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# HENRY IV

## *Part 2*

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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## **From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library**

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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# Textual Introduction

## By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right."), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: "O farewell,

honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?"). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare's texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

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# Synopsis

*Henry IV, Part 2*, continues the story of *Henry IV, Part I*.

Northumberland learns that his son Hotspur is dead, and he rejoins the remaining rebels. When Hotspur's widow convinces Northumberland to withdraw, the rebels are then led by the archbishop of York and Lords Mowbray and Hastings, who muster at York to confront the king's forces.

Sir John Falstaff, meanwhile, glories in the reputation he has gained by falsely claiming to have killed Hotspur, and he uses his wit and cunning to escape charges by the Lord Chief Justice. Prince Hal and his companion Poins disguise themselves to observe Falstaff, and they hear him insult them both. After they confront him, Prince Hal and Falstaff must return to the wars. The king's army is again victorious, but more through deceit and false promises than through valor.

With the rebellion over, Prince Hal attends his dying father. Hal becomes Henry V, reassures the Lord Chief Justice, and turns away Falstaff, who had expected royal favor.

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# Characters in the Play

RUMOR, Presenter of the Induction

KING HENRY IV, formerly Henry Bolingbroke

PRINCE HAL, Prince of Wales and heir to the throne, later KING HENRY V

JOHN OF LANCASTER  
THOMAS OF CLARENCE  
HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER

} *younger sons of King Henry IV*

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Henry Percy

NORTHUMBERLAND'S WIFE

LADY PERCY, widow of Hotspur

Richard Scroop, ARCHBISHOP of York  
LORD MOWBRAY  
LORD HASTINGS  
LORD BARDOLPH  
TRAVERS  
MORTON  
SIR JOHN COLEVILE

} *in rebellion against  
King Henry IV*

EARL OF WESTMORELAND  
EARL OF WARWICK  
EARL OF SURREY  
SIR JOHN BLUNT  
GOWER  
HARCOURT

} *supporters of King Henry IV*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

POINS

BARDOLPH

PETO

PISTOL

FALSTAFF'S PAGE

HOSTESS of the tavern (also called Mistress Quickly)

DOLL TEARSHEET

JUSTICE ROBERT SHALLOW

JUSTICE SILENCE

DAVY, servant to Shallow

MOULDY  
SHADOW  
WART

} *men of Gloucestershire*

FEEBLE  
BULLCalf

FANG  
SNARE

} *London officers*

EPILOGUE

Drawers, Musicians, Beadles, Grooms, Messenger, Soldiers, Lords,  
Attendants, Porter, Servants

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## ⟨INDUCTION⟩

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*Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues.*

「RUMOR」

FTLN 0001	Open your ears, for which of you will stop	
FTLN 0002	The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?	
FTLN 0003	I, from the orient to the drooping west,	
FTLN 0004	Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold	
FTLN 0005	The acts commencèd on this ball of earth.	5
FTLN 0006	Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,	
FTLN 0007	The which in every language I pronounce,	
FTLN 0008	Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.	
FTLN 0009	I speak of peace while covert enmity	
FTLN 0010	Under the smile of safety wounds the world.	10
FTLN 0011	And who but Rumor, who but only I,	
FTLN 0012	Make fearful musters and prepared defense	
FTLN 0013	Whiles the big year, swoll'n with some other grief,	
FTLN 0014	Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,	
FTLN 0015	And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe	15
FTLN 0016	Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,	
FTLN 0017	And of so easy and so plain a stop	
FTLN 0018	That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,	
FTLN 0019	The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,	
FTLN 0020	Can play upon it. But what need I thus	20
FTLN 0021	My well-known body to anatomize	
FTLN 0022	Among my household? Why is Rumor here?	
FTLN 0023	I run before King Harry's victory,	

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FTLN 0024	Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury	
FTLN 0025	Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,	25
FTLN 0026	Quenching the flame of bold rebellion	
FTLN 0027	Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I	
FTLN 0028	To speak so true at first? My office is	
FTLN 0029	To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell	
FTLN 0030	Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,	30
FTLN 0031	And that the King before the Douglas' rage	
FTLN 0032	Stooped his anointed head as low as death.	
FTLN 0033	This have I rumored through the peasant towns	
FTLN 0034	Between that royal field of Shrewsbury	
FTLN 0035	And this worm-eaten 'hold' of ragged stone,	35
FTLN 0036	⟨Where⟩ Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,	
FTLN 0037	Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,	
FTLN 0038	And not a man of them brings other news	
FTLN 0039	Than they have learnt of me. From Rumor's	
FTLN 0040	tongues	40
FTLN 0041	They bring smooth comforts false, worse than	
FTLN 0042	true wrongs.	

