

```

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          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
          tragedies</title>
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 <resp>encoding</resp>
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 possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
 support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
 and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
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[STC \(2nd ed.\), 22273](#)
[Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.](#)
[Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30](#)
[West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 \(March 1999\), p.1-19](#)

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<msContents>

<titlePage>

<docTitle>

<titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM </lb>

<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>

</lb>COMEDIES, & HISTORIES, &

</lb>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>

<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall

Copies.</titlePart>

</docTitle>

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁸
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>

reader".
mount
some the
and the
Rare

<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

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<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.
Blount, I.
Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>
<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry
Condell.</p>

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</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
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<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author
signed: "Martin-
earlier
shading,
with the
have the plate
the earlier
Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions>
<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap
was seen".
2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on
t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records

to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to `<persName>`Richard Davis`</persName>`, a bookseller in Oxford, in `<date when="1664">`1664`</date>` for the sum of `<num value="24">`£24`</num>`.`</p>``<p>`After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of `<persName>`Richard Turbutt`</persName>` of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until `<date when="1906">`1906`</date>`, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of `<num value="3000">`£3000`</num>`, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)`</p>``<p>`For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and

Rasmussen (2011), 31.`</p>`

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`<additional>`

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at: `<ref`

`target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">`<http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/>`</ref>`.`</bibl>`

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`<persName type="form">`2. Car.`</persName>`

`</person>`


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Eastcheap</persName>

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        <lb/>Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.</head>
      <div type="act" n="1">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scjna Prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King, Lord
John of Lancaster, Earle of
            <lb/>Westmerland, with others.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic center">King.</speaker>
            <l>
          <c rend="decoratedCapital">S</c>O shaken as we are, so wan with
care,</l>
            <l>Find we a time for frighted peace to pant</l>
            <l>And breathe shortwinded accents of new broils</l>
            <l>To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:</l>
            <l>No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,</l>
            <l>Shall daub her lippes with her owne childrens blood:</l>
            <l>No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,</l>
            <l>Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes</l>
            <l>Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,</l>
            <l>Which, like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,</l>
            <l>All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,</l>
            <l>Did lately meet in the intestine shocke,</l>
            <l>And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,</l>
            <l>Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes</l>
            <l>March all one way, and be no more oppos'd</l>
            <l>Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.</l>
            <l>The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,</l>
            <l>No more shall cut his master. Therefore Friends,</l>
            <l>As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,</l>

```

<|>Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse</|>
<|>We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,</|>
<|>Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,</|>
<|>Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,</|>
<|>To chase these pagans in those holy Fields,</|>
<|>Ouer whose acres walk'd those blessed feete</|>
<|>Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd</|>
<|>For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.</|>
<|>But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,</|>
<|>And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:</|>
<|>Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare</|>
<|>Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,</|>
<|>What yesternight our Councell did decree,</|>
<|>In forwarding this deare expedience.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wes">

<speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>

<|>My Liege: This haste was hot in question,</|>

<|>And many limits of the Charge set downe</|>

<|>But yesternight: when all athwart there came</|>

<|>A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;</|>

<|>Whose worst was, That the Noble <hi

rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>,</|>

<|>Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight</|>

<|>Against the irregular and wilde <hi

rend="italic">Glendower</hi>,</|>

<|>Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,</|>

<|>And a thousand of his people butchered:</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,</|>

<|>Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,</|>

<|>By those Welshwomen done, as may not be</|>

<|>(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>It seems then that the tidings of this broile,</|>

<|>Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wes">

<speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>

<|>This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,</|>

<|>Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes</|>

<|>Came from the North, and thus it did report:</|>

<|>On Holy-roode Day, the gallant <hi

rend="italic">Hotspurre</hi> there,</|>

<|>Young <hi rend="italic">Harry Percy</hi>, and braue <hi

rend="italic">Archibald</hi>,</|>

<|>That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,</|>

<|>At <hi rend="italic">Holmeden</hi> met, where they did

spend</l>

<l>a sad and bloody houre:</l>
<l>As by discharge of their Artillerie,</l>
<l>And shape of likely-hood the newes was told;</l>
<l>For he that brought them, in the very heate</l>
<l>And pride of their contention did take horse,</l>
<l>Vncertaine of the issue any way.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Heere is a deere, and true industrious friend,</l>

<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Walter Blunt</hi>, new lighted from his

Horse,</l>

<l>Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,</l>

<l>Betwixt that <hi rend="italic">Holmoden</hi> and this Seat

of ours:</l>

<l>And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.</l>

<l>The Earle of <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi> is

discomfited,</l>

<l>Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights</l>

<l>Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir <hi

rend="italic">Walter</hi> see</l>

<l>On <hi rend="italic">Holmedons</hi> Plaines. Of Prisoners,

<hi rend="italic">Hotspurre</hi> tooke</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Mordake</hi> Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne</l>

<l>To beaten <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, and the Earle of

<hi rend="italic">Atholl</hi>,</l>

<l>Of Murry, <hi rend="italic">Angus</hi>, and <hi

rend="italic">Menteith</hi>.</l>

<l>And is not this an honourable spoyle?</l>

<l>A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wes">

<speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>

<l>A Conquest for a prince to boast of.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,</l>

<l>In enuy that my Lord Northumberland</l>

<l>Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:</l>

<l>A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;</l>

<l>Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,</l>

<l>Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:</l>

<l>Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,</l>

<l>See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow</l>

<l>Of my yong <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>. O that it could be

prou'd,</l>

<l>That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchange'd</l>

<l>In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,</l>
 <l>And call'd mine <hi rend="italic">
 <choice>
 <orig>Perey</orig>
 <corr>Percy</corr>
 </choice>
 </hi>, his <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet:</hi>
 </l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Then</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0371-0.jpg" n="49"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Then would I haue his <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, and he
 mine:</l>
 <l>But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze</l>
 <l>Of this young <hi rend="italic">Percies</hi> pride? The
 Prisoners</l>
 <l>Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,</l>
 <l>To his owne vse he keeps, and sends me word</l>
 <l>I shall haue none but <hi rend="italic">Mordake</hi> Earle of
 <hi rend="italic">Fife</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
 <l>This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester</l>
 <l>Maleuolent to you in all Aspects:</l>
 <l>Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp</l>
 <l>The crest of Youth against your Dignity.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>But I haue sent for him to answer this:</l>
 <l>And for this cause a-while we must neglect</l>
 <l>Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.</l>
 <l>Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold</l>
 <l>At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:</l>
 <l>But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,</l>
 <l>For more is to be said, and to be done,</l>
 <l>Then out of anger can be vttered.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
 <l>I will my Liege.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Henry Prince of

Wales, Sir Iohn Fal-

<lb/>staffe, and Pointz.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>Now <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, what time of day is it

Lad?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde

<lb/>Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping

<lb/>vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten

<lb/>to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know.

<lb/>What a diuell hast thou thou to do with the time of the

day?

<lb/>vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,

<lb/>and clocks the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes

<lb/>of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire

<lb/>hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason

<lb/>why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the

<lb/>time of the day.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>Indeed you come neere me now <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>,

for we that

<lb/>take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not

<lb/>by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I

<lb/>prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue

<lb/>thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilte

<lb/>haue none.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>What, none?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to

<lb/>an Egge and Butter.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>Marry, then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,

<lb/>let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd

<lb/>Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be <hi

Dianaes Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Goernment, being
gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chast mistris the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prin.

Prin.

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

2

Fal.

Fal.

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

Prin.

Prin.

As the honey, my old Lad of the Castle: and is
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal.

Fal.

How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy
quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe
with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin.

Prin.

Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-
stesse of the Tauerne?

Fal.

Fal.

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

Prin.

Prin.

Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal.

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would
 <lb/>stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it not heere apparant,
 <lb/>that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,
 <lb/>shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou
 <lb/>art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ru-
 <lb/>stie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou
 <lb/>when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>No, thou shalt.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Shall I? O rare! Ile be a Lord, I'll be a braue Iudge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Thou iudget false already. I mean, thou shalt
 <lb/>haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare
 <lb/>Hangman.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Well <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, well: and in some sort it
 <lb/>my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell
 <lb/>you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>For obtaining of suites?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-
 <lb/>man hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
 <lb/>Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

iumpes with

Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal.

Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin.

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

Fal.

Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art in-
deed the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet
Prince.

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

Prin.

Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal.

O, thou hast damn-
ble iteration, and art indeede
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vn-
to me *Hall*, God forgiue thee for
it. Before I knew thee
I knew nothing: and now am I am (if a
man shold speake
truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue o-
uer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a
Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Chri-
stendome.

Prin.

Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Where thou wilt, Lad! Ile make one: and I doe
 <lb/>not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>I see a good amendment of life in thee: From</l>
 <l>Praying, to Purse-taking.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Why, <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, 'tis my Vocation <hi
 rend="italic">Hal</hi>: 'Tis no sin for a
 <lb/>man to labour in his Vocation.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pointz.</speaker>
 <p>Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a
 <lb/>Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole
 <lb/>in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-
 <lb/>potent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
 place="footRight">Pointz.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0372-0.jpg" n="50"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poines.</speaker>
 <p>Good morrow sweet <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>. What saies
 Mon-
 <lb/>sieur Remorse? What saies Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar:
 <lb/>Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule,
 <lb/>that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of
 <lb/>Madera, and a cold Capons legge?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuel shall haue
 <lb/>his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs:
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">He will give the diuell his due</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">

Poin.
<p>Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with
<lb/>the diuell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<i>Prin.</i>
<p>Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<i>Poy.</i>
<p>But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by
<lb/>foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes go-
<lb/>ing to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders ri-
<lb/>ding to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you
<lb/>all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to
<lb/>night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in
<lb/>Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will
<lb/>go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will
<lb/>not, tarry at home and be hang'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<i>Fal.</i>
<p>Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not,
<lb/>Ile hang you for going.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<i>Poy.</i>
<p>You will chops.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<i>Fal.</i>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, wilt thou make one?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<i>Prin.</i>
<p>Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<i>Fal.</i>
<p>There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fel-
<lb/>lowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall,
<lb/>if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<i>Prin.</i>
<p>Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<i>Fal.</i>

<p>Why, that's well said.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>I care not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poyn.</speaker>
<p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I prythee leaue the Prince
& me alone,
<lb/>I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that
<lb/>he shall go.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion;
<lb/>and he the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest,
<lb/>may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the
<lb/>>true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe;
<lb/>for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Far-
<lb/>well, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown
<lb/>Summer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poy.</speaker>
<p>Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs
<lb/>to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot man-
<lb/>nage alone. <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe, Haruey,
Rossill</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Gads-hill</hi>, shall
<lb/>robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your
<lb/>selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the boo-
<lb/>ty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my
<lb/>shoulders.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>But how shal we part with them in setting forth?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poyn.</speaker>
<p>Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and
<lb/>appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our plea-
<lb/>sure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the ex-
<lb/>plot <choice>
<orig>rhemselues</orig>
<corr>themselues</corr>
</choice>, which they shall haue no sooner atchie-
<lb/>ued, but wee'l set vpon them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>I, but tis like that they will know vs by our
<lb/>horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to
<lb/>be our selues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poy.</speaker>
<p>Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in
<lb/>the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue
<lb/>them: and sirah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce,
<lb/>to immaske our noted outward garments.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
<p>Well for two of them, I know them to bee as
<cb n="2"/>
<lb/>true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third
<lb/>if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes.
<lb/>The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes
<lb/>that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper:
<lb/>how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what
<lb/>blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe
<lb/>of this, lyes the iest.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things
<lb/>necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape,
<lb/>there Ile sup. Farewell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poyn.</speaker>

Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Pointz

Prin.

I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidiaies,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

<div type="scene" n="3">

<head rend="italic center">Scœna Tertia.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King,

Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre,

<lb/>Sir Walter Blunt, and others.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<lb>My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,</lb>

<lb>Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,</lb>

<lb>And you haue found me; for accordingly,</lb>

<lb>You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,</lb>

<lb>I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,</lb>

<lb>Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition</lb>

<lb>Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,</lb>

<lb>And therefore lost that Title of respect,</lb>

<lb>Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.</lb>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">

<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>

<l>Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues</l>
<l>The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,</l>
<l>And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands</l>
<l>Haue holpe to make so portly.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>My Lord.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Worcester get thee gone: for I do see</l>

<l>Danger and disobedience in thine eye.</l>

<l>O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,</l>

<l>And Maiestie might neuer yet endure</l>

<l>The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,</l>

<l>You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need</l>

<l>Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.</l>

<l>You were about to speake.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<l>Yea, my good Lord.</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Those</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0373-0.jpg" n="51"/>

<fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,</l>

<l>Which <hi rend="italic">Harry Percy</hi> heere at <hi rend="italic">Holmedon</hi> tooke,</l>

<l>Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied</l>

<l>As was deliuered to your Maiesty:</l>

<l>Who either through enuy, or misprision,</l>

<l>Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>

<l>My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.</l>

<l>But, I remember when the fight was done,</l>

<l>When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,</l>

<l>Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,</l>

<l>Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;</l>

<l>Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,</l>

<l>Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.</l>

<l>He was perfumed like a Milliner,</l>

<l>And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held</l>

<l>A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon</l>

<l>He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe:</l>

<l>Who therewith angry, when it next came there,</l>

<l>Tooke it in Snuffe: And still he smil'd and talk'd:</l>

<|>And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,</|>
<|>He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,</|>
<|>To bring a slouenly vnhandsome Coarse</|>
<|>Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.</|>
<|>With many Holiday and Lady tearme</|>
<|>He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded</|>
<|>My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.</|>
<|>I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,</|>
<|>(To be so pestered with a Poppingay)</|>
<|>Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,</|>
<|>Answer'd (neglectingly)I know not what,</|>
<|>He should, or should not: For he made me mad,</|>
<|>To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,</|>
<|>And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,</|>
<|>Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the

marke;</|>

<|>And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth</|>
<|>Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:</|>
<|>And that it was great pittie, so it was,</|>
<|>That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd</|>
<|>Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,</|>
<|>Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd</|>
<|>So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,</|>
<|>He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier.</|>
<|>This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)</|>
<|>Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)</|>
<|>And I beseech you, let not this report</|>
<|>Come currant for an Accusation,</|>
<|>Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-blu">

<speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>

<|>The circumstance considered, good my Lord,</|>

<|>What euer <hi rend="italic">Harry Percie</hi> then had

said,</|>

<|>To such a person, and in such a place,</|>
<|>At such a time, with all the rest retold,</|>
<|>May reasonably dye, and neuer rise</|>
<|>To do him wrong, or any way impeach</|>
<|>What then he said, so he vnsay it now.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,</|>

<|>But with Prouiso and Exception,</|>

<|>That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight</|>

<|>His Brother-in-Law, the foolish <hi

rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>,</|>

<|>Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid</|>

<|>The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,</|>

<|>Against the great Magitian, damn'd <hi
rend="italic">Glendower</hi>:</|>
<|>Whole daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March</|>
<|>Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,</|>
<|>Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?</|>
<|>Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,</|>
<|>When they haue lost and forfeyed themselues.</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue;</|>
<|>For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
</|>
<|>Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost</|>
<|>To<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="uninkedSpacemaker"
resp="#ES"/>ransome home reuolted <hi
rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
<|>Reuolted <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>?</|>
<|>He neuer did sail off, my Soueraigne Liege,</|>
<|>But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,</|>
<|>Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,</|>
<|>Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,</|>
<|>When on the gentle Seuernes siedgie banke,</|>
<|>In single Opposition hand to hand,</|>
<|>He did confound the best part of an houre</|>
<|>In changing hardiment with great <hi
rend="italic">Glendower</hi>:</|>
<|>Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink</|>
<|>Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood;</|>
<|>Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,</|>
<|>Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,</|>
<|>And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,</|>
<|>Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.</|>
<|>Neuer did base and rotten Policy</|>
<|>Colour her working with such deadly wounds;</|>
<|>Nor neuer could the Noble <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>
</|>
<|>Receiue so many, and all willingly:</|>
<|>Then let him not be sland'ed with Reuolt.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<|>Thou do'st bely him <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, thou dost
bely him;</|>
<|>He neuer did encounter with <hi

Glendower:
 I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
 Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not heare you speake of *him*
Mortimer.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
 Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
 As will displease ye. My Lord *him*
Northumberland,
 We License your departure with your sonne,
 Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it.
 Exit King.
Hot.
 And if the diuell come and roare for them
 I will not send them. I will after straight
 And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.
Nor.
 What? drunke with choller? stay &
 pause a while,
 Heere comes your Vnckle.
 Enter
Worcester.
Hot.
 Speake of *Mortimer*?
 Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
 Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
 In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,
 And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
 But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
 As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
 As rhis Ingrate and Cankred *him*
Bullingbrooke.
Nor.
 Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor.

<l>Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners:</l>
 <l>And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe</l>
 <l>Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,</l>
 <l>And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,</l>
 <l>Trembling even at the name of <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd</l>
 <l>By <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> that dead is, the next of
 blood?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>He was: I heard the Proclamation,</l>
 <l>And then it was, when the vnhappy King</l>
 <l>(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth</l>
 <l>Vpon his Irish Expedition:</l>
 <l>From whence he intercepted, did returne</l>
 <l>To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth</l>
 <l>Liue scandaliz'd, snd fouly spoken of.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">e</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Hot.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0374-0.jpg" n="52"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>But soft I pray you; did King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>
 then</l>
 <l>Proclaime my brother <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>,</l>
 <l>Heyre to the Crowne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>He did, my selfe did heare it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

Hot.
<|>Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,</|>
<|>That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.</|>
<|>But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne</|>
<|>Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,</|>
<|>And for his sake, wore the detested blot</|>
<|>Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,</|>
<|>That you a world of curses vndergoe,</|>
<|>Being the Agents, or base second meanes,</|>
<|>The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?</|>
<|>O pardon, if that I descend so low,</|>
<|>To shew the Line, and the Predicament</|>
<|>Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.</|>
<|>Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,</|>
<|>Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,</|>
<|>That men of your Nobility and Power,</|>
<|>Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe</|>
<|>(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)</|>
<|>To put downe *Richard*, that sweet

louely Rose,</|>

<|>And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?</|>

<|>And shall it in more shame be further spoken,</|>
<|>That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off</|>
<|>By him, for whom these shames ye vnder went?</|>
<|>No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme</|>
<|>Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues</|>
<|>Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.</|>
<|>Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt</|>
<|>Of this proud King, who studies day and night</|>
<|>To answer all the Debt the owes vnto you,</|>
<|>Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:</|>
<|>Therefore I say □</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">

Wor.

<|>Peace Cousin, say no more.</|>
<|>And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,</|>
<|>And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,</|>
<|>Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,</|>
<|>As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,</|>
<|>As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud</|>
<|>On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

Hot.

<|>If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:</|>
<|>Send danger from the East vnto the West,</|>
<|>So Honor crosse it from the North to South,</|>
<|>And let them grapple: The blood more stirres</|>

<l>To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>Imagination of some great exploit,</l>
<l>Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
<l>By heauen, me thinks it were an easie leap,</l>
<l>To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,</l>
<l>Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,</l>
<l>Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,</l>
<l>And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:</l>
<l>So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare</l>
<l>Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:</l>
<l>But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
<l>He apprehends a World of Figures here,</l>
<l>But not the forme of what he should attend:</l>
<l>Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,</l>
<l>And list to me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
<l>I cry you mercy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
<l>Those same Noble Scottes</l>
<l>That are your Prisoners.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
<l>Ile keepe them all.</l>
<l>By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:</l>
<l>No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Ile keepe them, by this Hand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
<l>You start away,</l>
<l>And lend no eare vnto my purposes.</l>
<l>Those Prisoners you shall keepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>

<|>Nay, I will; that's flat:</|>
 <|>He said, he would not ransom <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer:</hi>
 </|>
 <|>Forbad my tongue to speake of <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</|>
 <|>But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,</|>
 <|>And in his eare, Ile holla <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</|>
 <|>Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake</|>
 <|>Nothing but <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>, and giue it
 him,</|>
 <|>To keepe his anger still in motion.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <|>Heare you Cousin: a word.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <|>All studies heere I solemnly defie,</|>
 <|>Saue how to gall and pinch this <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</|>
 <|>And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.</|>
 <|>But that I thinke his Father loues him not,</|>
 <|>And would be glad he met with some mischance,</|>
 <|>I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <|>Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you</|>
 <|>When you are better temper'd to attend.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <|>Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatiant foole</|>
 <|>Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,</|>
 <|>Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <|>Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,</|>
 <|>Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare</|>
 <|>Of this vile Politician <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>.</|>
 <|>In <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi> time: What de'ye call the
 place?</|>
 <|>A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershi<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"

agent="abrasion"
 resp="#ES"/>e:</l>
 <l>'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,</l>
 <l>His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee</l>
 <l>Vnto this King of Smiles, this <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>:</l>
 <l>When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>At Barkley Castle.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>You say true:</l>
 <l>Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,</l>
 <l>This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.</l>
 <l>Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,</l>
 <l>And gentle <hi rend="italic">Harry Percy</hi>, and kinde
 Cousin:</l>
 <l>O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me,</l>
 <l>Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,</l>
 <l>Wee'l stay your leysure.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <p>I haue done insooth.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.</l>
 <l>Deliuier them vp without their ransome staight,</l>
 <l>And make the <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi> sonne your
 onely meane</l>
 <l>For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons</l>
 <l>Which I shall send you written, be assur'd</l>
 <l>Will easily be granted you, my Lord.</l>
 <l>Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>y'd,</l>
 <l>Shall secretly into the bosome creepe</l>
 <l>Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,</l>
 <l>The Archbishop.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Of Yorke, is't not?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>True, who beares hard</l>
 <l>His Brothers death at <hi rend="italic">Bristow</hi>, the
 Lord <hi rend="italic">Scroope</hi>.</l>
 <l>I speake not this in estimation,</l>
 <l>As what I thinke might be, but what I know</l>
 <l>Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,</l>
 <l>And onely stayes but to behold the face</l>
 <l>Of that occasion that shall bring it on.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>I smell it.</l>
 <l>Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0375-0.jpg" n="53"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke</l>
 <l>To ioyne with <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>, Ha.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>And so they shall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,</l>
 <l>To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:</l>
 <l>For, beare our selues as euen as we can,</l>
 <l>The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,</l>
 <l>And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,</l>
 <l>Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.</l>

<l>And see already, how he doth beginne</l>
 <l>To make vs strengers to his lookes of loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,</l>
 <l>Then I by Letters shall direct your course</l>
 <l>When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:</l>
 <l>Ile steale to <hi rend="italic">Glendower</hi>, and loe, <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>,</l>
 <l>Where you, and <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, and our
 powres at once,</l>
 <l>As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,</l>
 <l>To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,</l>
 <l>Which now we hold at much vncertainty.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,</l>
 <l>Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="2">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Carrier with a
 Lanterne in his hand.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Car.</speaker>
 <p>Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be
 <lb/>hang'd. <hi rend="italic">Charles waine</hi> is ouer the
 new Chimney, and yet
 <lb/>our horse not packt. What Ostler?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ost">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ost.</speaker>
 <p>Anon, anon.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.1">

<speaker rend="italic">1. Car.</speaker>
 <p>I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few
 <lb/>Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the wi-
 <lb/>thers, out of all cesse.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
 Carrier.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Car.</speaker>
 <p>Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,
 <lb/>and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes:
 <lb/>This house is turned vpside downe since <hi
 rend="italic">Robin</hi> the Ostler
 <lb/>dyed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Car.</speaker>
 <p>Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats
 <lb/>rose, it was the death of him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Car.</speaker>
 <p>I thinke this is the most villanous house in al
 <lb/>London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Car.</speaker>
 <p>Like a Tench<c rend="italic">?</c> There is ne're a King in
 Chri-
 <lb/>stendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the
 <lb/>first Cocke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Car.</speaker>
 <p>Why, you will allow vs ne're a<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>Iourden, and
 <lb/>then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye
 <lb/>breeds Fleas like a Loach.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Car.</speaker>
 <p>What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come
 <lb/>away.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-car.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Car.</speaker>
 <p>I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of

<lb/>Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-car.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Car.</speaker>
<p>The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.
<lb/>What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in
<lb/>thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a
<lb/>deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Vil-
<lb/>laine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Gads-hill.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
<speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
<p>Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-car">
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
<p>I thinke it be two a clocke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
<speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
<p>I prethee lend me thy Lanthome to see my Gel-
<cb n="2"/>
<lb/>ding in the stable.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-car.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Car.</speaker>
<p>Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two
<lb/>of that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
<speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
<p>I prethee lend me thine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-car.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Car.</speaker>
<p>I, when, canst tell<c rend="italic">?</c> Lend mee thy
Lanthorne
<lb/>(quoth a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
<speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
<p>Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come
<lb/>to London?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-car.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Car.</speaker>
<p>Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I
<lb/>warrant thee. Come neighbour <hi

Mugges, wee'll call vp
the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they
haue great charge.

Exeunt

Enter

Chamberlaine.

Gad.

What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham.

At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad.

That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Cham-

berlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-

ses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou

lay'st the plot, how.

Cham.

Good morrow Master *Gads-Hill*, it

holds cur-

rant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the
wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with
him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last
night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abun-
dance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp al-
ready, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away
presently.

Gad.

Sirra, if they meete not with

S.

Saint

Nicholas Clarks,

Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham.

No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the

Hangman, for I know thou worshipst

S.

Saint

Nicholas as tru-

ly as a man of falshood may.

