<funder>
  <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for Shakespeare</ref>
  Crowdfunding</funder>

The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made 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 and book history.</funder>

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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.<

First Folio

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30

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    The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's:
    1. Hinman: πA<sup>6</sup> (πA1+1)
    [πB<sup>3</sup>], 2A-2B<sup>6</sup>
    gg<sup>2</sup> Gg<sup>6</sup>
    g<sup>6</sup> 2<sup>2</sup>8<sup>h</sup> x<sup>-v<sup>6</sup></sup> x<sup>4</sup>
    2k-2v<sup>6</sup>
    x<sup>6</sup> 2y-3b<sup>6</sup>.<p>
    Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; Gg1 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>
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Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Editors’ dedication signed: John Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

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

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to mak... seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably leaving the Library.


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.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humphrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Bod...
to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24.

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, 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 (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.

Digital facsimile images available at: http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/
Second Drawer 2. Draw.
Second Groom 2. Groo.
Archbishop Scroop, Archbishop of York
Ar. Arch. Bish. 
Peter Bullcalf, country soldier
Bul. 
Prince Thomas, Duke of Clarence
Sir John Colville Col.
Davy, servant to Shallow Da.
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Simon Shadow, country soldier
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Robert Shallow, country Justice
Shal
Shal.
Shall.
Shallow.

Silence, country Justice
Sil.

Snare, a Sheriff's officer
Sn.
Snare.

Travers, retainer of Northumberland
Tra.

Earl of Warwick
War.
Warw.
Warwicke.

Thomas Wart, country soldier
Wart.

Earl of Westmoreland
West.

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

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Induction]

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

INDVCTION.

Enter Rumour.

O Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop?

Rumour speaks?

from the Orient, to the drooping West

(Making the wind my Post-horse) still vnfold

The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.

Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,

The which, in every Language, I pronounce,

Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:

I speak of Peace, while couert Enmitie (Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:

And who but Rumour, who but onely I

Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,

Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,

Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,

And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe

Blown by Surnises, Jealousies, Coniectures,

And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,

That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,

The still discordant, wauering Multitude,

Can play vpon it. But what need I thus

My well-knowne Body to Anatomize
Among my houshold? Why is Rumour here?

I run before King Harries victory,

Who in a bloody field by Shrewsburie,

Hath beaten downe young Hotspurre, and his Troopes,

Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,

Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I?

To speak so true at first? My Office is

To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell

Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:

And that the King, before the Dowglas Rage

Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.

This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,

Between that Royall Field of Shrewsburie,

And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,

Where Hotspurre Father, old Northumberland,

Lyes craftysicke. The Posts come tyring on,

And not a man of them brings other newes

Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,

They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse than True-wrongs.

Exit. Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

Who keeps the Gate here? Where is the Earl?

Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him here.

His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard.

Please it your Honour, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Here comes the Earle.

What news, Lord Bardolfe? Every minute now Should be the Father of some Stratagem; The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

Good, and heauen will.

As good as heart can wish: The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne, Prince Harrie slaine out-right: and both the Blunts Kill'd by the hand of Dowglas. Young Prince John, And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.

And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir John) Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times Since Cæsars Fortunes.
Nor.

How is this deriu'd? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bar.

I spake with one (my Lord) that came from thence,

A Gentleman, well bred, and of good name,

That freely render'd me these news for true.

Heere comes my Servant Trauers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Trauers

My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way;

And he is furnish'd with no certainties,

More then he (haply) may retaile from me.

Now Trauers, what good tidings comes you?

Trauens)</sp>

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth</sp>

Trauens

My Lord, Sit Iohn Vmfreuill turn'd me backe

With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)

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

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

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

Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers
Giue then such instances of Losse?

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

Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witness vsurpation.

Say Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)

Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske

To fright our party.

I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)

Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske

To fright our party.

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Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske

To fright our party.

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Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske

To fright our party.

I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)

Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske

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

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

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

I am sorry, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd).
To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth.
From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, flies with greatest speede,
So did our Men, heavy in Hotspurres losse,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
That Arrows fled not swifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester.
Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot, whose well-labouring sword:

Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,

Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,

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

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

A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,

Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster

And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

For this, I shall haue time enough to mourn.

In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes (Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,

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

And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,

Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,

Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire

Out of his keepers armes: Even so, my Limbes

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

Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,

A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele

Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

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

Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach

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

To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.

Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand

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

And let the world no longer be a stage

But let one spirit of the First-borne <hi rend="italic">Caine</hi>

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
L. Bar.

Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your

Honor.

The lives of all your loving Complices

Leane-on your health, the which if you give o're

To stormy Passion, must perforse decay.

You cast th'event of Warre (my Noble Lord)

And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said

Let vs make head: It was your presurmize.

That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.

You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge

More likely to fall in, then to get o're

You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable

Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit

Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,

Yet did you say go forth: and none of this

(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine

The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?

Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,

More then that Being, which was like to be?

We all that are engaged to this losse,

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,

That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:

And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,

Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,

And since we are o're-set, venture againe.

Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods

'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)

I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:

The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp

With well appointed Powres: he is a man

Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.

My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes

But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.

For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide

The action of their bodies, from their soules,

And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd

As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only

Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,

This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp.
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard—Richard, scrap'd from
Pomfret stones,

[hi rend="italic"]Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, under great [hi rend="italic"]Bullingbrooke,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

[sp who="#F-2h4-nor"]
[speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell every man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need.

</sp>
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</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe, and
Page.</stage>

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[speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
Sirra, you giant, what saies the [choice>
<abbr>Doct.</abbr>
<expan>Doctor</expan>
</choice> to my water?[/p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
[speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
He said sir, the Water it selfe was a good healthy
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
diseases then he knew for.[p>
</sp>
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Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere
wakke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-vice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I haue no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be wore in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in wilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The Iuuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. Dombledon, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

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

Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson Achitophel; a Rascally-yea-

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

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

Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about Bardolfe.</hi>.</p>

What's he that goes there?

