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

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Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

[Induction]

INDUCTION.

Note: Conventionally in this play, the Induction precedes the first act and scene. From this point in the act onwards, therefore, conventional scene numbering diverges from the First Folio.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares: For which of you will stop [...he vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speakes? [...] from the Orient, to the drooping West (Making the wind my Post-horse) still vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
I speak of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but Rumour, who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matte? Rumour, is a Pipe
Blown by Surmises, Jealousies, Coniectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize
Among my houshold? Why is Rumour heere?
I run before King Harries victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie,
Hath beaten downe young Hotspurre, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speak so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Between that Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this WORME-Eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes craftysicke. The Posts come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse than True-wrongs.
Exit.

\textit{Scena Secunda.}
\textit{[Act 1, Scene 1]}

\textit{Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.}

\textbf{L. Bar.}
Who keeps the Gate heere hos?
Where is the Earl?
\textbf{Por.}
What shall I say you are?
\textbf{Bar.}
Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.
\textbf{Por.}
His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard.
Please it your Honour, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.  

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar.
Here comes the Earle.

Nor.
What news, Lord Bardolf? Every minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L. Bar.
Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor.
Good, and heauen will.

L. Bar.
As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince Harris slain out-right: and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Young Prince Iohn,
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And Harris Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since Cæsars Fortunes.

Nor.
How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

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

Nor.
Here comes my Servant Trauers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Trauers

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

Nor.
Now Trauers, what good tidings comes (frō) from you?

Tra.
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The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth

Tra.
My Lord, Sit Iohne Vmyfreuill turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)


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Nor.

Now Trauers, what good tidings comes (frō) from you?
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Peries Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to devour the way,
staying no longer question.

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

L. Bar.
My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor.
Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers
Giue then such instances of Losse?

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

Enter Morton.

Nor.
Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnes Vsurpation.
Say Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

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

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

*Mor.*

Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

**North.**

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

*Mor.*

You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

**North.**

Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'est it Feare, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
Not he, which says the dead is not aliue:
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes
Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

**L. Bar.**

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

*Mor.*

I am sorry, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd).
To *Henrie Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,  
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,  
So did our Men, heavy in Hotspurres losse,  
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,  
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)  
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester  
Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,  
(The bloody Douglas) whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,  
Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,  
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,  
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out  
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,  
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster  
And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North.
For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes  
(Having beeue well) that would have made me sicke,  
Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.  
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,  
Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,  
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire  
Out of his keepers armes: Even so, my Limbes  
(Weak'ned with greefe) beingnow inrag'd with greefe,  
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,  
A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele  
Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.  
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach  
The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring  
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.  
Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand  
Keepe the wilde flood confin'd: Let Order dye,  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:  
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine  
Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set  
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,  
And darknesse be the burier of the dead.

L. Bar.
Sweet Earle, divorce not wisedom from your  
(Honor.  
Mor.
The liues of all your loving Complices  
Leane-on your health, the which if you gieue-o're  
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord) 
And summ'd the accomp of Chance, before you said 
Let vs make head: It was your presurmize, 
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop. 
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge 
More likely to fall in, then to get o're: 
You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable 
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit 
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd, 
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this 
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine 
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne? 
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth, 
More then that Being, which was like to be? 

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

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

North. 
I knew of this before. But to speake truth, 
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde. 
Go in with me, and councell every man 
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.
[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal.
Sirra, you giant, what saies the (Doct.)Doctor to my water?

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

Fal.
Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser
vice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I
haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be wore in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in wilde apparell, and
send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The
Iuuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palme of
my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will
not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may
keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can assure him. What said M. Dombledon, about
the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

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

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

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

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

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Servant.

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

Fal.
Wait close, I will not see him.

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

Ser.
Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Iust.
He that was in question for the Robbery?

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

Iust.
What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser.
Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal.
Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

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

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

Ser.
Sir Iohn.

Fal.
What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the (K.)King lack subiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on [Page 77]The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth. sig on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to
be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebel tion can tell how to make it.

Ser.
You mistake me Sir.

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

Ser.
I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldiership aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

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

Ser.
Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iust.
Sir John Falstaffe, a word with you.

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

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

Fal.
If it please your Lor dship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Iust.
I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal.
And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie.

Iust.
Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speak with (you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Iust.
Wel, the truth is (sir Iohn) you liue in great infamy

Fal.
He that buckles him in my belt, (cānot)cannot liue in lesse.

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

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

Iust.
You haue misled the youthfull Prince.

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

Iust.
Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your
daries service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer
your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the
unquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal.
My Lord?

Iust.
But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping
(Wolfe.