*'Rumor' exits.*

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# ⟨ACT 1⟩

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## ⟨Scene 1⟩

*Enter the Lord Bardolph at one door.*

LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0043      Who keeps the gate here, ho?

*⟨Enter the Porter.⟩*

FTLN 0044                                      Where is the Earl?

PORTER

FTLN 0045      What shall I say you are?

FTLN 0046      LORD BARDOLPH                      Tell thou the Earl

FTLN 0047      That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here. 5

PORTER

FTLN 0048      His Lordship is walked forth into the orchard.

FTLN 0049      Please it your Honor knock but at the gate

FTLN 0050      And he himself will answer.

*Enter the Earl Northumberland, ⟨his head wrapped in a kerchief and supporting himself with a crutch.⟩*

FTLN 0051      LORD BARDOLPH                      Here comes the Earl.

*⟨Porter exits.⟩*

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0052      What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now 10

FTLN 0053      Should be the father of some stratagem.

FTLN 0054      The times are wild. Contention, like a horse

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FTLN 0055 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose  
 FTLN 0056 And bears down all before him.

FTLN 0057 LORD BARDOLPH Noble earl, 15  
 FTLN 0058 I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0059 Good, an God will!

FTLN 0060 LORD BARDOLPH As good as heart can wish.

FTLN 0061 The King is almost wounded to the death,  
 FTLN 0062 And, in the fortune of my lord your son, 20  
 FTLN 0063 Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
 FTLN 0064 Killed by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John  
 FTLN 0065 And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;  
 FTLN 0066 And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
 FTLN 0067 Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day, 25  
 FTLN 0068 So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,  
 FTLN 0069 Came not till now to dignify the times  
 FTLN 0070 Since Caesar's fortunes.

FTLN 0071 NORTHUMBERLAND How is this derived?  
 FTLN 0072 Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury? 30

LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0073 I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,  
 FTLN 0074 A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
 FTLN 0075 That freely rendered me these news for true.

*Enter Travers.*

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0076 Here comes my servant Travers, who I sent  
 FTLN 0077 On Tuesday last to listen after news. 35

LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0078 My lord, I overrode him on the way,  
 FTLN 0079 And he is furnished with no certainties  
 FTLN 0080 More than he haply may retail from me.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0081 Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

TRAVERS

FTLN 0082 My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turned me back 40

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FTLN 0083 With joyful tidings and, being better horsed,  
 FTLN 0084 Outrode me. After him came spurring hard  
 FTLN 0085 A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
 FTLN 0086 That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
 FTLN 0087 He asked the way to Chester, and of him 45  
 FTLN 0088 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.  
 FTLN 0089 He told me that rebellion had bad luck  
 FTLN 0090 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
 FTLN 0091 With that he gave his able horse the head  
 FTLN 0092 And, bending forward, struck his armèd heels 50  
 FTLN 0093 Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
 FTLN 0094 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so  
 FTLN 0095 He seemed in running to devour the way,  
 FTLN 0096 Staying no longer question.  
 FTLN 0097 NORTHUMBERLAND Ha? Again: 55  
 FTLN 0098 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
 FTLN 0099 Of Hotspur, Coldspur? That rebellion  
 FTLN 0100 Had met ill luck?  
 FTLN 0101 LORD BARDOLPH My lord, I'll tell you what:  
 FTLN 0102 If my young lord your son have not the day, 60  
 FTLN 0103 Upon mine honor, for a silken point  
 FTLN 0104 I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.  
 NORTHUMBERLAND  
 FTLN 0105 Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers  
 FTLN 0106 Give then such instances of loss?  
 FTLN 0107 LORD BARDOLPH Who, he? 65  
 FTLN 0108 He was some hilding fellow that had stol'n  
 FTLN 0109 The horse he rode on and, upon my life,  
 FTLN 0110 Spoke at a venture.

*Enter Morton.*

FTLN 0111 Look, here comes more news.  
 NORTHUMBERLAND  
 FTLN 0112 Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf, 70  
 FTLN 0113 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.



## NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0148 Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
 FTLN 0149 I see a strange confession in thine eye.  
 FTLN 0150 Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear or sin  
 FTLN 0151 To speak a truth. If he be slain, *(say so.)*  
 FTLN 0152 The tongue offends not that reports his death; 110  
 FTLN 0153 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
 FTLN 0154 Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
 FTLN 0155 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
 FTLN 0156 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
 FTLN 0157 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell 115  
 FTLN 0158 Remembered tolling a departing friend.

## LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0159 I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MORTON, *['to Northumberland']*

FTLN 0160 I am sorry I should force you to believe  
 FTLN 0161 That which I would to God I had not seen,  
 FTLN 0162 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state, 120  
 FTLN 0163 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and outbreathed,  
 FTLN 0164 To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down  
 FTLN 0165 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
 FTLN 0166 From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
 FTLN 0167 In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire 125  
 FTLN 0168 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,  
 FTLN 0169 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
 FTLN 0170 From the best-tempered courage in his troops;  
 FTLN 0171 For from his mettle was his party steeled,  
 FTLN 0172 Which, once in him abated, all the rest 130  
 FTLN 0173 Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
 FTLN 0174 And as the thing that's heavy in itself  
 FTLN 0175 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
 FTLN 0176 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 FTLN 0177 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear 135  
 FTLN 0178 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim  
 FTLN 0179 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,

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FTLN 0180	Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester	
FTLN 0181	So soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,	
FTLN 0182	The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword	140
FTLN 0183	Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,	
FTLN 0184	Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame	
FTLN 0185	Of those that turned their backs and in his flight,	
FTLN 0186	Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all	
FTLN 0187	Is that the King hath won and hath sent out	145
FTLN 0188	A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,	
FTLN 0189	Under the conduct of young Lancaster	
FTLN 0190	And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.	
NORTHUMBERLAND		
FTLN 0191	For this I shall have time enough to mourn.	
FTLN 0192	In poison there is physic, and these news,	150
FTLN 0193	Having been well, that would have made me sick,	
FTLN 0194	Being sick, have in some measure made me well.	
FTLN 0195	And as the wretch whose fever-weakened joints,	
FTLN 0196	Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,	
FTLN 0197	Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire	155
FTLN 0198	Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,	
FTLN 0199	Weakened with grief, being now enraged with	
FTLN 0200	grief,	
FTLN 0201	Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou	
FTLN 0202	nice crutch. <i>「He throws down his crutch.」</i>	160
FTLN 0203	A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel	
FTLN 0204	Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly	
FTLN 0205	coif. <i>「He removes his kerchief.」</i>	
FTLN 0206	Thou art a guard too wanton for the head	
FTLN 0207	Which princes, fleshed with conquest, aim to hit.	165
FTLN 0208	Now bind my brows with iron, and approach	
FTLN 0209	The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring	
FTLN 0210	To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland.	
FTLN 0211	Let heaven kiss Earth! Now let not Nature's hand	
FTLN 0212	Keep the wild flood confined. Let order die,	170
FTLN 0213	And let this world no longer be a stage	



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FTLN 0214 To feed contention in a lingering act;  
 FTLN 0215 But let one spirit of the firstborn Cain  
 FTLN 0216 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
 FTLN 0217 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end, 175  
 FTLN 0218 And darkness be the burier of the dead.

「LORD BARDOLPH」

FTLN 0219 [This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.]

「MORTON」

FTLN 0220 Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.  
 FTLN 0221 The lives of all your loving complices  
 FTLN 0222 〈Lean〉 on 〈your〉 health, the which, if you give o'er 180  
 FTLN 0223 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
 FTLN 0224 〈You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,  
 FTLN 0225 And summed the accompt of chance before you  
 FTLN 0226 said  
 FTLN 0227 "Let us make head." It was your presumise 185  
 FTLN 0228 That in the dole of blows your son might drop.  
 FTLN 0229 You knew he walked o'er perils on an edge,  
 FTLN 0230 More likely to fall in than to get o'er.  
 FTLN 0231 You were advised his flesh was capable  
 FTLN 0232 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit 190  
 FTLN 0233 Would lift him where most trade of danger  
 FTLN 0234 ranged.  
 FTLN 0235 Yet did you say "Go forth," and none of this,  
 FTLN 0236 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 FTLN 0237 The stiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n, 195  
 FTLN 0238 Or what 「did」 this bold enterprise bring forth,  
 FTLN 0239 More than that being which was like to be?〉

LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0240 We all that are engagèd to this loss  
 FTLN 0241 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas  
 FTLN 0242 That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one; 200  
 FTLN 0243 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed  
 FTLN 0244 Choked the respect of likely peril feared;  
 FTLN 0245 And since we are o'erset, venture again.  
 FTLN 0246 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

MORTON

FTLN 0247	'Tis more than time.—And, my most noble lord,	205
FTLN 0248	I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth:	
FTLN 0249	⟨The gentle Archbishop of York is up	
FTLN 0250	With well-appointed powers. He is a man	
FTLN 0251	Who with a double surety binds his followers.	
FTLN 0252	My lord your son had only but the corpse,	210
FTLN 0253	But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;	
FTLN 0254	For that same word “rebellion” did divide	
FTLN 0255	The action of their bodies from their souls,	
FTLN 0256	And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,	
FTLN 0257	As men drink potions, that their weapons only	215
FTLN 0258	Seemed on our side. But, for their spirits and	
FTLN 0259	souls,	
FTLN 0260	This word “rebellion,” it had froze them up	
FTLN 0261	As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop	
FTLN 0262	Turns insurrection to religion.	220
FTLN 0263	Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,	
FTLN 0264	He's followed both with body and with mind,	
FTLN 0265	And doth enlarge his rising with the blood	
FTLN 0266	Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret	
FTLN 0267	stones;	225
FTLN 0268	Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;	
FTLN 0269	Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,	
FTLN 0270	Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;	
FTLN 0271	And more and less do flock to follow him.⟩	

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0272	I knew of this before, but, to speak truth,	230
FTLN 0273	This present grief had wiped it from my mind.	
FTLN 0274	Go in with me and counsel every man	
FTLN 0275	The aptest way for safety and revenge.	
FTLN 0276	Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed.	
FTLN 0277	Never so few, and never yet more need.	235

*They exit.*

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 〈Scene 12〉

*Enter Sir John 〈Falstaff〉 with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

FTLN 0278	FALSTAFF	Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my	
FTLN 0279		water?	
FTLN 0280	PAGE	He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy	
FTLN 0281		water, but, for the party that owed it, he might have	
FTLN 0282		more diseases than he knew for.	5
FTLN 0283	FALSTAFF	Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me.	
FTLN 0284		The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is	
FTLN 0285		not able to invent anything that intends to laughter	
FTLN 0286		more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not	
FTLN 0287		only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in	10
FTLN 0288		other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow	
FTLN 0289		that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the	
FTLN 0290		Prince put thee into my service for any other reason	
FTLN 0291		than to set me off, why then I have no judgment.	
FTLN 0292		Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be	15
FTLN 0293		worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never	
FTLN 0294		manned with an agate till now, but I will inset you	
FTLN 0295		neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and	
FTLN 0296		send you back again to your master for a jewel. The	
FTLN 0297		juvenal, the Prince your master, whose chin is not	20
FTLN 0298		yet fledge—I will sooner have a beard grow in the	
FTLN 0299		palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek,	
FTLN 0300		and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face	
FTLN 0301		royal. God may finish it when He will. 'Tis not a hair	
FTLN 0302		amiss yet. He may keep it still at a face royal, for a	25
FTLN 0303		barber shall never earn sixpence out of it, and yet	
FTLN 0304		he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his	
FTLN 0305		father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace,	
FTLN 0306		but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What	
FTLN 0307		said Master Dommelton about the satin for my	30
FTLN 0308		short cloak and my slops?	

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FTLN 0309 PAGE He said, sir, you should procure him better  
 FTLN 0310 assurance than Bardolph. He would not take his  
 FTLN 0311 band and yours. He liked not the security.  
 FTLN 0312 FALSTAFF Let him be damned like the glutton! Pray 35  
 FTLN 0313 God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel, a  
 FTLN 0314 ⟨rascally⟩ yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in  
 FTLN 0315 hand and then stand upon security! The whoreson  
 FTLN 0316 smoothy-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes  
 FTLN 0317 and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is 40  
 FTLN 0318 through with them in honest taking up, then they  
 FTLN 0319 must stand upon security. I had as lief they would  
 FTLN 0320 put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with  
 FTLN 0321 “security.” I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty  
 FTLN 0322 yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and 45  
 FTLN 0323 he sends me “security.” Well, he may sleep in  
 FTLN 0324 security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the  
 FTLN 0325 lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet  
 FTLN 0326 cannot he see though he have his own lantern to  
 FTLN 0327 light him. Where’s Bardolph? 50  
 FTLN 0328 PAGE He’s gone in Smithfield to buy your Worship a  
 FTLN 0329 horse.  
 FTLN 0330 FALSTAFF I bought him in Paul’s, and he’ll buy me a  
 FTLN 0331 horse in Smithfield. An I could get me but a wife in  
 FTLN 0332 the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived. 55

