

And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.  
 My Lord of York, it better show'd with you, 4  
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
 Encircled you to hear with reverence  
 Your exposition on the holy text  
 Than now to see you here an iron man, 8  
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
 Turning the word to sword and life to death.  
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart  
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, 12  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
 Alack! what mischief might he set abroad  
 In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord  
 bishop,  
 It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken 16  
 How deep you were within the books of God?  
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
 To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;  
 The very opener and intelligencer 20  
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
 And our dull workings. O! who shall believe  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,  
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
 The subjects of his substitute, my father; 28  
 And both against the peace of heaven and him  
 Have here upswarm'd them.  
*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
 I am not here against your father's peace;  
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland, 32  
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,  
 To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace  
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,— 36  
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from  
 the court,—  
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd  
 asleep 39  
 With grant of our most just and right desires,  
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.  
*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
 To the last man.  
*Hast.* And though we here fall down, 44  
 We have supplies to second our attempt:  
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;  
 And so success of mischief shall be born,  
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up 48  
 Whiles England shall have generation.  
*Lanc.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much  
 too shallow,  
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.  
*West.* Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them  
 directly 52  
 How far forth you do like their articles.  
*Lanc.* I like them all, and do allow them  
 well;  
 And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
 My father's purposes have been mistook, 56  
 And some about him have too lavishly  
 Wrested his meaning and authority.  
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-  
 dress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please  
 you, 60  
 Discharge your powers unto their several coun-  
 ties,  
 As we will ours: and here between the armies  
 Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
 Of our restored love and amity. 65  
*Arch.* I take your princely word for these  
 redresses.  
*Lanc.* I give it you, and will maintain my  
 word:  
 And thereupon I drink unto your Grace. 68  
*Hast.* [To an Officer.] Go, captain, and deliver  
 to the army  
 This news of peace: let them have pay, and  
 part:  
 I know it will well please them: hie thee, captain.  
 [Exit Officer.]  
*Arch.* To you, my noble Lord of Westmore-  
 land. 72  
*West.* I pledge your Grace: and, if you knew  
 what pains  
 I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
 You would drink freely; but my love to you  
 Shall show itself more openly hereafter. 76  
*Arch.* I do not doubt you.  
*West.* I am glad of it.  
 Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.  
*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy  
 season;  
 For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80  
*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry,  
 But heaviness foreruns the good event.  
*West.* Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden  
 sorrow  
 Serves to say thus, Some good thing comes  
 to-morrow. 84  
*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.  
*Mowb.* So much the worse if your own rule  
 be true. [Shouts within.]  
*Lanc.* The word of peace is render'd: hark,  
 how they shout! 87  
*Mowb.* This had been cheerful, after victory.  
*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
 And neither party loser.  
*Lanc.* Go, my lord,  
 And let our army be discharged too. 92  
 [Exit WESTMORELAND.]  
 And, good my lord, so please you, let our  
 trains  
 March by us, that we may peruse the men  
 We should have cop'd withal.  
*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings, 96  
 And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.  
 [Exit HASTINGS.]  
*Lanc.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night to-  
 gether.  
 Re-enter WESTMORELAND.  
 Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?  
*West.* The leaders, having charge from you  
 to stand, 100  
 Will not go off until they hear you speak.  
*Lanc.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*  
*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already:  
 Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their  
 courses 104  
 East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke  
 up,  
 Each hurries toward his home and sporting-  
 place.  
*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for  
 the which  
 I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: 108  
 And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mow-  
 bray,  
 Of capital treason I attach you both.  
*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honour-  
 able?  
*West.* Is your assembly so? 112  
*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?  
*Lanc.* I pawn'd thee none.  
 I promis'd you redress of these same grievances  
 Whereof you did complain; which, by mine  
 honour,  
 I will perform with a most Christian care. 116  
 But for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
 Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.  
 Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
 Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.  
 Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd  
 stray:  
 God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.  
 Some guard these traitors to the block of  
 death; 123  
 Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.  
 [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and  
 COLEVILE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what con-  
 dition are you, and of what place, I pray?  
*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is  
 Coleville of the dale. 4  
*Fal.* Well then, Coleville is your name, a  
 knight is your degree, and your place the dale:  
 Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your  
 degree, and the dungeon your place, a place  
 deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of  
 the dale.  
*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff? 11  
*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am.  
 Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If  
 I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers,  
 and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse  
 up fear and trembling, and do observance to  
 my mercy. 17  
*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and  
 in that thought yield me.  
*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this  
 belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all  
 speaks any other word but my name. An I had  
 but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the  
 most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my  
 womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our  
 general. 26

*Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND,  
 BLUNT, and Others.*  
*Lanc.* The heat is past, follow no further  
 now.  
 Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.  
 [Exit WESTMORELAND.]  
 Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this  
 while? 29  
 When everything is ended, then you come:  
 These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
 One time or other break some gallows' back. 32  
*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should  
 be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check  
 was the reward of valour. Do you think me a  
 swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my  
 poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?  
 I have speeded hither with the very extremest  
 inch of possibility; I have founded nine score  
 and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am,  
 have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken  
 Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious  
 knight and valorous enemy. But what of that?  
 he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say  
 with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came,  
 saw, and overcame.'  
*Lanc.* It was more of his courtesy than your  
 deserving. 48  
*Fal.* I know not: here he is, and here I yield  
 him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be booked  
 with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord,  
 I will have it in a particular ballad else, with  
 mine own picture on the top on't, Coleville  
 kissing my foot. To the which course if I be  
 enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-  
 pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame  
 o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth  
 the cinders of the element, which show like pins'  
 heads to her, believe not the word of the noble.  
 Therefore let me have right, and let desert  
 mount. 61  
*Lanc.* Thine's too heavy to mount.  
*Fal.* Let it shine then.  
*Lanc.* Thine's too thick to shine. 64  
*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that  
 may do me good, and call it what you will.  
*Lanc.* Is thy name Coleville?  
*Cole.* It is, my lord. 68  
*Lanc.* A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.  
*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.  
*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are  
 That led me hither: had they been rul'd by  
 me 72  
 You should have won them dearer than you  
 have.  
*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves:  
 but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away  
 gratis, and I thank thee for thee. 76

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*  
*Lanc.* Have you left pursuit?  
*West.* Retreat is made and execution stay'd.  
*Lanc.* Send Coleville with his confederates  
 To York, to present execution. 80  
 Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him  
 sure. [Exit BLUNT and Others with  
 COLEVILE, guarded.]



And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty, 84  
Which, cousin [addressing WESTMORELAND], you shall bear, to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go,  
Through Gloucestershire, and when you come to court 88

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lanc. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. 91  
[Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.]

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack. 136

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucester-

shire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified. 4  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength; 8  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, Where is the prince your brother? 13

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him? 16

Glo. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clare. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy, 24

And noble offices thou mayst effect Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren: Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love, 28

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd: He hath a tear for pity and a hand 32

Open as day for melting charity; Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well observ'd: 36 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth; But, being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends, A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in, 44

That the united vessel of their blood, Mingled with venom of suggestion—

Enter HARCOURT.

Look! here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall As those that I am come to tell you of! 96

The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots, Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.

The manner and true order of the fight 100 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

She either gives a stomach and no food; 105 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not. 108 I should rejoice now at this happy news,

And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort, your majesty!

Clare. O my royal father! 112

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!

War. Be patient, princes: you do know these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary: Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well. 116

Clare. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in 120

So thin, that life looks through and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me; for they do observe Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners, as the year Had found some months asleep and leap'd 124

them over. Clare. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles, Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and died. 128

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glo. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray. 132

SCENE V.—Another Chamber.

KING HENRY lying on a bed: CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others in attendance.

K. Hen. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand Will whisper music to my weary spirit. 3

War. Call for the music in the other room.

As, force perforce, the age will pour it in— Shall never leak, though it do work as strong As acornium or rash gunpowder. 48

Clare. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clare. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that? 52

Clare. With Poin and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth, Is overspread with them: therefore my grief 56

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death: The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days And rotten times that you shall look upon 60

When I am sleeping with my ancestors. For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors, When means and lavish manners meet together, 64

O! with what wings shall his affections fly Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay.