Fal.
To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.
Iu.
What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out
Fal.
A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.
Just.
There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.
Fal.
His effect of gray, gray, gray.
Just
You follow th [...] young Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.
Fal.
Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes upon me, will take me without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these Costor mongers that true valor is turn’d Beare-heard. Pregnancy is made a Tapster, and hath his quicker wit wasted in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not worth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are young: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are waggis too.
Just.
Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and will you call yourself young? Fy, fy, fy sir John.
Fal.
My Lord, I was born with a white head, & some thing a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with howling and singing of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely old in judgment and understanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of th’ears that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloth, but in new Silke, and old Sacke,
Just.
Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.
Fal.
Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.
Iust.
Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Har
ry, I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, a
gainst the Archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland
Fal.
Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it: but
looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at
home) that our Armies ioyyn not in a hot day: for if I take
but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-
traordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe:
There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head,
but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.
Iust.
Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your
Expedition.
Fal.
Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
to furnish me forth?
Iust.
Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient
to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my
Cosin Westmerland.
Fal.
If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man
can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can
part yong limbes and lechery: but the Gowt galles the g2 one, [Page 78] The Second Part of
king Henry The Fourth.
one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the De
grees prevent my curses. Boy?
Page.
Sir.
Fal.
What money is in my purse?
Page.
Seuen groats, and two pence.
Fal.
I can get no remedy against this Consumption of
the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out,
but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my
Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of
Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Ursula, whome I
haue weekly sworn to marry, since perceiu'd the first
white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to
finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe:
for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great
toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my
colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable.
A good wit will make vs of any thing: I will turne dis-
eses to commodity.
Exeunt
Scena Quarta,
[Act 1, Scene 3]

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

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

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

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

L. Bar.
The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus
Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand
May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast.
With him, we may.

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

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

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

Hast.
But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar.
Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,
Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) should we suruey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Consent vpon a sure Foundation:
Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in figures,
Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
Gives o're, and leaues his part-created Cost
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast.
Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be still-borne: and that we now possset
The vtmost man of expectation:
I think we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

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

Hast.
To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolf:
For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against Glendower: Perforce a third
Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers found
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

Ar.
That he should draw his seuerall strengths togither
And come against vs in full puissance
Need not be dreaded.

Hast.
If he should do so,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.
L. Bar.
Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast.
The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth.
But who is substituetsd 'gainst the French,
I haue no certaine notice.

Arch.
Let vs on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:
Anhabitation giddy, and vnsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing Bullingbrooke,
Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder)art so full of him,
That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.
So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th'admired heelles of Bullingbrooke,
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,
"Past, and to Come, seems best; things Present, worst.

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

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

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.
[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter Hostesse. With two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse.
Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?

Fang.
It is enter'd.

Hostesse.
Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
Will he stand to it?

Fang.
SIRRah, where's Snare?
Hostesse.
I, I, good M. Snare.

Snare.
Heere, heere.

Fang.
Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaffe.

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

Sn.
It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab

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

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

Hostesse.
No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

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

Vice.

Host.
I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him
sure: good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continu-
antly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a sad
dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in
Lombardstreet, to M. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra'ye, since
my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the
world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke
is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue
borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and
fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to
be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles
a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e-
very Knaues wrong.

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

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

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

Falst.
Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the
Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Host.
Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there.
Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villain, wilt thou kill Gods of
ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art
a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Falst.
Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang.
A rescu, a rescu.

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

Page.
Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil
lirian: I'll tucke your Catastrophe.

Enter. Ch. Justice.

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

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

Ch. Iust.
How now sir Iohn? What are you brauling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.
Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Host.
Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your
Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre
sted at my suit.

Ch. Iust.
For what summe?

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

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

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

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

Host.
Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &
the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell
gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing man of Windsor; Thou didst swaire to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst yu deny it? Did not good wife Keech the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip Quick ly comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby yu didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe stairs) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st yu not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?
Fal.
My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distra cted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may haue redresse against them.
Iust.
Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.
Host.
Yes in troth my Lord.
Iust.
Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.
Fal.
My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty (remēbred)remembred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.
Iust.
You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.
Falst.
Come hither Hostesse.
Enter M. Gower
Ch. Iust.
Now Master Gower, What newes?
Gow.
The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales
Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Falst.
As I am a Gentleman.

Host.
Nay, you said so before.

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

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

Falst.

[Page 80]

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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

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

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

Host.
Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my
Gowne. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me al
together?

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

Host.
Will you haue Doll Tearable meet you at sup per?

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

Ch. Iust.
I haue heard bitter newes.

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

Ch. Iu.
Where lay the King last night?

Mes.
At Basingstoke my Lord.

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

Ch. Iust.
Come all his Forces backe?

Mes.
No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horse
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop. 
An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Fal.
Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble (L)ord?

Ch. Iust.
You shall haue Letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal.
My Lord.

Ch. Iust.
What's the matter?

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

Gow.
I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir Iohn.

Ch. Iust.
Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long, being you
are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal.
Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch. Iust.
What foolish Master taught you these man-
ers, Sir Iohn?

