

eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound. 85

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Quick. He! alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What! will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Quick. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper. 97

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. 100

Enter the PRINCE and POINS marching. FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Quick. My lord, I pray you, hear me. 104

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Quick. Good my lord, hear me. 108

Fal. Prithce, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets. 113

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's. 117

Prince. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Quick. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you. 122

Prince. What! he did not?

Quick. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else. 125

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Quick. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on. 133

Quick. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so. 137

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Quick. Say, what beast, thou knave thou? 140

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why, an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her. 144

Quick. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly. 149

Quick. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound? 153

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Quick. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you. 157

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper. 160

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp. 165

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break! 170

Prince. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, or honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed? 183

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket? 189

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready breakfast; lovethy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. Still! Nay prithce, be gone. [Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered? 197

Prince. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour. 201

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. 208

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a

fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord? 216

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou and I have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time. 220

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall At two o'clock in the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture. 224

The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either we or they must lower lie.

[Exit the PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast; come!

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. 228

[Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have,

As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. 4

By God, I cannot flatter; do defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place

In my heart's love hath no man than yourself. 8

Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord. Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. 12

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there? [To DOUGLAS.] I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick. 16

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence He was much fear'd by his physicians. 24

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect 28

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here, that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not 32

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement, 36

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd 40

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want 44

Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? 48

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should; 52

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this. 56

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here. 60

The quality and hair of our attempt Brooks no division. It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike 64

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.

And think how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction

And breed a kind of question in our cause; 68

For well you know we of the offering side

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from

whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us: 72

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use: 76

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here; for men must think,

If we without his help, can make a head 80

To push against the kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such

a word 84

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd, The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards intended speedily, 92 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales, And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside, 96 And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind, Baited like eagles having lately bath'd,

Glittering in golden coats, like images, 100 As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer, Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, 104 His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury, And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds, To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus 109 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come; They come like sacrifices in their trim, 113

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war All hot and bleeding will we offer them:

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit 116 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire

To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse, Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.

O! that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more news: 124

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound. 128

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away, The powers of us may serve so great a day. 132

Come, let us take a muster speedily: Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Co'-fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain? 4

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end. 10

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.

I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of

ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers

trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draf and husks.

A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed I had the most of them out of prison.

There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or thered-nose inn-keeper of Daventry.

But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. 53

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers

are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night. 63

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine. 70

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly. 76

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me. 79

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. 84

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful. 4

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well: You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Domesday, Douglas: by my life,— And I dare well maintain it with my life,— 9

If well-respected honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives: Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle 13

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, 16

Being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: 20

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself. 24

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated and brought low: The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours: For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in, 29

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God 32

You were of our determination! Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name, Because you are not of our quality, 36

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But, to my charge. The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land 44

Audacious cruelty. If that the king Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which he confesseth to be manifold,— He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed 48

You shall have your desires with interest, And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king 52

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears; And when he was not six-and-twenty strong, 56

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,

My father gave him welcome to the shore; And when he heard him swear and vow to God

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, 61 To sue his livery and beg his peace,

With tears of innocence and terms of zeal, My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, 64

Swore him assistance and perform'd it too. Now when the lords and barons of the realm

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, 69 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him 72

Even at the heels in golden multitudes. He presently, as greatness knows itself,

Steps me a little higher than his vow Made to my father, while his blood was poor, 76

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh; And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform

Some certain edicts and some strait decrees That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.
88 *Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman
March—

Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king—to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
96 *Disgrac'd* me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; 100
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find 104
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw
awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd 108
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and
love. 112

Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God, you do!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*York. A Room in the ARCH-
BISHOP'S Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and
SIR MICHAEL.*

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed
brief

With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew 4
How much they do import, you would make
haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day 8
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand, 11
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,—
Whose power was in the first proportion,—
And what with Owen Glendower's absence
thence, 16

Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,—

I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not
fear:

There is the Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
Harry Percy, 24
And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath
drawn

The special head of all the land together: 28
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and war-like Blunt;
And many more corivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms. 32

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worse, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king 36
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against
him:

Therefore make haste. I must go write again 40
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*The KING's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LAN-
CASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperance.

Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, 4
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sym-
pathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. 8
[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace, 12
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war, 16
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent 20
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content

To entertain the lag-end of my life 24
With quiet hours; for I do protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet, peace! 29

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your
looks

Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord, 32
We were the first and dearest of your friends.

For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand, 36

When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us, 41
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster. 45

To this we swore our aid: but, in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you, 48
What with our help, what with the absent king,

What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars, 53

That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd 56
To gripe the general sway into your hand;

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your
sight

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing 64
We were enforc'd, for safety's sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;

Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself 68
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.
K. Hen. These things indeed, you have arti-
culate, 72

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents, 76

Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause; 80
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both our armies there is many a
soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, 84

If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head, 88
I do not think a braver gentleman,

More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds. 92

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty— 96
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we
venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his. 108

So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone: 112
We will not now be troubled with reply;

We offer fair, take it advisedly. 100
[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms. 117

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! 120
[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and JOHN
OF LANCASTER.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all
well. 126

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]
Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to
pay him before his day. What need I be so
forward with him that calls not on me? Well,
'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but
how if honour prick me off when I come on?
how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an
arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound?
No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No.
What is honour? a word. What is that word,
honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it?
he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it?
No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible
then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live
with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not
suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a
mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. 143
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know,
Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes; 8
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily, 12
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot, 16
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head 20
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know 24
In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and
Soldiers behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd: deliver up 28
My Lord of Westmoreland. Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. 32

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, 36
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us. 40

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have
thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth be-
fore the king, 45

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-
day 48

But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly, 52

Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle, 57
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed, 60
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly. 64
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness. 68
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night 72
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed! And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,
Better consider what you have to do, 76
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now. 80

O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour. 84
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just. 88

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on
apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking. Only this, — 92

Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day. 96

Now, *Esperance!* Percy! and set on.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy. 100

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace,
and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Between the Camps.*

*Excursions and Parties fighting. Alarum to the
Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER
BLUNT, meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle
thus

Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus 4
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry, 8
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge 12
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O, Douglas! hadst thou fought at
Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless
lies the king. 16

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas! no; I know this face full
well;

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself. 21

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it
goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a
king? 24

Hot. The king hath many marching in his
coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away! 28
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at
London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring
but upon the pate. Soft! who art thou? Sir
Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's
no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as
heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need
no more weight than mine own bowels. I have
led my ragamuffins where they are peppered:
there's not three of my hundred and fifty left
alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg
during life. But who comes here? 40

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend
me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: prithee, lend
me thy sword. 44

Fal. O Hal! I prithee, give me leave to
breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such
deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have
paid Percy, I have made him sure. 48

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol,
if thou wilt. 53

Prince. Give it me. What! is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that
will sack a city. 56

[*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

Prince. What! is't a time to jest and dally
now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.
If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I
come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado
of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir
Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save,
so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and
there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, the
PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORE-
LAND.*

K. Hen. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too
much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lanc. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too. 4

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his
tent. 8

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your
tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help:

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, 12
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lanc. We breathe too long: come, cousin
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come. 16

[*Exeunt JOHN OF LANCASTER and
WESTMORELAND.*]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-
caster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the
point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's
heads: 25

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art
thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king? 28

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field: 32
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight. KING HENRY being in danger, re-enter the PRINCE.*]

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight. DOUGLAS flies.*]
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace? 44
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion, 48
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death. 52
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end

As all the poisonous potions in the world, 56
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [Exit.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then, I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more: 64
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come 68

To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest 72
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you. 76

Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.

I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh: 80

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death 84
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.]

Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit, 89
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth, that bears thee dead, 92

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face, 96
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, 100
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[*He spies FALSTAFF on the ground.*]
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man. 104

O! I should have a heavy miss of thee
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. 108

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

Fal. [Rising.] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him

sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*He takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd 132

Thy maiden sword.
Lanc. But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. 136

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st. 140

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead. 147

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying. I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword. 157

Lanc. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: 160

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field, 164

To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exit the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? 4
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else

Had been alive this hour, 8
If like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently, 12
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exit WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field? 16
Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20
And falling from a hill he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart. 24
Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free: 28
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lanc. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy, 32

Which I shall give away immediately.
K. Hen. Then this remains, that we divide

our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed, 36

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, 41
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exit.]