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:

The prince but studies his companions 68 Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd, 72

Your highness knows, comes to no further use But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will in the perfectness of time Cast off his followers; and their memory 76

Shall as a pattern or a measure live, By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb

In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland!

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness 81

Added to that that I am to deliver! Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all Are brought to the correction of your law. 85

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd, But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

The manner how this action hath been borne, Here at more leisure may your highness read With every course in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird, 91

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings The lifting up of day.



*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.  
*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.  
*War.* Less noise, less noise!

*Enter the PRINCE.*

*Prince.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?  
*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.  
*Prince.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!  
 How doth the king?

*Glo.* Exceeding ill.  
*Prince.* Heard he the good news yet?  
 Tell it him.

*Glo.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.  
*Prince.* If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

*Prince.* No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

*[Exeunt all but the PRINCE.]*  
 Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
 To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet  
 As he whose brow with homely biggin bound  
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not:  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
 Performe must move. My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep  
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
 So many English kings. Thy due from me

Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness  
 Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:

My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits,

*[Putting it on his head.]*  
 Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's  
 whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
 This lineal honour from me. This from thee  
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *[Exit.]*

*K. Hen.* *[Waking.]* Warwick! Gloucester!  
 Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.*

*Cla.* Doth the king call?  
*War.* What would your majesty? How fares your Grace?

*K. Hen.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*K. Hen.* The Prince of Wales! Where is he?  
 let me see him:  
 He is not here.

*War.* The door is open; he is gone this way.  
*Glo.* He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

*K. Hen.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*K. Hen.* The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.  
 Is he so hasty that he doth suppose  
 My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. *[Exit WARWICK.]*  
 This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
 And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt  
 When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
 Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,  
 Their brains with care, their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
 The virtuous sweets,  
 Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,  
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,  
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
 Would by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. Hen.* But wherefore did he take away the crown?

*Re-enter the PRINCE.*

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.  
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

*[Exeunt WARWICK, and the rest.]*  
*Prince.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:  
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair  
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
 Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind  
 That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours  
 Were thine without offence; and at my death  
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,  
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
 To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
 Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
 That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form.  
 Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity!  
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,  
 hence!

And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness!  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more;

England shall double gild his treble guilt.  
 England shall give him office, honour, might;  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows.  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

*Prince.* O! pardon me, my liege; but for my tears,  
 The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke  
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
 And he that wears the crown immortally  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more  
 Than as your honour and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
 Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
 Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending.  
 God witness with me, when I here came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,  
 O! let me in my present wildness die  
 And never live to show the incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed.

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,

I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
 Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in medicine potable:  
 But thou most fine, most honour'd, most renowned,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it, as with an enemy  
 That had before my face murder'd my father,  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did with the least affection of a welcome  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son!  
 God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry: sit thou by my bed;  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
 I met this crown; and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation;  
 For all the soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,  
 And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances;

Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears  
 Thou seest with peril I have answered;  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument; and now my death  
 Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;

So thou the garment wear'st successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,



May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me. 216  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

Prince. My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me; 220  
Then plain and right must my possession be:  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of  
Lancaster. 224

Lanc. Health, peace, and happiness to my  
royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and  
peace, son John;  
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight  
My worldly business makes a period. 229  
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter WARWICK and Others.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon? 232

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God! even there my life  
must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me many years  
I should not die but in Jerusalem, 236  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.  
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire. A Hall in  
SHALLOW'S House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and  
Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away  
to-night. What! Davy, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert  
Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be  
excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there  
is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be ex-  
cused. Why, Davy! 8

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,  
Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid  
him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be  
excused. 13

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts can-  
not be served: and again, sir, shall we sow the  
headland with wheat? 16

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William  
cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note  
for shoeing and plough-irons. 20

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you  
shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket  
must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to  
stop any of William's wages, about the sack he  
lost the other day at Hinckley fair? 26

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons,  
Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of  
mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,  
tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night,  
sir? 32

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A  
friend i' the court is better than a penny in  
purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are  
arrant knaves, and will backbite. 36

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten,  
sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy busi-  
ness, Davy. 40

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance  
William Visor of Wincot against Clement  
Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy,  
against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant  
knave, on my knowledge. 46