He that was in question for the Robbery?

He my Lord, but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord John of Lancaster.</hi>.</p>
Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Boy, tell him, I am deafe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <p>You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-lej">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
 <p>I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.</p>
 <lb/>Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <p>You mistake me Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
 <p>Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-ser"></sp>
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.</p>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>Sir, my Lord would speake with you.</p>

<speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
<p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>, a word with you.</p>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
<p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.</p>

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.</p>

<speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
<p>I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come when I sent for you?</p>
Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He that buckles him in my belt, cannot liue in lesse.

Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

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

You haue misled the youthfull Prince.

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

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

My Lord?

Iust.

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

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

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

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

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

His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

You follow th[yong Prince vp and downe, like

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

Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Anti-quity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? Fy, fy, fy sir.

My Lord, l was borne with a white head, something a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in judgement and understan

for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord Iohn Lancaster, a

I heare you are going with Lord Iohn of Lancaster, a

gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of
Fal. <p>Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyne not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe: There is not a daengerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last euer.</p> Iust. <p>Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your Expedition.</p> Fal. <p>Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?</p> Iust. <p>Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cosin Westmerland.</p> Fal. <p>If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?</p> Page. <p>Sir.</p> Fal.
What money is in my purse?

Seuen groats, and two pence.

I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Vrsula, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since perceiued the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne dis-eases to commodity.

Exeunt

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Thus haue you heard our causes, kno our Means:

And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

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

Vpon the Power and puisance of the King.

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

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

With him, we may.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If he should do so,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?
I haue no certaine notice.

Let us on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:
An habitation giddy, and vnsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing
Bullingbrooke
Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder)art so full of him,
That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.
So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall

And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th'admired heele of Bullingbrooke
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst."

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

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?

Will he stand to it?
Fang.

Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hostesse.

I, I, good M. Snare...

Snare.

Heere, heere.

Snare.

Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaffe.

Hostesse.

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

Sn.

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

Host.

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

Fang.

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

Host.

I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. <hi rend="italic">Fang</hi> hold him

sure: good M. <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi> let him not

scape, he comes continu-

antly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a sad-

dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in

Lombardstreet, to M. <hi rend="italic">Smoothes</hi>

the Silkman. I pra'ye, since

my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the

world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke

is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: &amp; I

have borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and

fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to

be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnes

a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e-

very Knaues wrong.</p>

<p><stage rend="italic rightJustified">Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.</stage>

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi> with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. <hi rend="italic">Fang</hi>, &amp; M. <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi>, do me, do me, do me your Offices.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-2h4-fal">Fal.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?</p>

<p><sp who="#F-2h4-fan">Fang.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>

Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. <hi rend="italic">Quickly</hi>.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-2h4-fal">Falst.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

Away Varlets, draw <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-2h4-qui">Host.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>

Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, mur-
der, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt tkou kill Gods of-
ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.</p>
Falst.<br>
<p>Keep them off, Bardolfe.</p>

Fang.<br>
<p>A rescu, a rescu.</p>

Host.<br>
<p>Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.</p>

Page.<br>
<p>Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil-lirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe.</p>

Enter. Ch. Iustice.<br>
<p>What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.</p>

Host.<br>
<p>Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.</p>

Ch. Iust.<br>
<p>For what summe?</p>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all</p>
  <p>I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath</p>
  <p>put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will</p>
  <p>haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights,</p>
  <p>like the Mare.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue</p>
  <p>any vantage of ground, to get vp.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ch: Iust.</speaker>
  <p>How comes this, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? Fy, what a man of</p>
  <p>good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?</p>
  <p>Are you not ash'md to inforce a poore Widdowe to so</p>
  <p>rough a course, to come by her owne?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &amp;
  the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell</p>
  <p>gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round</p>
  <p>table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,</p>
  <p>when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a sin-
  ging man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I</p>
  <p>was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my</p>
  <p>Lady thy wife. Canst y<u rend="superscript">u</u> deny it? Did not good wife</p>
  <p><hi rend="italic">Keech</hi></p>
  <p>the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip <hi rend="italic">Quick-
  ly</hi>? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar:
  telling vs,</p>
  <p>she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby y<u rend="superscript">u</u></p>
  <p>didst desire to</p>
  <p>eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene</p>
  <p>wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe</p>
  <p>staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore</p>
  <p>people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?</p>
  <p>And did'st y<u rend="superscript">u</u> not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I</p>
  <p>put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?</p>
</sp>
Fal.

My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes

vp &amp; downe the town, that her eldest son is like you.

She

hath bin in good case, &amp; the truth is, pouerty hath
distra-

cited her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I

may haue redresse against them.</p>

Iust.

Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I am well acquainted with your

maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not

a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come

with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can

thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' pra-

cis'd vpon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.</p>

Host.

Yes in troth my Lord.

Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and

vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do

with sterling mony, &amp; the other with currant

repentance.</p>

Fal.

My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without

reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesses:

If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No,

my Lord (your humble duty

remembred</abbr>

remembred</expan>

) I will not be your

sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers

being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.</p>

Iust.

You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But

answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the

poore woman.</p>
Falst. Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M. Gower

Ch. Iust. Now Master Gower; What newes?

The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales

Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

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

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

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

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

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

Nobles,

I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

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

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

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

I haue heard bitter newes.

you at supper??
Fal What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Iu. Where lay the King last night?

Mes. At Basingstoke my Lord.

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

Mes. Come all his Forces backe?

