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

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancastor, Earle
of York, and others.

King.

So shaken as we are, to win with care,
To find a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And with that thoughtless accent of new broils
To be commenc'd in Strond, a little remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall wrenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowerets with the Armed hooves
Of hasty paces. Tho' opposed eyes,
Which like the Meeetors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine struggle,
And furious close of civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beavering ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-shar'd knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farr as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Wide Soul'd in their arms, were blest Croffe
We are imprested and invag'd to fight,
Forwith a power of English shall we leue,
Whole armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chance these Pagans in these holy Fields,
Ouer whose Ages walk'd these blest seate
Which fourtie hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croffe.
But thus our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleff 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
If you my gentle Cousin Wetterland,
What yeftennight our Counsell did decreese,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

My Liege! This hole was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge were drawn.
But yeftennight: when all awar'd there came
A Poll from Wales, laden with heavy News;
Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Wellwman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Upon whose dead corpes there was such mirth,
Such beaullty, famesless transformation,
By those Wightwomen done, as may not be
(Without much blame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems then, that the tiding of this broyle
Breake off our businesse for the holy land.

Wof! This mauch with other like, my gracious Lord,
Fare more vouchsafed and voweable News.

Came from the North, and there it did report:
On Holy-tewed day, the gallows Hotspurre there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmecud met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Arillenie,
And shapre of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very houre
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vercertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horle,
Sware with the variation of each Foley,
Between that Holmecud, and this Seet of ours:
And he hath brought vs good news and welcomes newes.
The Earle of Douglas is disposed
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see.
On Holmecud Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke
Mordake Earle of Five, and eldest Sonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Atholl,
Of Harry, Agnes, and Mensib.

And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cofern, is it not infaith it is.

Wof! A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne.
A Sonne, who is the Thame of Honors tongue;
Amongst the Grote, the very straightest Prince,
Who is hever Fawnes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryster and Dishonor flaine the brow
Of my yong Harry. Of that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-FAiry, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet.
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine: But let him from my thoughts. What thinks you Cose of this young Percy's pride? The Pilgrims Which he in this adventure hath captiz'd, To his owne self he keeps, and lends me word I shall have none but Moraysk Earl of Fife. Drift: This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester Malevolent to you in all Aspects: Which makes him proue himselfe, and bristle vp The creft of Yorthis against your Diginity. King: But I have lent for him to answer this: And for this cause a while we must neglect Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Council we will hold At Windsor, and so inform the Lords: But come your felle with speed to vs againe, For more is to be said, and to be done, Then out of anger can be vettered. Wulf: I will my Liege.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it now? Prince: Thou art so fat witted with drinking of old Sack, and vaburtoning thee after supper, and sleepeing upon Benches in the ante room, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a disordered thou to do with the time of the day? whiles howe wares were cups of Sack, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bowdies, and dalls the signes of Leapping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a fairy hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come nexte me now Hal, for we take Pursie, goe by the Moone and seare Stares, and not by Phoebe her, that wandring Knights so faire. And I pray thee sweate Wagar, when thou art King, as God face thy Grace, Maiestie I should say, for Grace thou wiste have none.

Prin. What, none? Fal. No, soe much as will ferue to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter.

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

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagar, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee calld Theues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Diestre Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and stout murther the Moone, under whose countenance we feast.

Prin. Thon say it well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of vs that are the Moone man, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moone; as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolu'tly snatch'd on Monday night, and most disolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with cryinge. Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by as high a flow as the ridge of the gallerow.

Fal. Thou sayst true Hal; and is not thy Horselefe of the Taurine a mist sweet Wench? Prin. As is the honey, my old Lad of the Caffle, and is not a Beefe Jekin a mist sweet robe of duration? Fal. How now? how now mad Wagar? What in thy quips and thy quidities? What a plague have I doe with a Beefe Jekin?

Prin. Why, what a pose have I to doe with my Horselefe of the Taurine? Fal. Well, thou hast calld her to a reckning many a time and off.

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

Fal. No, I thee thee thy debt, thou hast paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so faire as my Comie would stretch, and where it would not, I have vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heire apparent. But I pray thee sweet Wagar, shall there be Gallows standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thou bold'd as it is, with the rubic edge of old Father Anticeke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Tisseele.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

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

Prin. Thou indigfeit falle already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the Theues, and so become a rare Hangman.

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

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

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

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

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

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

Fal. Thou hast the most vnsavoury suites, and art indeed the most comparitiv Racealft sweetyng Prince, But Hal, I pray thee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold and I knew, where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you for; but I mark'd him not, and yet he calleth'v very wisely, but I regard him not, and yet he talketh wisely, and in the street too.

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

Fal. O, thou hast dambnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vs- to me Hal, God forgive thee for this. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am[as a man should speake truly]little better then one of the wicked. I must give ouer this life, and I will give it ouer: and I dont. I am a Villaine. He be damned far neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

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

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

Prin. I fee a good amends of life in thee: From Praying to Frise-taking.

Fal. Why, that is my Vocation Hal: This doth fit a man to labour in his Vocation.

Prin. Now shall wee see know if Gods hill haue fett a Watch. O, if men were to be faused by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that ever eyred, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Ned,
Points. Good morrow sweet Hal. What saies Mon- 
feur Remorie? What sayes Sir John Sacke and Sau-
ger: Jacke? How agrees the Duciell and thee about thy 
Soule, that thou holdest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of 
Madera, and a cold Capons legge? 

Prim. Sir John standes to his word, the duciell shall have 
his bargaine, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: 
He will give the duciell his due. 

Pom. Then art thou dazed for keeping thy word with 
the duciell. 

Pom. Elle he had dazen for cozening the duciell. 

Pom. But my Lords, my Lords, to morrow morning, by 
sorne a clowke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes go-
ing to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders ri-
ding to London with so fat Purfes. I have wizards for you 
all; you have horse for your felues: Gads-hill lyes to 
night in Rochester, I hace bespoken Suppe to morrow in 
Ealtheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will 
go, I will fluffe you Purfes full of Crownes: if you will 
not, tarry at home and be hang'd. 

Fal. Hear ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, 
I have horse for going. 

Pom. You will chopp. 

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one? 

Pom. Who, I rob a Theeke? Not I. 

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fel-
lowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood-royall, 
if thou darst not stand for ten plunlings. 

Pom. Well then, once in my days Ile be a mad-cap. 

Fal. Why, that's well said. 

Pom. Well, come what will, I le tarry at home. 

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

Pom. I care not. 

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

Fal. Well, maist thou have the Spirit of perversion; 
and be the enemy of profiting, that thou spakest, 
may move; and what he hearkes may be beleued, that the 
true Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; 
for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farn-
well, you shall finde me in Ealtheape. 

Pom. Farnwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollow 
Summer. 

Pom. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with us 
to morrow, I haue a left to execute, that I cannot man-
age alone. Falstaff, Henry, Raffall, and Gads-hill, 
shall robbe those men that we haue already way-layde, your 
felowe and I, will not be there and when they haue the 
booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my 
shoulde. 

Pom. But how shall we part with them in setting forth? 

Pom. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and 
appoint them a place of meeting, when it is at our plea-
ture to fate; and then will they adventure vpon the ex-
plot themselves, which they shall haue no sooner achie-
ued, but we'll set upon them. 

Pom. 1, but this like that they will know vs by our 
horses, by ourhabit, and by every other apointment to 
be our felowe. 

Pom. But our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in 
the wood, our prisoners were will change after wee leave them: 
and sirrah, I haue Cates of Buckram for the nonce, 
to immaske our noted outward garments. 

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

Pom. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as 
true bred Cowards as ever turned backe: and for the third 
if he fight longer then he fees reason, Ile forweare Arms. 
The vertue of this left will be, the incomprehensible lyes 
that this fat Rogule will tell vs, when wee meete at Supper: 
how strangely he is fed with, what Wades, what 
blowes, what eumities he endured: and in the reproofe 
of this, lyes the left. 

Pom. Well, ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things 
needes, and meeerate to morrow night in Ealtheape, 
there ile sup. Farewell. 

Pom. Farewell, my Lord. 

Pom. I know you all, and will a while vphold 
The vnoyse'd humor of your idlenesse: 
Yet neere will I imitate the Sunne, 
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes 
To foment vp his Beauty from the world, 
That when he please againe to be himselfe, 
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, 
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists 
Of vapours, that did seeme to frame him. 
If all the yeares were playing holidays, 
To pour, would be as tedious as to worke; 
But when they teldome come, they will-for come, 
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents, 
So when this soote behauior I throw off, 
And pay the debt I never promised; 
By how much better then my word I am, 
By so much shall I falsifie men hopes, 
And like bright Mettall on a fallen ground: 
My reformation glittering o'the fault, 
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, 
Then that which hath no foyle to set it off. 
Ile go offend, to make offence a skill, 
Re redeeming time, when men thinke least I will. 

Scena Tertia. 

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worscelfor, Hatfeare, 
Sir Walter Blakes, and others. 

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, 
Vnapht to flourse at these indiguiues, 
And you have found me, for accordingly, 
You tread upon my patience: But be sure, 
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe, 
Mightie, and to be feard, then my condition 
Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as Yong Downe, 
And therefore left that Title of respect, 
Which the proud foule re'pease, but to the proud, 

Nor. Our house (my Soueraine Liege) little deuours 
The course of greatness to be vied on it; 
And that fame greatesse too, which our owne hands 
Hawe holpe to make fo portly. 