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a  
knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave  
should have some countenance at his friend's  
request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for  
himself, when a knave is not. I have served  
your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if  
I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a  
knave against an honest man, I have but a very  
little credit with your worship. The knave is  
mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech  
your worship, let him be countenanced. 57

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong.  
Look about, Davy. [Exit DAVY.] Where are you,  
Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your  
boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph. 61

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.  
Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind  
Master Bardolph:—[To the Page.] and wel-  
come, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John. 65

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert  
Shallow. [Exit SHALLOW.] Bardolph, look to  
our horses. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.] If I  
were sawed into quantities, I should make four  
dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master  
Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the  
semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his:  
they, by observing him, do bear themselves like  
foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is  
turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their  
spirits are so married in conjunction with the  
participation of society that they flock together  
in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a  
suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men  
with the imputation of being near their master:  
if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow  
that no man could better command his servants.  
It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant  
carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of  
another: therefore let men take heed of their  
company. I will devise matter enough out of

this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual  
laughter the wearing out of six fashions,—which  
is four terms, or two actions,—and a' shall laugh  
without intervallums. O! it is much that a lie  
with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow  
will do with a fellow that never had the ache in  
his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh till  
his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up! 94

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!  
Fal. I come, Master Shallow: I come, Master  
Shallow. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Westminster. An Apartment in the  
Palace.

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice!  
whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all  
ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; 4  
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me  
with him:

The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries. 8

War. Indeed I think the young king loves  
you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm  
myself,  
To welcome the condition of the time;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me 12  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,  
WESTMORELAND and Others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead  
Harry:

O! that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen. 16

How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God! I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lanc. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good  
morrow. 20

Glo. } Good morrow, cousin.  
Cla. }

Lanc. We meet like men that had forgot to  
speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument  
is all too heavy to admit much talk. 24

Lanc. Well, peace be with him that hath  
made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glo. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend  
indeed; 27

And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

Lanc. Though no man be assur'd what grace  
to find,

You stand in coldest expectation.  
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise. 32

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John  
Falstaff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in  
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul; 36

And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead, 40

And tell him who hath sent me after him.  
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your  
majesty!

K. Hen. V. This new and gorgeous garment,  
majesty, 44

Sits not so easy on me as you think.  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, 48

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears  
That I will deeply put the fashion on 52

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd, 56

I'll be your father and your brother too;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:

Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;  
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears 60

By number into hours of happiness.  
Lanc., &c. We hope no other from your  
majesty.

K. Hen. V. You all look strangely on me: [To  
the CHIEF JUSTICE.] and you most;

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not. 64

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Hen. V. No! 67

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten? 72

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your  
father;

The image of his power lay then in me:  
And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth, 76

Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment; 80

Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland, 84

To have a son set your decrees at nought,  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your  
person: 88

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image  
And mock your workings in a second body.



Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
 Be now the father and propose a son,  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And in your power soft silencing your son:  
 After this cold consideration, sentence me;  
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state  
 What I have done that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sov'reignty.  
*K. Hen. V.* You are right, justice; and you weigh this well;  
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
 And I do wish your honours may increase  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you and obey you, as I did.  
 So shall I live to speak my father's words:  
 'Happy am I, that have a man so bold  
 That dares do justice on my proper son;  
 And not less happy, having such a son,  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:  
 For which, I do commit into your hand  
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;  
 With this remembrance, that you use the same  
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand:  
 You shall be as a father to my youth;  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,  
 And I will stoop and humble my intents  
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.  
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;  
 My father is gone wild into his grave,  
 For in his tomb lie my affections;  
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:  
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament;  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;  
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.  
 Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 As I before remember'd, all our state:  
 And, God consigning to my good intents,  
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Gloucestershire. The Garden of SHALLOW'S House.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of