*Enter Lord Chief Justice ⟨and Servant.⟩*

FTLN 0333 PAGE, *['to Falstaff']* Sir, here comes the nobleman that  
 FTLN 0334 committed the Prince for striking him about  
 FTLN 0335 Bardolph.  
 FTLN 0336 FALSTAFF Wait close. I will not see him.  

*['They begin to exit.']*

 FTLN 0337 CHIEF JUSTICE, *['to Servant']* What’s he that goes there? 60  
 FTLN 0338 SERVANT Falstaff, an ’t please your Lordship.  
 FTLN 0339 CHIEF JUSTICE He that was in question for the robbery?  
 FTLN 0340 SERVANT He, my lord; but he hath since done good

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FTLN 0341	service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going	
FTLN 0342	with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.	65
FTLN 0343	CHIEF JUSTICE What, to York? Call him back again.	
FTLN 0344	SERVANT Sir John Falstaff!	
FTLN 0345	FALSTAFF Boy, tell him I am deaf.	
FTLN 0346	PAGE You must speak louder. My master is deaf.	
FTLN 0347	CHIEF JUSTICE I am sure he is, to the hearing of	70
FTLN 0348	anything good.—Go pluck him by the elbow. I must	
FTLN 0349	speak with him.	
FTLN 0350	SERVANT, <i>['plucking Falstaff's sleeve']</i> Sir John!	
FTLN 0351	FALSTAFF What, a young knave and begging? Is there	
FTLN 0352	not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the	75
FTLN 0353	King lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers?	
FTLN 0354	Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is	
FTLN 0355	worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side,	
FTLN 0356	were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell	
FTLN 0357	how to make it.	80
FTLN 0358	SERVANT You mistake me, sir.	
FTLN 0359	FALSTAFF Why sir, did I say you were an honest man?	
FTLN 0360	Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I	
FTLN 0361	had lied in my throat if I had said so.	
FTLN 0362	SERVANT I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and	85
FTLN 0363	your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you,	
FTLN 0364	you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than	
FTLN 0365	an honest man.	
FTLN 0366	FALSTAFF I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that	
FTLN 0367	which grows to me? If thou gett'st any leave of me,	90
FTLN 0368	hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be	
FTLN 0369	hanged. You hunt counter. Hence! Avaunt!	
FTLN 0370	SERVANT Sir, my lord would speak with you.	
FTLN 0371	CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.	
FTLN 0372	FALSTAFF My good lord. God give your Lordship good	95
FTLN 0373	time of <i>&lt;the&gt;</i> day. I am glad to see your Lordship	
FTLN 0374	abroad. I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope	
FTLN 0375	your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship,	

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FTLN 0376	though not clean past your youth, have yet	
FTLN 0377	some smack of an ague in you, some relish of the	100
FTLN 0378	saltiness of time in you, and I most humbly beseech	
FTLN 0379	your Lordship to have a reverend care of your	
FTLN 0380	health.	
FTLN 0381	CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, I sent for you before your	
FTLN 0382	expedition to Shrewsbury.	105
FTLN 0383	FALSTAFF An 't please your Lordship, I hear his Majesty	
FTLN 0384	is returned with some discomfort from Wales.	
FTLN 0385	CHIEF JUSTICE I talk not of his Majesty. You would not	
FTLN 0386	come when I sent for you.	
FTLN 0387	FALSTAFF And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen	110
FTLN 0388	into this same whoreson apoplexy.	
FTLN 0389	CHIEF JUSTICE Well, God mend him. I pray you let me	
FTLN 0390	speak with you.	
FTLN 0391	FALSTAFF This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of	
FTLN 0392	lethargy, an 't please your Lordship, a kind of	115
FTLN 0393	sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.	
FTLN 0394	CHIEF JUSTICE What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.	
FTLN 0395	FALSTAFF It hath it original from much grief, from	
FTLN 0396	study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the	
FTLN 0397	cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of deafness.	120
FTLN 0398	CHIEF JUSTICE I think you are fallen into the disease,	
FTLN 0399	for you hear not what I say to you.	
FTLN 0400	FALSTAFF Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, an 't	
FTLN 0401	please you, it is the disease of not listening, the	
FTLN 0402	malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.	125
FTLN 0403	CHIEF JUSTICE To punish you by the heels would amend	
FTLN 0404	the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do	
FTLN 0405	become your physician.	
FTLN 0406	FALSTAFF I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so	
FTLN 0407	patient. Your Lordship may minister the potion of	130
FTLN 0408	imprisonment to me in respect of poverty, but how	
FTLN 0409	I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions,	
FTLN 0410	the wise may make some dram of a scruple,	
FTLN 0411	or indeed a scruple itself.	

