

Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse; 92
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. [To the Groom.] Fellow, give place;
here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert
away. 96

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Ex-
ton, who lately came from the king, commands
the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster,
and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. 104
[Strikes the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in
this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's in-
strument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one.
Go thou and fill another room in hell. 108

[He kills another: then EXTON strikes
him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy
fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's
own land. 111

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to
die. [Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;

For now the devil, that told me I did well, 116
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
Take hence the rest and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Windsor. An Apartment in the
Castle.

Flourish. *Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with
Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we
hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not. 4

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all
happiness.

The next news is: I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and
Kent. 8

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy
pains,

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains. 12

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors

That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow. 16
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be
forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter HENRY PERCY, with the BISHOP OF
CARLISLE.*

H. Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of
Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, 20
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom: 24
Choose out some secret place, some reverend
room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, 28
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies, 32
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou
hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land. 36

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did
I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison
need.

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light. 44

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent. 48

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.]

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
JOHN OF LANCASTER,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
Mortimer.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern
in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,
two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—England.

ACT I

SCENE I.—London. The Palace.

*Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, and
Others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with
care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote. 4
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs 8
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock 12
And furious close of civil butchery,

Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies: 16
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,

No more shall cut his master. Therefore,
friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,— 21
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's
womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields 24
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old, 28
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree 32
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
tion,

And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news; 37
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered;

Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation 44
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then that the tidings of
this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land. 48
West. This match'd with other like, my
gracious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there, 52
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,

At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;

As by discharge of their artillery, 57
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat

And pride of their contention did take horse, 60
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil 64

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners Hotspur took

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol, 72
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;

Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, 84

See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay, 88

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet.
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts. What think
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners, 92
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,

To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is
Worcester, 96

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer
this; 100

And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords: 104

But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done

Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. An Apartment of the PRINCE'S.*

Enter the PRINCE and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking
of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper,
and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou
hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou
wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to
do with the time of the day? unless hours were
cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks
the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of
leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a
fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no

reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to
demand the time of the day. 13

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal;
for we that take purses go by the moon and the

seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wan-
dering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet

wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy
Grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou
wilt have none,— 20

Prince. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will
serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly,
roundly. 25

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art
king, let not us that are squires of the night's

body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let
us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade,

minions of the moon; and let men say, we be
men of good government, being governed as the

sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the
moon, under whose countenance we steal. 33

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well
too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's

men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being gov-
ern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof

now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched
on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on

Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by:'
and spent with crying 'Bring in:' now in as

low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and
by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And
is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet

wench? 46

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of
the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet

robe of durance? 49

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what,
in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague

have I to do with a buff jerkin? 52

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with
my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckon-
ing many a time and oft. 56

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

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast
paid all there. 60

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin
would stretch; and where it would not, I have

used my credit. 63

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here
apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I

prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows stand-
ing in England when thou art king, and resolu-
tion thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of

old father antick the law? Do not thou, when
thou art king, hang a thief. 70

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a
brave judge. 73

Prince. Thou judgest false already; I mean,
thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and
so become a rare hangman. 76

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it

jumps with my humour as well as waiting in
the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits? 80

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the
hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I

am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. 84

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire
bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the
melancholy of Moor-ditch? 88

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes,
and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascal-
liest, sweet young prince; but, Hal, I prithee,

trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God
thou and I knew where a commodity of good

names were to be bought. An old lord of the
council rated me the other day in the street about

you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he
talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and

yet he talked wisely, and in the street too. 98

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries
out in the streets, and no man regards it. 100

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and
art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast

done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive
thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew

nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak
truly, little better than one of the wicked. I

must give over this life, and I will give it over;
by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be

damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-
morrow, Jack? 111

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make
one; an I do not, call me a villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in
thee; from praying to purse-taking. 115

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no
sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!

Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.
O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole

in hell were hot enough for him? This is the
most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand!'

to a true man. 122

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says
Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-

and-Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee
about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-

Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold
capon's leg? 129

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil
shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a

breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy
word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozen-
ing the devil. 136

Poins. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow
morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill!