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

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

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

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Iust. What's the matter?
Fal. shall I entreat you with mee to dinner?

Gowre, shall I entreat you with mee to dinner? I must waite vpon my good Lord heere. I thanke you, good Sir Iohn.

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

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

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

Exeunt

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

Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin.

It doth me: though it discolours the complexion Of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildly in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin.

Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prince.

Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble Considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face tomorrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings ye hast: (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to bear the Inventorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin.

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

Prin.

Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin.

Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.
It shall serve among wittes of no higher breed than thine.

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

Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

The reason?

What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?

I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better.
then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite in-deede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingraffed to Falstaffe.

Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingraffed to Falstaffe.

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Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingraffed to Falstaffe.
He call'd me eu'en now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & ped through.

Away, you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

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

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

O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee.
If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes shall be wrong'd.

And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

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

Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

In bodily health Sir.

Marry, the immortal part needes a Physitian: but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

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

Marry, the immortal part needes a Physitian:

(Every man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrowed ed cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.
Prince.

Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch it from Iaphet. But to the Letter:

Sir John Falstaffe,

Harrie Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neereest his Father,

Prince of Wales, greeting.

Why this is a Certificate.

Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Fauours so much, that he swears thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Re-

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him.

John with my Brothers and sister: & Sir John with all Europe.

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

That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.

Must I marry your Sister?
<p>May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I never said so.</p><p>Well, thus we play the Fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mock us: Is your Master here in London?</p><p>Well, thus we play the Fools with the time, the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke us: Is your Master heere in London?</p><p>Yes my Lord.</p><p>Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?</p><p>At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.</p><p>What Company?</p><p>Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.</p><p>Sup any women with him?</p>
What Pagan may that be?

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

Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (Ned) at Supper?

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

There's for your silence.

I haue no tongue, sir.

And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Teare-sheet should be some Rode.

I warrant you, as common as the way betweene Saint Albans, and London.
How might we see Falstaffe bestow him selfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seen?

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

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

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

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

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

Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs; The Time was (Father) when you broke your word, When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,

When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-
Harry,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father: Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

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

For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:

For His, it stucke upon him, as the Sunne.

In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light.

Did all the Chvalrie of England move:

To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glass.

Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselves.

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

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valiant.

For those that could speake low, and tardily,

Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,

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

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood.

He was the Marke, and Glass, Coppy, and Booke.

That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,

O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave (Second to none) vn-seconded by you,

To look upon the hideous God of Warre,

In disaduantage, to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of

He was the Marke, and Glass, Coppy, and Booke,

That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,

O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave

(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,

To look upon the hideous God of Warre,

In disaduantage, to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of

Hotspurs' Name

Did seeme defensible: so you left him.

Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong.

To hold your Honor more precise and nice

With others, then with him. Let them alone.

The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.

Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers,

To day might I (hanging on Hotspurs' Necke)

Haue talk'd of Monmouth's Graue.

Beshrew your heart,

(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,

With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse prouided.

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

If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprout, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp un to his height,
That makes a still - stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch - bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

What hast thou brought there? Apple - Iohns? Thou know'st Sir Iohn cannot endure an Apple - Iohns? Thou know'st Sir Iohn

cannot endure an Apple-
Iohn.
more Sir Iohns: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

Noyse; Mistris Teare-sheet would faine have some Musique.

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

Then here will be old Vtis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Ile see if I can finde out Sneake.

Exit.

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

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

Enter Falstaffe.

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

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

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

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

I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.
Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serve brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge-rie brauely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

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

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

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

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in Eng-land.
doore, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou hear, Hostesse?


Falst. Do'st you hear? It is mine Ancient. Tilly-fally (Sir John) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick the Deputy, the other day: and as he said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbor Quickly (says he:) Master Dombe, our Minister, was by;
said Neighbour Quickly (says he:) quickly you receive those that are Civil; for (sayth he:) you are in an ill Name: now, hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes he:) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Guests you receive: Receive (sayes he:) no Swaggering Companions. There comes none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no Swaggerers.
Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater,
hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-
bound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if
her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call
him vp (Drawer.)</p>

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

Dol. So you doe, Hostesse.

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

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy. Enter Pistol, and
Pistol (Sir) I charge <hi rend="italic">Pistol</hi> (Sir) you shall hardly of-
your Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine
Hostesse.</p>

I will discharge vpon her <hi rend="italic">John</hi> (Sir) with two
Bullets.</p>

She is Pistoll-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly of-
fend her.</p>

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

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

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

I know you, Mistris Dorothie.

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

I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

No, good Captaine not heere, sweete Captaine.

Captaine? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for ta-king their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.
<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
  <p>Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>Hearde thee hither, Mistris <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p>Ile see her damn'd first: to <hi rend="italic">Pluto's</hi> damn'd Lake, <lb/>
    to the Infernall Deepe, where <hi rend="italic">Erebus</hi> and Tortures vile <lb/>
    also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe <lb/>
    Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not <hi rend="italic">Hiren</hi> here?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Good Captaine <hi rend="italic">Peesel</hi> be quiet, it is very late: <lb/>
    I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p>These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack- <lb/>
    Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which can-<lb/>
    not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with <hi rend="italic">Caesar</hi>, and <lb/>
    with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne <lb/>
    them with King <hi rend="italic">Cerberus</hi>, and let the Welkin roare: shall <lb/>
    wee fall foule for Toyes?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:
    <lb>/h1>Haire we not <hi rend="italic">Hiren</hi> here?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
    <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>On my word (Captaine) there's none such here.
    <lb>/h1>I pray be quiet.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Then feed, and be fat (my faire <hi rend="italic">Calipolis</hi>.) Come,
    <lb>/h1>giue me some Sack, <hi rend="italic">Si fortune me tormente, sperato me con-
    <lb>/h1>tente.</hi> Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:
    <lb>/h1>Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there:
    <lb>/h1>Come wee to full Points here, and are <hi rend="italic">et cetera's</hi> no-
    <lb>/h1>thing?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
</sp>
<p><hi rend="italic">Pistol</hi>, I would be quiet.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue seene the seuen Starres.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascall.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-
    <lb>/h1>way Nagges</c rend="italic">?</c></p>
Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a shoue-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.