Nor. My Lord. 

King. Worscelfor gethee gone: for I do see 
Danger and disobedience in thine eye. 
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, 
And Maiselle might never yet endure 
The moody Peremptor of a reasonably brow, 
You have good leave to loose vs. When we need 
Your witte and counsell, we shall send for you, 
You were about to speake. 

Nor. Yes, my good Lord, 

Those
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Tho' Prisoners in your Highness's demand,
Which Harry Percy were at Holmwood taken,
As was declared to your Majesty,
Who either through envy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hat. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreme Toby,
Breathless, and Faun, leaning upon my Sword,
Came to the certain Lord, near and trimly drest;
Fresh as a Bride-groom, and his Chin new rasp'd,
Shew'd like a stabb'd Land as Hafnet home.
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pounct-box: which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took it away againe.
Whereafter, with angry look, he next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd:
As the Souldiers bare dead bodys by,
He call'd them vaunted Knaves, Vainly ever,
To bring a lowly unhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady terms
He question'd me: And then he demanded
My Prisoners, to your Majestie's behalf.
I then, all-first, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so reflect'd with a Pompous)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Answer'd (negligently) I know not what,
He shou'd, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see him shrive to briske, and smell to fowt,
My Prisoners, in your Majestie's behalf.
Of Guns, & Draughts: God save the marke;
And telling me, the Soueraigne thing on earth
Was Parmaicy, for an inward bruise:
And that it was great pitty, to't was,
That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
Which many a good Fall Fellow had defray'd
So Cowardly, and but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe have beene a Souldier.
This bald, unonyted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I said)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Love, and your high Majestie.
Blast. The circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
What ever Harry Percy then had laid,
To fuch a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the ret refold,
May reasounably dyseased, and never die.
To do him wrong, or any way impeach,
What then he laid, to he vntrue it now.
King. Why, yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prophofo and Exception,
That we accused one charge, shall ransom straight.
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer.
Who (in my tone) hath wilfully betrayed
The lines of those, that he did lead to Fight,
Against the grea Magitian, damn'd & Glendarann.
Whole daught (as we hear) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall we Coffers tye,
Be enmand, to redeem one more time?
Shall we buy Treason and indents with Peares,
When they have loft and forseyted themselves.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hor. But so I pass you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother, Mortimer,
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did hear it.

Hor. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains that ar'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Upon the head of this forgerfull man,
And for his fake, wore the defiled blot
Of murderous Subversion? shall it be, that you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardons, if that I defend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill yp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unfruit behalfe
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put downe Richard, that sweete louely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are food'd, diercified, and thooke off
By him, for whom these flames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time ferues, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your secluded
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Renguin the gering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who fludyes day and night
To suuer all the Debt he owes you, into
Even with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say——

War. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnscape a Secret bookes,
And to your quicke conceyning Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o'ere-welke a Current, hearing loud
On the vvriste-footing of a Speare.

Hor. If he fall in good, night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the baffe into the Well,
So Honor croffe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The bold more fitres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

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

Hor. By heaven, he thinke it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-cast'd Moone,
Or diuine into the bottome of the deepes,
Where Fadione-line could never touch the ground,
And plucke up domon Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-risul, all her Diginities:
But out upon this little-face'd Fellowship.

War. He apprehends a World of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin gleue me audience for a-while,
And lift to me.

Hor. I try you mercy.

War. Those fame Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hor. Ile keepe them all.
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would sue his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

War. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my pursposes,
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hor. Nay, I will, that's flat:
He said, he would not ransome Mortimer:
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his care, Ile hold Mortimer,
Nay, Ile have a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and gue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

War. Hearre you Cousin: a word.

Hor. All studies hearre I solemnly define,
Sauc how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that fame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father lovet he him not,
And would be glad he met with some miscance,
I would have pov'rion'd him with a pot of Ale.

War. Farewell Kinnian: Hee talkes to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waife-tongued & impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's mood,
Tying thine care to no tongue but thine owne?

War. Why look you, I am whipt & cour'd with rods,
Nagued, and flung with Pismire, when I heare
Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.
In Richardes time: What do ye call the place?
A plagae vpon't, it is in Gloustershire
Twas, where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept,
His Uncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Into this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:
When you and he came backe from Raneipurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Quille.

Hor. You say true:
Why was a candie deale of custome,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Duell take such Courzeners, God forgive me,
Good Vnkle tell ye tale, for I haue done.

War. Nay, if you have not, 'tis againe,
Well you are vnder greue.

Hor. I have done insoorth.

War. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them vp without their ranson free,
And make the Douglas famous your only meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I shall vnderright you, be affair'd
Will easly be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being this impfi y'd,
Shall secretly into the bofome crepe
Of those noble Prelace, well belou'd,
The Archibishop.

Hor. Of Yorke, is not?

War. True, who bears hard
His Brothers death at Drayton, the Lord Sprees.
I spake not this in effimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hor. I smell it:

On my life, it will do woundous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let al's flip.

Hor. Why it cannot chooze but be a Noble plot,
Enter a Chair with a Lamp, a Chair with a Lamp Quantity.  

Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not faire by the day, I'll be hang'd. Charlot mine is over the new chimney, and yet our house not packet. What Oller?  

Off. Anon, anon.  

Car. I prethee Tom, brace Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceife.  

Enter another Chair.  

Car. Peace and Beanes are as dancie here as a Dog, and this is the next way to glue pother to the Bones: This housie is turned upside downe since Robin the Oller dyde.  

Car. Poor fellow neuer joy'd since the price of our slate, it was the death of him.  

Car. I think this is the most villous housie in all London rode for Fleas: I am fungen like a Trench.  

Car. Like a Trench? There is neere a King in Chriftendome, could be better bit, than I have beene since the first Cockey.  

Car. Why, you will allow us're a Tourned, and then weake in your Chimney: and your Chamberly breeds Fleas like a Soch.  

Car. When Oller, come away, and be hang'd come away.  

Car. I hate a Gammom of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-croffe.  

Car. The Turkey's in my Patterne are quite starved. What Oller? A plague on thee, halst thou pruce an eye in thy head? Canst not see? And 't were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pace of thee. I am a very Villains. Come and be hang'd, ha, no faith in thee?  

Enter Gad's Hill.  

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

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.  

God. I prithee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

ding in the stable.  

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

God. I prithee lend me thine.  

Car. I, when, can't tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth she) marry I see thee hang'd first.  

God. Sirra Carriare: What time do you mean to come to London?  

Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugger, we'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.  

Excuse.  

Enter Chamberlaines.  

God. What ho, Chamberlaines?  

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.  

God. They do even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaines: For thou wantest no more from picking of Pots, than ginning direction, deth from labouring. Thou layst the plot, how.  

Cham. Good morrow Master Gad's Hill, it holds current that I told you yettirnight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kind of a Thurstone, one that hath abundance of charge too: God knows what they are wp already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.  

God. Sirra, if they meet not with S.Nicholas Clarke, he'll give thee this necke.  

Cham. No, ile none of it: I pray thee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou wouldst S. Nicholas as a man of fallhood may.  

God. What talkst thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Ido hang with men, and thou know'lt he's no Stauteling. Tus, there are other Throstles that I dreamt not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if masters should bee look'd into) for their own Credit make, all make Whole. I am joined with no Foot-land-Ritters, no Long-thrift fix-penny Brerkers, none of these mad Multi-billion-pur-putled Multumvisses, but with Nobility, and Tranquility; Bourgomasters, and great Oneryes, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drink, and drink sooner then pray: and yet I say, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hit their Boots.  

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

God. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We stease as in a Caffle, cockiere: we haue the recive of Fern-feeze, we walke insubible.  

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

God. Gits me thy hand, Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,  

As I am a true man.  

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

God. Got too: Home is a common name to all men. Bid the Oller bring the Golding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddly Knack.
THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Prince, Poyntz, and Peto.

Poyntz. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed Falstaffhorne, and he frets like a gum'd Vuelnet.

Prim. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

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


Fal. What Poyntz? Hal?

Prim. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accusst to have in that Thievish company; that Falstaff hath removed my Horne, and tied him I know not where. If I smell but four feet by the squire further a foot, I shall break my winds. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn my company hourest any time this two and twenty yeares, & yet I am bewitch't with the Rogues company. If the Falstaff have not given me medicines to make me none him, I'll be hanged; I could not be else. I have drunke Medicines. Poyntz, Hal, a Plague upon you both. Bardolph, Peto. I'll parte ere I rob a fourte furthe. And 'twere not as good a deed as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight yards of snowen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the hearty-hearted Villaines know it well enough. A Plague upon't, when Theues cannot be true one to another.

A plague light upon you all, Give me your Horne you Rogues; give me my Horne, and be hang'd.

Prim. Peace ye fat guutes, bye downe, lay thine care close to the ground, and lift if thou canst hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you say Leaters to lift me up again being downe? Hee not bare me owne flesh & feet so far about again, for all the coin in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meanes ye to colt me thus?

Prim. Thou liest, thou art not colt, thou art uncolt.

Fal. I prehend good Prince Hal, help me to his horse, good Kings sonne.

Prim. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Officer?

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

Enter Gods hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poyntz. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:

Bardolph, what newes?