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
<speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
<p>What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I
<lb/>hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang,
<lb/>old Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> hangs with mee, and
thou know'st hee's no
<lb/>Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> dream'st
<lb/>not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the
<lb/>Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee
<lb/>look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole.
<lb/>I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe
<lb/>six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-
<lb/>hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie;
<lb/>Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in,
<lb/>such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner
<lb/>then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye,
<lb/>for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Common-
<lb/>wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for
<lb/>they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their
Boots.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
<p>What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will
<lb/>she hold out water in foule way?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
<speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
<p>She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We
<lb/>steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receipt of Fern-
<lb/>seede, we walke inuisible.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
<p>Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding
<lb/>to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking in-
<lb/>uisible.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
<speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
<l>Giue me thy hand.</l>
<l>Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,</l>
<l>As I am a true man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
<p>Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false
<lb/>Theefe.</p>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
  <p>Goe too: <hi rend="italic">Homo</hi> is a common name to
all men.
      <lb/>Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-
      <lb/>well, ye muddy Knaue.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">e2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Scena</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0376-0.jpg" n="54"/>
<fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
  <cb n="1"/>
  <head rend="italic center">Scæna Secunda.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince, Poynes,
and Peto.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poines.</speaker>
    <p>Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued <hi
rend="italic">Falstafs</hi>
      <lb/>Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
    <p>Stand close.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Falstaffe.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
    <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Poines, Poines</hi>, and be hang'd <hi
rend="italic">Poines</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
    <p>Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall,<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemaker"
resp="#ES"/>what a brawling
      <lb/>dost thou keepe.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
    <p>What <hi rend="italic">Poines. Hal</hi>?</p>

```


</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek
<lb/>him.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that
<lb/>Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not
<lb/>where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a
<lb/>foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but
<lb/>to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for kil-
<lb/>ling that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly
<lb/>any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am

bewitcht

<lb/>with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen
<lb/>me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could
<lb/>not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. <hi

rend="italic">Poines, Hal</hi>, a

<lb/>Plague vpon you both. <hi rend="italic">Bardolph,

Peto</hi>: Ile starue ere I

<lb/>rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to
<lb/>drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I
<lb/>am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth.
<lb/>Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten

miles

<lb/>afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it
<lb/>well enough, A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be
<lb/>>true one to another.</p>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They

Whistle.</stage>

<p>Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you
<lb/>Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare
<lb/>close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of
<lb/>Trauellers.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being
<lb/>downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again,
<lb/>for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague
<lb/>meane ye to colt me thus?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>I prethee good Prince <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, help me to
 my horse,
 <lb/>good Kings sonne.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-
 <lb/>Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not
 <lb/>Ballads made on all, snd sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of
 <lb/>Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a
 foote
 <lb/>too, I hate it.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Gads-hill.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
 <p>Stand.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>So I do against my will.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, what newes?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
 <p>Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's
 <lb/>mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis<gap
 extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>going
 <lb/>to the Kings Exchequer.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
 <p>There's enough to make vs all.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>To <choice>
 <orig>he</orig>
 <corr>be</corr>
 </choice> hang'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane:
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Ned</hi> and I, will walke lower; if they scape from

your en-

<lb/>counter, then they light on vs.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
 <p>But how many be of them?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
 <p>Some eight or ten.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Will they not rob vs?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>What, a Coward Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>

Paunch?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Indeed I am not <hi rend="italic">Iohn of Gaunt</hi> your

Grandfather;

<lb/>but yet no Coward, <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Wee'l leaue that to the prooffe.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">

<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>Sirra lacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedg,
 <lb/>when tho<c rend="inverted">u</c> need'st him, there
 thou shalt finde him. Fare-
 <lb/>well, and stand fast.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>, where are our disguises?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>Heere hard by: Stand close.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I:
 <lb/>euery man to his businesse.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Trauellers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-tra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
 <p>Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses
 <lb/>downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our
 <lb/>Legges.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-thi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Theeues.</speaker>
 <p>Stay.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-tra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
 <p>Iesu blesse vs.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats;
 <lb/>a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs
 <lb/>youth; downe with them, fleece them.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-tra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
 <p>O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you vndone? No
 <lb/>ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Ba-
 <lb/>cons, on, what ye knaves? Yong men must liue, you are
 <lb/>Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Heere they rob them, and
 binde them. Enter the
 <lb/>Prince and Poines.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now
 <lb/>could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to Lon-
 <lb/>don, <c rend="inverted">i</c>t would be argument for a
 Weeke, Laughter for a
 <lb/>Moneth, and a good iest for euer.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poynes.</speaker>
 <p>Stand close, I heare them comming.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Theeues
 againe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse
 <lb/>before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two ar-
 <lb/>rand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe
 <lb/>valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Your money.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poi<c rend="roman">n</c>.</speaker>
 <p>Villaines.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">As they are sharing, the
 <hi rend="roman">Prince</hi> and <hi rend="roman">Poynes</hi> set upon them.
 <lb/>They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse:
 <lb/>The Theeues are scatted, and possest with fear so strong-
 <lb/>ly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fel-
 <lb/>low for an Officer. Away good <hi rend="italic">Ned,
 Falstaffe</hi> sweates to
 <lb/>death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't

<lb/>not for laughing, I should pittie him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>How the Rogue roar'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hotspurre solus,
 reading a Letter.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <p rend="italic">But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee
 well contented to
 <lb/>be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.</p>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">He</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0377-0.jpg" n="55"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <p>He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of
 <lb/>the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues
 <lb/>his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me
 <lb/>see some more. <hi rend="italic">The purpose you
 vndertake is dangerous.</hi>
 <lb/>Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to
 <lb/>sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of
 <lb/>this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. <hi
 rend="italic">The
 <lb/>purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue
 na-
 <lb/>med vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your
 whole
 <lb/>Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an
 Opposition.</hi>
 <lb/>Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a
 <lb/>shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-
 <lb/>braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer
 <lb/>was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte,
 <lb/>good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot,
 <lb/>very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this?
 <lb/>Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the
 <lb/>generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now
 <lb/>by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan.
 <lb/>Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Edmund Mortimer,</hi> my Lord of <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Owen Glendour</hi>?
 <lb/>Is there not besides, the <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>?

Haue I not all their let-

<lb/>ters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mo-
<lb/>neth? and are they not some of them set forward already?
<lb/>What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall
<lb/>see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he
<lb/>to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could
<lb/>diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish
<lb/>of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him,
<lb/>let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards,
<lb/>to night.</p>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter his

Lady.</stage>

<p>How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">

<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>

<l>O my good Lord, why are you thus alone<c

rend="italic">?</c>

</l>

<l>For what offence haue I this fortnight bin</l>

<l>A banish'd woman from my <hi rend="italic">Harries</hi>

bed?</l>

<l>Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee</l>

<l>Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe<c

rend="italic">?</c>

</l>

<l>Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?</l>

<l>And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?</l>

<l>Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy vcheekes?</l>

<l>And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,</l>

<l>To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly<c

rend="italic">?</c>

</l>

<l>In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,</l>

<l>And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres:</l>

<l>Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,</l>

<l>Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd</l>

<l>Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,</l>

<l>Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,</l>

<l>Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,</l>

<l>Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,</l>

<l>And all the current of a headdy fight.</l>

<l>Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,</l>

<l>And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,</l>

<l>That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,</l>

<l>Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;</l>

<l>And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,</l>

<l>Such as we see when men restraine their breath</l>

<l>On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?</l>

<l>Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,</l>


<l>And I must know it: else he loues me not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>What ho; Is <hi rend="italic">Gilliams</hi> with the Packet
 gone?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>He is my Lord, an houre agone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Hath <hi rend="italic">Butler</hi> brought those horses
 <choice><abbr>frō</abbr><expan>from</expan></choice> the
 Sheriffe?</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <p>It is my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <p>That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will
 <lb/>backe him straight. <hi rend="italic">Esperance</hi>, bid
 <hi rend="italic">Butler</hi> lead him forth
 <lb/>into the Parke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <p>But heare you, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <p>What say'st thou my Lady?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <p>What is it carries you away?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <p>Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <p>Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not
 <lb/>such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile
 <lb/>know your businesse <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, that I
 will. I feare my Bro-
 Title, and hath sent
 <lb/>ther <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi> doth stirre about his
 <lb/>for you to line his enterprize. But if you go□</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <p>So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <p>Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me dirctly
 <lb/>vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake
 <lb/>thy little finger <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, if thou wilt
 not tel me true.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,</l>
 <l>I care not for thee <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>: this is no
 world</l>
 <l>To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.</l>
 <l>We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,</l>
 <l>And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.</l>
 <l>What say'st thou <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>? what wold'st
 thou haue with me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?</l>
 <l>Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,</l>
 <l>I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?</l>
 <l>Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest or no.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Come, wilt thou see me ride?</l>
 <l>And when I am a horsebacke, I will swaere</l>
 <l>I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you <hi
 rend="italic">Kate</hi>,</l>
 <l>I must not haue you henceforth, question me,</l>
 <l>Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.</l>

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        <l>Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,</l>
        <l>This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>.</l>
        <l>I know you wise, but yet no further wise</l>
        <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Harry Percies</hi> wife. Constant you
are,</l>
        <l>But yet a woman: and for secrecie,<note type="physical"
resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
</l>
        <l>No Lady closer. For I will beleeeue</l>
        <l>Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know,</l>
        <l>And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <p>How so farre?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
    <l>Not an inch further. But harke you <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>,</l>
    <l>Whither I go, thither shall you go too:</l>
    <l>To day will I set forth, to morrow you.</l>
    <l>Will his content you <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <l>It must of force.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince and
Poines.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>
<hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>, prethee come out of that fat roome,
&amp; lend
            <lb/>me thy hand to laugh a little.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
            <speaker rend="italic">Poines.</speaker>
            <p>Where hast bene <hi rend="italic">Hall</hi>?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
            <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
            <p>With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3.

```

or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue sounded the verie base
string of humility; Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of
Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom, Dicke,*
and *Francis*. They take it already
vpon their confidence,
that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King
of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Fal-*
staffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,
and
when I am King of England, I shall command al the good
Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dy-
ing Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then
e3
they

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
1
they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am
so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can
drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my
life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost
much honor, that thou
wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*,
to swee-
ten which name of *Ned*, I giue
thee this peniworth of Su-
gar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker,
one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight*
shillings and six pence, and, *You*
are welcome: with this shril
addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint*
of Bastard in the
Halfe Moone, or so. But *Ned*,
Ned, to driue away time till *Fal-*
staffe come, I prythee doe thou stand in some
by-roome,
while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue
me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*,
that his
Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile
shew thee a President.

1
Poines.

Francis.

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Thou art perfect.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Francis.</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Drawer.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgar-
 <lb/>net, <hi rend="italic">Ralfe</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Come hither <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>How long hast thou to serue, Francis?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>Forsooth fiewe yeares, and as much as to □</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>Francis.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>Anon, anon sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pria.</speaker>
 <p>Fiewe yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clin-
 <lb/>king of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as
 <lb/>to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a
 faire
 <lb/>paire of heeles, and run from it?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<p>O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in
<lb/>England, I could finde in my heart.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
<p>Francis.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<p>Anon, anon sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>How old art thou, <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<p>Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe □</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
<p>Francis.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<p>Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou
<lb/>gauest me, 'twas a penny worth, was't not?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<p>O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske
<lb/>me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
<p>Francis.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<p>Anon, anon.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Fran-
 <lb/>cis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou
 <lb/>wilt. But Francis.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall
 <lb/>button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice
 <lb/>garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>O Lord sir, who do you meane?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Why then your browne Bastard is your onely
 <lb/>drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doub-
 <lb/>let will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so
 much.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>What sir<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>Francis.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Heere they both
 call him, the Drawer stands amazed,
 <lb/>not knowing which way to go.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vintner.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-vin">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vint.</speaker>
 <p>What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>ling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir
 <lb/>

shall I let

John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore:

them in?

Prin. Prin.

Let them alone a while, and then open the doore.

Poines.

Enter *Poines*.

Poin.

Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Prin.

Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the

the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin.

As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee,

What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the

Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. Prin.

I am now of all humors, that haue shewed them-

selues humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to

the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight.

What's a clocke Francis?

Fran.

Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Prin.

That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words

then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His indu-

stry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the par-

cell of a reckoning. I am not yet *of*

Percies mind, the Hot-

spurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen

dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies

to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my

sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many

hast thou kill'd to day?

*Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres,
some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee
call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne
shall play Dame *Mortimer* his
wife. *Riuo*, sayes the drun-
kard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.*

*Enter
Falstaffe.*

Poin.
Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

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

Prin.
Did st thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter,
pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of
the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal.
You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there
is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet
a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A vil-
lanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou
wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the
face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues
not three good men vnhang'd in England, *&* one of

them

is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I
say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of
songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin.
How now Woolsacke, what mutter

you?

Fal.

<p>A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy
 <lb/>Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Sub-
 <lb/>iects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile neuer
 <lb/>weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Why you horson round man? what's the matter?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and
 <lb/>

<hi rend="italic">Poines</hi> there?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile
 <lb/>stab thee.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call
 <lb/>the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could
 <lb/>run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the
 <lb/>shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">that</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0379-0.jpg" n="57"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such bac-
 <lb/>king: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup
 <lb/>of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since
 <lb/>thou drunk'st last.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>All's one for that.</p>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He
 drinks.</stage>

<p>A plague of all Cowards still, say I.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>What's the matter?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>What's the matter? here be foure of vs, ha<c
 rend="inverted">u</c>e
 <lb/>ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Where is it, <hi rend="italic">Iack?</hi> where is it?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Where is it? taken from vs, foure of vs.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>What, a hundred, man?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with
 <lb/>a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by
 <lb/>miracle. I am eight time thrust through the Doublet,
 <lb/>foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and
 <lb/>through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, <hi
 rend="italic">ecce signum</hi>.
 <lb/>I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe.
 <lb/>A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake
 <lb/>more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes
 <lb/>of darknesse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Speake sirs, how was it?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
 <p>We foure set vpon some dozen.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Sixteene, at least, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
 <p>And bound them.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
 <p>No, no, they were not bound.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of
 <lb/>them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gad.</speaker>
 <p>As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men
 <lb/>set vpon vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>And vnbound the rest, and then come in the
 <lb/>other.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>What, fought yee with them all?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>All? I know not what yee call all: but if I
 <lb/>fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish:
 <lb/>if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde
 <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Iack</hi>, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered some of
 <lb/>them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd
 <lb/>two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues
 <lb/>in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, <hi
rend="italic">Hal</hi>, if I tell thee a
 <lb/>Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my
olde
 <lb/>word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues
 <lb/>in Buckrom let driue at me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>What, foure? thou sayd'st but two.euen now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

<p>Foure <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, I told thee foure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
<p>I, I, he said foure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust
<lb/>at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen
<lb/>points in my Targuet, thus.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>In Buckrom.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
<p>I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Seuen, by these Hiltz, or I am a Villaine else.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Doest thou heare me, <hi rend="italic">Hal?</hi>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>I, and marke thee too, <hi rend="italic">Iack</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these
<lb/>nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>So, two more alreadie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Their Points being broken.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>Downe fell his Hose.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Began to giue me ground: but I followed me
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of
 <lb/>the eleuen I pay'd.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne
 <lb/>out of two?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-be-
 <lb/>gotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and
 <lb/>let driue at me; for it was so darke, <hi
 rend="italic">Hal</hi>, that thou could'st
 <lb/>not see thy Hand.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>These Lyes are like the Father that begets them,
 <lb/>grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay
 <lb/>brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson ob-
 <lb/>scene greasie Tallow Catch.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the
 <lb/>truth, the truth?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Why, how could'st thou know these men in
 <lb/>Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not
 <lb/>see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou
 <lb/>to this?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>Come, your reason lack, your reason.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the
<lb/>Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not
<lb/>tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsi-
<lb/>on? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would
<lb/>giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This san-
<lb/>guine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker,
<lb/>this huge Hill of Flesh.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried
<lb/>Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth
<lb/>to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath
<lb/>you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and
<lb/>when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare
<lb/>me speake but thus.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
<p>Marke Iacke.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound
<lb/>them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how
<lb/>a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set
<lb/>on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your
<lb/>prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House.
<lb/>And <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, you caried your