Host. Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

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

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

Dol. I prethee Iack be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.
Host. Are you not hurt i’th’Groyne? me thought hee made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

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

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

Fal. A Rascall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou swear’st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth fiue of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah

Villaine.

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

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

Enter Musique.
Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol.

A Rascal, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-siluer.

Dol. And thou followst him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

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

Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of? A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

They say Poines hath a good Wit. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Why doth the Prince loue him so then?
Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumps vpon Ioyn'd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their

Haber-de-pois.

Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Let vs beat him before his Whore.

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

Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-liue performance?

Kisse me Dol.

What sayes the Almanack to that?

And looke whether the fierie Trigon,
his Man,

<lb/>be not lisping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?"</p>
</sp>
<br who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fal.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-dol">
<p>Dol.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fal.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-dol">
<p>Dol.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fal.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-dol">
<p>Dol.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fal.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-dol">
<p>Dol.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fal.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fal.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-dol">
<p>Dol.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fal.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-hn5 #F-2h4-poi">
<p>Prin. Poin.</p>
<br who="#F-2h4-hn5"/>
Prince.  

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

Fal.  

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

Prince.  

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

Host.  

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

Fal.  

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

Dol.  

How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.  

Poin.  

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

Prince.  

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

Host.  

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

Fal.  

Didst thou heare me?
Prince.

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

Fal.

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

Prince.

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

Fal.

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

Prince.

Not to disprayse me? and call me P<gap unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="hole" resp="#ES">ntler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what? c

Fal.

No abuse (Ned) in the World: honest Ned none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuse (Ned) none.
none (Ned) none; no Boyes,

(whose Zeale burns in his

Nose) of the Wicked?

Prince.

See now whether pure FEAR, and entire COWARDISE, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burns in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin.

Answere thou dead Elme, answere,

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

Prince.

For the Women?

Fal.

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

Host.

No, I warrant you,
Fal.

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

Host.

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

Prince.

You, Gentlewoman.

Dol.

What sayes your Grace?

Falst.

His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells against.

Host.

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

Enter Peto.

Peto, how now? what newes?

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

Peto, how now? what newes?
By Heauen (Poiines) I feele me much to blame,

So idly to prophane the precious time,

When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,

Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt.

And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.

Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaffe, good night.

Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the mat-

You must away to Court, Sir, presently,

A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse,

eye not sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches:

Merit are sought after: the vndeseruer may sleepe, when if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst--- Well (sweete) Iacke

haue a care of thy selfe.

Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honester, and truer-hearted man---- Well, fare thee
<lb>well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
  <p>Mistris <hi rend="italic">Teare-sheet</hi>. </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>What's the matter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
  <p>Bid Mistris <hi rend="italic">Teare-sheet</hi> come to my Master. </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Oh runne <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>, runne: runne, good <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:</l>
  <l>But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,</l>
  <l>And well consider of them: make good speed.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
  <l>How many thousand of my poorest Subjects</l>
  <l>Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,</l>
  <l>Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frightened thee,</l>
  <l>That thou no more wilt weign my eye-lids downe,</l>
  <l>And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulness?</l>
  <l>Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs,</l>
  <l>Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,</l>
  <l>And huish't with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber,</l>
  <l>Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?</l>
  <l>Vnder the Canopies of costly State,</l>
  <l>And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?</l>
  <l>O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,</l>
  <l>In loathsome beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,</l>
  <l>A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?</l>
</sp>
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Russian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Loewe, lye downe,
Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.
Is it good-morrow, Lords?
'Tis One a Clock, and past.
Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Have you read o're the Letters that I sent you?
Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?
It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little Medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd.

Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the revolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for Neptunes hippoc; how Chances mocks

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

War.
There is a Historie in all mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie
And weake beginnings lye entreausred:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote upon,
Vnlesse on you,

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

Are fiftie thousand strong.

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

War.

The diuision of our Amitie.
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
I will take your counsail:  
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,  
Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy-Land.

</sp>  

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

</div>  

<div type="scene" n="2">  
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>  
<br>Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf.</div>  
<br>Shal.<br>Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?  

Sil.<br>Good-morrow, good Cousin.  
<br>Shal.<br>And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen?  

Sil.<br>Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)  
<br>Shal.<br>By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?  

Sil.<br>Indeede Sir, to my cost.
He must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

You were called lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)

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

hither anon about Souldiers?

This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes saw him breake Scoggan's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh thе mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance arc dead?
Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Truly Cousin, I was not there.

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

Dead, Sir.

Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow:

and of Gaunt loued

him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?

hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and carried you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foure-teen and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

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

There is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.
Men (as I thinke.)

Heere come two of John Falstaffes

Good morrow, honest Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of very good, a good Phrase.
Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

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

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal.

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

No sir: Master Silence: in Commissi-
on with mee.

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

Your good Worship is welcome.
Fal.

Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal.

Where's the Roll; Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:

Raphe Mouldie: let them appear as I call:

Mouldie?

Moul.

Heere, if it please you.

Yea, if it please you.

Is thy name Mouldie?

Yea, if it please you.

'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal.

Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mou-
<lb>die, lacke use: very singular good. Well saide Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,
<lb>very well said.</p><sp who="#F-2h4-fal"
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Pricke him.</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-mou"
<speaker rend="italic">Moul.</speaker>
<p>I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-fal"
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Go too: peace <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi>, you shall goe. <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi>, it is time you were spent.</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-mou"
<speaker rend="italic">Moul.</speaker>
<p>Spent?</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-shl"
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>Where's <hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi>?</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-shd"
<speaker rend="italic">Shad.</speaker>
<p>Heere sir.</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-fal"
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>I marry, let me haue him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold soouldier.</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-shl"
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>Where's <hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi>?</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-shd"
<speaker rend="italic">Shad.</speaker>
<p>Heere sir.</p></sp><sp who="#F-2h4-fal"
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p></p></sp><hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi>, whose sonne art thou<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.
Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

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

Shal. Do you like him, sir Iohn?

Shadow will serve for Summer: pricke him: For we haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.
Shall I pricke him downe, Sir Iohn?

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

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

Heare sir.

What Trade art thou Feeble?

A Womans Taylor sir.

You may: But if he had bee a mans Taylor, he would haue prick’d you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battail as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

I will doe my good will sir, you can have no more.
Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-

full Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse.. Pricke the wo-
mans Taylour well Master Shal-
low.

I would Wart might haue gone

to a priuate soilder, that is the Leader of so many thou-
sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible.

It shall suffice.

I am bound to thee, reuerend Feeble.

Who is the next?

Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.

Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalfe.

Heere sir.

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

Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

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

Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

What disease hast thou?

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

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

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

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

O sir, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in
No more of that good Master Shallow.

Falstaff.

Ha? it was a merry night. And is Shallow?

She lives, M. Shallow.

She never could away with me. She would always say she could not abide M. Shallow.

I could anger her to the heart: She was then a Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her own well.

Old old, M. Shallow.

Fifth.

Shal.

Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old:

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
Night-worke</hi>, by
old <hi rend="italic">Robin Night-worke</hi>, before I came to
Clements</hi> Inne.</p></sp>

That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

Hah, Cousin <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>, that thou hadst seene that,

That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, said I
well?/p>

Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Ma-<lb/>ster <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.

That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, said I
wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that we haue seene. Come, come.

Good Master Corporate <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>,<lb/> stand my friend, and heere is foure <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> tenne shillings in French

Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much./p>

Go-too: stand aside./p>

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

Bard.

Go too: stand aside.

Feeble.

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

Bard.

Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble.

Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst.

Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal.

Foure of which you please.

Bard.

Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to
free <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Bull-calf</hi>. </p>

Falst.

Go-too: well.</p>

Shal.

Come, sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, which foure will you
haue?</p>

Falst.

Doe you chuse for me.</p>
Shal.

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

Falst.

Mouldie, and Bull-calfe: for you Mouldie, stay at home. till you are past service: and for your part, Bull-calfe, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal.

Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

Falst.

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

Falst.

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

Shal.

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

Shal.

Farewell Master Silence, I will not use many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night.

Shal.

Sir Iohn, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: perchance I will with you to the Court.

Falst.

I would you would, Master Shallow.

Falst.
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<p>Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic">Bar-</stage>

<lb>dolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off</lb>
<lb>these lustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice</lb>
<hi rend="italic">Shal-low</hi>. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of
Ly-ing? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but
<lb>prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the</lb>
<lb>Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and query</lb>
<lb>third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the</lb>
<lb>Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at</lb>
<hi rend="italic">Clements Inne</hi>,
<lb>like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When</lb>
<lb>hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked</lb>
<lb>Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a</lb>
<lb>Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to</lb>
<lb>any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very</lb>
<hi rend="italic">Genius</hi> of Famine: hee came euer in the
rere-ward of
<lb>the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a</lb>
<lb>Squire, and talks as familiarly of</lb>
<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt, as if
<lb>hee had beene sworn Brother to him: and Ile be sworne</lb>
<lb>hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he</lb>
<lb>burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men.</lb>
<lb>I saw it, and told</lb>
<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt, hee beat his owne
<lb>_Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Ap-
<lb>parrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoe-
<lb>boy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath</lb>
<lb>hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with</lb>
<lb>him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make</lb>
<lb>him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young</lb>
<lb>Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the</lb>
<lb>Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape,</lb>
<lb>and there an end.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastnghs, Westmerland, Coleuile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

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

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

Hast. Wee haue sent forth alreadie.

Bish. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires) I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd New-dated Letters from Northumberland:

Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.

Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers

As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,

The which hee could not leuie: whereupon

Hee is rety r'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,

To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,

That your Attempts may ouer-lyue the hazard,

And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Hast.

Now? what newes?

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

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

Then (my Lord)

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

Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting and wanton howres,
Have brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King (being infected) dy'd.

But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I haue in equall balance iustly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience;
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone.
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West.

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

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

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

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

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

West.

Mow.

West.

Mow.

Mow.
What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be requi'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke
and hee

Being mounted, and both rowse'd in their Seates
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beaurers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
My Father from the Breast of Bullingbrooke;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carried vnder
Bullingbrooke

O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carried vnder

West.

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

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

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

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

That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling.
Hath the Prince Iohn a full Commissison,
In very ample vertue of hrs Father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

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

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

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battailies, wee may meete
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Be it so:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.
The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship

Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.
Enter Prince John.

You are wel encountred here (my cosin Mowbray)

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,

And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.

My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,

When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)

Encircled you, to heare with reuerence

Your exposition on the holy Text,

Then now to see you heere an Iron man

Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,

Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:

That man that sits within a Monarches heart,

And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his favor,

Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,

Alack, what Mischifes might hee set abroach,

In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,

It is eu'en so. Who hath not heard it spoken,

How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?