Bar. Cafe ye, cafe ye; on with your Wizards, there's many of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

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

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

PRIN. You fowre shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PET. But how many be of them?

GAD. Some eight or ten.

FAL. Will they not rob vs?

PRIN. What a Coward Sir John Paunch?

FAL. Indeed I am not Sir John of Gaunt your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, Gad.

PRIN. We'll lease that to the proffes.

PAW. Sirs lacke, thy horsie stands behind the hedge, when thou respit it on him, they thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

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

PRIN. Ned, where are our baggage?

PAW. Here hard by: Stand close.

FAL. Now my masters, happy man he is my horse, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

TRA. Come Neighbor: the boy shall lead our Horses downe the hill: We'll walk a foote a while, and eafe our Leggs.

THEUES. STAY.

TRA. Jefus blesse vs.

FAL. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats: a whorson Caterpillares: Bacon-fed Knayses, they hate vs youth; downe with them, freme them.

TRA. O, we are undone, both we and ours for euer.

FAL. Hang ye gold-hilted knaves, are you undone? No ye fat Chaffers, I would your store were here. On Bas- cons, on what ye knayses? Yong men muf telle you, you are Grand lurers, are ye? We'll lury ye ifath.

Here they rob them and bind them. Enter the Prince and Pountz.

PRIN. The Theues have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theues, and goe merrily to Lon- don, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good leafe for euer.

POUZ. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theues again.

FAL. Come my Masters, let vs shære, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Pouznes bee not too arcind Coward, there's no equity flinging. There's no mete value in this Pouznes, than in a wilde Duke.

PRIN. Your money.

POUZ. Villaines.

As they are faring the Prince and Pouznes fat upon them. They all run away, leaving the boots behind them.

PRIN. Got with much care. Now merrily to Horse: The Theues are fastned, and poxself with fear strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaff sweates to death, and Lords the leave earth as he walks along: were not for laughing, I should pity him.

POUZ. How the Rogue roar'd.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Hotspur, who is reading a Letter.

But for some one part, my Lord, I could see well consented to be there, in ressell of the land I beare your house.
Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not, Ser. It is my Lord.
Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. Effusiveness, bid Butler lead him forth into the Parke.
La. But here you, my Lord.
Hot. What say'st thou thy mass, my Lady?
La. What is it caries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse,
Out you mad-headed Ape, a Wazenall hath not such a deale of Splente, as you are toft with. In sooth, I know your businesse Harry, that I will. I fear my Brother Mortimer doth strive about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprise. But if you go—
Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Love, La. Come, come, you Paragon, answer me directly into this quizzon, that I shall ask. Indeed I perceive—thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tell me true.
Hot. A way, away you trifler Love, I love thee not, I care not for thee Kate: this is no world To play with Mammones, and to tilt with lips. We must have bloodie Noises, and crack'd Crownes, and pale them currant too. Gods me, my horse. What say'st thou Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
La. Do ye not love me? Do ye not indeed? Well, do not then. For since you love me not, I will not love my title. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speakst in jest, or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hearken you Kate, I must not have you henceforth, question me, Whether I go: nor reason whereabout, Whether I must, I must: and to conclude, This evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wife, but yet no further wife
Then Harry Percy's wife. Confiant you are, But yet a woman: and for fecundity
No Lady closer. For I will beleue Thou wilt not viter what thou do not know, And so faire wilt I truft thee, gentle Kate.
La. How to fare?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hearkie you Kate—
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you Kate?
La. It must of force.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poets.

Prim. Ned, prehcheth come out of that fast room, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poets. Where then bene Hall?

Prim. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3, or fourecorers Hogheads. I have founded the verie bate string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leath of them, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dick, and Harry. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie to tell me flately I am no proud Jack like Faulke, but a Cornithian, lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good Ladies in East-chespe. They call drinking deep, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

Er"
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they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficent in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink wine with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penworth of Sugar, clap even now into my hand by an under Skirtone, one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight shillings and six pence, and, thou are welcome by this third addition, Anne, Anne for, Sceare a Pint of Baffard in the Halfe Moone, or so. But Ned, to drive away dull till Fals- flash, come, I pritty thee downe in some lowe-rooms, while I question my purrie Drawer, so what end hee gave me the Sugar, and do not neuer leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may bee nothing but, Anne: Hepe aside, and Ie flew thee a President.

Pouer. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Pouer. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Frin. Annon, annon sir; looke downe into the Pomag- net, Raffis.

Prin. Come hither Francis.

Frin. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Frin. Forlooth five yeares, and as much as to——

Pouer. Francis.

Frin. Annon, annon sir.

Prin. Five yeares: be layde a long Leafe for the cling- ing of Pouer. But Francis, dareth thee to be valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire pair of heels, and run from it?

Frin. O Lord, sir, Ie be sworn upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Pouer. Francis.

Frin. Annon, annon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, Francis?

Frin. Let me fee, about Michaelmas next I shall be——

Pouer. Francis.

Frin. Annon sir, pray you play a little, my Lord.

Pouer. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, I was a penworth, was't not?

Frin. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two.

Pouer. Twill give thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Pouer. Francis.

Frin. Annon, annon.

Prin. Anne, Francis! No Francis, but to morrow Franci- c: or Francis, on thursday or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Frin. My Lord.

Wilt thou rob this Leathene Ierkin, Christfall button, Not-pated, Agist ring, Puke focking, Caddey garnet, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Frin. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prin. Why then your browne Baffard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doub- let will failly. In Babbiney it, it cannot come to do much.

Frin. What sir?

Pouer. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, do'th thou hearres them call? Here they both call him, the Drawer flainds anam.e.s, not knowing which they say to.

Enter Usherer.

Pouer. What, stand'st thou still, and heart'st such a call- ling! Looke to the Gueffe within: My Lord, oyle Sir: John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: Shall I let them in?

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

Pouer.

Prin. Annon, annon sir.

Prin. Sirra, Falsfaffe and the rest of the Theaters, great at the doore, shall we be merry?

Pouer. As metrical as Cricketts my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match have you made with this lock of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all the honors, that have flowered them- selves, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupple age of this present twelve a clock at midnight, What's a clock Francis?

Frin. Annon, annon sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parrot, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His indust- ry is up-foires and down-foires, his eloquence the par- cell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Fercies mind, the Hot- turner of the North, he that kills me some foire or seaven dozen of Scotes at a breakfast, wassies his hands, and sails to his wife, Ic upon this quiet little, I want work: My sweet Henry lays the, how many haft thou kill'd to day? Give me your Horse horse's drench (fayes hec) and answeres, some fourteene an hour after: a triffe, a triffe. I prettice call in Falsfaffe, Ile play Percy, and that dam'd Browne shall play Dame Morstimer his wife, Rino, fayes the dun- kard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falsfaffe.

Prin. Welcome Iackle, where hast thou beene?

Fals. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giveth me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I heade this life long, Ie fowe neither flockes, and rend them too. A plague of all cowards, Giveth me a Cup of Sacke, Roger. Is there no Virtue extent?

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

Fals. Ye Rogue, where's Limes in this Sacke easterly is nothing but Rognoty to be found in Villainous many yet a Coward is worthe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A vil- lainous Coward, go thy wayes oldlacke, die when thou wilt, my manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, thou am I a rotten Hearin; there lives not three good men, one of them is fat, and grows wiser, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Wesuer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wolfacke, what matter you?

Fals. A Kings Sonnet I do not bestee thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Sub- dnes as thick as a flocke of Wilde-goest, Heuer weare hairie on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

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

Fals. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and

Prin. What there?

Prin. Ye fetch pouncy, and yee callanne Coward, Ie flake thee.

Fals. I call thee Coward? Ie fee thee dam't ere I call the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. Ye are straights enough in the shoulders, ye care not who fees thy backe: Call you that
that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunke it lift.

Falst. Alls one for that.

He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be four or five of us, hane ta a thousand pound this Morning.

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

Falst. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four or five of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sward with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle, I am eight times thruf through the Doublte, four through the Hoft, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-faw, ecey figgum. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not doe.

A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or leffe then truth, they are villaines, and the fcornes of darkness.

Prince. Speake first, how was it?

Gad. We foure let upon them eleven.

Falst. Sixtence, at leaft, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Elbow low.

Gad. As we were walking, some foure or fouen fresh men set upon us.

Falst. And vnbound the reft, and then come in the other.

Prince. What fought yee with them all?

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

Pain. Pray Haecn, you have not murthered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckingham Stares. I tell you true, Gad, if I tell thee a yeare in my face, call me Horfe; thou knowest my old words: here I lay, and thus I bare my point; foure Rogues in Buckingham set drue at me.

Pain. What, foures thou say'dst but two, euene now.

Falst. Four Houle, Gad, I told thee foure.

Pain. I'll, he said foure.

Falst. Thefe foure came all a-froce, and mainly thruf at me; I made no more ado, but tooke all their leuen points in my Targue, thus.

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

Falst. In Buckstrom.

Pain. I, foure, in Buckrom Stares.

Falst. Seuen, by the Hills, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Pain. Pretehe let him alone, we shal have more anon.

Falst. Dost thou hear me, Gad?

Pain. I, and bare thee too, Jack.

Falst. Dost so, for it is worth the being too: thefe nine in Buckstrom, that I told thee of.

