.  
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,  
And let us choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That

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

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*Scena Tertia.*

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

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an  
Arbor we will eate a last yeres Pippin of my owne graf-  
fing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. Come  
cosin *Silence*, and then to bed.

*Falst.* You have heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

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

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

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

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

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

*Shal.* Good Master *Bardolfe*. some wine, *Davy*.

*Dav.* Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweet  
sir, sit. Master *Page*, good Master *Page*, sit: Proface.  
What you want in meate, we'll have in drinke: but you  
beare, the heart's all.

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

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

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

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

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

*Shal.* *Davy*.

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

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

*Falst.* Well said, Master *Silence*.

*Sile.* If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of  
the night.

*Falst.* Health, and long life to you, Master *Silence*.

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

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

*Davy.* I hope to see London, once ere I dye.

*Bard.* If I might see you there, *Davy*.

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

*Bar.* Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

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

*Bar.* And Ile sticke by him, sir.

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

*Falst.* Why now you have done me right.

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

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

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

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

*Fal.* From the Court? Let him come in.

*Enter Pistoll.*

How now Pistoll?

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

*Falst.* What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?

Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

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

*Pist.* Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*? And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

*Shal.* Honest Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then Lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, Sir.

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

*Pist.* Under which King?

*Bezonian*, speake, or dye.

*Shal.* Under King *Harry*.

*Pist.* *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

*Shal.* *Harry* the fourth.

*Pist.* A footra for thine Office.

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.

*Harry* the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.

When Pistoll lyes, doe this, and figge-me, like the bragging Spaniard.

*Falst.*

*Fal.* What, is the old King dead?

*Pist.* As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are just.

*Fal.* Away *Bardolfe*, Sadle my Horse,

Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt  
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee  
With Dignities.

*Bard.* O joyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good newes.

*Fal.* Carry Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my  
Lord *Shallow*. be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.  
Get on thy Bootes, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistoll*:  
Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistoll*, utter more to mee: and  
withall devise something to doe thy selfe good. Boote,  
boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sicke for  
mee. Let us take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-  
land are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which  
have beene my Friends: and woe unto my Lord Chiefe  
Justice.

*Pist.* Let Vultures vil'de sieze on his Lungs also:

Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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

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*Hostesse.* No, thou arrant knave: I would I might dye,  
that I might have thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my  
shoulder out of joynt.

*Off.* The Constables have deliver'd her over to mee:  
and shee shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant  
her. There hat beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about  
her.

*Dol.* Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile  
tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the  
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better  
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-  
laine.

*Host.* O that Sir *John* were come, hee would make  
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite  
of her Wombe might miscarry.

*Officer.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions  
again, you have but eleven now. Come I charge you  
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pi-  
stoll beate among you.

*Dol.* Ile tell thee what, thou think man in a Censor; I  
will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blew-  
Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you  
be not swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

*Off.* Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

*Host.* O, that right should thus o're come might. Wel  
of sufferance, comes ease.

*Dol.* Come you Rogue, come:

Bring me to a Justice.

*Host.* Yes, come you starv'd Blood-hound.

*Dol.* Goodman death, goodman Bones.

*Host.* Thou Anatomy, thou.

*Dol.* Come you thinne Thing:

Come you Rascall.

*Off.* Very well. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quinta.*

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*Enter two Groomes.*

*1.Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

*2.Groo.* The Trumpets have sounded twice.

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

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

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

*Pistol.* Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

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

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Falst.* It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

*Pist.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

*Pist.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

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

*Shal.* It is most ceertaine.

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

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

*Shal.* 'Tis so indeed.

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

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* 'Save thee my sweet Boy.

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

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

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

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

I I have

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

*Exit King.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* My Lord, my Lord.

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

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.*

*Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chief Justice.*

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

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

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

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

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

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*F I N I S .*

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## E P I L O G U E .

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

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

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

# The

## ACTOR

### NAMES.

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

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

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

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

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