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

Ch. Iust.
Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great
Foole.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.
[Act 2, Scene 2]

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin.
Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin.
Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst
not haue attach'd one of so high blood.
Prin.
It doth me: though it discolours the complexion
Of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew
vildely in me, to desire small Beere?
Poin.
Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,
as to remember so weake a Composition.
Prince.
Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely
got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Crea
ture, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considera
tions make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a
disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know
thy face tomorrow? Or to take note how many paire of
Silk stockings yu hast: (Viz. these, and those that were thy
peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy
shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But
that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for
it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st
not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, be
cause the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to
eate vp thy Holland.
Poin.
How ill it followes, after you have labour'd so
hard, you should talke so idely? Tell me how many good
yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as
yours is?
Prin.
Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?
Poin.
Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.
Prin.
It shall serue among wittes of no higher breed
ing then thine.
Poin.
Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that
you'll tell.
Prin.
Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be
sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as
to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend)
I could be sad, and sad indeed too.
Poin.
Very hardly, upon such a subject.
Prin.
Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as
thou, and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the
end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inward
ly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild com-
pany as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all osten
tation of sorrow.
Poin.
The reason?
Prin.
What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?
Poin.
I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.
Prin.
It would be euery mans thought: and thou art
a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a
mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better
then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite in
deede. And what accites your most worshipful thought
to thinke so?
Poin.
Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so
much ingraffed to Falstaffe.
Prin.
And to thee.
Pointz.
Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with
mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that
I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of
my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe.
Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfe.
Prince.
And the Boy that I gaue Falstaffe, he had him
from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not trans
form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar.
Saue your Grace.
Prin.
And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.
Poin.
Come you pernitious Asse, you bashfull Foole,
must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what
a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a
matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?
Page.
He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red
Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window: [Page 81]The second
Part of King Henry the Fourth.
window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had
made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & pee
ped through.
Prin.
Hath not the boy profited?
Bar.
Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.
Page.
Away, you rascally Altheas dreame, away.
Prin.
Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

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

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

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

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

Prince.
And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

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

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

Bard.
In bodily health Sir.

Poin.
Marry, the immortal part needs a Physician:
but that move not him: though that bee sick, it dyes not.

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

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

Prince.
Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch it from Iaphet. But to the Letter: Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, nearest his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poin.
Why this is a Certificate.

Prin.
Peace.
I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.
Poin.
Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded. 
I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, for bee misuses thy Favours so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.
Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou vseth him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:
Iohn with my Brothers and sister: & Sir Iohn, with all Europe.
My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.
Prin.
That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.
But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marry your Sister?
Poin.
May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer said so.
Prin.
Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master heere in London?
Bard.
Yes my Lord.
Prin.
Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?
Bard,
At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.
Prin.
What Company?
Page.
Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.
Prin.
Sup any women with him?
Page.
None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and (M.)Mistris Doll Teare-sheet.
Prin.
What Pagan may that be?
Page
A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.
Prin.
Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?
Shall we steale vpon them (Ned) at Supper?
Poin.
I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.
Prin.
Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet in Towne.
There's for your silence.

Bar.  
I haue no tongue, sir.

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

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

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

Prin.  
How might we see Falstaffe bestow him selfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be scene?

Poin.  
Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin.  
From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low trans formation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the pur pose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.  
[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North.  
I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Gie an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife.  
I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more.
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

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

La.  
Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,  
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,  
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-Harry,  
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father  
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.  
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?  
There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselues.
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For those that could speake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,
To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth
He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In dis-aduantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspurs Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on Hotspurs Necke)
Haue talk'd of Monmouth's Graue.

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

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

Lady.
If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.
North.
Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.
[Act 2, Scene 4]

Enter two Drawers.

1. Drawer.

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

1. Draw.
Why then couer, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out Sneakes Noyse; Mistris Tearesheet would faine haue some Musique.

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

1. Draw.
Then here will be old Vitis: it will be an excel lent stratagem.

2. Draw.
Ile see if I can finde out Sneake.
Exeunt.

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

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

Dol.
Better then I was: Hem.
Host.
Why that was well said: A good heart's worth
Gold. Looke, here comes Sir Iohn.

Enter Falstaffe.

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

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

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

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

Falst.
You make fat Rascalls, Mistris Dol.

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

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

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

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

Host.
Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer
meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you can
not one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the
good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you:
you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier
Vessell.

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

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

**Dol.**
Hang him, swaggering Rascal, let him not come hither: it is the foulemouth'dst Rogue in Eng land.

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

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

**Host.**
'Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir Iohn) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

*Falst. Do'st*  
[Page 83]

**The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.**

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

**Host.**
Tilly-fally (Sir Iohn) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master Tisick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee;) Master Dombe, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee) receiue those that are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse yo u to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

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

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

**Dol.**
So you doe, Hostesse.

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

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Saue you, Sir John.

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

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (Sir John) with two
Bullets.

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

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

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

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

Pist. I know you, Mistris Dorothie.

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

Pist. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

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

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

Bard.
Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst.
Hearke thee hither, Mistreis Dol.

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

Page.
'Pray thee goe downe.

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

Host.
Good Captaine Peesel be quiet, it is very late:
I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

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

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

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

Pist.
Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:
Haue we not Hiren here?

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

Pist.
Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis:) Come,
giue me some Sack, Si fortune me tormente, sperato me con
tente. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:
Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there:
Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's no
thing?

Fal.
Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist.
Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue
seene the seuen Starres.
Dol.
Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such
a Fustian Rascall.

Pist.
Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo
way Nagges?

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

Bard.
Come, get you downe stayres.