Pain. So, too more atreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Pain. Downe fell his Horfe.

Falst. Began to give me ground: but I followed me
close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, feuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Pain. O monstrous! seuen Buckrom men gowme out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuell would have us, three misbegotten Knights, in Kendall Greene, came in my Back, and let drue at me; but it was so darke, Gad, that thou couldst not see thy Hand.

Pain. Thefe Ies are like the Father that begetts them, groffe as a Mountain, open, psupible, Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Poole, thou Horizon obscur, greifie Tallow Catch.

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

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

Pain. Come, your reason Jack, your reason.

Falst. What, upon complaint? No I were at the Strappedo, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on complaint. Give you a reason on, upon complaint? If Reasons were as plentiful as Black-berrys, I would give no man a Reason upon complaint.

Pain. He be no longer guiltie of this same. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-prefferer, this House-breaker, this huge Hill of Frieth.

Falst. Away you Stangeling you Elfe-skin, you dried Nees tongue, Bulles-pitfild, you stocks-fish of broth to veters. What is like thee? You Tabor yard, you Breath you Bow-cafe, you vile flandering tuckes.

Pain. Well, breach a while, and then to eagain, and then when thou haft thy dayst, thyself in base comparisions, hear me speake but thus.

Pain. Marke Jacke.

Pain. We two, saw you foure let on foure and bound them, and were Matters of their Weals: I mark now how a plane Tale shall put you downe. They did let two, set on you foure, and with a word, ouste of you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you in the Houfe.

And Falstaff, you carried your Guses away as nimble, with as quicke dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as ever I heard Built-Cufe. What a Stare art thou, to hacke thy fword as thou haft done, and then say it was in ftrife: What trick? what device? what flurting hole canst thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open and apparrant flame?

Pain. Come, let's hear liske: what trickes hast thou now?

Falst. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Matters, was it for me to kill the Hearre apparrant? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knewest I am as valiant as Hermsius but beware Infinithe, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinithe is a great matter. I was a Coward on Infinithe: I shall thinke the better of my felfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince, But Ladi, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hoftell, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Ladi, Boyes, Harths of Gold, all the good Tales of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extemporary.

Pain. Content, and the argument shall be, they running away.

Falst. No more of that Houst, and thou louest me.

Enter Hoftell.

Houst. My Lord, the Prince?
Prinz. How now my Lady the Holteffe, what say'th thou to me?
Holteffe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at door would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.
Prinz. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him back againe to my Mother.
Holteffe. What manner of man is he?
Holteffe. An old man.
Fals. What doth Granite out of his Bed at Midnight?
Shall I give him an answer?
Prinz. Pretitle doe Jacke.
Prinz. Now Sirs : you fought faire; so did you Peto, so did you Bardel; you are Lyons too, you raine away upon infinit: you will not touch the true Prince; no, ife.
Bard. Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.
Prinz. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falsaffere Sword so hackt?
Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Daguer, and said, hee would swear truly out of England, but hee would make you believe it was done in fight, and perused vs to doe the like.
Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grafffe, to make them bleed, and then to bluster our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this feuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrosities.
Prinz. O Villaine, thou chafed off a Cup of Sacke eighteen yeeres agoe, and were taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blasphimed evertowered: thou haft fire and sword on thy face, and yet thou ranst away: what infinit haft thou for it?
Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? do you behold thes Exhalations?
Prinz. I doe.
Bard. What think ye they portend?
Prinz. Hot Lurres, and cold Purles.
Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.
Prinz. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Falsaffere.

Here cometh leane Jacke, here cometh bare-bone. How now my sweet Creatures of Bombast, how long it aagre, tole, since thou saw'st thine owne Knave?
Fals. My owne Knave? When I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waffet, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring; a plague of fishing and griete, it blows a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: here was Sir John Bray from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gave Ammoron the Baffuido, and made Lucas to Cuckold, and swore the Deuell his trust Liege-man upon the Croffe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?
Poin. O, Glendower,
Fals. Owne, Owne; the fame, and his Sonne in Law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Scotts of Scott, Douglas, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.
Prinz. Hee that rides at high speade, and with a Piboll kills a Sparrow flying.
Fals. You haue hit it.
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many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile so doth the company thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speke to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Fasion: not in Words onely, but in Works also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prun. What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

Falstaff. A goodly portly man ystath, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age sone fiftie, of bytlday inclining to three-score; and now I remembre mee, his Name is Falstaff: if that man should be twely gien, hee deceupest mee; for Harry I see Vertue in his Looke.

Prun. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaff: him keepe with the rest banish. And tell mee now, thau naughtie Vassals, tell mee, where halft thou beene this moneth?

Prun. Doest thou speake like a King? doe thou fland for mee, and Ie play my Father.

Falstaff. Deny mee not: if thou doft it halfe so gravely, so maisterfully, both in word and matter, may I vspe by the heels for a Rabble-itcher, or Foulser Hare.

Prun. Well, hear I am fer.

Falstaff. And heere I fland: judge my Matters.

Prun. Now Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff. My Noble Lord, from Eas-chappe.

Prun. The complaints I hear of thee, are grievous.

Falstaff. Ystath, my Lord, they are false: Nay, hee tiche ye for a young Prince.

Prun. Swearst thou, ungracious Boy? henceforthe nemese looke on mee; thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Deuil haunts thee, in the Likeness of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why dost thou consuerre with that Tumke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Bassettinthe, that Swiney Parel of Dropsey, that huge Bom bard of Sacke, that youth Cloke-bage of Guss, that rizzled Manning Tree Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Ini- nitie, that Father Riffian, that Vamiss in yesterdays where is hee good, but to talske Sacke, and drink it? wherein next and cleanely, but to carous a Capon, and eat it? wherein in Cunnin, but in Craft? wherein Crafte, but in Villanie: wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

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

Prince. That villainous abominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bespeted Sathan.

Falstaff. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Falstaff. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is old (the more that pritie) his white hayres doe wintifie it: but that is (fauing your returne) a Whole-mater, that I utterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fruit, Heasten helpe the Wicked: if to be old and mery, be a finne, then many an old Hoole that I know, is damned: if to be fat, be to be hazed, then Pharohns leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Pete, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweete Jack Falstaffe, kinde Jack Falstaffe, true Jack Falstaffe, valiant Jack Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde Jack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes company, banish not him thy Harryes companies banish platyme Lacke, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

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

Falstaff. Out you Rogue, play out the Play! I have much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hotheads.

Hotheads. O, my Lord, my Lord. Falstaff. Heigh, heigh, the Dullie rides upon a Fiddle-flick: what is the matter?

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

Falstaff. Doth thou heare Hail, never call a true piece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural Coward, without in-

fit.

Falstaff. I deny your Almain: if you will deny the Sherife, lo: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behind the Arras, the reft walke vp aboue. Now my Matters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falstaff. Both which I have had: but their dare is out, and therefore Ile hide me.


Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

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

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

Prince. What men?

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

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, doe assuere you, is not here.

For by my felfe at this time haue impoy'd him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And to let me entreat you, lease the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haute in this Robbester loft three hundred Marks.

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

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

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

She. Indeede, my Lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exit.

Prince. This only Ralph is knowne as well as Poulus: goe call him forth.

Falstaff. Falstaffe? full asleep behind the Arras, and shewing like a Hoare.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockes.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He searcheth his Pockets; and findeth certaine Papers.

**Princ.** What hast thou found?

**Peto.** Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

**Princ.** Let's see, what be they I read them.


**Princ.** Item. Sawce.

**Princ.** Item. Sacks two Gallons. vs. viii. d.

**Princ.** Item. Anchovies and Sack after Supper. ii. vii. d.

**Princ.** Item. Bread. ob.

**Princ.** O monitory, but one half penny-worth of Bread to this insensible deale of Sack; What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him deep till day. 11th to the Court in the Morning; Wee must all to the Wars, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fast Regne a Charge of Foot; and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be paid backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning; and so good morrow Peto.

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

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hesford, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

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

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

**Vinchl.** Worcester, a plague upon it, I have forgot the Mappe.

**Glend.** No, here it is;

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hesford: For by that Name, as off a Lancastrian doth speak of you, His Cheekes looks pale, and with a rising Figh, He wittneth you in Heauen.

**Hesf.** And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spake of.

**Glend.** I cannot blame him: At my Nativity, The front of Heauen was full of fieere shapes, Of burning Creffets: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth Shaked like a Coward.

**Hesf.** Why so? it would have done at the same feast, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your felpe had neuer beene borne.

**Glend.** I say the Earth did shakke when I was born.

**Hesf.** And I say the Earth was not of my minde, If you supposse, as fearing you, it shooke.

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

**Hesf.** Oh, then the Earth shooke To see the Heauens on fire, And not in fear of your Nativity.

**Glend.** Defaced Nature oftentimes breakes forth In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth Is with a kind of Collick pinchet and vexet, By the imprisoning of vruty Windes Within her Womb: which for enlargement frizing, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe Steeples and moffe-grownie Towers: At your Sirth, Our Grandes Earth, bating this distemperature, Is in passion shooke.

**Glend.** Cousin: of many men I do not beate theie Croffings: Give me leave To tell you once againe, that at my Birth The front of Heauen was full of fieere shapes, The Goates rame from the Mountains, and the Heards Were strangely clamorous to the fyrst of fields: These egges hauie markt me extraordinary, And all the courses of my Life doe show, I am not in the Roll of common men.