Guts away as nimbly, with

<lb/>as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne
<lb/>and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art
<lb/>thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say
<lb/>it was in fight. What trick? what deuce? what starting
<lb/>hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open
<lb/>and apparant shame?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
<speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>

<p>Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast
 <lb/>thou now?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare
 <lb/>ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant?
 <lb/>Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest
 <lb/>I am as valiant as <hi rend="italic">Hercules:</hi> but
 beware Instinct, the Lion
 <lb/>will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter.
 <lb/>I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of
 <lb/>my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion,
 <lb/>and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue
 <lb/>the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night,
 <lb/>pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold,
 <lb/>all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What,
 <lb/>shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing
 <lb/>away.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>A, no more of that <hi rend="italic">Hall</hi>, and thou
 louest me.</p>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Hostesse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, the Prince?</p>
 </sp>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Prin.</fw>
 <pb facs="Fimg:axc0380-0.jpg" n="58"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st
 <lb/>thou to me?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the
 <lb/>Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee
 <lb/>comes from your Father.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Giue him as much as will make him a Royall
 <lb/>man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>What manner of man is hee?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>An old man.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight?
 <lb/>Shall I giue him his answer?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Prethee doe <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>'Faith, and Ile send him packing.</p>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Peto</hi>, so did you <hi
 rend="italic">Bardol:</hi> you are Lyons too, you ranne
 <lb/>away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince;
 <lb/>no, fie.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Tell mee now in earnest, how came <hi
 rend="italic">Falstaffes</hi>
 <lb/>Sword so hackt?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
 <p>Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee
 <lb/>would swears truth out of England, but hee would make

<lb/>you beleeeue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe
<lb/>the like.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">

<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>

<p>Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse,
<lb/>to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments
<lb/>with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did
<lb/>that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare
<lb/>his monstrous deuices.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eigh-
<lb/>teene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and
<lb/>euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire
<lb/>and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranft away; what
<lb/>instinct hadst thou for it ?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">

<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>

<p>My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you
<lb/>behold these Exhalations?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>I doe.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">

<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>

<p>What thinke you they portend?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Hot Liuers, and cold Purses.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">

<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>

<p>Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>No, if rightly taken, Halter.</p>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Falstaffe.</stage>

<p>Heere comes leane <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>, heere comes
bare-bone. How

<lb/>now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe,
<lb/>

<hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres
 <lb/>(<hi rend="italic">Hal)</hi> I was not an Eagles Talent
 in the Waste, I could
 <lb/>haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague
 <lb/>of sighing and grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder.
 <lb/>There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn
 <lb/>Braby</hi> from your Father; you must goe to the Court
 in
 <lb/>the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, <hi
 rend="italic">Percy</hi>;
 <lb/>and hee of Wales, that gaue <hi
 rend="italic">Amamon</hi> the Bastinado,
 <lb/>and made <hi rend="italic">Lucifer</hi> Cuckold, and
 swore the Deuill his true
 <lb/>Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a
 <lb/>plague call you him?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-poi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
 <p>O, <hi rend="italic">Glendower</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Owen, Owen</hi>; the same, and his Sonne in Law
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>, and old <hi
 rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, and the sprightly
 <lb/>Scot of Scots, <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, that
 runnes a Horse-backe vp a
 <lb/>Hill perpendicular.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll
 <lb/>kills a Sparrow flying.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>You haue hit it.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>So did he neuer the Sparrow.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him,
 <lb/>hee will not runne.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him
 <lb/>so for running<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will
 <lb/>not budge a foot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Yes <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>, vpon instinct.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too,
 <lb/>and one <hi rend="italic">Mordake</hi>, and a thousand
 blew-Cappes more.
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Worcester</hi> is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers
 Beard is
 <lb/>turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now
 <lb/>as cheape as stinking Mackrell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this I
 <lb/>ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as
 <lb/>they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee
 <lb/>shall haue good trading that way. But tell me <hi
 rend="italic">Hal</hi>, art
 <lb/>not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, I
 <lb/>could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes a-
 <lb/>gaine, as that Fiend <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, that
 Spirit <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, and that
 <lb/>Deuill <hi rend="italic">Glendower?</hi> Art not thou
 horrible afraid? Doth
 <lb/>not thy blood thrill at it?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow,
<lb/>when thou commest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me,
<lb/>practise an answer.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee
<lb/>vpon the particulars of my Life.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my
<lb/>State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my
<lb/>Crowne.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Gol-
<lb/>den Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich
<lb/>Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of
<lb/>thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke
<lb/>to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I
<lb/>haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it
<lb/>in King <hi rend="italic">Cambyses</hi> vaine.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Well, heere is my Legge.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
<p>This is excellent sport, yfaith.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares

are vaine.

Hostesse.

O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falst.

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

Hostesse.

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

Falst.

Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine.

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

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

1

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as
ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the com-
panie thou keepest: for Harry,
now I doe not speake to
thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Pas-
sion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet

there is a virtuous man whom I haue often noted in thy
 companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin.

 What manner of man, and it like your Ma-
 iestie?

Falst.

 A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent,
 of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble
 Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady)
 inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his
 Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man
 should be lewdly giuen,
 hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I see
 Vertue in his Lookes.

 If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit
 by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue
 in that *Falstaffe*: him keepe with,
 the rest banish. And

 tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast
 thou beene this moneth?

Prin.

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

Falst.

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

Prin.

 Well, heere I am set.

Falst.

 And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

Prin.

 Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst.

<p>My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle
<lb/>ye for a young Prince.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? Henceforth
<lb/>ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from
<lb/>Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a
<lb/>fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why
<lb/>do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that
<lb/>Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of
<lb/>Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stufte Cloake-
<lb/>bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the
<lb/>Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Ini-
<lb/>quitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? where-
<lb/>in is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein
<lb/>neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? where-
<lb/>in Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villa-
<lb/>nie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-
<lb/>thy, but in nothing?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>I would your Grace would take me with you:
<lb/>whom meanes your Grace?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>That villanous abhominable mis-leader of
<lb/>Youth, <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, that old
white-bearded Sathan.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>My Lord, the man I know.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>I know thou do'st.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

<p>But to say, I know more harme in him then in
 <lb/>my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde
 <lb/>(the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it:
 <lb/>but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore-ma-
 <lb/>ster, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault,
 <lb/>Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a
 <lb/>sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd:
 <lb/>if to be fat, be to be hated, then <hi
 rend="italic">Pharaohs</hi> leane Kine are
 <lb/>to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish <hi
 rend="italic">Peto</hi>, banish
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, banish <hi>Poines:</hi> but for
 sweete <hi rend="italic">Iacke Falstaffe</hi>,
 <lb/>kinde <hi rend="italic">Iacke Falstaffe</hi>, true <hi
 rend="italic">Iacke Falstaffe</hi>, valiant <hi rend="italic">Iacke Fal-
 <lb/>staffe</hi>, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is
 olde <hi rend="italic">Iack
 <lb/>Falstaffe</hi>, banish not him thy <hi
 rend="italic">Harryes</hi> companie, banish
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>not him thy <hi rend="italic">Harryes</hi> companie;
 banish plumpe <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>, and
 <lb/>banish all the World.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>I doe, I will.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bardolph
 running.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most
 <lb/>most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much
 <lb/>to say in the behalfe of that <hi
 rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
 Hostesse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>O, my Lord, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

<p>Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle-
 <lb/>sticke: what's the matter?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>The Sherife and all the Watch are at the
 <lb/>doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let
 <lb/>them in?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Do'st thou heare <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, neuer call a true
 peece of
 <lb/>Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without
 <lb/>seeming so.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>And thou a naturall Coward, without in-
 <lb/>stinct.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>I deny your <hi rend="italic">Maior:</hi> if you will deny
 the
 <lb/>Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart
 <lb/>as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I
 <lb/>hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as ano-
 <lb/>ther.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest
 <lb/>walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and
 <lb/>good Conscience.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Both which I haue had: but their date is out,
 <lb/>and therefore Ile hide me.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Call in the Sherife.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sherife and the
 Carrier.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>

<p>Now Master Sherife, what is your will with
<lb/>mee?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-she">
<speaker rend="italic">She.</speaker>
<p>First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath
<lb/>followed certaine men vnto this house.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>What men?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-she">
<speaker rend="italic">She.</speaker>
<p>One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord,
<lb/>a grosse fat man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-car">
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
<p>As fat as Butter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<l>The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,</l>
<l>For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:</l>
<l>And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,</l>
<l>That I will by to morrow Dinner time,</l>
<l>Send him to answeere thee, or any man,</l>
<l>For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:</l>
<l>And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-she">
<speaker rend="italic">She.</speaker>
<l>I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen</l>
<l>Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<l>It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men,</l>
<l>He shall be answerable: and so farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-she">
<speaker rend="italic">She.</speaker>
<p>Good Night, my Noble Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-she">

<speaker rend="italic">She.</speaker>
 <p>Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>This oylly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules:
 <lb/>goe call him forth.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe?</hi> fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and
 <lb/>snorting like a Horse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his
 <lb/>Pockets.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">He</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0382-0.jpg" n="60"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">He searcheth his
 Pickets, and findeth
 <lb/>certaine Papers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>What hast thou found?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
 <p>Nothing but Papers, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Let's see, what be they? reade them.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
 <p>Item, a Capon. <hi rend="rightJustified">ii.s.ii.d.</hi>
 <lb/>Item, sawce. <hi rend="rightJustified">iiii.d.</hi>
 <lb/>Item, Sacke, two Gallons. <hi
 rend="rightJustified">v.s.viii.d.</hi>
 <lb/>Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. <hi
 rend="rightJustified">ii.s.vi.d.</hi>
 <lb/>Item, Bread. <hi rend="rightJustified">ob.</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>

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<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <p>O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of
    <lb/>Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is
    <lb/>else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there
    <lb/>let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning:
    <lb/>Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be hono-
    <lb/>rable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot,
    <lb/>and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score.
    <lb/>The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage.
    <lb/>Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good mor-
    <lb/>row <hi rend="italic">Peto</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-pet">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
  <p>Good morrow, good my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3">
<div type="scene" n="1">
  <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hotspurre,
Worcester, Lord Mortimer,
  <lb/>Owen Glendower.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
    <l>These promises are faire, the parties sure,</l>
    <l>And our induction full of prosperous hope.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
    <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>, and Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Glendower</hi>,</l>
    <l>Will you sit downe?</l>
    <l>And Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Worcester</hi>; a plague vpon
it,</l>
    <l>I haue forgot the Mappe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
    <l>No, here it is:</l>
    <l>Sit Cousin <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, sit good Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Hotspurre:</hi>
  </l>
    <l>For by that Name, as oft as <hi rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>
doth speake of you,</l>
    <l>His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,</l>

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Glen-

<l>He wisheth you in Heauen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>And you in Hell, as oft as he heares <hi rend="italic">Owen
<lb/>dower</hi> spoke of.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<l>I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,</l>
<l>The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,</l>
<l>Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,</l>
<l>The frame and foundation of the Earth</l>
<l>Shak'd like a Coward.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>Why so it would haue done at the same season,
<lb/>if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe
<lb/>had neuer beene borne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<p>I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
<lb/>if you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<p>The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did
<lb/>tremble.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>Oh, then the Earth shooke</l>
<l>To see the Heauens on fire,</l>
<l>And not in feare of your Natiuitie.</l>
<l>Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth</l>
<l>In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth</l>
<l>Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,</l>
<l>By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde</l>
<l>Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striuing,</l>
<l>Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,</l>
<l>Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,</l>

<l>In passion shooke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<l>Cousin: of many men</l>
<l>I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue</l>
<l>To tell you once againe, that at my Birth</l>
<l>The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,</l>
<l>The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards</l>
<l>Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:</l>
<l>These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,</l>
<l>And all the courses of my Life doe shew,</l>
<l>I am not in the Roll of common men.</l>
<l>Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,</l>
<l>That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,</l>
<l>Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?</l>
<l>And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,</l>
<l>Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,</l>
<l>And hold me pace in deepe experiments.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:
<lb/>Ile to Dinner.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
<l>Peace Cousin <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, you will make
him mad.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<l>I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>Why so can I, or so can any man:</l>
<l>But will they come, when you doe call for them?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<p>Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the
<lb/>Deuill.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil,</l>
<l>By telling truth. <hi rend="italic">Tell truth, and shame the
Deuill.</hi>
</l>

<l>If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,</l>
 <l>And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.</l>
 <l>Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <p>Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable
 <lb/>Chat.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
 <l>Three times hath <hi rend="italic">Henry Bullingbrooke</hi>
 made head</l>
 <l>Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,</l>
 <l>And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him</l>
 <l>Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>Home without Bootes,</l>
 <l>And in foule Weather too,</l>
 <l>How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
 <l>Come, heere's the Mapped:</l>
 <l>Shall wee diuide our Right,</l>
 <l>According to our three-fold order ta'ne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it</l>
 <l>Into three Limits, very equally:</l>
 <l>England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,</l>
 <l>By South and East, is to my part assign'd:</l>
 <l>All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,</l>
 <l>And all the fertile Land within that bound,</l>
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Owen Glendower:</hi> And deare
 Couze, to you</l>
 <l>The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.</l>
 <l>And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:</l>
 <l>Which being sealed interchangeably,</l>
 <l>(A Bnsinesse that this Night may execute)</l>
 <l>To morrow, Cousin <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, you and
 I,</l>
 <l>And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,</l>
 <l>To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,</l>
 <l>As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.</l>
 <l>My Father <hi rend="italic">Glendower</hi> is not readie
 yet,</l>

<l>Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:</l>
<l>Within that space, you may haue drawne together</l>
<l>Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">

<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>

<l>A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:</l>

<l>And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,</l>

<l>From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,</l>

<l>For there will be a World of Water shed,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Vpon</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0383-0.jpg" n="61"/>

<fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>

<l>Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,</l>

<l>In quantitie equals not one of yours:</l>

<l>See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,</l>

<l>And cuts me from the best of all my Land,</l>

<l>A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cattle out.</l>

<l>Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,</l>

<l>And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,</l>

<l>In a new Channell, faire and euenly:</l>

<l>It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,</l>

<l>To rob me of so rich a Bottome here,</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">

<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>

<l>Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-mor">

<speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>

<l>Yea, but marke how he beares his course,</l>

<l>And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,</l>

<l>Gelding the opposed Continent as much,</l>

<l>As on the other side it takes from you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">

<speaker rend="italic">Worc.</speaker>

<l>Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,</l>

<l>And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,</l>

<l>And then he runnes straight and euen.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>

<l>Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<p>Ile not haue it alter'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>Will not you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<p>No, nor you shall not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>Who shall say me nay?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<p>Why, that will I.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in
<lb/>Welsh.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<l>I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:</l>
<l>For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;</l>
<l>Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe</l>
<l>Many an English Dittie, louely well,</l>
<l>And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;</l>
<l>A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,</l>
<l>I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,</l>
<l>Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:</l>
<l>I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,</l>
<l>Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,</l>
<l>And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,</l>
<l>Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;</l>
<l>'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
<p>Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land</l>
 <l>To any well-deseruing friend;</l>
 <l>But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,</l>
 <l>Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.</l>
 <l>Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
 <l>The Moone shines faire,</l>
 <l>You may away by Night:</l>
 <l>Ile haste the Writer; and withall,</l>
 <l>Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:</l>
 <l>I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,</l>
 <l>So much she doteth on her <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <p>Fie, Cousin <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, how you crosse my
 Fa-
 <lb/>ther.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,</l>
 <l>With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,</l>
 <l>Of the Dreamer <hi rend="italic">Merlin</hi>, and his
 Prophecies;</l>
 <l>And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,</l>
 <l>A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Rauon,</l>
 <l>A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,</l>
 <l>And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,</l>
 <l>As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,</l>
 <l>He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,</l>
 <l>In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,</l>
 <l>That were his Lacqueyes:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,</l>
 <l>But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious</l>
 <l>As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,</l>
 <l>Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue</l>
 <l>With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,</l>
 <l>Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,</l>
 <l>In any Summer-House in Christendome.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,</l>

<l>Exceeding well read, and profited,</l>
<l>In strange Concealments:</l>
<l>Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,</l>
<l>And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.</l>
<l>Shall I tell you, Cousin,</l>
<l>He holds your temper in a high respect,</l>
<l>And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,</l>
<l>When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.</l>
<l>I warrant you, that man is not alieue,</l>
<l>Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,</l>
<l>Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:</l>
<l>But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">

<speaker rend="italic">Worc.</speaker>

<l>In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,</l>
<l>And since your comming hither, haue done enough,</l>
<l>To put him quite besides his patience.</l>
<l>You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:</l>
<l>Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,</l>
<l>And that's the dearest grace it renders you;</l>
<l>Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,</l>
<l>Defect of Manners, want of Gouvernment,</l>
<l>Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:</l>
<l>The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,</l>
<l>Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne</l>
<l>Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,</l>
<l>Beguiling them of commendation.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>

<l>Well, I am school'd:</l>
<l>Good-manners be your speede;</l>
<l>Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-mor">

<speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>

<l>This is the deadly spight, that angers me,</l>
<l>My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-gle">

<speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>


<l>My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,</l>
<l>Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-mor">

<speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>

<l>Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt <hi

Percy
 Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.
 Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.
Glend.
 Shee is desperate heere:
 A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry,
 One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.
 The Lady speakes in Welsh.
Mort.
 I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens,
 I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.
 The Lady againe in Welsh.
Mort.
 I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
 Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue
 Makes

 The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
 Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
 With rauishing Diuision to her Lute.
Glend.
 Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.
 The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.
Mort.
 O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.
Glend.

<l>She bids you,</l>
 <l>On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,</l>
 <l>And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,</l>
 <l>And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,</l>
 <l>And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,</l>
 <l>Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;</l>
 <l>Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,</l>
 <l>As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,</l>
 <l>The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme</l>
 <l>Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:</l>
 <l>By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
 <l>Doe so:</l>
 <l>And those Musitians that shall play to you,</l>
 <l>Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;</l>
 <l>And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, thou art perfect in lying
 downe:</l>
 <l>Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy</l>
 <l>Lappe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>Goe, ye giddy-Goose.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">The Musicke
 playes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,</l>
 <l>And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:</l>
 <l>Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>Then would you be nothing but Musicall,</l>
 <l>For you are altogether gouerned by humors:</l>
 <l>Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>

<p>I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in
<lb/>Irish.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
<p>Wbuld'st haue thy Head broken?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>No.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
<p>Then be still.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
<p>Now God helpe thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>To the Welsh Ladies Bed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
<p>What's that?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>Peace, shee sings.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Heere the Lady sings a
Welsh Song.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<p>Come, Ile haue your Song too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
<p>Not mine, in good sooth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>Not yours, in good sooth?</l>
<l>You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:</l>
<l>Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;</l>

<l>And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:</l>
 <l>And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,</l>
 <l>As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.</l>
 <l>Swear me, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, like a Lady, as thou
 art,</l>
 <l>A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,</l>
 <l>And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,</l>
 <l>To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.</l>
 <l>Come, sing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-lpe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <p>I will not sing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-
 <lb/>brest reacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>within these two howres: and so come in, when yee
 <lb/>will.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-gle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glend.</speaker>
 <l>Come, come, Lord <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>, you are
 as slow,</l>
 <l>As hot Lord <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> is on fire to
 goe.</l>
 <l>By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,</l>
 <l>And then to Horse immediately.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mart.</speaker>
 <l>With all my heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King, Prince
 of Wales, and others.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Lords, giue vs leaue:</l>
 <l>The Prince of Wales, and I,</l>
 <l>Must haue some priuate conference:</l>
 <l>But be neere at hand,</l>
 <l>For wee shall presently haue neede of you.</l>

Lords.</stage>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt

<|>I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,</|>
<|>For some displeasing seruice I haue done;</|>
<|>That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,</|>
<|>Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:</|>
<|>But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,</|>
<|>Make me beleeeue, that thou art onely mark'd</|>
<|>For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen</|>
<|>To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,</|>
<|>Could such inordinate and low desires,</|>
<|>Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,</|>
<|>Such barren pleasures, rude societie,</|>
<|>As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,</|>
<|>Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,</|>
<|>And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>Heauen pardon thee:</|>
<|>Yet let me wonder, <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>,</|>
<|>At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing</|>
<|>Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.</|>
<|>Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,</|>
<|>Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de,</|>
<|>And art almost an alien to the hearts</|>
<|>Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.</|>
<|>The hope and expectation of thy time</|>
<|>Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man</|>
<|>Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.</|>
<|>Had I so lauish of my presence beene,</|>
<|>So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,</|>
<|>So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;</|>
<|>Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,</|>
<|>Had still kept loyall to possession,</|>
<|>And left me in reputelesse banishment,</|>

<|>A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.</|>
<|>By being seldome seene, I could not st<gap extent="2"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="inkBlot"
resp="#ES"/>re,</|>
<|>But like a Comet, I was wondred at,</|>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0385-0.jpg" n="63"/>
<fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<|>That men would tell their Children, This is hee:</|>
<|>Others would say; Where, Which is <hi
rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>.</|>
<|>And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,</|>
<|>And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,</|>
<|>That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,</|>
<|>Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,</|>
<|>Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.</|>
<|>Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,</|>
<|>My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,</|>
<|>Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my state,</|>
<|>Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,</|>
<|>And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.</|>
<|>The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,</|>
<|>With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,</|>
<|>Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,</|>
<|>Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,</|>
<|>Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,</|>
<|>And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,</|>
<|>To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push</|>
<|>Of euerie Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;</|>
<|>Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,</|>
<|>Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:</|>
<|>That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,</|>
<|>They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe</|>
<|>The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little</|>
<|>More then a little, is by much too much.</|>
<|>So when he had occasion to be seene,</|>
<|>He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,</|>
<|>Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,</|>
<|>As sicke and blunted with Communitie,</|>
<|>Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,</|>
<|>Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,</|>
<|>When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:</|>
<|>But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,</|>
<|>Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect</|>
<|>As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,</|>
<|>Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.</|>
<|>And in that very Line, <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, standest

thou:</l>

<l>For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,</l>
<l>With vile participation. Not an Eye</l>
<l>But is awearie of thy common sight,</l>
<l>Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:</l>
<l>Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,</l>
<l>Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>

<l>I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,</l>

<l>Be more my selfe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>For all the World,</l>

<l>As thou art to this houre, was <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>

then,</l>

<l>When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;</l>

<l>And euen as I was then, is <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>

now:</l>

<l>Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,</l>

<l>He hath more worthy interest to the State</l>

<l>Then thou, the shadow of Succession;</l>

<l>For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.</l>

<l>He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,</l>

<l>Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;</l>

<l>And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,</l>

<l>Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on</l>

<l>To bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armes.</l>

<l>What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,</l>

<l>Against renowned <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>? whose

high Deedes,</l>

<l>Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,</l>

<l>Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,</l>

<l>And Militarie Title Capitall.</l>

<l>Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,</l>

<l>Thrice hath the <hi rend="italic">Hotspur Mars</hi>, in

swathing Clothes,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,</l>

<l>Discomfited great <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, ta'ne him

once,</l>

<l>Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,</l>

<l>To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,</l>

<l>And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.</l>

<l>And what say you to this? <hi rend="italic">Percy,

Northumberland</hi>,</l>

<l>The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, <hi

rend="italic">Dowglas, Mortimer</hi>,</l>

<|>Capitulate against vs, and are vp.</|>
 <|>But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?</|>
 <|>Why, <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, doe I tell thee of my
 Foes,</|>
 <|>Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?</|>
 <|>Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,</|>
 <|>Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,</|>
 <|>To fight against me vnder <hi rend="italic">Percies</hi>
 pay,</|>
 <|>To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,</|>
 <|>To shew how much thou art degenerate.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <|>Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:</|>
 <|>And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd</|>
 <|>Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:</|>
 <|>I will redeeme all this on <hi rend="italic">Percies</hi>
 head,</|>
 <|>And in the closing of some glorious day,</|>
 <|>Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,</|>
 <|>When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,</|>
 <|>And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:</|>
 <|>Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.</|>
 <|>And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,</|>
 <|>That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,</|>
 <|>This gallant <hi rend="italic">Hotspur</hi>, this all-praysed
 Knight,</|>
 <|>And your vnthought-of <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> chance
 to meet:</|>
 <|>For euery Honor fitting on his Helme,</|>
 <|>Would they were multitudes, and on my head</|>
 <|>My shames redoubled. For the time will come,</|>
 <|>That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange</|>
 <|>His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> is but my Factor, good my Lord,</|>
 <|>To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:</|>
 <|>And I will call him to so strict account,</|>
 <|>That he shall render euery Glory vp,</|>
 <|>Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,</|>
 <|>Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.</|>
 <|>This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:</|>
 <|>The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,</|>
 <|>I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue</|>
 <|>The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:</|>
 <|>If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,</|>
 <|>And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,</|>
 <|>Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.</|>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:</l>
 <l>Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Blunt.</stage>
 <l>How now good <hi rend="italic">Blunt</hi>? thy Lookes are
 full of speed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-blu">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
 <l>So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.</l>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi> of Scotland hath sent
 word,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi> and the English Rebels
 met</l>
 <l>The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:</l>
 <l>A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,</l>
 <l>(If Promises be kept on euery hand)</l>
 <l>As euer offered foule play in a state.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:</l>
 <l>With him my sonne, Lord <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of
 Lancaster,</l>
 <l>For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old.</l>
 <l>On Wednesday next, <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> thou shalt
 set forward:</l>
 <l>On Thursday, wee our selues will march.</l>
 <l>Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and <hi
 rend="italic">Harry</hi>, you shall march</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">f</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Through</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0386-0.jpg" n="64"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Through Glocestershire: by which account,</l>
 <l>Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,</l>
 <l>Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.</l>
 <l>Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,</l>
 <l>Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe and
 Bardolph.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, am I not false away vilely, since this
 <lb/>last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why
 <lb/>my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose
 <lb/>Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>. Well,
 <lb/>Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;
 <lb/>I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no
 <lb/>strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the
 <lb/>in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a
 <lb/>Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villa-
 <lb/>nous Company hath been the spoyle of me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, you are so fretfull, you
 cannot liue
 <lb/>long.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song,
 <lb/>make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentle-
 <lb/>man need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not
 <lb/>aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not
 <lb/>aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I
 <lb/>borrowed, three or four times; liued well, and in good
 <lb/>compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of com-
 <lb/>passe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>Why, you are so fat, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, that you
 must
 <lb/>needes bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable
 <lb/>compasse Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy
 <lb/>Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne
 <lb/>in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the
 <lb/>Knight of the burning Lampe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>Why, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, my Face does you no
 harme.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as
 <lb/>many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a <hi
 rend="italic">Memento Mori</hi>.
 <lb/>I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and <hi
 rend="italic">Diues</hi>
 <lb/>that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning,
 <lb/>burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would
 <lb/>swear by thy Face; my Oath should bee, <hi
 rend="italic">By this Fire:</hi>
 <lb/>But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede,
 <lb/>but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darke-
 <lb/>nesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to
 <lb/>catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene
 <lb/>an <hi rend="italic">Ignis fatuus</hi>, or a Ball of
 Wild-fire, there's no Purchase
 <lb/>in Money. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an euer-
 <lb/>lasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand
 <lb/>Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the
 <lb/>Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that
 <lb/>thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as
 <lb/>good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue
 <lb/>maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time
 <lb/>this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>I would my Face were in your Belly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.</p>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Hostesse.</stage>
 <p>How now, Dame <hi rend="italic">Partlet</hi> the Hen, haue
 you enquir'd yet
 <lb/>who pick'd my Pocket?</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>Why Sir John, what doe you thinke, Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>?
 <lb/>doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue
 <lb/>search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by
 <lb/>Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tigt of a
 <lb/>hayre was neuer lost in my house before.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

shau'd, and lost

<p>Ye lye Hostesse: <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi> was
 <lb/>many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd:
 <lb/>goe to, you are a Woman, goe.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so
 <lb/>in mine owne house before.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Goe to, I know you well enough.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>No, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, you doe not know me,
 Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn:</hi>
 <lb/>I know you, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn:</hi> you owe me
 Money, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, and
 <lb/>now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought
 <lb/>you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them
 <lb/>away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of
 <lb/>them.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>Now was I am a true Woman, Holland of eight
 <lb/>shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,&br/>
 <lb/>for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you,
 <lb/>foure and twentie pounds.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Hee had his part of it, let him pay.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
 <p>Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath no-
 <lb/>thing.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call
 <lb/>you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his

<lb/>Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a
<lb/>Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne,
<lb/>but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-
<lb/>Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">

<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>

<p>I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not

<lb/>how oft, that that Ring was Copper.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

<p>How? the Prince is a lacke, a Sneake-Cuppe:

<lb/>and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge,

<lb/>if hee would say so.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter the Prince
marching, and Falstaffe meets

<lb/>him, playing on his Trunchion

<lb/>like a Fife.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

<p>How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore?