Pist.
What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee em
brew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull
dayes: why then let grieuous, gasty, gaping Wounds,
vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come Atropos, I say.

Host.
Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal.
Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

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

Fal.
Get you downe stayres.

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

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

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

Fal.
Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

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

Fal.
A Rascall to braue me.

Dol.
Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,
how thou swear'ft? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come
on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou art Nee. These letters are partly
distorted by a crease in the page.[Page 84]The second part of King Henry the Fourth.
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth fiue of Agamem
non, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah
Villaine.
Fal.
A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blan ket.
Dol.
Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, 
Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Page.
The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal.
Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol.
A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like 
Quick-siluer.
Dol.
And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou 
whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt 
 thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and 
begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Fal.
Peace (good Dol) doe not speake like a Deaths- 
head: doe not bid me remember mine end.
Dol.
SIRRHA, what humor is the Prince of?
Fal.
A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue 
made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread 
well.
Dol.
They say Paines hath a good Wit.
Fal.
Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit 
is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more con 
ceit in him, then is in a Mallet.
Dol.
Why doth the Prince loue him so then?
Fal.
Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and 
hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, 
and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides 
the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumps vpon Ioyn'd 
stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his 
Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and 
breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such 
other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake 
Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits 
him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the 
weight of an hayre wil turne the Scales betweene their 
Haber-de-pois.
Prince.
Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin.
Let vs beat him before his Whore.

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

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

Fal.
Kisse me Dol.

Prince.
_Saturne_ and _Venus_ this yeere in Coniunction?
What sayes the Almanack to that?

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

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

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

Fal.
I am olde, I am olde.

Dol.
I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young Boy of them all.

Fal.
What stuffe with thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol.
Thou wilt set me a weepinge, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy re turne: well, hearken the end.

Fal.
Some Sack, _Francis_.

Prin. Poin.
Anon, anon, Sir.

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

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

Fal.
A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.
Prince.
Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out
by the Eares.

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

Fal.
Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by
this light flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

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

Poin.
My Lord, hee will driue you out ef your re
uege, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the
heat.

Prince.
You whorson Candle-myne you, how wildly
did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, ver
tuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

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

Fal.
Didst thou heare me?

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

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

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

Fal.
No abuse (Hall) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince.
Not to disprayse me? and call me P [...]ntler, and
Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal.
No abuse (Hal.)

Poin.
No abuse?

Fal.
No abuse (Ned) in the World: honest Ned none.
I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked
might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue
done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect,
and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuse ((Hall)
one (Ned) none; no Boyes, none.
Prince.
See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin.
Answere thou dead Elme, answere,

Fal.
The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irrecoyable, and his Face is Lucifers Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out bids him too.

Prince.
For the Women?

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

Host.
No, I warrant you,

Fal. No,

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The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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

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

Prince.
You, Gentlewoman.

Dol.
What sayes your Grace?

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

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

Enter Peto.

Prince.
Peto, how now? what newes?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Falst.
Farewell, farewell.
Exit.

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

Bard.
Mistris Teare-sheet.

Host.
What's the matter?

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

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

Exeunt.
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.
[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter the King, with a Page.

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

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulness?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,
And huish't with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,
In loathsome beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Russian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meane to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War.
Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King.
Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War.
'Tis One a Clock, and past.

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

War.
We haue (my Liege.)

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

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

King.
Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the reuolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for Neptunes hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,
This Perce was the man, neerest my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toy'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard
Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin Neuil, as I may remember)
When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)
Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which
My Cousin Bullingbrooke ascends my Thron'e:
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bowed the State,
That Land Greatnesse were compelled to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
For telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amitie.

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.
[Act 3, Scene 2]

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

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

Sil.
Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow.

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

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

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

Sil.
Indeede Sir, to my cost.

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

Sil.
You were called lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)

Shal.
I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little John Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bare,
and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squele a Cot-sal-man, you
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
the Bona-Roba's were, and had the best of them all at
commandement. Then was Jacke Falstaffe (now Sir John)
a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor
folke.

Sil.
This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither anon a
bout Souldiers?

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

Sil.
Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

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

Sil.
Truly Cousin, I was not there.

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

Sil.
Dead, Sir.

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

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

Shal.
And is olde Double dead?  

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil.
Heere come two of Iohn Falstaffes Men (as I thinke.)

Shal.
Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard.
I beseech you, which is Iustice Shalowe?

Shal.
I am Robert Shalowe (sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

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

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

Bard.
Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda\textsuperscript{ed}, then with a Wife.

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

Bard.
Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby \textsuperscript{Page 87}The second Part of King Henry the Fourth, whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal.
It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and bear your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir Iohn.

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

Shal.
No sir John, it is my Cosin Silence: in Commissi
on with mee.

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

Sil.
Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal
Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
prouided me here halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal.
Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

Fal.
Let me see them, I beseech you.

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

Moul.
Heere, if it please you.

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

Fal.
Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul.
Yea, if it please you.

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

Shal.
Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul
die, lacke use: very singular good. Well saide Sir John,
very well said.

Fal.
Prick him.

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

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

Moul.
Spent?