**Glend.** Where is the Lining, elipe in with the Sea, That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, Which calls the Pupill, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but Wonans Sonne, Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art, And hold me pace in deepex experiments.

**Hesf.** I think there's no man speaks better Welsh; Ile to Dinner.

**Mort.** Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad. Glend. I can call Spirits from the vallie Depee. **Hesf.** Why to car I, or so can any man?

**Glend.** But will they come, when you doe call for them?

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

**Hesf.** And I can teach thee, Cousin, to frame the Deuill, By telling truth, Tell truth, and shame the Deuill. If you have power to rayle him, bring him hither, And Ile be sworne, I have power to frame him hence. Oh, while you lye, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

**Mort.** Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chatter.

**Glend.** Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye, And sandies-bottomd Seuern, haue I sent him Bouteille-borne, and Weather-beaten backe.

**Hesf.** How about Bootes, And in loue Weather too, How scapes he Agues in the Deuill name?

**Glend.** Come, here's the Mappe: Shall we divid our Right, According to our three-fold order there? **Mort.** The Arch-Deacon hath divid'd it into three Limbities: equally.

**Glend.** England, from Trent, and Seuern, and thereto; By South and Easst, is to my part asigned:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuern floore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To Owen Glendower: And deare Cousin, to you The remnant Northward,lying off from Trent, And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn:

Which being seald enterchangeable, (A Bussesse that this Night may execute) To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I, And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power, As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet, Nor shall we neede his helpe thefe fourteen days:

Within that space, you may have drawn together Your Tenants, Friends, and neigbouring Gentlemen,

**Glend.** A shorter time shall tend me to you, Lords, And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must flee, and take no leuse, For there will be a World of Wacker fled,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you,

**Hor.** Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours;
See, how this River comes me crankling in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Canile oue,
I Heave the Coronat in this place dam'd vp,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall ruane,
In a new Crannell, faire and evenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepa indent,
To work me for a Rich a Bottom here.

**Glend.** Not winde it, it shall, it muft, you see it doth.

**Mort.** Yes, but mark how he beares his courfe,
And runnes me vp, with like advantage on the other fide,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

**Wor.** Yes, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he makes a straight and even.

**Hor.** I Heave it to, a little Charge will doe it.

**Glend.** Ie Heave it not after it.

**Hor.** Will not you?

**Glend.** No, nor you shall not.

**Wor.** Who shall say me may?

**Glend.** Why, that will I.

**Hor.** Let me not understand you then, speake it in Welsh.

**Glend.** I can speake English, Lord, as well as you;
For I was trayd vp in the English Court;
Where being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Ditty, jocally well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpful Ornament;
A Virtue that is scarce scene in you,

**Hor.** Matry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry meow,
Then one of these fame Meeter Bullad-mongers,
I had rather heare a Brazen Candelstick turn'd,
Or a drye Wheelgrate on the Axle-tree,
And that would let my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Petorie;
'Tis like the flaring gate of a flushing Nagge,

**Glend.** Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

**Hor.** Do not care: Ie glue thrice so much Land
To any well-deferid friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, mark ye me,
Ie caull on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

**Glend.** The Moone thimes faire,
You may away by Night:
Ie haue the Writer; and withall,
Breaue with your Wives, of your departure hence;
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much the more on her **Mariner.**

**Mort.** Be, Coubin **Perry,** how you croffe my Father.

**Hor.** I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Mold warpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer **Martin,** and his Propheticke;
And of a Dragon, and a sinne-leffe Fife,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And schar a dela of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me Isf Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckless vp the severall Devil's Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But makd him not a word. O, he is a tedious
As a tyed Horie, a rayling Wife,
Worste then a smockie Houfe. I had rather live
With Checkes and Gauleck in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and have him talke to me,
In any Summer-Houfe in Chriftendome.

**Mort.** In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrouse affable,
And as bountifull, as Myynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Courte?
He holds your temper in a high raspel,
And curbes him selfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you doe croffe his humor: faith he doth,
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Mighte I have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproye:
But doe not wise it off, let me entreat you.

**Hor.** In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
And since your comings hither, have done enough,
To put him quies besides his patience.
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greater, Courage, Blood,
And that the deacent grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth pretir harth Rage,
Defeat of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtiness, Opinion, and Diffaide:
The leaff of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Lofeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a flayne
Upon the beautie of all parts beides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

**Hor.** Well, I am taoold:
Good-manners be your speele;
Here come your Wines, and let vs take our leave.

**Glend.** Go to, the Ladies.

**Mort.** This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.
**Glend.** My Daughter weepes, she'e lep not part with you,
She'll be a Souldier too, she'le to the Warrers.

**Mort.** Good Father tell her, that shee, and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your **Conduett** speedily.

**Glend.** Speake to her in Welsh, and set answeres him in the same.

**Glend.** Shee is desperate here:
A prueffh leffe-will'd Harrioty,
One that no perfitation can doe good vpon

**The Lady speake in Welsh.**

**Mort.** I understond thy Lookes; that pretty Welch
Which thou poure it down from thee swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in; and but for thame,
In such a pertyly shoulde I anwser thee.

**The Lady againe in Welsh.**

**Mort.** I understond thy Kifies, and thou Mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a Transt, Louie,
Till I have leard thy Language; for thy tongue

**Mort.** Makes
within these two howrest: and to come in, when ye will.

Exit. Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow, As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe. By this our Book is drawne; we're but a scale, And then to Horatio immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. Exit.

Scene Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give vs leave: The Prince of Wales, and I, Must have some private conference: But be scarce at hand, For we shall presently have neede of you, Save in my presence, I will not be troubled. I know not whether Heaven will have it so, For some displeasing sentence I have done; That in his secret Doune, out of my Blood, To punish his Misreadings, and a Scourge for me: But thou dost in thy passages of Life, Make me believe, that thou art only made for the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven To punish my Missethings, Tell me else, Couldst thou inordinate and low defere, Such poor, such base, such lowd, such meane attempts, Such barren pleasures, rude secterie, As thou art matcheth withall, and graspet too, Accompanie the greatest of thy blood, And hold their beaute with thy Princely heart? Prince. So please you, my Lord, I would I could Quiet all offences with as clear excute, As well as I am doub'tfull I can purge My felle of many I am charg'd withall; Yet such extremeation let me begge, As in treproofe of many tales deni'd, Which out the Eare of Greatness needs must heare, By smilling Pick-thanks, and base Newes-mongers; I may for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faulte wanderd, and irregular, Find it pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee: Yet let me wonder, Harry, As thy affections, which doe hold a Wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors, Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd e'; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the Court and Princes of my blood. The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd, and the Soule of etery man Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fail. Had I fauill'd of my presence beene, So common hackney'd in the eyes of men, So stale and cheape to vulgar Company; Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne, Had still kept loyal to poffession, And left me in reparate envyments, A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood. By being feldome seene, I could not fare, But like a Comer, I was wondred at,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That men would tell their Children, This is hee: Others would say, Where, Which is Bullingbrooke: And then I flote all Countrey from Heauen, And drif my feale in fuch Humilitie, That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts, Loved Showes and Satu ration from their mouths, Even in the presence of the Crowned King. This I did keepe my Persion freeth and new, My Prefence like a Robe Perfect, Ne feene, but wondered at: and so my State, Seldom but fumptuous, chowed like a Leafe, And woule be careflee fuch Solemnitie. The skipping King beeambiubd vp and downe, With fhallow Letters, and raf Ennis Wits, Soone kindled, and foonie burnt, carded his State, Mingleed his Royaltie with Carping Foole, Had his great Name prophaneed with their Sorne, And gave his Countenance, againft his Name, To laugh at Crying Boyes, and fland the punie of Every Beartleffe vaine Comparatife, Greed a Companion to the common Streeter, Emfoof'd himfelfe to Popularitie:That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes, They forfeeted with Honey, and began to loathe The tale of Sweetneffe, whereof a little More then a little, is by much more fuch, So when he had occafion to be fene, He was but as the Cuckow is in June, Heard, not regarded: fene but with fuch Eyes, As fitce and blunted with Comunitie, Afford no extraordinarie Gaze, Such as is beem on Sunne-like Maiellie, When it flutes feldome in admiring Eyes: But rather drooned, and bung their eyes like downe, Slept in his Face, and rendred fuch aspect As Clodius men vie to doe to their aduertaries, Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full. And in that very Line, Hary, handlet thou: For thou haft loft thy Princely Privileg, With vile participation. Not an Eye But is aware of thy common figh, Save mine, which hath beene more, Which now doth that I would not have it doe, Make blinde it felle with foolish tendenie. Prince. I shall thereafter, my thrice gracious Lord, Be more my felie.