There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with
rich offerings, and traders riding to London with
fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have

horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in
Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow

night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as
sleep. If you will go I will stuff your purses full

of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be
hanged. 147

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home
and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my
faith. 153

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor
good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of

the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten
shillings. 157

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a
madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said. 160

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at
home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when
thou art king. 164

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince
and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons

for this adventure that he shall go. 168

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of per-
suasion and him the ears of profiting, that what

thou speakest may move, and what he hears
may be believed, that the true prince may, for

recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor
abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell:

you shall find me in Eastcheap. 175

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! Fare-
well, All-hallow's summer! [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride
with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that

I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph,
Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we

have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be
there; and when they have the booty, if you

and I do not rob them, cut this head from my
shoulders. 185

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

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after
them, and appoint them a place of meeting,

wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then
will they adventure upon the exploit themselves,

which they shall have no sooner achieved but
we'll set upon them. 193

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know
us by our horses, by our habits, and by every

other appointment, to be ourselves. 196

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see,
I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will

change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have
cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our

noted outward garments. 201

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too
hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them
to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back;

and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees
reason, I'll forestall him. The virtue of this

jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness: Yet herein will I imitate the sun, Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, 221 That when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapours that did seem to strangle him. 225

If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work; But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. 229 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I never promised, By how much better than my word I am 232 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; And like bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation, glittering o'er my fault, Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes Than that which hath no foil to set it off. 237 I'll so offend to make offence a skill; Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate, Unapt to stir at these indignities, And you have found me; for accordingly You tread upon my patience: but, be sure, 4 I will from henceforth rather be myself, Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down, And therefore lost that title of respect 8 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it; And that same greatness too which our own hands 12 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye. 16 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need Your use and counsel we shall send for you. 21 [Exit WORCESTER.]

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.] You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, 24 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision Is guilty of this fault and not my son. 28

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners: But I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, 32 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd, Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:

He was perfum'd like a milliner, 36 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon He gave his nose and took't away again;

Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and talk'd;

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse 44 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms He question'd me; among the rest, demanded

My prisoners in your majesty's behalf. 48 I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay, Out of my grief and my impatience

Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what, 52 He should, or he should not; for he made me mad

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman

Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the mark!— 56

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was, This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd 60

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly; and but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier. 64

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord, I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And I beseech you, let not his report Come current for an accusation 68

Betwixt my love and your high majesty. *Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good

my lord, Whatever Harry Percy then had said

To such a person and in such a place, 72 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,

May reasonably die and never rise To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now. 76 *K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,

But with proviso and exception,

That we at our own charge shall ransom straight His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; 80

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd The lives of those that he did lead to fight

Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower, Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then 85 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?

Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears, When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve; 89 For I shall never hold that man my friend

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost To ransom home revolted Mortimer. 92

Hot. Revolted Mortimer! He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war: to prove that true Needs no more but one tongue for all those

wounds, 96 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank, In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour 100 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.

Three times they breath'd and three times did they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood, Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks, 104

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds, And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants. Never did base and rotten policy 108

Colour her working with such deadly wounds; Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly: Then let him not be slander'd with revolt. 112

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him:

He never did encounter with Glendower: I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone 116 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, 120

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me As will displease you. My Lord Northumber-

land, We license your departure with your son.

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. 124 [Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.]

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them, I will not send them: I will after straight

And tell him so; for I will ease my heart, Albeit I make a hazard of my head. 128

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer! 'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy if I do not join with him: 132 In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust, But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high i' the air as this unthankful king, 136 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; And when I urg'd the ransom once again 141

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. 144

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood? *North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:

And then it was when the unhappy king,— 148 Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition; From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be depos'd, and shortly murdered. 152

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of. *Hot.* But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard

then Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer 156

Heir to the crown? *North.* He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve. But shall it be that you, that set the crown 160

Upon the head of this forgetful man, And for his sake wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be, That you a world of curses undergo, 164

Being the agents, or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O! pardon me that I descend so low, To show the line and the predicament 168

Wherein you range under this subtle king. Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come, That men of your nobility and power, 172

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf, As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him for whom these shames ye underwent? No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again;

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt Of this proud king, who studies day and night

To answer all the debt he owes to you, 185 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths. Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more: And now I will unclasp a secret book, 188

And to your quick-conceiving discontents I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,

As full of peril and adventurous spirit

As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud, 192
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south, 196
And let them grapple: O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

Hot. By heaven methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, 204

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear

Without corral all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! 208

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,

But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots 212
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away, 216
And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;

Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!' Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak 224
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy, 228
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale. 233

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool 236

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 241

In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire;—

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood!

When you and he came back from Ravenspurg. 248

North. At Berkeley Castle.