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

Fal.
I marry, let me haue him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal.
Where's Shadow?

Shad.
Heere sir.

Fal.
Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad.
My Mothers sonne, Sir.

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

Shal.
Do you like him, sir Iohn?

Falst.
Shadow will serue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster Booke.

Shal.
Thomas Wart?

Falst.
Where's he?

Wart.
Heere sir.

Falst.
Is thy name Wart?

Wart.
Yea sir.

Fal.
Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal.
Shall I pricke him downe, Sir Iohn?

Falst.
It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vp on his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick him no more.

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

Francis Feeble.

Feeble.
Heare sir.

Shal.
What Trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble.
A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal.
Shall I pricke him, sir?

Fal.
You may:
But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat tale, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

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

Falst.
Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde
Couragious Feeble thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath full Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse.. Pricke the womans Tailour well Master Shallow, deep Maister Shal low.

Feeble.
I would Wart might haue gone sir.

Fal.
I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that yu might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thou sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible Feeble.

Feeble,
It shall suffice.

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

Shal.
Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.

Falst.
Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalfe.

Bul.
Heere sir.

Fal.
Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bul calfe till he roare againe.

Bul.
Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

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

Bul.
Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal.
What disease hast thou?

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

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

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

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

Shal.
O sir John, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in (S)Saint Georges Field.

Falstaffe.
No more of that good Master Shallow: No more of that.

Shal.
Ha? it was a merry night. And is Jane Night worke aliue?

Fal.
She lives, M. Shallow.

Shal.
She neuer could away with me.

Fal.
Neuer, neuer: she would always say shee could not abide M. Shallow.

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

Fal.
Old old, M. Shallow.

Shal.
Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be gg old: [Page 88]The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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

Sil.
That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

Shal.
Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst scene that, that this Knight and I haue scene: hah, Sir John, said I well?

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

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

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

Bard.
Go-too: stand aside.

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

Bard.
Go-too: stand aside.

Feeble.
I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a
death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my desti
nie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his
Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this
yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard.
Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble.
Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst.
Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal.
Foure of which you please.

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

Falst.
Go-too: well.

Shal.
Come, sir John, which foure will you haue?

Falst.
Doe you chuse for me.

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

Falst.
Mouldie, and Bull-calfe: for you Mouldie, stay
at home till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull-
calfe, grow til you come vnnto it: I will none of you.
Shal.
Sir *John, Sir John*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would haue you seru’d with the best.

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

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

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

Shal.
Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements Inne*, I was then *Sir Dagonet in Arthures* Show: there was a little quieter fellow, and hee would manage you his Peeeece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

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

Shal.
Sir *John*, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affairs, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per aduenture I will with you to the Court.

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

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

Exit.

Falst.

Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bar dolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice Shal low. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Ly ing? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnbull-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantasticaly caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came euuer in the rereward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had bene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoe boy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastngs, Westmerland, Coleuile.

Bish.

What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast.

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

Bish.

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

Hast. Wee

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Hast.
Wee haue sent forth alreadie.

Bish.
'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
Hee is rety r'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow.
Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And dash themselues to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast.
Now? what newes?

Mess.
West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Mow.
The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmterland.

Bish.
What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

Mow.
I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

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

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

West.
Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, natuie, and most proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bish.
Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeiting and wanton howres,
Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, as an Ememie to Peace,
Troope in the Thronges of Militarie men:
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I haue in equall balance iustly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enfor'd from our most qui
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd access vnto his Person,
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurreth both in Name and Qualitie.

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

Bish.
My Brother generall, the Common-Wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particu-

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

Mow.
Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

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

Mow.
What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee
Being mounted, and both rowsed in their Seates
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
My Father from the Breast of Bulling brooke;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carried vnder Bullingbrooke.

West. You

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West.
You speak (Lord Mowbray) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.  
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?  
But if your Father had beene Victor there,  
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.  
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,  
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,  
Were set on Herford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.  
But this is meere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our Princely Generall,  
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,  
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein  
It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,  
You shall enioy them, euery thing set off,  
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow.  
But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,  
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.  

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

Mow.  
Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.  

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

Hast.  
Hath the Prince Iohn a full Commissison,  
In very ample vertue of hrs Father,  
To heare, and absolutely to determine  
Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?  

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

Bish.  
Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,  
For this containes our generall Grievances:  
Each seuerall Article herein redress'd,  
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,  
That are insinewed to this Action,  
Acquitted by a true substantiaall forme,  
And present execution of our wills,  
To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,  
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.  

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

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

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

**Hast.**  
Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace  
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,  
As our Conditions shall consist vpon,  
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.  

**Mow.**  
I, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight, and false-deriued Cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,  
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:  
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,  
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,  
That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,  
And good from bad finde no partition.  

**Bish.**  
No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie  
Of daintie, and such picking Griewances:  
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,  
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.  
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,  
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,  
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,  
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,  
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,  
As his mis-doubts present occasion:  
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,  
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,  
Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this Land, like an offensiue wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,  
And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,  
That was vprear'd to execution.  

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

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

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

Enter Westmerland.

West.
The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, iustl distance 'tweene our Armies?