<lb/>Must we all march?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">

<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>

<p>Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">

<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>

<p>My Lord, I pray you heare me.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>

<p>What say'st thou, Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Quickly?</hi>

How

<lb/>does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest

<lb/>man.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">

<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>

<p>Good, my Lord, heare mee.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

<p>Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>

<p>What say'st thou, <hi rend="italic">Iacke?</hi>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the
<lb/>Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd
<lb/>Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>What didst thou lose, <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Wilt thou beleeeue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds
<lb/>of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-
<lb/>fathers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your
<lb/>Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of
<lb/>you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee
<lb/>would cudgell you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>What hee did not?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood
<lb/>in me else.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Falst.</hi> There's</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0387-0.jpg" n="65"/>
<fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune;
<lb/>nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for
<lb/>Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife
<lb/>of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
 <p>Say, what thing? what thing?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>What thing? why a thing to thanke heuven on.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
 <p>I am no thing to thanke heuven on, I wold thou
 <lb/>shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting
 <lb/>thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast
 <lb/>to say otherwise.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
 <p>Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>What beast<c rend="italic">?</c> Why an Otter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>An Otter, sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? Why an
Otter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to
haue her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
 <p>Thou art vniust man in saying so; thou, or anie
 <lb/>man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee
 most grossely.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>

<p>So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other
<lb/>day, You ought him a thousand pound.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>A thousand pound <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>? A Million.

Thy loue is

<lb/>worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and said hee
<lb/>would cudgell you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Did I, <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
<p>Indeed Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, you said so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as
<lb/>thy word now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Why <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>? thou know'st, as thou art

but a man, I

<lb/>dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the
<lb/>roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<p>And why not as the Lyon?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon:

<lb/>Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay
<lb/>if I do, let my Girdle breake.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>O, if it should. how would thy guttes fall about

<lb/>thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth,

<lb/>nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe

<lb/>with Guttes and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman

<lb/>with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent

<lb/>imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but

<lb/>Tauerne Recknings, <hi

rend="italic">Memorandums</hi> of Bawdie-houses,

<lb/>and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee

<lb/>long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie o-

<lb/>ther iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will

<lb/>stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not

<lb/>asham'd?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>Do'st thou heare <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>? Thou know'st in

the state

<lb/>of Innocency, <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi> fell: and

what should<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="nonstandardCharacter"

agent="inkedSpacemaker"

resp="#ES"/>poore <hi rend="italic">Iacke

<lb/>Falstaffe</hi> do, in the days of Villany? Thou seest, I

haue

<lb/>more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty.

<lb/>You confesse then you pickt my Pocket<c

rend="italic">?</c>

</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>It appears so by the story.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<l>Hostesse, I forgiue thee:</l>

<l>Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,</l>

<l>Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:</l>

<l>Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason;</l>

<l>Thou feest, I a<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="torn"

resp="#ES"/> pacified still.</l>
 <l>Nay, I prethee be gone.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Hostesse.</stage>
 <p>Now <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, to the newes at Court for
 the Robbery, Lad?
 <lb/>How is that answered?</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>O my sweet Beefe:</l>
 <l>I must still be good Angell to thee.</l>
 <l>The Monie is paid backe againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double
 <lb/>Labour.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>I am good Friends with my Father, and may do
 <lb/>any thing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st,
 <lb/>and do it with vnwash'd hands too.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>Do my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>I haue procured thee <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>, a Charge
 of Foot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde
 <lb/>one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and
 <lb/>twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprouided. Wel
 <lb/>God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but
 <lb/>the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Bardolph.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Go beare this Letter to Lord <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of
 Lancaster</l>
 <l>To my Brother <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>. This to my Lord
 of Westmerland,</l>
 <l>Go <hi rend="italic">Peto</hi>, to horse: for thou, and I,</l>
 <l>Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>, meet me tomorrow in the Temple
 Hall</l>
 <l>At two a clocke in the afternoone,</l>
 <l>There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue</l>
 <l>Money and Order for their Furniture.</l>
 <l>The Land is burning, <hi rend="italic">Percie</hi> stands on
 hye,</l>
 <l>And either they, or we must lower lye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <l>Rare words! braue world.</l>
 <l>Hostesse, my breakfast, come:</l>
 <l>Oh, I could wish thit Tauerne were my drumme.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 omnes.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="4">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Harrie Hotspurre,
 Worcester,
 <lb/>and Dowglas.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth</l>
 <l>In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,</l>
 <l>Such attribution should the <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>
 haue,</l>
 <l>As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,</l>
 <l>Should go so generall currant through the world.</l>
 <l>By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie</l>
 <l>The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place</l>

<l>In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.</l>
 <l>Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Thou art the King of Honor:</l>
 <l>No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,</l>
 <l>But I will Beard him.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <p>Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?
 <lb/>I can but thanke you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p>These Letters come from your Father.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Letters from him?</l>
 <l>Why comes he not himselfe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>He cannot come, my Lord,</l>
 <l>He is greeuous sicke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,</l>
 <l>In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?</l>
 <l>Vnder whose Go<c rend="inverted">u</c>ernment come they
 along?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">f2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Mes</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0388-0.jpg" n="66"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
<l>He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:</l>
<l>And at the time of my departure thence,</l>
<l>He was much fear'd by his Physician.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
<l>I would the state of time had first beene whole,</l>
<l>Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited:</l>
<l>His health was neuer better worth then now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect</l>
<l>The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,</l>
<l>'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.</l>
<l>He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,</l>
<l>And that his friends by deputation</l>
<l>Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,</l>
<l>To lay so dangerous and deare a trust</l>
<l>On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.</l>
<l>Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,</l>
<l>That with our small coniunction we should on,</l>
<l>To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:</l>
<l>For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,</l>
<l>Because the King is certainly possest</l>
<l>Of all our purposes. What say you to it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
<p>Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hots.</speaker>
<l>A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:</l>
<l>And yet, in faith, it is not his present want</l>
<l>Seemes more then we shall finde it.</l>
<l>Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states</l>
<l>All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne</l>
<l>On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,</l>
<l>It were not good: for therein should we reade</l>
<l>The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,</l>
<l>The very List, the very vtmost Bound</l>
<l>Of all our fortunes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
<speaker rend="italic">Dowg.</speaker>
<l>Faith, and so wee should,</l>
<l>Where now remains a sweet reuersion.</l>

<l>We may boldly spend, vpon the hope</l>
<l>Of what is to come in:</l>
<l>A comfort of retyrement liues in this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,</l>
<l>If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge</l>
<l>Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
<l>But yet I would your Father had beene here:</l>
<l>The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt</l>
<l>Brookes no diuision: It will be thought</l>
<l>By some, that know not why he is away,</l>
<l>That wisdom, loyaltie, and meere dislike</l>
<l>Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.</l>
<l>And thinke, how such an apprehension</l>
<l>May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,</l>
<l>And breede a kinde of question in our cause:</l>
<l>For well you know, wee of the offring side,</l>
<l>Must keepe a loose from strict arbitrement,</l>
<l>And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence</l>
<l>The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:</l>
<l>This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,</l>
<l>That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,</l>
<l>Before not dreamt of.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>You strayne too farre.</l>
<l>I rather of his absence make this vse:</l>
<l>It lends a Lustre and more great Opinion,</l>
<l>A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,</l>
<l>Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,</l>
<l>If we without his helpe, can make a Head</l>
<l>To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,</l>
<l>We shall o're-turne it topsie-turuy downe:</l>
<l>Yet all goes well yet all our ioynts are whole.<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">The bottom part of the letters on this line has been
obscured by a paper strip covering a tear in the page.</note>
</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
<speaker rend="italic">Dowg.</speaker>
<l>As heart can thinke:</l>
<l>There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,</l>
<l>At this Dreame of Feare.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Richard
 Vernon.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>My Cousin <hi rend="italic">Vernon</hi>, welcome by my
 Soule.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord,</l>
 <l>The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,</l>
 <l>Is marching hither-wards, with Prince <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>No harme: what more?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>And further, I haue learn'd,</l>
 <l>The King himselfe in person hath set forth,</l>
 <l>Or hither-wards intended speedily,</l>
 <l>With strong and mightie preparation.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>He shall be welcome too.</l>
 <l>Where is his Sonne,</l>
 <l>The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,</l>
 <l>And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,</l>
 <l>And bid it passe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>All furnisht, all in Armes,</l>
 <l>All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde</l>
 <l>Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,</l>
 <l>Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,</l>
 <l>As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,</l>
 <l>And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,</l>
 <l>Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.</l>
 <l>I saw young <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> with his Beuer
 on,</l>
 <l>His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,</l>
 <l>Rise from the ground like feathered <hi
 rend="italic">Mercury</hi>,</l>
 <l>And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,</l>
 <l>As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,</l>

<l>To turne and winde a fierie <hi
 rend="italic">Pegasus</hi>,</l>
 <l>And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>No more, no more,</l>
 <l>Worse then the Sunne in March:</l>
 <l>This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.</l>
 <l>They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,</l>
 <l>And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,</l>
 <l>All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:</l>
 <l>The mayled <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> shall on his Altar
 sit</l>
 <l>Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,</l>
 <l>To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,</l>
 <l>And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,</l>
 <l>Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,</l>
 <l>Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> to <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, shall
 not Horse to Horse</l>
 <l>Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?</l>
 <l>Oh, that <hi rend="italic">Glendower</hi> were come.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
 <l>There is more newes:</l>
 <l>I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,</l>
 <l>He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dowg.</speaker>
 <l>That's the worst Tidings that I heare of
 <lb/>yet.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>What may the Kings whole Battaile reach
 <lb/>unto?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
 <p>To thirty thousand.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

away,</l>
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Forty let it be,</l>
 <l>My Father and <hi rend="italic">Glendower</hi> being both

<l>The powres of vs, may serue so great a day.</l>
 <l>Come, let vs take a muster speedily:</l>
 <l>Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Talke not of dying, I am out of feare</l>
 <l>Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe year.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt

Omnes.</stage>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Scena</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0389-0.jpg" n="67"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <cb n="1"/>
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe and

Bardolph.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a
 <lb/>Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le
 <lb/>to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>Will you giue me Money, Captaine?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Lay out, lay out.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
 <p>This Bottle makes an Angell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it
 <lb/>make twentie, take them all, Ile answeere the Coynage.
 <lb/>Bid my Lieutenant <hi rend="italic">Peto</hi> meete me
 at the Townes end.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
<p>I will Captaine: farewell.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a
<lb/>sowc't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse dam-
<lb/>nably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie
<lb/>Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me
<lb/>none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire
<lb/>me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd
<lb/>twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,
<lb/>as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as
<lb/>feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck-Foole,
<lb/>or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes
<lb/>and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then
<lb/>Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:
<lb/>And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Cor-
<lb/>porals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as
<lb/>ragged as <hi rend="italic">Lazarus</hi> in the painted

Cloth, where the Glut-

<lb/>tons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were
<lb/>neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded vniust Seruingmen, youn-
<lb/>ger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and
<lb/>Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and
<lb/>long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then
<lb/>an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the
<lb/>roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that
<lb/>you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd
<lb/>Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating
<lb/>Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way,
<lb/>and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the
<lb/>dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile
<lb/>not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay,
<lb/>and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if
<lb/>they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them
<lb/>out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my
<lb/>Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt to-
<lb/>gether, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds
<lb/>Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth,
<lb/>stolne from my Host of <choice>

<abbr>S.</abbr>

<expan>Saint</expan>

</choice> Albones, or the Red-Nose

<lb/>Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde

<lb/>Linnen enough on euary Hedge.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Prince, and
 the Lord of Westmerland.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>How now blowne <hi rend="italic">Iack?</hi> how now
 Quilt?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>What <hi rend="italic">Hal?</hi> How now mad Wag, what
 a Deuill
 <lb/>do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of West-
 <lb/>merland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had al-
 <lb/>ready beene at Shrewsbury.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
 <p>'Faith, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, 'tis more then time that
 I were
 <lb/>there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadye.
 <lb/>The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away
 <lb/>all to Night.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Tut, neuer fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to
 <lb/>steale Creame.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft
 <lb/>hath alreadye made thee Butter: but tell me, <hi
 rend="italic">Iack</hi>, whose
 <lb/>fellowes are these that come after?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Mine, <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, mine.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Pow-
 <lb/>der, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better:
 <lb/>tush man; mortall men, mortall men.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <p>I, but Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, me thinks they are
 exceeding
 <lb/>poore and bare, too beggarly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they
 <lb/>had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer
 <lb/>learn'd that of me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers
 <lb/>on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, <hi
 rend="italic">Percy</hi> is already
 <lb/>in the field.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>What, is the King encamp'd?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <p>Hee is, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I feare wee shall stay
 too
 <lb/>long.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begin-
 <lb/>ning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hotspur,
 Worcester, Dowglas, and
 <lb/>Vernon.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>Wee'le fight with him to Night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Worc.</speaker>
 <l>It may not be.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dowg.</speaker>
 <l>You giue him then aduantage.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>Not a whit.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>So doe wee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Worc.</speaker>
 <l>Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>Doe not, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dowg.</speaker>
 <l>You doe not counsaile well:</l>
 <l>You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>Doe me no slander, <hi rend="italic">Dowglas:</hi> by my
 Life,</l>
 <l>And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,</l>
 <l>If well-respected Honor bid me on,</l>
 <l>I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,</l>
 <l>As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.</l>
 <l>Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,</l>
 <l>Which of vs feares.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dowg.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, or to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>