my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth; come, cousin Silence; and then to bed.  
*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.  
*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.  
*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.  
*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.  
*Sil.* Ah, sirrah! quoth a', we shall  
 Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,  
 And praise God for the merry year;  
 When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
 And lusty lads roam here and there,  
 So merrily.  
 And ever among so merrily.  
*Fal.* There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.  
*Shal.* Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.  
*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon: most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Profane! What you want in meat we'll have in drink: but you must bear: the heart's all.  
*Shal.* Be merry, Master Bardolph; and my little soldier there, be merry.  
*Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
 For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
 And welcome merry Shrove-tide.  
 Be merry, be merry.  
*Fal.* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.  
*Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.  
 Re-enter DAVY.  
*Davy.* There's a dish of leather-coats for you.  
 [Setting them before BARDOLPH.  
*Shal.* Davy!  
*Davy.* Your worship! I'll be with you straight.  
 A cup of wine, sir?  
*Sil.* A cup of wine that's brisk and fine  
 And drink unto the leman mine;  
 And a merry heart lives long-a.  
*Fal.* Well said, Master Silence.  
*Sil.* And we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.  
*Fal.* Health and long life to you, Master Silence.  
*Sil.* Fill the cup, and let it come;  
 I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.  
*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. [To the Page.] Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph and to all the cavaleiros about London.  
*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.  
*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—  
*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together: ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?  
*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

*Shal.* By God's liggers, I thank thee. The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: a' will not out; he is true bred.  
*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.  
*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking within.] Look who's at door there. Ho! who knocks?  
*[Exit DAVY.]*  
*Fal.* [To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.] Why, now you have done me right.  
*Sil.* Do me right,  
 And dub me knight:  
 Samingo.  
 Is't not so?  
*Fal.* 'Tis so.  
*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

*Davy.* An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.  
*Fal.* From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!  
*Pist.* Sir John, God save you, sir!  
*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?  
*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.  
 Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.  
*Sil.* By'r lady, I think a' be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.  
*Pist.* Puff!  
 Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, And tidings do I bring and lucky joys And golden times and happy news of price.  
*Fal.* I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.  
*Pist.* A foutra for the world and worldlings base!  
 I speak of Africa and golden joys.  
*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
 Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.  
*Sil.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.  
*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
 And shall good news be baffled?  
 Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.  
*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.  
*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.  
*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.  
*Pist.* Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.  
*Shal.* Under King Harry.  
*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?  
*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.  
*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!  
 Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth: When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.  
*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?  
*Pist.* As nail in door: the things I speak are just.  
*Fal.* Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.  
*Bard.* O joyful day!  
 I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.  
*Pist.* What! I do bring good news.  
*Fal.* Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [Exit BARDOLPH.] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice!  
*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! 'Where is the life that late I led?' say they: Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days!  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter BEADLES, dragging in MISTRESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.

*Quick.* No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.  
*First Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.  
*Dol.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.  
*Quick.* O the Lord! that Sir John were come; he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!  
*First Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.  
*Dol.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swunged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.  
*First Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.  
*Quick.* O, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.  
*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.  
*Quick.* Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.  
*Dol.* Goodman death! goodman bones!



*Quick.* Thou atomy, thou! 32  
*Dol.* Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!  
*First Bead.* Very well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

*First Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.  
*Sec. Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice. 3

*First Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. [Exeunt.]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as a' comes by: and do but mark the countenance that he will give me. 9

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him. 16

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion. 20

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me. 24

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part. 32

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, 36  
 Is in base durance and contagious prison;  
 Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell

Alecto's snake, 40

For Doll is in: Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[Shouts within and trumpets sound.]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH and his Train, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal! 45

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy! 48

*K. Hen. V.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

*K. Hen. V.* I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers; 52

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane; But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream. 56

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandising; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men. Reply not to me with a fool-born jest: 60

Presume not that I am the thing I was; For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self; So will I those that kept me company. 64

When thou dost hear I am as I have been, Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast, The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, 68  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders, Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you, That lack of means enforce you not to evil: 72

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves, We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word. 76

Set on. [Exeunt KING HENRY V. and his Train.]

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. 80

*Fal.* That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand. 89

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

*Shal.* A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John. 93

*Fal.* Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night. 96

*Re-enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; Officers with them.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord!

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. 100

Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.* [Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, Page, and Officers.]

*Lanc.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's. He hath intent his wonted followers 104

Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world. *Ch. Just.* And so they are. 108

*Lanc.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*Lanc.* I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords and native fire 112

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence? [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

First, my fear; then, my curtsy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure, my curtsy, my duty, and my speech, to beg your pardon. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to

the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. 18

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. 27

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen. 38