King. For all the World, As thoes art to this hour, was Richard then, When I from France fet foot at Rauenburgh; And even as I was then, is Percy now: Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot, He hath more worthy interfet to the State Then thou, the shadow of Succifion; For of no Right, not colour like to Right. He doth fill fields with Harrel in the Realme, Turnes head againft the Lyons armed lawes; And being more in debit to yeares, then thou, Leaders among Lords, and reverent Bishops on To bloody Batailles, and to bruining Armes. What never-dying Honor hath he got, Against renowned Douglas? whose high Deedes, Whofe hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes, Holds from all Scoulders chiefe Maioritie, And Militane Title Capital. Through all the Kings lande that acknowledge Chrift, Thrice hath the Hafpaper Mar, in wafting Cloathes, This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprizes, Discomfited great Douglas, raine him once, Enlarged him, and made a friend of him, To fill the mouth of deep Defiance vp, And flake the peace and safetie of our Throne. And what fray you to this? Percy, NORTHUMBERLAND, The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, MORTIMER, Captivate against vs, and are vp. But wherefore doe I tell thee Newes to thee? Why, Hary, doe I tell thee of my Foes, Which are my nearst and dearest Enemy? Thou, that art like enough, through vifal Feare, Safe Inclination, and the start of Spleene, To figh againft me vnder Perilies pay, To dogge his heales, and curfe at his broawns, To fhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Does not think then, you shall not finde it for: And Heaven forgive them, that to much have luyed Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me: I will redeeme all this on Percier head, And in the clofing of fome glorious day, Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne, When I will weare a Garment all of Blood, And flaine my fauours in a bloody Maske: Which wait out, shall fiew my flame with it, And that fhall be the day, when that from this Child of Honor and Renowne, This gallant Hotspur, this all-prayed Knight, And your withthoughts of Hary chance to meet: For every Honor fitting on his Helme, Would they were multitudes, and on my head My flames redoubled. For the time will come, That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange His glorious Deedes for my Indignities: Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord, To engroffe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe; And I will call him to fo ftrift account, That he shall render euery Glory vp, Ye, even the heightef fhop of his time, Or I will reare the Reckoning from his Heart. This, in the Name of Heauen, I promife here: The which, if I prove me, and doe furprise, I doe before this Maiellie, may fume The long-growne Wounds of my Intemperature: If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands, And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths, Eve break the smallc parcell of this Vow. King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this: Thou fhalt haue Charge, and fouersigne truth herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed. Blunt. So hath the Bullenffe that I come to speake of. Lord MORTIMER of Scotland hath lent word, That Douglas and the English Rebels met The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury: A mightie and a fearfull Head they are. (If Promises be kept on euery hand) As ever offered foules playe in a State. King. The Earles of WETTINELAND fis forth to day: With him my fonne, Lord JOHN of Lancaster, For this aduertisement is fute dayes old. On Wednesday next, Hary thou fhall fet forward: On Thursday, wee our felues will march. Our meeting is Bridgemorth; and Hary, you shall march f.
64. The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not face away vilely, since this last action? do I not bite? do I not dwindle? Why my stomach hangs about me like an old Clothes Gowne. I am withered like an old Apple John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, am I a Peppers, Come, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villainous Company hath beene the spoyle of mine.

Bard. Sir John, you are so licentious, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, I would have done it not above seven times a week, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour, paid Money that I borrowed, three times four times; lived well, and in good company; and now I live out of all order, out of company.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs bee out of all company; out of all reasonable company, Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Hee amend thy Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lantern in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

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

Falstaff. No, I be sworn; I make as good vie of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell fire, and Diets that heaped up in Purples; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou were any way giuen to vertue, I would swear by thy Face, my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art altogether giuen over, and were indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, doth the Surnome of Dacre- neffe. When thou ran it up Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not think that thou hast beene an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an ever-lasting Bone-fire: thou hast haif me a thousand Markes in Linques and Tonches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandeliers in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander with yours fire, any time this two and thirty yeares, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So should I be sure to be heare-burn'd.

Enter Hoftaffe.

Hoftaffe. Why Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep Theeues in my House? I have searched, I have enquired, so have my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the right of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

Falstaff. Ye leye Hoftaffe. Bardolph was thur'd, and left many a hayre, and he be fownte my Pocket was pick'd; goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

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

Falstaff. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoftaffe. No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John: I am know you, Sir John: you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you pick me a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Black.

Falstaff. Doubt, filthy Doubles: I have given them away to Bakers Wines, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoftaffe. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight stifflings an Ell: You owe me Money here besides, Sir John, for your Dyers, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, fourte and twenty pounds.

Falstaff. I have his part of it; let him pay.

Hoftaffe. Hee? also hee is poore, hee hath no thing.

Falstaff. How? Poorer? Looke upon his Face: What call you that? Let them cryne his Note, let them cryne his Chekkes, Ile not pay a Demer. What, will you make a Younger of me? Shall I not take mine eale in mine own, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have left a Scalper of my Grand-fathers, worth fourtie Marke.

Hoftaffe. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how on't, that that Ring was Copper.

Falstaff. How? the Prince is a Jacke, a Sneake-Copper; and if hee were here, I would cudgel him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching; and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Truncheon

— like a Fife.

Falstaff. How now Lad! Is the Winde in that Doore? Muff we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, New-gate fashion.

Hoftaffe. My Lord, I pray you haste me.

Prince. What say'ly thou, Mistris Quickly? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hoftaffe. Good, my Lord, heare me.

Falstaff. Prethee let her alone, and lift to mee.

Prince. What say'ly thou, Jacky?

Falstaff. The other Night I fell asleepe here behind the Apron, and had my Pocket pick'd: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou stole, Jacky?

Falstaff. With thou belieue me, lad? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound a piece, and a Scalper of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hoftaffe. So I told him, my Lord: and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee spakest most wisely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as hee is, and saide, wee would cudgel you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Hoftaffe. There's neyer a Fust, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elle.

Falstaff. There's
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Horatio, Hotspur, Wentnofster, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought butterie, Such distribution should the Douglas have, As not a Soul dieth of this feast, but In the Tongues of Smoother. But a Brauer place In my hearts both, hath no man then your Selfe, Nay, task me to my word: approve the Lord, Dow. Thou art the King of honor: No man to potent breathes upon the ground, But I will Beard him.

Enter a messenger.


Hot. How? has he the lettre to be sick now, In such a stuffing time? Who leads his power? Vnder whose Governor come they alon?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

**Meff.** His Letters bearest his mind, nor is his minde.

**War.** I prehcte tell me, doth he kepe his Bed?

**Meff.** He did, my Lord, fourte days ere I se forth:

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much feard by his Physicke.

**War.** I would the flaxe of time had first beene whole,

Ere he by sicknesse had bee visitted:

His health was never better now then now.

**Hofig.** Sickke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect

The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,

Is catching hither, men to our Compe.

He writes me here, that toward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deprecation

Could not so fowme be deprived; nor did he thinke it meet,

To lay to dangerous and deare a truft

On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.

Yet doth he giue vs bold advertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,*

To see how Fortune is disposed to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly dead.

Of all our purpose. What say you to it?

**War.** Your Fathers sicknes is a mayme to vs.

**Hofig.** A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to see the exact wealth of all our states

All at one Caft? To se for rich a mayne

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull house,

It were not good; for therein should we reade

The very Bottoms, and the Soule of Hope,

The very Lift, the very vomit Bound

Of all our fortunes.

**Dung.** Faith, and to wee shoulde,

Where now ethimates a sweete recreaction.

We may boldly spend, upon the hope

Of what is to come in :

A content of retirical lives in this,

**Hofig.** A Rendens, a Home to life unto,

If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge

Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affairs.

**War.** But yet I would your Father had binne here

The Qualtie and Heire of our Attemp:

Brookes no diuision: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That he were don, joyalike, and merci shalbe

Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.

And thinke, how such an apprehension

May turne the rype of searefull Fation,

And breede a kind of question in our caufe :

For well you know, wee of the offering side,

Must kepe aloofe from frist arbitrement,

And flop all fight-holes, every loope, from whence

The eye of reason may pise in upon vs :

This abstinence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,

That thowes the ignorant a kind of feare,

Before not dream of.

**Hofig.** You shal me too faire.

I rathe of his absence make this vfe:

It lends a Luitre, and more great Opinion;

A greater Dare to your great Enterprise;

Then if the Earl were here; for men must thinke,

If we without his helpe, can make a Head

To pus against the Kingdome; with his helpe,

We shal not esteem it topestourney downe :

Yet all our workes, and all our layments are whole.

**Dung.** As heart can thinke:

There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,

At this Dreame of Fees.

**Enter Sir Richard Vernon.**

**Hofh.** My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.

**Vern.** Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord,

The Earl of Wethermeland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards, with Prince John.

**Hofh.** No harme: what more?

**Vern.** And further, I haue learn'd,

The King himselfe in person hath seent forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,

With strong and mightie preparation.

**Hofh.** He shal be welcome too.

Where is his Soune,

The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,

And his Comrades, that daft the World aside,

And bid it paffe?

**Vern.** All furnish'd, all in Armes,

All planed like Eathridges, that with the Winde

Byseth the Eagles, housing lately bash'd:

Glittering in Golden Costes, like Images,

As full of spirit as the Moon of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,

Wanton as youthful Costes, stude as young Bulls.

I saw young Harry wish his Beuer on,

His Coffers on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rite from the ground like feathered Mercury,

And vaulted with such eale into his Seat,

As if an Angel droppe downe from the Clouds,

To turne and winde a fere Pegasus,

And withch the World with Noble Horfemanship.

**Hofh.** No more, no more,

Wrote then the Sunne in March:

This praye doth nourish Agues: let then come,

They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,

And to the fire-e'g'd Maid of tnokake Were,

All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:

The mayled Mars shal on his Altar sit

Vp to the eaves is blood. I am on fire,

To heare this rich reprisall is so nigh,

And yet not ours. Come, let me take your Horse,

Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,

Against the boosome of the Prince of Wales.