To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;

To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:

The very Opener, and Intelligencer,

Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;

And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue,

But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,

Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,

As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name,

In deedes dis-honorable?

You haue taken vp.

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,

The Subjectes of Heauens Substitute, my Father,

And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,

Haue here vp-swarmed them.
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>Good my Lord of Lancaster.</l>
    <l>I am not here against your Fathers Peace:</l>
    <l>But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)</l>
    <l>The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sense</l>
    <l>Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,</l>
    <l>To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace</l>
    <l>The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,</l>
    <l>The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:</l>
    <l>Whereon this <hi rend="italic">Hydra</hi>-Sonne of Warre is borne,</l>
    <l>Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,</l>
    <l>With graunt of our most iust and right desires;</l>
    <l>And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,</l>
    <l>Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
    <l>If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,</l>
    <l>To the last man.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>And though wee here fall downe,</l>
    <l>Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:</l>
    <l>If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.</l>
    <l>And so, successes of Mischief shall be borne,</l>
    <l>And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,</l>
    <l>While England shall haue generation.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
    <l>You are too shallow (<hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>)</l>
    <l>Much too shallow,</l>
    <l>To sound the bottome of the after-Times.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l>Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,</l>
    <l>How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
    <l>I like them all, and doe allow them well:</l>
    <l>And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,</l>
    <l>My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,</l>
    <l>And some, about him, haue too lauishly</l>
    <l>Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.</l>
</sp>
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their severall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

I take your Princely word, for these redresses.
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

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

Exit.

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

I do not doubt you.
I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray.
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,

But heauinesse fore-runnnes the good event.

Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow

Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

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

The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they shoult.

This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,

And neither partie looser.

Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too:

And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines

March by vs, that wee may peruse the men

Exit.

Wee should haue coap'd withall.

Goe, good Lord

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
Exit.

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

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

The Leaders haung charge from you to stand,

Will not goe off, untill they heare you speake.

Iohn.

They know their duties.

Enter Hastings.

Our Army is dispers'd:

Like youthfull steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course

East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,

Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.

Good tidings (my Lord Hastings) for the which,

I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mowbray,

Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

Will you thus breake your faith?

Is your Assembly so?

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mowbray.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?
Col. I am a Knight, Sir: And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale.

Are not you Sir Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale.

Colleuile shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-
geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be
Colleuile of the Dale.

Are not you Sir Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale.

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

Col. I thinke you are Sir Iohn Falstaffe,

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

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.

Now, where haue you beene all this while?<p></p>

When euery thing is ended, then you come.<p></p>

These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)<p></p>

One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

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

It was more of his Courtesie, then your deseruing.

I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I swear e, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top (<hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi> kissing my foot:)

To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount.

Thine's too heauie to mount.

Let it shine then.

Thine's too thick to shine.

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

Is thy Name <hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi>?

It is (my Lord.)
A famous Rebell art thou, Colleuile.

And a famous true Subject tooke him.

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

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

Enter Westmerland.

Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

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

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

Exit with Colleuile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Iohn.

Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,

Shall better speake of you, then you deserue.

Exit.

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

Bardolph. Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda. Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

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

I thmke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

I doe not know (my Lord.)

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

What would my Lord, and Father?

Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd
Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:
Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,
When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:
But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,
Till that his passions (like a While on ground)
Confound themselues with working. Learne this

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the vnited Vessell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong
As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the vnited Vessell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong
As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

Why art thou not at Windsor with him
With Pointz, and other his continuall fol-

Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe
stretches it selfe beyo
stretches it selfe beyo

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors,
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,
When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

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

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

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? Westmerland?

Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.
Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Oliue every where:
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
With every course, in his particular.

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

Enter Harcourt.
Looke, heere's more newes.

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

And wherefore should these good newes
Make me sicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
Shee eyther giues a stomac, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast
And takes away the stomack (such are the Rich)
I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Comfort your Maiestie.
Oh, my Royall Father.

Oh, my Royall Father.
My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke vp.

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

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

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

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

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence into some other Chamber: softly pray.

In the First Folio, the conventional scene break at this point comes mid-speech.

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

Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

Lesse noys e, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

Who doth the King?

Exceeding ill.

Exceeding ill.
Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it'him.

Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.
If hee be sicke with Ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Physicke,
Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speake lowe.
The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

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

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Warwick. Gloucester, Clarence.

Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace?

War. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee
stayd.

Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

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

The Prince hath ta'ne it hence; Goe seeke him out. Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose My sleepe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick) Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes With my disease, and helpes to end me. See Sonnes, what things you are; How quickly Nature falls into reuolt. When Gold becomes her Object? For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers Haue broke their sleepees with thoughts, Their braines with care, their bones with industry. For this, they, haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieved Gold: For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to invest Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises: When, like the Bee, culling from every flower The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax, Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue; And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines. This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements, To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

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

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

But wherefore did he take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where he comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)

Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone.

Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my empty Chayre,

That thou wilt needs inuest thee with mine Honors,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie is held from falling, with so weak a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stolen that, which after some few howres were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?

Then give that, which gaue thee life, unto the Wormes:

Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,

And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare

That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse

Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:

Onely compound me with forgotten dust.

Giu to the Wormes:
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.

Henry the fift is Crown'd: Up Vanity,
Downe Royall state: All you sage Counsailors, hence:
And to the English Court, assemble now
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.
Now neighbor-Confines purge you of your Scum:
Haue you a Ruffian that swill sweare? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
For the fift Harry, from curb'd License
pluckes
The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants).

O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The most Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crown,
e, And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,
And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,
And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.

Other, less fine in Charract, is more precious.

Preserving life, in Med'cine potable:

But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,

Hast eate Bearer vp.