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

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

[Act 4, Scene 2]

Note: From this point in the act onwards, conventional scene numbering diverges from the
First Folio.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn.
You are wel encountred here (my cosin Mowbray)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that sits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;
And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue,
But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes dis-honorable? You haue taken vp,  
Vnder The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.  
Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,  
The Subject of Heauens Substitute, my Father,  
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,  
Haue here vp-swarmed them.

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

Mow.  
If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,  
To the last man.

Hast.  
And though wee here fall downe,  
Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:  
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.  
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,  
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,  
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Iohn.  
You are too shallow (Hastings)  
Much too shallow,  
To sound the bottome of the after-Times.

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

Iohn.  
I like them all, and doe allow them well:  
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,  
My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,  
And some, about him, haue too lauishly  
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.  
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:  
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,  
As wee will ours: and here, betwene the Armies,  
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,  
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,  
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

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

John.
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Hast.
Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.
High thee Captaine.

Exit.

Bish.
To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

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

Bish.
I doe not doubt you.

West.
I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray.

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

Bish.
Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

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

Bish.
Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

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

John.
The word of Peace is render'd: heark what they shouwt.

Mow.
This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

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

John.
Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men

Exit.
Wee should haue coap'd withall.

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

*Exit.*

**Iohn.**
I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.

*Enter Westmerland.*

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

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

**Iohn.**
They know their duties.

*Enter Hastings.*

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

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

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

**West.**
Is your Assembly so?

**Bish.**
Will you thus breake your faith?

**Iohn.**
I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scattder'd stray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

*Exeunt.*

[Act 4, Scene 3]

Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile.

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

Col.
I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is Colenile of the Dale.

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

Col.
Are not you Sir Iohn Falstaffe?

Falst.
A s good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde sir, or shiall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obser uance to my mercy.

Col.
I thinke you are Sir Iohn Falstaffe, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal.
I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe rencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoe. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.

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

Falst.
I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest ync of possibilitie. I haue fowndred nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir Iohn Colenile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
...that I may justly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

**John.**
It was more of his Courtesie, then your desiring.

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

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

**Falst.**
Let it shine then.

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

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

**John.**
Is thy Name *Colleuile*?

**Col.**
It is (my Lord.)

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

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

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

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

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Enter Westmerland.

**John.**
Haue you left pursuit?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exit.

Falst.
I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
then your Dukedom. Good faith, this same young so
ber-blooded Boy doth nor loue me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
to any profe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,
but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two
fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forge
tiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of
your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
which before (cold, and setled) left the Liuer white, and
pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar
dize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course
from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth
the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this
Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke:) and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till
Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and
ty'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and
good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
I would teach them, should be to forsweare thinne Potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard.
The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.
[Act 4, Scene 4]

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King.
Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successfull end To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher fields, And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd. Our Nauie is addressed, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested, And every thing lyes leuell to our wish; Onely wee want a little personall Strength: And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot, Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

War.
Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall soone enioy.

King. Hum

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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

Glo.
I thmke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind sor.

King.
And how accompanied?

Glo.
I doe not know (my Lord.)

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

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

Clar.
What would my Lord, and Father?

**King.**

Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas*).

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,
Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may'st effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
For hee is gracious, if hee be obserru'd
Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well obserru'd:
Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,
When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:
But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,
Till that his passions (like a While on ground)
Confound themselves with working. Learne this *Thomas*,
And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the united Vessell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong
As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder.

**Clar.**

I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

**King.**

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

**Clar.**

Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon
don.

**King.**

And how accompanyed? Canst thou tell that?

**Clar.**

With *Pointz*, and other his continuall fol
lowers.

**King.**

Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe
stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsellors,
When Meanes and lauish Manners meeete together;
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War.
My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his Companions,
Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memorie
Shall as a Pattern, or a Measure, liue,
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,
Turning past-euills to aduantages.

King.
'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.
Who's heere? Westmerland?

West.
Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.
Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Oliue every where:
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
With every course, in his particular.

King.
O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings
The listing vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

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

**King.**
And wherefore should these good newes
Make me sicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
Shee eyther giues a stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast
And takes away the stomack (such are the Rich
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)
I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

**Glo.**
Comfort your Maiestie.

**Cla.**
Oh, my Royall Father.

**West.**
My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke vp.

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

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

**Glo.**
The people feare me: for they doe obserue
Unfather’d Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found some Moneths asleep, and leap’d them ouer.

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

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

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

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

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*Note:* In the First Folio, the conventional scene break at this point comes mid-speech.
[Act 4, Scene 5]

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

War.
Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King.
Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar.
His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War.
Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen.
Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar.
I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

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

Glo.
Exceeding ill.