Harry to Harry, shall nor Horse to Horse

Meet, and ne'er part, till one droppe downe a Coarse 

Oh, that Glendower were come.

**Vern.** There is more newes:

I learned in Wrecroller, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.

**Dung.** That's the worth Tidings that I haere of yest.

**War.** I by my faith, that breares a slyfely found.

**Hofh.** What may the Kings whole Battale reach vnto?

**Vern.** To thirty thousand.

**Hofig.** Fortyliteth it be,

My Father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of vs, may tence to great a day.

Come, let us take a matter speedily

Doom my flay to a dyce, dye all, dye all, dye all.

**Dung.** Take note of dyng, I am out of fee

Of death, or deatis hand, for this one halfe yere.

Edward Ursyn.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through, we'll to Sutton-cop-hill to-night.

Bardolph. Will you give me Money, Captain?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falstaff. And if it do, take it for thy labour: and if it make twenty, take them all, Ile anfwer the Cognage, Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.

Bardolph. I will Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Falstaff. If I be not amfand of my Souldiers, I am a fowce-t-Gurnet: I have mil-wal the Kings Prifce damably. I have go, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds, I preffe me none but good Houfe-holders, Yeomen Sonnes, inquire me out contracled Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodity of warme flauces, as had as lieue heart the Deuil, as a Drumme; such as fare the report of a Caliber, worfe then a fruck-Poole, or a hurt-wide-Ducke. I preffe me none but fuch Foles and Butters, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pintes heads, and they have bought out their sertices: And now, my whole Charge consifths of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sotes; and fuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis-enfranchifed Servitings-men, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, revolted Tapsters and Officers, Trade-faine, the Cankers of a calmle World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Anciant; and fuch haue I to fill vp the roome of them that haue bought out their sertices that you would think, that I had a hundred and fiftie tooter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Horses. A mad fellow met we on the way, and told me, he had violed all the Giblets and preffed the Oueles. No eye hath fene fuch afe-Crowes: He not march through Coventry with them, that sflate Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; forindeede, I had the moft of them out of Prifon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins packt together, and throwne over the Shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without fleues; and the Shirts, to lay the truth, fholne from my Haft of S. Albones, or the Red-Nofe Tune-keeper of Danbury. But that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmorland.

Prince. How now bloome Jack? how now Quit?

Falstaff. What? How now mad Wag, what a Deuil doft thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmorland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

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

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theif hath already made thee Butters: but tell me, Jack, whole fellowes are theif that come after?


Prince. I did neuer see fuch pittifull Rafeals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut, good enough to cofter foode: for Powder, foode for Powders: They'll fill a Pit, as well as better: tuff man, mortall men, mortall men.

Wesm. I, but Sir John, I thinke they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Falstaff. Faith, for their poorenesse, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they never learnt that of me.

Prince. No, he be sworn, vnleffe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare, But firr, make hafte, Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What, is the King encamp'd?

Wesm. He is, Sir John, I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keen Gueffe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Warestler, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotspur. We'll fight with him to Night.

Warestler. It may not be.

Douglas. You give him the aduantage.

Vernon. Not a whit.

Hotspur. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Vernon. So doe we.

Hotspur. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Warestler. Good Cousin be advis'd, fir, noe not to night.

Douglas. Does not, my Lord.

Hotspur. You doe not confide well:

Warestler. You speake it out of fear, and cold heart.

Douglas. Doe me no flander, Douglas: by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, If well-repieced Honor bid me so,

I hold as little conside with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scott that this day lutes.

Let it be feene to morrow in the Barrell,

Which of vs feates.

Douglas. Yea, or to night.

Vernon. Content.

Hotspur. To night, say I.

Vernon. Come, come, it may not be.

I wondered much, being me of such great leading as you are That you forre, fee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horfie Of my Cousin Vernon are not yet come vp,

Your Vnkle Warestler: Horfie came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is sleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dulle,

That not a Horfie is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotspur. So are the Horses of the Enemy

In generall tourned bared, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of reft.
When he was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Holf. Then to the point.
In shortt time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depris'd him of his Life ;
And in the necke of that, task'd the whole State,
To make that worke, suffer'd his kinsman M'cAr, 
Who is tobe enterly Owne were plac'd,
Indee the King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to ye Forfeited,
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories;
Sought to intrep me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnkle from the Counsell-Boord,
In rage dismis'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, commited Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove us to forcers out
This Head of safety ; and withall to prie
Into his Title : the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this answr to the King?
Holf. Not so, Sir Walter,
We're with draw a while :
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning eary still my Vnkle
Bring him our purpose : and so farewell,
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Holf. And may be, so wee shall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe, Excutt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch, Bishop of York, and Sir M'cell.

Arch. His, good Sir M'cell, here this sealed Briefe
With wings'd halle to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Struepe, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.
Sir M'cell. My good Lord, I guesseth their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir M'cell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bite the tooth. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly gien to understand,
The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power,
Meeteth with Lord Harry, and I hear Sir M'cell,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whole Power was in the first proportion ;
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thanse,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an infant tryall with the King.
Sir M'cell. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is M'cAr's former, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warrior,
Noble Gentlemen.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Act. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land togethers:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The Noble Welfunelander, and warlike Blount;
And many more Captains, and dear men
Of situation, and command in to ones.
Sir M.: Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no leafe! Ye needfull tis to feare
And to prevent the worst, Sir Michell Speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, tis but Wifelome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe.
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Welfunelander, Sir Walter Blount,
and Fellows.

King. How bloodyly the Sunne begins to peere
Above your bushy hill: the day looks pale
At his dfferenture.

Perc. The Sunnithe winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpose,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leues,
Forfeits a Tempest, and a blustering day.

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

Enter Warrester.

The Trumpet sounds.

King. How now my Lord of Worcester? Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms,
As now we meet. You have deceived our truist,
And made vs doe the eafe of Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vengent Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnithe
This churchfull knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and natural light,
And be no more an exhallad Meteor,
A prodigie of Faeire, and a Portent
Of brooched Miccheste, to the woborne Times?

War. Hear me, my Liege:
Per mine owne part, I may be well content
To entertaine the Legge-end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this disluse.

King. You have not fought i it: how comes it then?
Fad. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prim. Peace, Chevet, peace.
War. It pleas'd your Majestie, to turne your looke
Of Fauour, from my Seflie, and all our Hous:
And yet I must remember your Lord:
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my statute of Office did I break:
In Richards time, and poailet day and night.
To meete you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Seflie, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did swear that O saeth at Doncastra,
That you did nothing of purpose gainst the State,
Nor claimie no further, then your new-faine right:
The feate of Saunt, Dukedom of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our aide: but in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune flowing on your head,
And such an abound of Greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wasort time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrary Windes that held the King.
So long in the unlycucke Ilith Walettes,
That all in England di repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woood,
To gaine the general way into your hand,
Forgo your Oath to vs at Doncastra,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd so to
As that vengeant gull the Cuckowe Bird,
Wit the Sparrow, did oppresse our Neft,
Grew by our Feeding, to go great a bulke,
That even our Londe durt not come necete your fight
For fear of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were infrond for to light and flye
Out of your sight, and saile this present Head,
Where we stand opposed by such means
As you your sefe, have forg'd against your sefe,
By unkinde vidge, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Swoorne to vs in younger entrepizt.

Kyn. These things indeed you have articulat,
Proclam'd and Marketh Croftes read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which tope, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of husly burly Innovation:
And neuer yet did Infurierion want
Such water-colours, to impair his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, faring for a time
Of pell-mell hatoucke, and confusion.

Prim. In both our Armies, there is many a Soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they soye in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth soye with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my Hopes,
This present enterprise let off his head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More adme, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alue.
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I have a Transt beene to Chinalry,
And so I heare, he doe account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Majestie,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to faue the blood on either side,
Trye fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we rente thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Do make against it: No good Worker, no,
We lose our people well; even those we lose
That are misled upon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace?
Both he, and they, and you; yea, every man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his,
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it advisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Proc. 'Tis not accepted, on my life,
The Donglar and the Heifsmere both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.
King. Hencefore therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer we will set them on;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is just.

Exit. M'Ness and Prince of Wales.

Fal. Hal, if thou leee me downe in the battell,
And befriend me, so: it is a point of friendship.
Proc. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship
Save thy prayers, and fature well.
Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well;
Proc. Why, thou ow'nest heauen a death.
Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day.
What neede I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, it is no matter, Honour pricks me on, But how if Honour pricks me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour let too a legge? No: or an arm? No: Or take away the greete of a wound? No, Honour hath no skill in Surjeily, then? No, What is Honour? A word, What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning, Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednesday,
Doth he feel it? No: Doth he hear it? No, Is it inoffensive then? yet, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No, Why? Destracion will not suffer it, therefore Ie none of it. Honour is a mere Scutchcous, and fo ends my Catechisme.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vermyn.

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

Ver. 'Twere bett he did.

War. Then we are all/vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will iustice us ill, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lives, shall be fluke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cheetist, and lock'd vp,
Will have a wilde tricke of his Anceffor:
Looke how he can, or fad or merily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookez,
And we shall needes like Oyen at a fall,
The better cheetish, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trepaspe may be well forgot,
It hath the excute of youth, and beaten of blood,

And an adopted name of Princeledge,
A hate-brain'd Heifsmere, guardian'd by a Speleene:
All his offenses lie upon my head,
And on his Fathers, We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tame from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any cafe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, Ie say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cousin.

