

Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no. 104

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me 108
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise 112
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate. 117

Lady P. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But, hark you,
Kate;
Whither I go, thither shall you go too; 120
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady P. It must, of force.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern.*

Enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal? 3
Prince. With three or four loggerheads a-
mongst three or four score hogsheads. I have
sounded the very base string of humility. Sir-
rah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers,
and can call them all by their christen names,
as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already
upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince
of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell
me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but
a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by
the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king
of England, I shall command all the good lads
in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing
scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering,
they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To
conclude, I am so good a proficient in one
quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any
tinker in his own language during my life. I
tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that
thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet
Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee
this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into
my hand by an undersinker, one that never
spake other English in his life than—'Eight
shillings and sixpence,' and—'You are welcome,'
with this shrill addition,—'Anon, anon, sir!
Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or
so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff
come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room,
while I question my puny drawer to what end
he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave
calling 'Francis!' that his tale to me may be
nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show
thee a precedent. 37

Poins. Francis!
Prince. Thou art perfect.
Poins. Francis! 44

[*Exit POINS.*]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the
Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord. 44

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis! 48

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five years! by'r lady a long lease for

the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest

thou be so valiant as to play the coward with

thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels

and run from it? 53

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the

books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within.] Francis! 56

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I

shall be— 60

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my

lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the

sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth,

was't not? 66

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand

pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt

have it.

Poins. [Within.] Francis! 72

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but

to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thurs-

day; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But,

Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,

crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-

stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-

pouch,— 81

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

Prince. Why then, your brown bastard is

your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your

white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir,

it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir? 88

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not

hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands*

amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What! standest thou still, and hearest

such a calling? Look to the guests within.

[*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old Sir John, with

half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let

them in? 97

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then

open the door. [*Exit VINTNER.*] Poins! 97

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the
thieves are at the door: shall we be merry? 100

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But
hark ye; what cunning match have you made
with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the
issue? 104

Prince. I am now of all humours that have
show'd themselves humours since the old days
of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this
present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*FRANCIS*

crosses the stage, with wine.] What's o'clock,
Francis? 110

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

Prince. That ever this fellow should have

fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a

woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-

stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning.

I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the

North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen

of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and

says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I

want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how

many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan

horse a drench,' says he, and answers, 'Some

fourteen,' an hour after, 'a trifle, a trifle.' I

prithee call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that

darned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his

wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs,

call in tallow. 127

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO,
and FRANCIS.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a

vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a

cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long,

I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot

them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a

cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish

of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at

the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst then

behold that compound. 138

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:

there is nothing but roguery to be found in

villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup

of sack with lime in it, a villanous coward! Go

thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If man-

hood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the

face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.

There live not three good men unhanged in

England, and one of them is fat and grows old:

God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would

I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any-

thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter

you? 152

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out

of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive

all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild

geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more.

You Prince of Wales! 157

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man,
what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to
that; and Poins there? 161

Poins. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call
me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned

ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thou-

sand pound I could run as fast as thou canst.

You are straight enough in the shoulders; you

care not who sees your back: call you that back-

ing of your friends? A plague upon such back-

ing! give me them that will face me. Give me

a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-
day. 172

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped

since thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A

plague of all cowards, still say I. 176

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us

here have ta'en a thousand pound this day

morning. 180

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

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hun-

dred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man? 184

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword

with a dozen of them two hours together. I

have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust

through the doublet, four through the hose;

my buckler cut through and through; my sword

hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum!* I never

dealt better since I was a man: all would not

do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak:

if they speak more or less than truth, they are

villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,— 196

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every

man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew

Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven

fresh men set upon us,— 204

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come

in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if

I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of

radish: if there were not two or three and fifty

upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged

creature. 212

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered

some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have

peppered two of them: two I am sure I have

paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee

what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call

me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I

lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in

buckram let drive at me,— 221

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two

even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four. 224
Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.
Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus. 228
Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.
Fal. In buckram.
Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits. 232
Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.
Prince. Prithce, let him alone; we shall have more anon. 236
Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?
Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.
Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,— 240
Prince. So, two more already.
Fal. Their points being broken,—
Poins. Down fell their hose.
Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.
Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two. 248
Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand. 252
Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,— 257
Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?
Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this? 263
Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.
Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds! an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. 270
Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;— 273
Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish! O! for breath to utter what is like thee; you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck;— 278
Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this. 281
Poins. Mark, Jack.
Prince. We two saw you four set on four and you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away

as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? 296
Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?
Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? 313
Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.
Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me! 317

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. O Jesu! my lord the prince!
Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me? 320
Quick. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.
Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.
Fal. What manner of man is he? 326
Quick. An old man.
Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?
Prince. Prithce, do, Jack. 330
Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]
Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!
Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run. 336
Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?
Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. 342
Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices. 348
Prince. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side,

and yet thou rankest away. What instinct hadst thou for it?
Bard. [Pointing to his face.] My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations? 357
Prince. I do.
Bard. What think you they portend?
Prince. Hotlivers and cold purses. 360
Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.
Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.—

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.— How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? 366
Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him? 378
Poins. Owen Glendower.
Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.
Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying. 385
Fal. You have hit it.
Prince. So did he never the sparrow.
Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run. 389
Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!
Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot he will not budge a foot. 393
Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.
Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. 400
Prince. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds. 404
Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it? 412
Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.
Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-

morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer. 417
Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.
Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. 422
Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 425
Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein. [Drinks.]
Prince. Well, here is my leg. [Makes a bow.]
Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility. 434
Quick. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith!
Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain. 436
Quick. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.
Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. 440
Quick. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!
Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 467
Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?
Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest

banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. 483

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poultier's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set. 488

Fal. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous. 493

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villanous but in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing? 512

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know. 517

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. 535

Prince. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.]