P. Hen.
Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it'him.

Glo.
Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen.
If hee be sicke with Ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Physicke,

War.
Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speake lowe.
The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar.
Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

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

P. Hen.
No: I will sit, and watch here by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?
O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
Yet not so sound, and halfe so deepely sweete,
As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out Watch of Night. O Maiestie!
When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit:
Like a rich Armor, wore in heat of day,
That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downlney feather, which stirres not:
Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse downne
Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'ed
So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Tearces, and heauie sorrows of the Blood,
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)
Deriuers it selfe to me. Loe, here it sits,
Which Heauen shall guard:
And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This for thee, will to mine leaue,
As 'tis left to me.
Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King.
Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.
Clar.
Doth the King call?
War.
What would your Maiestie? how fares your
Grace?
King.
Why did youleave me here alone (my Lords?)
Cla.
We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.
King.
The Prince of Wales? Where is hee? let mee
see him.
War.
This doore is open, hee is gone this way.
Glo.
Hee came not through the Chamber where wee
stayd.
King.
Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
Pillow?
War.
When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it
heere.
King.
The Prince hath ta'ne it hence;
Goe seeke him out.
Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose
My sleepe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my disease, and helps to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are;
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object?
For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers
Haue broke their sleepees with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
For this, they, haue ingrossed and poy'd vp
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to invest
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from every flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War.
My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King.
But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.

Exit.

P. Hen.
I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

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

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

Prince.

O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The most Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending.
Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,
And found no course of breath within your Maistie,
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,
And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, less fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preserving life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Hast eate Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Gieue entertainment to the might of if,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

**King.**

O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to tak e it hence,
That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue;
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither *Harrie*, sit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-waies
I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
How troublesome it sate vpon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their Assitances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.
All these bold Feares,
Thou seest (with peril) I haue answered:
For all my Reigne, hath beeene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuely.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my state.
Therefore (my Harrie)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

Prince.
My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all th[e](Page 96) The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

Prin.
My Lord of Warwicke.
King.
Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

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

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

_Actus Quintus. Scena Prima._  
[Act 5, Scene 1]

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

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

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

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

*Why Dauie.*  

**Dauie.**  
Heere sir.

**Shal.**  
_Dany, Dany, Dany_, let me see (Dany) let me see:  
_William Cooke_, bid him come hither. _Sir Iohn_, you shal  
not be excus'd.

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

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

**Dauy.**  
Yes Sir.

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

**Shal.**  
Let it be cast, and payde: _Sir Iohn_, you shall  
Not be excus'd.

**Dauy.**  
Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee  
had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of _Williams_*  
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at _Hinckley_*  
 Fayre?

**Shal.**  
He shall answer it:
Some Pigeons Dauny, a couple short-leg'd Hennes: a
joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little fine Kickshawes,
tell William Cooke.

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

Shal.
Yes Dauny:
I will use him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a
rant penny in purse. Use his men well Dauny, for they are ar
Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dauny.
No Worse then they are bitten. sir: For they
haue marvellous fowle linnen.

Shal.
Well conceited Dauny: about thy Businesse, Dauny.

Dauny.
I beseech you sir,
To countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal.
There are many Complaints Dauny, against that
Visor, that Visor is an arrant Knaue, on my know
ledge.

Dauny.
I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir:
But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should have some
Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue
seru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and
if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,
against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with
your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte
nanc'd.

Shal.
Go too,
I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about Dauny.
Where are you Sir Iohn? Come, off with your Boots.

Gieue me your hand M. Bardolfe.

Bard.
I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal.
I thank thee, with all my heart, kinde Master
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir Iohn.

Falstaff.
Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.
Bardolfe, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into
Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
Hermites staues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by observing of him, do beare themselves like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are so married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many Wilde-Gees. If I had a suite to Mayster Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Maister Shallow, that no man could better command his Servants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe Prince Harry in continual Laughter, the wearing out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with Internallums. O it is much that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a jest (with a sadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal.
Sir John.
Falst.
I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.
[Act 5, Scene 2]

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

Warwicke.
How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whither away?
Ch. Iust.
How doth the King?
Warw.
Exceeding well: his Cares Are now, all ended.
Ch. Iust.
I hope, not dead.
Warw.
Hee's walk'd the way of Nature, And to our purposes, he liues no more.
Ch. Iust.
I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him, The service, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open, to all injuries.
War

[Page 97]
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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

**Ch. Iust.**
I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter John Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.*

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

**Ch. Iust.**
Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.

**Iohn.**
Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.

**Glou. Cla.**
Good morrow, Cosin.

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

**War.**
We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

**Ioh.**
Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

**Ch. Iust.**
Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.

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

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

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

**Ch. Iust.**
Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.
If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

**War.**
Heere comes the Prince. 

*Enter Prince Henrie.*

**Ch. Iust.**

Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty

**Prince.**

This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weeppe that *Horie's* dead, and so will I.
But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares
By number, into houres of Happinesse.

**John., &c.**

We hope no other from your Maiesty.

**Prin.**

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

**Ch. Iust.**

I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

**Pr.**

No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Leth*, and forgotten?

**Ch. Iust.**

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

Prin.
You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
That would deliver vp his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare: [...] 
With this Remembrance; That you use the same
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
And Princes all, beleue me, I beseech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us choose such Limes of Noble Counsaile,
That the great Body of our state may go
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (Father) shall have foremost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our state,
And heaven (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harries happy life, one day.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.
[Act 5, Scene 3]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolf, Page, and Pistoll.