<l>Content.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>To night, say I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>Come, come, it may not be.</l>
 <l>I wonder much, being
 <choice><abbr>mē</abbr><expan>men</expan></choice> of such great
 leading as you are</l>
 <l> That you fore-see not what impediments</l>
 <l>Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse</l>
 <l>Of my Cousin <hi rend="italic">Vernons</hi> are not yet
 come vp,</l>
 <l>Your Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Worcesters</hi> Horse came
 but to day,</l>
 <l>And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,</l>
 <l>Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,</l>
 <l>That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>So are the Horses of the Enemie</l>
 <l>In generall iourney bated, and brought low:</l>
 <l>The better part of ours are full of rest.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">f3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Wor.</hi> The</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0390-0.jpg" n="68"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Worc.</speaker>
 <l>The number of the King exceedeth ours:</l>
 <l>For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">The Trumpet sounds a
 Parley. Enter Sir
 <lb/>Walter Blunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-blu">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
 <l>I come with gracious offers from the King,</l>
 <l>If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome, Sir <hi rend="italic">Walter Blunt:</hi>

</l>

<l>And would to God you were of our determination.</l>
<l>Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some</l>
<l>Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,</l>
<l>Because you are not of our qualitie,</l>
<l>But stand against vs like an Enemie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-blun">

<speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
<l>And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,</l>
<l>So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,</l>
<l>You stand against anynted Maiestie.</l>
<l>But to my Charge.</l>
<l>The King hath sent to know</l>
<l>The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon</l>
<l>You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,</l>
<l>Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land</l>
<l>Audacious Crueltie. If that the King</l>
<l>Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,</l>
<l>Which he confeseth to be manifold,</l>
<l>He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed</l>
<l>You shall haue your desires, with interest;</l>
<l>And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,</l>
<l>Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
<l>The King is kinde:</l>
<l>And well wee know, the King</l>
<l>Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.</l>
<l>My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,</l>
<l>Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:</l>
<l>And when he was not sixe and twentie strong;</l>
<l>Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,</l>
<l>A poore vnminde Out-law, sneaking home,</l>
<l>My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:</l>
<l>And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,</l>
<l>He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,</l>
<l>To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,</l>
<l>With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;</l>
<l>My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,</l>
<l>Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.</l>
<l>Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme</l>
<l>Perceiu'd <hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi> did leane to

him,</l>

<l>The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,</l>
<l>Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,</l>
<l>Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,</l>
<l>Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,</l>
<l>Gaued him their Heires, as Pages followed him,</l>

<|>Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.</|>
<|>He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,</|>
<|>steps me a little higher then his Vow</|>
<|>Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,</|>
<|>Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurghe:</|>
<|>And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme</|>
<|>Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,</|>
<|>That lay top heauie on the Common-wealth;</|>
<|>Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe</|>
<|>Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,</|>
<|>This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne</|>
<|>The hearts of all that hee did angle for.</|>
<|>Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads</|>
<|>Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King</|>
<|>In deputation left behinde him heere,</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-blu">

<speaker rend="italic">Blunt:</speaker>

<|>Tut, I came not to heare this.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>

<|>Then to the point.</|>

<|>In short time after, hee depos'd the King.</|>

<|>Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:</|>

<|>And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.</|>

<|>To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman <hi

rend="italic">March</hi>,</|>

<|>Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,</|>

<|>Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,</|>

<|>There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:</|>

<|>Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,</|>

<|>Sought to intrap me by intelligence,</|>

<|>Rated my Vnckle from the Councill-Boord,</|>

<|>In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,</|>

<|>Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,</|>

<|>And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out</|>

<|>This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie</|>

<|>Into his Title: the which wee finde</|>

<|>Too indirect, for long continuance.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-blu">

<speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>

<|>Shall I returne this answer to the King?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">

<speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>

<|>Not so, Sir <hi rend="italic">Walter</hi>.</|>

<l>Wee'le with-draw a while:</l>
 <l>Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd</l>
 <l>Some suretie for a safe returne againe,</l>
 <l>And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle</l>
 <l>Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-blu">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
 <l>I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hotsp.</speaker>
 <l>And't may be, so wee shall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-blu">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
 <l>Pray Heauen you doe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Arch-Bishop
 of Yorke, and Sir Michell.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
 <l>Hie, good Sir <hi rend="italic">Michell</hi>, beare this
 sealed Briefe</l>
 <l>With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,</l>
 <l>This to my Cousin <hi rend="italic">Scroope</hi>, and all the
 rest</l>
 <l>To whom they are directed.</l>
 <l>If you knew how much they doe import,</l>
 <l>You would make haste.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mic">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sir Mich.</speaker>
 <l>My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
 <l>Like enough you doe.</l>
 <l>To morrow, good Sir <hi rend="italic">Michell</hi>, is a
 day,</l>
 <l>Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men</l>
 <l>Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,</l>
 <l>As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,</l>
 <l>The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power,</l>

<|>Meetes with Lord <hi rend="italic">Harry:</hi> and I feare,
 Sir <hi rend="italic">Michell</hi>,</l>
 <|>What with the sicknesse of <hi
 rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>,</l>
 <|>Whose Power was in the first proportion;</l>
 <|>And what with <hi rend="italic">Owen Glendowers</hi>
 absence thence,</l>
 <|>Who with them was rated firmly too,</l>
 <|>And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,</l>
 <|>I feare the Power of <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> is too
 weake,</l>
 <|>To wage an instant tryall with the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mic">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sir Mich.</speaker>
 <|>Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,</l>
 <|>There is <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, and Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
 <|>No, <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi> is not there.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mic">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sir Mic.</speaker>
 <|>But there is <hi rend="italic">Mordake, Vernon</hi>, Lord
 <hi rend="italic">Harry Percy</hi>,</l>
 <|>And there is my Lord of Worcester,</l>
 <|>And a Head of gallant Warriors,</l>
 <|>Noble Gentlemen.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Arch.</hi> And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0391-0.jpg" n="69"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
 <|>And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne</l>
 <|>The speciall head of all the Land together:</l>
 <|>The Prince of Wales, Lord <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of
 Lancaster,</l>
 <|>The Noble Westmerland, and warlike <hi
 rend="italic">Blunt</hi>;</l>
 <|>And many moe Corriuals, and deare men</l>
 <|>Of estimation, and command in Armes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mic">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sir M.</speaker>
 <|>Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
 <l>I hope no lesse? Yet needful 'tis to feare,</l>
 <l>And to preuent the worst, Sir <hi rend="italic">Michell</hi>
 speed;</l>
 <l>For if Lord <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> thriue not, ere the
 King</l>
 <l>Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs:</l>
 <l>For he hath heard of our Confederacie,</l>
 <l>And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:</l>
 <l>Therefore make hast, I must go write againe</l>
 <l>To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Michell</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="5">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King, Prince
 of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
 <lb/>Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,
 <lb/>and Falstaffe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere</l>
 <l>Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale</l>
 <l>At his distemperature.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>The Southerne winde</l>
 <l>Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,</l>
 <l>And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,</l>
 <l>Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Then with the losers let it sympathize,</l>
 <l>For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">The Trumpet
 sounds.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Worcester.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

King.
<l>How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well</l>
<l>That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,</l>
<l>As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,</l>
<l>And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,</l>
<l>To crush our old limbes in vngentle steele;</l>
<l>This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.</l>
<l>What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit</l>
<l>This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?</l>
<l>And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,</l>
<l>Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,</l>
<l>And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,</l>
<l>A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent</l>
<l>Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">

Wor.</speaker>

<l>Heare me, my Liege:</l>
<l>For mine owne part, I could be well content</l>
<l>To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life</l>
<l>With quiet houres: For I do protest,</l>
<l>I haue not sought the day of this dislike.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

King.</speaker>

<p>You haue not sought it: how comes it then?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

Fal.</speaker>

<p>Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

Prin.</speaker>

<p>Peace, Chewet, peace.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">

Wor.</speaker>

<l>It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes</l>
<l>Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;</l>
<l>And yet I must remember you my Lord,;</l>
<l>We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:</l>
<l>Far you, my staffe of Office did I breake</l>
<l>In *Richards* time, and poasted day and

night</l>

<l>To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>When yet you were in place, and in account</l>
<l>Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;</l>
<l>It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,</l>
<l>That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare</l>

<|>The danger of the time. You swore to vs,</|>
<|>And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,</|>
<|>That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,</|>
<|>Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,</|>
<|>The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,</|>
<|>To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,</|>
<|>It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head,</|>
<|>And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,</|>
<|>What with our helpe, what with the absent King,</|>
<|>What with the iniuries of wanton time,</|>
<|>The seeming sufferances that you had borne,</|>
<|>And the contrarious Windes that held the King</|>
<|>So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,</|>
<|>That all in England did repute him dead:</|>
<|>And from this swarme of faire aduantages,</|>
<|>You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,</|>
<|>To gripe the generall sway into your hand,</|>
<|>Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,</|>
<|>And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,</|>
<|>As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,</|>
<|>Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,</|>
<|>Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,</|>
<|>That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight</|>
<|>For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing</|>
<|>We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye</|>
<|>Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,</|>
<|>Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes</|>
<|>As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,</|>
<|>By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,</|>
<|>And violation of all faith and troth</|>
<|>Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

<|>These things indeede you haue articulated,</|>
<|>Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,</|>
<|>To face the Garment of Rebellion</|>
<|>With some fine colour, that may please the eye</|>
<|>Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,</|>
<|>Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes</|>
<|>Of hurly burly Innouation:</|>
<|>And neuer yet did Insurrection want</|>
<|>Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:</|>
<|>Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time</|>
<|>Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<|>In both our Armies, there is many a soule</|>
<|>Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,</|>

Hopes,</l>

<l>if once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,</l>
<l>The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world</l>
<l>in praise of <hi rend="italic">Henry Percie</hi>: By my

<l>This present enterprize set off his head,</l>
<l>I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,</l>
<l>More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,</l>
<l>More daring, or more bold, is now alie,</l>
<l>To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.</l>
<l>For my part, I may speake it to my shame,</l>
<l>I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,</l>
<l>And so I heare, he doth account me too:</l>
<l>Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,</l>
<l>I am content that he shall take the oddes</l>
<l>Of his great name and estimation,</l>
<l>And will, to saue the blood on either side,</l>
<l>Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,</l>
<l>Albeit, considerations infinite</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Do</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0392-0.jpg" n="70"/>

<fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Do make aga<gap extent="2"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="inkBlot"

resp="#ES"/>st it: No good Worster, no,</l>

<l>We loue our people well; euen those we loue</l>

<l>That are misled vpon your Cousins part:</l>

<l>And will they take the offer of our Grace:</l>

<l>Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man</l>

<l>Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.</l>

<l>So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="nonstandardCharacter"

agent="inkedSpacemaker"

resp="#ES"/>

</l>

<l>What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,</l>

<l>Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,</l>

<l>And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,</l>

<l>We will not now be troubled with reply,</l>

<l>We offer faire, take it aduisedly.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Worcster.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>It will not be accepted, on my life,</l>
 <l>The <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi> and the <hi
 rend="italic">Hotspurre</hi> both together,</l>
 <l>Are confident against the world in Armes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,</l>
 <l>For on their answer will we set on them;</l>
 <l>And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Prince and
 Falstaffe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, if thou see me downe in the battell,</l>
 <l>And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship</l>
 <l>Say thy prayers, and farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>I would it were bed time <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, and all
 well.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fast.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him
 <lb/>before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,
 <lb/>that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes
 <lb/>me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come
 <lb/>on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an
 <lb/>arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.
 <lb/>Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Ho-
 <lb/>nour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
 <lb/>trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednes-
 <lb/>day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it
 <lb/>insensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with
 <lb/>the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, ther-

fore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
 ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor.

O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard

The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver.

'Twere best he did.

Wor.

Then we are all vndone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The King would keepe his word in louing vs,

He will suspect vs still, and finde a time

To punish this offence in others faults:

Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;

For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,

Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,

Will haue a wilde trick of his Ancestors:

Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,

Interpretation will misquote our lookes,

And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,

The better cherisht, still the nearer death.