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS QUICKLY, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O! my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. O Jesu! my lord, my lord! 541

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Quick. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in? 546

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so. 549

Prince. And thou a natural coward without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another. 556

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. 561

[*Exeunt* all but the PRINCE and PETO.]

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry 564

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, a gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter. 568

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here, for I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, 572

Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen 576

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord. 580

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

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt* Sheriff and Carrier.]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.

Go, call him forth. 584

Peto. Falstaff! fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found? 590

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. Item, A capon 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto. 608

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, Will you sit down? 4

And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur; For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with A rising sigh he wishes you in heaven. 8

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of. 12

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth 16 Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born. 20

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble. 24

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire, And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth 28 Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth 33

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature, In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave 36

To tell you once again that at my birth The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; 41

And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea 44 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me? And bring him out that is but woman's son Can trace me in the tedious ways of art 48

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad. 52

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them? 56

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil. If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 60

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil! *Mort.* Come, come; 64

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him Bootless home and weather-beaten back. 68

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name? *Glend.* Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right 72

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits very equally. 76

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, By south and east, is to my part assign'd: 80

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, And all the fertile land within that bound, To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent, 84

And our indentures tripartite are drawn, Which being sealed interchangeably, A business that this night may execute, To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I

And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet, 88
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
[To GLENDOWER.] Within that space you may
have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-
men.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords; 92
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no
leave;
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you. 96
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Bur-
ton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land 100
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly: 104
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind! it shall, it must; you see
it doth.
Mort. Yea, but 108
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you. 112
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you? 117
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then:
Speak it in Welsh. 120
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as
you,
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well, 124
And gave the tongue an helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my
heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew 128
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry: 133
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much
land 136
To any well-deserving friend;

But in the way of bargain, mark you me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away
by night: 141
I'll haste the writer and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad, 144
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers
me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 149
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat, 152
And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I'll tell thee what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names 156
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum!' and 'well,
go to.'
But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far, 161
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 164
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin? 168
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive 172
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame; 176
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,— 180
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain: 184
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. 188
Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be
your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.
Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.
Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh. 192
Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you;

She'll be a soldier too: she'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my
aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily. 196
[GLENDOWER speaks to LADY MORTIMER
in Welsh, and she answers him in the
same.
Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-
will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do
good upon. [She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty
Welsh 200
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling
heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.
[She speaks again.
I understand thy kisses and thou mine, 204
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 209
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run
mad. [She speaks again.
Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this. 212
Glend. She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep, 217
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference between day and night 220
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her
sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so; 225
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and at-
tend. 228
Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my
head in thy lap.
Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. 232
[GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words,
and music is heard.
Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands
Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.
Lady P. Then should you be nothing but
musical for you are altogether governed by
humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady
sing in Welsh.
Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl
in Irish. 240
Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady P. Then be still.
Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault. 244
Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What's that?
Hot. Peace! she sings. 248
[A Welsh song sung by LADY MORTIMER.
Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours, 'in good sooth!' Heart!
you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you,
'in good sooth;' and, 'as true as I live;' and,
'as God shall mend me;' and, 'as sure as day:'
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Fins-
bury. 256
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens. 260
Come, sing.
Lady P. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor or be
red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,
I'll away within these two hours; and so, come
in when ye will. [Exit.
Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are
as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go. 268
By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, and Lords.
K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near
at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. [Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so, 4
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life 8
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires, 12
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood 16
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Prince. So please your majesty, I would I
could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular, 28
Find pardon on my true submission,

K. Hen. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, 'This is he;
Others would say, 'Where? which is Boling-
broke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and
full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
lord,
Be more myself.
K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumber-
land,
The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas,
Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find
it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have
sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with
it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled!—for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust
herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,—
If promises be kept on every hand,—
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth
to-day,

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set for-
ward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march: our
meeting

Is Bridgenorth; and Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the
Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an
old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old
apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart
shortly, and then I shall have no strength to re-
pent. An I have not forgotten what the inside
of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a
brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Com-
pany, villainous company, hath been the spoil
of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you can-
not live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy
song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given
as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough:
swore little; dined not above seven times a week;

went to a bawdy-house not above once in a
quarter—of an hour; paid money that I bor-
rowed three or four times; lived well and in good
compass; and now I live out of all order, out of
all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that
you must needs be out of all compass, out of all
reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the
lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee:
thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no
harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use
of it as many a man doth of a Death's head, or
a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think
upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple;
for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If
thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear
by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire,
that's God's angel;' but thou art altogether
given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in
thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou
rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my
horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an
ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no
purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual
triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast
saved me a thousand marks in links and torches,
walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern
and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk
me would have bought me lights as good cheap
at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have
maintained that salamander of yours with fire
any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward
me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your
belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be
heart-burned.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you
inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Quick. Why, Sir John, what do you think,
Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my
house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has
my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant
by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in
my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved
and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my
pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Quick. Who, I? No; I defy thee: God's light!
I was never called so in my own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Quick. No, Sir John; you do not know me,
Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me
money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to
beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts
to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given
them away to bakers' wives, and they have
made bolters of them.

Quick. Now, as I am true woman, holland of