Shal
Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graft
ting, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth(Come Co
sin Silence, and then to bed.
Fal.
You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
Shal.
Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
Sir John: Marry, good ayre. Spread Daie, spread Daie.
Well said Daie.
Falst.
This Daie serves you for good vses; he is your
Serveingman, and your Husband.
Shal.
A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var
let, Sir John: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
Cosin.
Sil.
Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heaven for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
so merrily.
Fal.
There's a merry heart, good M. Silence, Ile giue
you a health for that anon.
Shal.
Good M. Bardolf: some wine, Daie.
Da.
Sweet sir, sit: He be with you anon: most sweete
sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Proface. What
you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all.

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

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

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

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

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

Shal.

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

Sil.
A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal.
Well said, M. Silence.

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

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

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

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

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

Bar.
If I might see you there, Dauie.

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

Bar.
Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

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

Bar.
And Ile sticke by him, sir.

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

Fal
Why now you haue done me right.

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

Fal.
'Tis so.

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

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

Fal.
From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pist.
Sir Iohn, 'saue you sir.

Fal.
What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

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

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

Pist.
Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base. Sir Iohn, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price.

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

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

Fal.
O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King Canithba know the truth thereof.
Sil.
And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.
Pist.
Shall dunghill Curres confront the Hellicons?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.
Shal.
Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.
Pist
Why then Lament therefore.
Shal.
Gie me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vter them, or to conceale
them, I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority,
Pist.
Vnder which King?
Bezonian, speake, or dye.
Shal.
Vnder King Harry.
Pist.
Harry the Fourth? or Fift?
Shal.
Harry the fourth.
Pist.
A footra for thine Office.
Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.
When Pistoll lies, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard,
Fal.
[Page 99]
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
Fal.
What, is the old King dead?
Pist.
As naile in doore.
The things I speake, are iust.
Fal.
Away Bardolph, Sadle my Horse,
Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
Bard.
O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Pist.
What? I do bring good newes.
Fal.
Carrie Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away Bardolfe: Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and withall devise something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of Eng land are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Justice.

**Pist.**
Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes.

*Exeunt*

**Scena Quarta.**

*[Act 5, Scene 4]*

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

**Hostesse.**
No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of ioynt.

**Off.**
The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee: and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dol.
Come you Rogue, come: Bring me to a Justice. Host.
Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound. Dol.
Goodman death, goodman Bones. Host.
Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol.
Come you thinue Thing: Come you Rascal.

Off.
Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.
[Act 5, Scene 5]

Enter two Groomes.

1. Groo.
More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. Groo.
The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

1. Groo.
It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation.

Exit Groo.

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

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

Pistol.
Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

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

Shal.
It doth so.

Falst.
It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist.
It doth so.

Fal.
My devotion.

Pist.
It doth, doth, it doth.

Fal.
As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal.
It is most certain.

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

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

Shal.
'Tis so indeed.

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

Fal.
I will deliver her.

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

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

Falst.
Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.

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

Fal.
'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

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

Ch. Iust.
Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst.
My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.
King.
I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Iester?
I haue the second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie.
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
Exit King.
Fal.
Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shal.
I marry Sir John, which I beseech you to let me
haue home with me.
Fal.
That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieue
at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you,
he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduance
ment: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.
Shal.
I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should
gie me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with straw. I
beseech you, good Sir John, let mee haue fiue hundred of
my thousand.
Fal.
Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you
heard, was but a colour.
Shall.
A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir John.
Fal.
Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant Pistoll, come Bardolfé,
I shall be sent for soone at night.

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

**Fal.**
My Lord, my Lord.

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

**Pist.**
Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

*Exit Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.*

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

**Ch. Iust.**
And so they are.

**John.**
The King hath call'd his Parliament.

My Lord.

**Ch. Iust.**
He hath.

**John.**
I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciull Swords, and Natiue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

*Exeunt.*

**FINIS.**

**EPILOGVE.**

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech.

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

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

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

**THE**

**ACTORS**

**NAMES.**

- RVMOVr the Presentor.
- King Henry the Fourth.
- Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.
  - Prince John of Lancaster.
  - Humphrey of Gloucester.
  - Thomas of Clarence.

Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.

- Northumberland.
- The Arch Byshop of Yorke.
- Mowbray.
- Hastings.
- Lord Bardolfe.
- Trauers.
- Morton.
- Coleuile.

Opposites against King Henrie the Fourth.

- Warwicke.
- Westmerland.
- Surrey.
- Harecourt.
- Gowre.
- Lord Chief Justice.

Of the Kings Partie.
- Pointz.
- Falstaffe.
- Bardolphe.
- Pistoll.
- Peto.
- Page.

Irregular Humorists.

- Shallow.
- Silence.

Both Country Justices.

- Dauie, Servant to Shallow.
- Phang, and Snare, 2. Servicants
  - Mouldie.
  - Shadow.
  - Wart.
  - Feeble.
  - Bullealfe.

Country Soldiers.

- Drawers
- Beadles.
- Groomes
- Northumberlands Wife.
- Percies Widdow.
- Hostesse Quickly.
- Doll Teare-sheete.
- Epilogue.