Enter Heifsmere.

Hot. My Valele is return'd,
Delieu vp my Lord of Welfterland.
Valele, what newes?

War. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Delieu him by the Lord of Welfterland.
Hot. Lord Donglar: Go you and tell him so.
Dow. Marry and hell, and very willingly.

Exit Donglar.

War. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Ver. I told him genity of our grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which heemed thus,
By now foreknoweing that he is forwarde.
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Exit Donglar.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thowen
A braue defiance in King Henry's teeth:
And Welfterland that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him very quickly on.
War. The Prince of Wales was kept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challenge'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge vyg'd more modestly,
Vintefle a Brother shou'd a Brother dare
To gentle exercices, and proofe of Armes.
He gue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vy your praisies with a Princeely tongue,
Spoke your desiers like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praisie,
By full dispraisie praisie, vail'd wth you with:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blunting daitil of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he minded there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning infantly:
There did he paufe, But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the enui of this day,
England did never owne to forest a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wammonette.
Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince to wilde at Liberty.
But he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Saulords arme,
That he shall shrinke under my curtefe.
Armes arme with speed: And Fellow's,Soldiers,Frieends,
Better consider what you have to do,
That I that hate not well the gift of Tongue,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth. 71

Can lift your blood vp with persuasion.

Enter a Maffinger.

Msf. My Lord, here's are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that I have hitherto been too long.
If I did ride upon a Dias point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings.
If I dye; brace death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is lust.

Enter another Maffinger.

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

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale.
For I profess not talking: Only this.
Let each man do his beft. And here I draw a Sword.
Whose worthy temper I intend to blame
With the brest blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this praiseful day.

Now Expectance, Percy, and let one
Round all the lofty influences of Warre,
And by that Musteck, I will all imbrace:
For heaven to earth, some of vs never shall,
A second time do some of cut off

They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters
With his power, armes unto the battell. Then enter
Dohglor, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blus. What is thy name, that in bated thou dost not choose me?
What hour dost thou ride upon my head?

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

Blus. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for instead of thee the King.
This Sword hath ended him, so hath it thee,
Walled thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blus. I was not borne to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge
Lords Stafford's death.

Eight, Blus is blade, then enter Hot. Hor.

Hot. O Douglas, hast thou sought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumphed so to Scot.

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

Hot. Whate'er.

Dow. Here's.

Hot. This Douglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Shemblably furnish'd like the King himselfe.

Dow. Alfoo: go with thy foule whether it goes,
A borrowed Tide half thou bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Courts.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coeter,
He murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Soulsrind stand full fairely for the day.

Enter Almone, and enter Edisalfe johs.

Edal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I
at the first here: here's no learning, but upon the path.
who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as bea-

Hot. And you that overhear this, I have no more
weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of

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

Enter the Prime

Prs. What, standst thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman likes flanke and thite
Vnder the houses of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are venenous d. Profest ty me thy sword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee gane me leave to breathe a while:
Turke Gregory neuer didd such deeds in Armes, as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him flite.

Prs. He is indeed, and living to kill thee.

Fal. Nay Hal, if Percy be thine, thou gavest not my
Sword, but take my Piltell if thou wilt.

Prs. Give it me: What, is it in the Cafe?

Fal. 1 Hal, its hot: There's what Sacke's a City.
The Prince doth spare a Battle of Sacke.

Prs. What, is it a mine coach and daily now.

Exit. I throw it at him.

Fal. If Percy be alse, I'll place him: if he do come in
my way, so if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let
him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such ginning
honour as Sir Walter hath: Ginc mee life, which if I can
fare, so if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and ther's an
end. Exit

Scena Tertia.

Alarms, excursions, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl
of Westmoreland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou blest
Dost thou sufficiently much: Lord John of Lancaster go with you with

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

Prs. I believe your Majesty make vp,
Least you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:
My Lord of Westmoreland leade him to his Tent.

Wl. Come my Lord, he leade you to your Tent.

Prs. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And heauen forbid a shallow scratche should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stiff'd Nobilitie bares toed on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in masses.

Joh. We breath too longe: Come coyn Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies, for heastens fake come

Prs. By heauen thou hast deceide of me Lancaster,
I did not thinke the Lord of such a spirit.
Before, I had thee as a Brother, Joh.
But now, I doe respect thee as my Soule.

King. I lay him holdLead Percy at the point,
Without his maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an ungrovne Warrour.

Prs. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all.

Enter Douglas.

Douglas. Another Boye: they growe like Hydras head:
I am the Dowler, farre in all those:
That were those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: who Dowler grieues.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyse
Seek Pery and thy selfe about the field:
But feeing thou fellst on me so luckily,
I will affray thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dow, I see thou art another counterfeite:
And yet infirme thou bearest these like a king:
But mine am sure thou art, whose thou be.
And thus I win thee. 

... The King, the K. being in danger, Enter Prince.

Prince. Hold vp they head vide Scot, or thou art like
Neeuer to hold it vp against the Spirites
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blount, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.

They fight, Douglas strayes.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gunscy hath for succor sent,
And fo hast Clifon: He to Clifon straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile,
Thou hast redeem'd thy selfe's opinion,
And shew'd thou mad'st some tender of my life
In this first: And thus thou hast brought a Prince.

Prince. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearend to your death.
If they were, I might have let alone
The insuluing hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And all the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifon, He to Sir Nicholas Gunscy. Exit Enter Harpy.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Marmouth.

Prince. Thou speakest as if it would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harvie Perci.

Prince. Why then, I see a very valiant rebbe of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not Percy,
To bare with me in glory any more.
Two Stares keep not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double enigne,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

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

Prince. He make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Cattel,
He croe brooks the Gallowes for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. 
Fite. Enter Falstaff.

Hot. Well said Harpy: to Edw. Nay you shall finde no
Boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas for fights with Falstaff, who falls down
at this time: the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the lofe of a Brittle Life.
Then those proud Titles thou haft wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought the flame of Life and Life, Times foule;
And Time, that takes furery of all the world,
Must have a rep. Or I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Eyes on Thy Tongue: No Percy thou art dust
And for to thee, Prince.

Hot. For Woman, brave Percy. Farewell great heart:
Ill-vaue'd Ambition, how much art thou thraneke?
Then that this bodie did contain a spirit.

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vylet Earth
Is ronne enough. This Earth that barest the dead,
Beares not alio to floute a Gentleman,
If thou wert sufficient of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, Ie thank my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse,
Adieu, and take thy prase with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
What! Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poore Jacke, farewell:
I could haue better from a better man,
O, I should have a heuy miffle of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity,
Death hath not struke so far a Decree to day,
Though many d eer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I feele thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble Percye lye.

Exit. Falstaff refites up.

Fal. Imbowell'd if thou imme dat mee to day, Ie
Give you leaue to powder me, and carre me to morrow,
Twas time to counterfeite, or that hotte Tempest Scot, had paid me foot and lot too, Counterfeite? I am no counterfeite, to dye, is to be a counterfeite, for heere is but the counterfeite of a man, who hath not the life of a man; But to counterfeite dying, when a man thereby lieth to be no counterfeite, but the true and perfect image of life indeeace. The better part of Vanour, is Discretion in the which better part, I have foid my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeite too, and rife? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeites Therefore I make him fure: yea, and Ie swear I trie them. Why may not hee rife as well as I: Nothing confumes me but eyes, and no-bodie fees me. Therefore I sware, with a new wound in your thighb come you alon mee.

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come Brother John, full brately haft thou effett thy Maidens sword

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

Prince. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathless, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive? Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-fight?

Prince. I pracie speake, we will not tryt our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou feem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not Jacke Falstaff, then am I a Jacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, for if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe. I looke to be theke: Earl of Duke, I can affure you.

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

Prince. Did you? Lord, Lord, how the world is girent to Lying? I grant you I was a downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rost both at an instant, and fought a longe houre by Shrewsburee's brooke. If I may bee beleuued, I doe not, lest they that should reward Valour, bearre the name upon their owne heads. He take's on my death I gave him this wondre in the Thigh: if the man were a lie, and would deny it, I would make him ease a piece of my frend.

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

Prince. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother John.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part,al aye may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I haue.

A Retreat is founded,
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are lining, who are dead.  

Exeunt

Fal. I follow as they say, for Reward. Here that rewards me, let them reward me. If I do grow great again,
Ie grow the fairest Foe for the purge, and loose Sacke, and line cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke, Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not lend Grace, Pardon, and terms of Louis to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary?
Mistle the tenor of thy Kinfmans trust?
Three Knights upon our party claine to day,
A Noble Earl, and many a creature else,
Hath beene alone this house,
If like a Christian thou hast truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence. 

War. What I haue done, my safety vy'g'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be annoy'd, it falls on me.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too.
Other Offenders we will passe upon.

Now goeth the Field?

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

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomfull and free:
His Valour thewne vpon our Credits to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bost one of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power:
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Wettlerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your dearest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Crope,
Who as we hear are busie in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Gladner, and the Earle of March,
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day;
And since this Bifieffe fo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.  

Exeunt.

FINIS.