Thus (my Royall Liege)

Accusing it, I put it on my Head,

To try with it (as with an Enemie,

That had before my face murdred my Father)

The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,

Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,

If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,

Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,

Gue entertainment to the might of if,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,

And make me, as the poo rest Vassaile is,

That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

O my Sonne!

Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,

That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue;

Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.

Come hither Harrie, sit thou by my bedde,

And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell

That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)

By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd wayes

I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well

How troublesome it sate vpon my head.

To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,

Better Opinion, better Confirmation:

For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes with me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,

But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,

And I had many liuing, to vpbraide

My gaine of it, by their Assistances,

Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,

Wounding supposed Peace.

All these bold Feares,

Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:

For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene

Acting that argument. And now my death

Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,

Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.

So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuely.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends:
Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd.
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
to leade out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my state.
Therefore (my Harrie)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

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

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
and Warwicke.

Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster:
Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.

Looke, looke,
Heere comes my Iohn:
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwicke? My Lord of Warwicke. Doth any name particular, belong unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd? 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my Noble Lord. Laud be to heaven: Euen there my life must end. It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares, I should not dye, but in Jerusalem: Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-land. But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye: In that Jerusalem, shall Harry dye.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dauie. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What Dauy, I say.
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>You must excuse me, M. <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi>.

Fal.</p>

Shallow</sp>.

</sp>

I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. <lb/>Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall <lb/>serue: you shall not be excus'd.</p>

Why <hi rend="italic">Dauie</hi>.

</sp>

Heere sir.</p>

</sp>

Daue, Daue, Daue, let me see (<hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>) let me see: <lb/>

William</hi> Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, you shal <lb/>not be excus'd.</p>

</sp>

Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee <lb/>seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with <lb/>Wheate?</p>

</sp>

Daue</hi>. But for <hi rend="italic">Wlliam</hi> Cook: <lb/>are there no yong pigeons?</p>

</sp>

Yes Sir.</l>

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing.</l>

And Plough-Irons.</l>

</sp>

Daue</hi>. You shall <lb/>Not be excus'd.</p>

</sp>

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,</sp> AND Plough-Irons.</sp>
<speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
<p>Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of <hi rend="italic">Williams</hi>
</p>
<p>Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at <hi rend="italic">Hinckley</hi>
</p>
<p>Fayre?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<p>Shal.</p>
<p>He shall answer it:</p>
<p>Some Pigeons <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>, a couple short-legg'd Hennes: a iojnt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, <hi rend="italic">William Cooke</hi>.
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
<p>Da</p>
<p>Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?</p>
</sp>

<p>No Worse then they are bitten. sir: For they <note type="physical" resp="#ES">The letters of this line are partly distorted, possibly due to a crease in the page that antedates printing.</note> have maruellous fowle linnen.</p>

<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<p>Shal.</p>
<p>I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>, for they are ar-Knaues, and will backe-bite.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
<p>No Worse then they are bitten. sir: For they <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>: about thy Businesse, <hi rend="italic">Da</hi>. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<p>Well conceited <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>: about thy Businesse, <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
<p>I beseech you sir,</p>
<p>There are many Complaints <hi rend="italic">William Visor</hi> of Woncot, against <hi rend="italic">Cle-
</hi>
ment Perkes <hi rend="italic">Clement Perkes</hi> of the hill.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<p>Shal.</p>
<p>There are many Complaints <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>,</p>
</sp>
against that

<hi rend="italic">Visor</hi>, that <hi rend="italic">Visor</hi> is an arrant Knaue, on my know-

<lb/>

ledge.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
   <p>I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir:) But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very little credite with your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-

<lb/>
nanc'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
   <p>Go too, I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>. Where are you Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? Come, off with your Boots. <lb/>Giue me your hand M. <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>. </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
   <p>I am glad to see your Worship.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
   <p>I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master</p>
</sp>
<hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>: and welcome my tall Fellow: Come Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.<p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Falstaffe.</speaker>
   <p>Ile follow you, good Master <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi></p>
</sp>
Shallow</hi>. 

<lb/>

<hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into 

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

Shal. Sir John.

Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whither away?

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.
Ch. Iust.<br>

How doth the King?<br>

Ch. Iust.<br>

I hope, not dead.<br>

Ch. Iust.<br>

I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him, the service, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open, to all injuries.

Enter John Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.<br>

War.

Heere come the heauy Issue of dead Harrie:
O, that the liuing Harrie had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:

How many Nobles then, should hold their places,

That must strike saile, to Spirits of vile sort?

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

Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.

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

But our Argument is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

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

Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.

O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:

And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Wel, you must now speake Sir
Falstaffe faire,

Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Ch. Iust.

Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,

Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,

And neuer shall you see, that I will begge

A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,

Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,

And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War.

Heere comes the Prince.

Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty

This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,

Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:

This is the English, not the Turkish Court:

But <hi rend="italic">Amurah</hi> succeeds,

But <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> liues, that shall conuert those Teares

By number, into houres of Happinesse.

But <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> liues, that shall conuert those Teares

By number, into houres of Happinesse.
We hope no other from your Maiestie.

You all looke strangely on me: and you most,

You are (I thinke) assur'd, if loue you not.

I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)

Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget

So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison?

Th'immediate Heire of England?

Was this easie?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

I then did vse the Person of your Father:

The Image of his power, lay then in me,

And in th'administration of his Law,

While I was busie for the Commonwealth,

Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,

The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,

The Image of the King, whom I presented,

Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)

I gaue bold way to my Authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,

To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?

To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?

To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword?

That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?

Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,

And mocke your workings, in a Second body?

Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:

Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:

Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,

See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;

Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:

And then imagine me, taking you part,

And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your state,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Lieges Soueraignty.