My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of *Ptiuiledge*,
Priuiledge,

A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, govern'd by
 a *Spleene*:

All his offences liue vpon my head,
 And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
 And his corruption being tane from vs,
 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
 Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry*

know</l>

```
<l>In any case, the offer of the King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
  <l>Deliuier what you will, Ile say 'tis so.</l>
  <l>Heere comes your Cosin.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Hotspurre.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
  <l>My Vnkle is return'd,</l>
  <l>Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland.</l>
  <l>Vnkle, what newe-<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
  <l>The King will bid you battell presently.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
  <l>Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
  <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>: Go you and tell him
so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
  <l>Marry and shall, and verie willingly.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Dowglas.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
  <l>There is no seeming mercy in the King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
  <l>Did you begge any? God forbid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
  <l>I told him gently of our greuances,</l>
  <l>Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,</l>
  <l>By now forswearing that he is forsworne,</l>
  <l>He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge</l>
```

<l>With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Dowglas.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown</l>
 <l>A braue defiance in King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
 teeth:</l>
 <l>And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,</l>
 <l>Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,</l>
 <l>And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,</l>
 <l>And that no man might draw short breath to day,</l>
 <l>But I and <hi rend="italic">Harry Monmouth</hi>. Tell me,
 tell mee,</l>
 <l>How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
 <l>No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life</l>
 <l>Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,</l>
 <l>Vnlesle a Brother should a Brother dare</l>
 <l>To gentle exercise, and prooffe of Armes.</l>
 <l>He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,</l>
 <l>Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,</l>
 <l>Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,</l>
 <l>Making you euer better then his praise,</l>
 <l>By still dispraising praise, valed with you:</l>
 <l>And which became him like a Prince indeed,</l>
 <l>He made a blushing citall of himselfe,</l>
 <l>And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,</l>
 <l>As if he mastred there a double spirit</l>
 <l>Of teaching, and of learning instantly:</l>
 <l>There did he pause. But let me tell the World,</l>
 <l>If he out-liue the enuie of this day,</l>
 <l>England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,</l>
 <l>So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored</l>
 <l>On his Follies: neuer did I heare</l>

<l>Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.</l>
 <l>But be he as he will, yet once ere night,</l>
 <l>I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,</l>
 <l>That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.</l>
 <l>Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,</l>
 <l>Better consider what you haue to do,</l>
 <l>That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Can</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0393-0.jpg" n="71"/>
 <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Can lift your blood up with perswasion.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, heere are Letters for you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>I cannot reade them now.</l>
 <l>O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;</l>
 <l>To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.</l>
 <l>If life did ride vpon a Dials point,</l>
 <l>still ending at the arriuall of an houre,</l>
 <l>And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:</l>
 <l>If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.</l>
 <l>Now for our Consciencs, the Armes is faire,</l>
 <l>When the intent for bearing them is iust.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:</l>
 <l>For I professe not talking: Onely this,</l>
 <l>Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,</l>
 <l>Whose worthy temper I intend to staine</l>
 <l>With the best blood that I can meete withall,</l>
 <l>In the adventure of this perillous day.</l>
 <l>Now Esperance <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, and set on:</l>
 <l>Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,</l>
 <l>And by that Musicke let vs all imbrace:</l>
 <l>For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,</l>
 <l>A second time do such a curtesie.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">They embrace, the
 Trumpets sound, the King entereth
 <lb/>with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter
 <lb/>Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">Conventional scene
 numbering in this play diverges from the First Folio from this point onwards.</note>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-blu">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blu.</speaker>
 <l>What is thy name, that in battel thus y<c
 rend="superscript">u</c> crossest me?</l>
 <l>What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Know then my name is <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>,</l>
 <l>And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,</l>
 <l>Because some tell me, that thou art a King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-blu">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
 <p>They tell thee true.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought</l>
 <l>Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King <hi
 rend="italic">Harry</hi>,</l>
 <l>This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-blu">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blu.</speaker>
 <l>I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,</l>
 <l>And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge</l>
 <l>Lords Staffords death.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Fight, Blunt is slaine,
 then enters Hotspur.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus</l>
 <l>I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Where<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>This <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>? No, I know this face
 full well:</l>
 <l>A gallant Knight he was, his name was <hi
 rend="italic">Blunt</hi>,</l>
 <l>Semblably furnish'd like the King himselfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,</l>
 <l>A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.</l>
 <l>Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>The King hath many marching in his Coats.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,</l>
 <l>Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,</l>
 <l>Vntill I meet the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Vp, and away,</l>
 <l>Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum, and enter
 Falstaffe solus.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear
 <lb/>the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft
 <lb/>who are you? Sir <hi rend="italic">Walter Blunt</hi>,
 there's Honour for you:
 <lb/>here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea-
 <lb/>uy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more

weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of
2
Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg du-
ring life. But who comes here?

Enter the
Prince.

Pri.
What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman likes starke and stiffe
Vnder the hoooues of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are vnreung'd. Prethy lend me thy sword

Fal.
O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to
breath a while:
Gregory neuer did such
deeds in Armes, as I haue
done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I
haue made him sure.

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

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

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

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

The Prince
drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin.
What, is it a time to iest and dally now.

him.</stage>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Throwes it at

do come in
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>If <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he
 <lb/>my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let
 <lb/>him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
 <lb/>honour as Sir <hi rend="italic">Walter</hi> hath: Giue
 mee life, which if I can
 <lb/>sauue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an
 <lb/>end.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

</div>
 <div type="scene" n="4">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum, excursions, enter
 the King, the Prince,
 <lb/>Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle
 <lb/>of Westmerland.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>I prethee <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> withdraw thy selfe,
 thou blee-
 <lb/>dest too much: Lord <hi rend="italic">Iohn of
 Lancaster</hi>, go you with him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">P. Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>I beseech your Maiesty make vp,</l>
 <l>Least you retirement do amaze your friends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I will do so:</l>
 <l>My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
 <l>Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;</l>
 <l>And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should driue</l>
 <l>The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,</l>
 <l>Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on,</l>
 <l>And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>We breath too long. Come cosin Westmerland,</l>
 <l>Our duty this way lies, for heauens sake come.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>By heauen thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster,</l>
 <l>I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:</l>
 <l>Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>;</l>
 <l>But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I saw him hold Lord <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> at the
 point,</l>
 <l>With lustier maintenance then I did looke for</l>
 <l>Of such an vngrowne Warriour.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Dowglas.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-dou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>
 <l>Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:</l>
 <l>I am the <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, fatall to all
 those</l>
 <l>That weare those colours on them. What art thou</l>
 <l>That counterfeit'st the person of a King?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>The King himselfe: who Dowglas grieues at <gap extent="1"
 unit="words"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="torn"
 resp="#ES"/>
 </l>

`<note type="physical" resp="#ES">The bottom of this page has been torn and repaired, obscuring the catchword.</note>`

`<pb facs="Ffimg:axc0394-0.jpg" n="72"/>`

`<fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>`

`<cb n="1"/>`

`<l>So many of his shadowes thou hast met,</l>`

`<l>And not the very King. I haue two Boyes</l>`

`<l>Seeke <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> and thy selfe about the`

`Field:</l>`

`<l>But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,</l>`

`<l>I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.</l>`

`</sp>`

`<sp who="#F-1h4-dou">`

`<speaker rend="italic">Dow.</speaker>`

`<l>I feare thou art another counterfeit:</l>`

`<l>And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:</l>`

`<l>But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,</l>`

`<l>And thus I win thee.</l>`

`</sp>`

`<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They fight, the`

`<choice>`

`<abbr>K.</abbr>`

`<expan>King</expan>`

`</choice> being in danger,</stage>`

`<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince.</stage>`

`<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">`

`<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>`

`<l>Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like</l>`

`<l>Neuerto hold it vp againe: the Spirits</l>`

`<l>Of valiant <hi rend="italic">Sherly, Stafford, Blunt</hi>, are`

`in my Armes;</l>`

`<l>It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,</l>`

`<l>Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.</l>`

`<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They Fight,`

`Dowglas flyeth.</stage>`

`<l>Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?</l>`

`<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Nicholas Gawsey</hi> hath for succour`

`sent,</l>`

`<l>And so hath <hi rend="italic">Clifton</hi>: Ile to Clifton`

`straight.</l>`

`</sp>`

`<sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">`

`<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>`

`<l>Stay, and breath awhile.</l>`

`<l>Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,</l>`

`<l>And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life</l>`

`<l>In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.</l>`

`</sp>`

`<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">`

`<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>`

<l>O heauen, they did me too much iniury,</l>
 <l>That euer said I hearkned to your death.</l>
 <l>If it were so, I might haue let alone</l>
 <l>The insulting hand of <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi> ouer
 you,</l>

<l>Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,</l>
 <l>As all the poysonous Potions in the world,</l>
 <l>And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">K.</speaker>
 <l>Make vp to <hi rend="italic">Clifton</hi>, Ile to Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Nicholas Gausey</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hotspur.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>If I mistake not, thou art <hi rend="italic">Harry
 Monmouth</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Thou, speak'st as if I would deny my name.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>My name is <hi rend="italic">Harrie Percie</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.</l>
 <l>I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not <hi
 rend="italic">Percy</hi>,</l>

<l>To share with me in glory any more:</l>
 <l>Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,</l>
 <l>Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,</l>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Harry Percy</hi>, and the Prince of
 Wales.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Nor shall it <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, for the houre is
 come</l>

<l>To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,</l>
 <l>Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,</l>

<l>And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,</l>
 <l>Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>I can no longer brooke thy Vanities.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Fight.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Falstaffe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Well said <hi rend="italic">Hal</hi>, to it <hi
 rend="italic">Hal</hi>. Nay you shall finde no
 <lb/>Boyes play heere, I can tell you.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Dowglas, he fights
 with Falstaffe, who fals down
 <lb/>as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hot.</speaker>
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, thou hast rob'd me of my
 youth:</l>
 <l>I better brooke the losse of brittle life,</l>
 <l>Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,</l>
 <l>They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh:</l>
 <l>But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;</l>
 <l>And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,</l>
 <l>Must haue a stop, O, I could Prophetise,</l>
 <l>But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,</l>
 <l>Lyes on my Tongue: No <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>, thou
 art dust</l>
 <l>And food for□</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>For Wormes, braue <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi>. Farewell
 great heart:</l>
 <l>Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?</l>
 <l>When that this bodie did containe a spirit,</l>
 <note type="physical" resp="#ES">This line is partly distorted by a tear
 at the bottom of the page.</note>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:</l>
 <l>But now two paces of the vilest Earth<note type="physical"
 resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 </l>
 <l>Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,</l>
 <l>Beares not aliuie so stout a Gentleman.</l>
 <l>If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,</l>

<l>I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.</l>
 <l>But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,</l>
 <l>And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe</l>
 <l>For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.</l>
 <l>Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,</l>
 <l>Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,</l>
 <l>But not remembred in thy Epitaph.</l>
 <l>What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh</l>
 <l>Keepe in a little life< c rend="italic">?</c> Poore Iacke,

farewell:</l>

<l>I could haue better spar'd a better man.</l>
 <l>O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,</l>
 <l>If I were much in loue with Vanity.</l>
 <l>Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,</l>
 <l>Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:</l>
 <l>Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,</l>
 <l>Till then, in blood, by Noble <hi rend="italic">Percie</hi>

lye.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Falstaffe riseth

vp.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <p>Imbowell'd? if thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
 <lb/>giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
 <lb/>'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
 <lb/>had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-
 <lb/>terfeit; to dye, is to be counterfeit, for hee is but the
 <lb/>counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
 <lb/>to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
 <lb/>no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-
 <lb/>deede. The better part of V<gap extent="2"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="torn"
 resp="#ES"/>our, is Discretion; in the
 <lb/>which better part, I haue sau'd my life. I am affraide of
 <lb/>this Gun-powder <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> though he

be dead. How if hee

<lb/>should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would
 <lb/>proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure:
 <lb/>yea, and Ile swaere I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
 <lb/>well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
 <lb/>sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
 <lb/>come you along me.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Takes Hotspurre
 on his backe.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince and Iohn

of Lancaster.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Come Brother <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, full brauely hast
thou flesht

<lb/>thy Maiden sword.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>But soft, who haue we heere?</l>

<l>Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<l>I did, I saw him dead,</l>

<l>Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliuie?</l>

<l>Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?</l>

<l>I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes</l>

<l>Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but

I a Iacke: There is <hi rend="italic">Per-

<lb/>cy</hi>, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not,

let him

<lb/>kill the next <hi rend="italic">Percie</hi> himselfe. I

looke to be either Earle or

<lb/>Duke, I can assure you.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<l>Why, <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> I kill'd my selfe, and saw
thee dead.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-fal">

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

<p>Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen

<lb/>to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,

<lb/>and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought

<lb/>a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee belee-

<lb/>ued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare

<lb/>the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death

<lb/>I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man vvere a-

<lb/>liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece

<lb/>of my sword.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h4-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>


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    <l>This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
    <l>This is the strangest Fellow, Brother <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Come</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0395-0.jpg" n="73"/>
    <fw type="rh">The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:</l>
    <l>For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,</l>
    <l>Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A Retreat is
sounded.</stage>
    <l>The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:</l>
    <l>Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,</l>
    <l>To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-fal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
    <p>Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
    <lb/>wards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
    <lb/>Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leaue sacke, and liue
    <lb/>cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
  <head rend="italic center">Scæna Quarta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">The Trumpets sound.
  <lb/>Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
  <lb/>Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &
  <lb/>Vernon Prisoners.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.</l>
    <l>Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,</l>
    <l>Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?</l>
    <l>And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?</l>
    <l>Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?</l>
    <l>Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,</l>
    <l>A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,</l>
    <l>Had beene aliuie this houre,</l>
    <l>If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne</l>
    <l>Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h4-wor">

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<speaker rend="italic">Wor.</speaker>
 <l>What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>And I embrace this fortune patiently,</l>
 <l>Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Beare Worcester to death, and <hi rend="italic">Vernon</hi>
 too:</l>
 <l>Other Offenders we will pause vpon.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Worcester and
 Vernon.</stage>
 <l>How goes the Field?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>The Noble Scot Lord <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, when
 hee saw</l>
 <l>The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,</l>
 <l>The Noble <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> slaine, and all his
 men,</l>
 <l>Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;</l>
 <l>And. falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd</l>
 <l>That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent</l>
 <l>The <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi> is, and I beseech your
 Grace.</l>
 <l>I may dispose of him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>With all my heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn5">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Then Brother <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Lancaster,</l>
 <l>To you this honourable bounty shall belong:</l>
 <l>Go to the <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>, and deliuer
 him</l>
 <l>Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:</l>
 <l>His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,</l>
 <l>Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,</l>
 <l>Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h4-hn4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.</l>
 <l>You Sonne <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, and my Cousin
 Westmerland</l>
 <l>Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed</l>

<l>To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate <hi
rend="italic">Scroope</hi>, </l>
<l>Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.</l>
<l>My Selfe, and you Sonne <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> will
towards Wales,</l>
<l>To fight with <hi rend="italic">Glendower</hi>, and the
Earle of March.</l>
<l>Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,</l>
<l>Meeting the Checke of such another day:</l>
<l>And since this Businesse so faire is done,</l>
<l>Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
</body>
</text>
</TEI>