Hot. You say true.
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,' 253

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin,'
O! the devil take such cozeners. God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done. 256

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean 261

For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. [To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

You, my lord, 264

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate well belov'd,
The Archbishop. 268

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation, 272

As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on. 276

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot thou still
lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot: 280

And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head; 285

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, 288

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him. 292

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer; 296

Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,—
As I will fashion it,—shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty. 300

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O! let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—Rochester. An Inn-Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho! An't be not four by the day I'll be hanged: Charles' Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.

What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess. 8

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died. 12

First Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench. 17

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. 20

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away. 25

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross. 28

First Car. Godsbod! the turkeys in my panner are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock. 37

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith. 41

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a'? marry, I'll see thee hanged first. 45

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. 50

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain! 52

Cham. [Within.] 'At hand, quoth pick-purse.'

Gads. That's even as fair as, 'at hand, quoth the chamberlain'; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how. 57

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck. 68

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. 72

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Troyans that thou darest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio-purple-hued malt worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots. 91

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible. 96

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. 101

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. 106

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close. 4

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poin! Poin, and be hanged! Poin!
Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What
a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poin, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the
hill: I'll go seek him.

[Pretends to seek POINS, and retires.]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's
company; the rascal hath removed my horse
and tied him I know not where. If I travel but
four foot by the squire further afoot I shall
break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a
fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for
killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company
hourly any time this two-and-twenty years,
and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's com-
pany. If the rascal have not given me medicines
to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could
not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poin!
Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph!
Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An
'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true
man and leave these rogues, I am the veriest
varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight
yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten
miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted
villains know it well enough. A plague upon't
when thieves cannot be true one to another!

[They whistle.] Whew! A plague upon you
all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me
my horse and be hanged.

Prince. [Coming forward.] Peace, ye fat-
guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the
ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread
of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again,
being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own
flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy
father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to
colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest: thou art not colted; thou
art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to
my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir appa-
rent garters! If I be ta'en I'll peach for this. An
I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to
filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when
a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poin. O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards:
there's money of the king's coming down the
hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the
king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the
narrow lane; Ned Poin and I will walk lower:
if they 'scape from your encounter then they
light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

Prince. What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your
grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poin. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind
the hedge: when thou needst him there thou
shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be
hanged.

Prince. [Aside to POINS.] Ned, where are our
disguises?

Poin. Here, hard by; stand close.

[Exeunt PRINCE and POINS.]

Fal. Now my masters, happy man be his
dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall
lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot
awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the vil-
lains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-
fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with
them; fleece them.

Travellers. O! we are undone, both we and
ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye un-
done? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store
were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves,
young men must live. You are grand-jurors
are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[Here they rob and bind them. Exeunt.]

Re-enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men.
Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go
merrily to London, it would be argument for a
week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for
ever.

Poin. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and
then to horse before day. An the Prince and
Poin be not two arrant cowards, there's no
equity stirring: there's no more valour in that
Poin than in a wild duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poin. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the PRINCE and
POINS set upon them. They all run
away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or
two, runs away too, leaving the booty
behind.]

Prince. Get with much ease. Now merrily
to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death
And lards the lean earth as he walks along: 120
Were't not for laughing I should pity him.

Poin. How the rogue roar'd! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well
contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear
your house.

He could be contented; why is he not then? In
respect of the love he bears our house: he shows
in this he loves his own barn better than he
loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous;—

Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a
cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord
fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this
flower, safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the
friends you have named uncertain; the time itself
unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the
counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again,
you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie.
What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot
is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full
of expectation; an excellent plot, very good
friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this!
Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and
the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an
I were now by this rascal, I could brain him
with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my
uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my
Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there
not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their
letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the
next month, and are they not some of them set
forward already? What a pagan rascal is this!
an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sin-
cerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king
and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could
divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such
a dish of skim milk with so honourable an
action. Hang him! let him tell the king; we
are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these
two hours.

Lady P. O, my good lord! why are you thus
alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? 44
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from
thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? 48
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy
cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, 52
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry, 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast
talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents, 56
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy
brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream; 64
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O! what portents
are these? 67

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from
the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even
now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it
not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O, *Esperance!*
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady P. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my lady?

Lady P. What is it carries you away? 80

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady P. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith, 84
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise. But if you go— 88

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady P. Come, come, you paraquito, answer
me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 92
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifle! Love! I love thee not, 96
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with marmets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my
horse!

What sayst thou, Kate? what wouldst thou
have with me? 100

Lady P. Do you not love me? do you not,
indeed?