You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions,
And Princes all, beleue me, I beseech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I suruie,
To mocke the expectation of the World,
To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath wrte me downe
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choofe such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,
That
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That the great Body of our state may go
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our state,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Princ, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.
[Act 5, Scene 3]
Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.

Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graft-
ing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth(Come Co-sin Silence, and then to bed.

You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread Daui
, spread Daui: Well said he is your

Seruingman, and your Husband.
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
<speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
<p>Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
<br/>and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among so merrily.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>There's a merry heart, good M. <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>, Ile giue you a health for that anon.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
<speaker rend="italic">Da.</speaker>
<p>Sweet sir, sit: He be with you anon: most sweete sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>Good M. <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>: some wine, Be merry M. <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
<speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
<p>Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all. For women are Shrewes, both short and tall: Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all; And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>I did not thinke M. <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi> had bin a man of this
Mettle.

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

There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

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

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

Health, and long life to you, M. <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>.

Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.
Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileroes about London.<p></p>

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.<p></p>

Bar. If I might see you there, Dauie.<p></p>

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not? M. Bardolfe? I.</p>

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.<p></p>

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

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.<p></p>

Shal. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?<p></p>

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.<p></p>

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo. Is't not so?<p></p>
Tis so.

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

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

How now Pistoll?

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

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

Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.
I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.

Let King <hi rend="italic">Couitha</hi> know the truth thereof.

And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Give me pardon, Sir.

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

Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.


Vnder King Harry. <hi rend="italic"> Harry the Fourth? or Fift? </hi>

Pist. <hi rend="italic"> Harry the Fourth? or Fift? </hi> Harry the Fourth.

Shal. <hi rend="italic"> Harry the Fourth. </hi>

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

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

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse, Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt.

In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee.

With Dignities.
O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

What? I do bring good newes.


Carrie Master: Silence to bed: Master Shallow, my Lord, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.

Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away Bardolfe: Come Pistoll, utter more to mee: and withall devise something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote Master: Shallow, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Justice.

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

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

Exeunt

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-Sheete, and Beadles.

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

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

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

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

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

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Bloodhound.
<speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
<p>Goodman death, goodman Bones.</p>

<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>Thou Anatomy, thou.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
<speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
<l>Come you thine Thing:</l>
<l>Come you Rascal.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-off">
<speaker rend="italic">Off.</speaker>
<p>Very well.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two Groomes.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h4-gro.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Groo.</speaker>
<p>More Rushes, more Rushes.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-gro.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Groo.</speaker>
<p>The Trumpets haue sounded twice.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h4-gro.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Groo.</speaker>
<p>It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Groo.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Faltasse.</speaker>
<p>Stand heere by me, M. <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> Shallow</p>

<lb>make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.</lb></sp>
Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere Pistol, stand behind me.

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

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth, doth, it doth.

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

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.
'Tis semper idem: for obsque hoc nibile est. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage, Thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd the by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for

Dol is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

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

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine man.
Ch. Iust.

Have you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst.

My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart.

I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white haires become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:

But being awake, I do despise my dreame.

Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,

Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape

For thee, thrice wider then for other men.

Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,

Presume not, that I am the thing I was,

For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)

That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,

As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:

And as we heare you do reforme your selues,

We will according to your strength, and qualities,

To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shal. I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your advance-ment: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir Iohn, let mee have fiue hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir Iohn.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant Pistoll, come Bardolfe, I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Iust. Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete, take all his Company along with him.
My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Iust.

I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:

Take them away.

Pist.

Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.

John.

The King hath call'd his Parliament.

My Lord.

He hath.

Iohn.

I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,

We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire

As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,

Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

Exeunt

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

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

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

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vse my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gen- the women heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene before, in such an As-

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloud with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal- staffe shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you:

But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
<item>
  <c rend="decoratedCapital">R</c> MOVR the Presentor.</item>

King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth.</item>

Prince <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, afterwards Crowned

King <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> the Fift.</item>

Prince <hi rend="italic">John</hi> of Lancaster.<pc
rend="3line">}</pc>

<item>
  <hi rend="italic">Humphrey</hi> of Gloucester.</item>

<hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi> of Clarence.</item>

<list>
  <item>
    Prince <hi rend="italic">John</hi> of Lancaster.<pc
rend="8line">}</pc>
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    The Arch Byshop of Yorke.</item>
  <item>
    Mowbray.</item>
  <item>
    Hastings.</item>
  <item>
    Lord Bardolfe.</item>
  <item>
    Trauers.</item>
  <item>
    Morton.</item>
  <item>
    Coleuile.</item>

<list>
  <hi rend="rightJustified">Sonnes to <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth,
  &amp; brethren to <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> 5.</hi>

<item>
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    Northumberland.<pc rend="8line">}</pc>
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    Lord Bardolfe.</item>
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    Trauers.</item>
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    Morton.</item>
  <item>
    Coleuile.</item>

<list>
  <hi rend="rightJustified">Opposites against King <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> the <lb/> Fourth.</hi>

<item>
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      Warwicke.<pc rend="6line">}</pc>
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    Westmerland.</item>
  <item>
    Surrey.</item>
  <item>
    Harecourt.</item>
  <item>
    Gowre.</item>
  <item>
    Lord Chief eustice.</item>

<list>
  <hi rend="rightJustified">Of the Kings <lb> Partie.</hi>

<item>
  <eb n="2"/>
  <item>
    <list>
<item>Pointz.</item>
<item>Falstaffe.</item>
<item>Bardolphe.</item>
<item>Pistoll.</item>
<item>Peto.</item>
<item>Page.</item>
</list>

<hi rend="rightJustified">Irregular</hi> Humorists.</item>
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