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FTLN 0412	CHIEF JUSTICE	I sent for you, when there were matters	135
FTLN 0413		against you for your life, to come speak with me.	
FTLN 0414	FALSTAFF	As I was then advised by my learned counsel	
FTLN 0415		in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.	
FTLN 0416	CHIEF JUSTICE	Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in	
FTLN 0417		great infamy.	140
FTLN 0418	FALSTAFF	He that buckles himself in my belt cannot	
FTLN 0419		live in less.	
FTLN 0420	CHIEF JUSTICE	Your means are very slender, and your	
FTLN 0421		waste is great.	
FTLN 0422	FALSTAFF	I would it were otherwise. I would my means	145
FTLN 0423		were greater and my waist slender.	
FTLN 0424	CHIEF JUSTICE	You have misled the youthful prince.	
FTLN 0425	FALSTAFF	The young prince hath misled me. I am the	
FTLN 0426		fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.	
FTLN 0427	CHIEF JUSTICE	Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed	150
FTLN 0428		wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a	
FTLN 0429		little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's Hill.	
FTLN 0430		You may thank th' unquiet time for your quiet	
FTLN 0431		o'erposting that action.	
FTLN 0432	FALSTAFF	My lord.	155
FTLN 0433	CHIEF JUSTICE	But since all is well, keep it so. Wake not	
FTLN 0434		a sleeping wolf.	
FTLN 0435	FALSTAFF	To wake a wolf is as bad as <to> smell a fox.	
FTLN 0436	CHIEF JUSTICE	What, you are as a candle, the better	
FTLN 0437		part burnt out.	160
FTLN 0438	FALSTAFF	A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow. If I did	
FTLN 0439		say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.	
FTLN 0440	CHIEF JUSTICE	There is not a white hair in your face but	
FTLN 0441		should have his effect of gravity.	
FTLN 0442	FALSTAFF	His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.	165
FTLN 0443	CHIEF JUSTICE	You follow the young prince up and	
FTLN 0444		down like his ill angel.	
FTLN 0445	FALSTAFF	Not so, my lord. Your ill angel is light, but I	
FTLN 0446		hope he that looks upon me will take me without	
FTLN 0447		weighing. And yet in some respects I grant I cannot	170

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FTLN 0448	go. I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these	
FTLN 0449	costermongers' times that true valor is turned bearherd;	
FTLN 0450	pregnancy is made a tapster, and ⟨hath⟩ his	
FTLN 0451	quick wit wasted in giving reckonings. All the other	
FTLN 0452	gifts appurtenant to man, as the malice of ⟨this⟩ age	175
FTLN 0453	shapes ⟨them, are⟩ not worth a gooseberry. You that	
FTLN 0454	are old consider not the capacities of us that are	
FTLN 0455	young. You do measure the heat of our livers with	
FTLN 0456	the bitterness of your galls, and we that are in the	
FTLN 0457	vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.	180
FTLN 0458	CHIEF JUSTICE Do you set down your name in the scroll	
FTLN 0459	of youth, that are written down old with all the	
FTLN 0460	characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry	
FTLN 0461	hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing	
FTLN 0462	leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken,	185
FTLN 0463	your wind short, your chin double, your wit single,	
FTLN 0464	and every part about you blasted with antiquity?	
FTLN 0465	And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir	
FTLN 0466	John.	
FTLN 0467	FALSTAFF My lord, I was born [about three of the clock	190
FTLN 0468	in the afternoon,] with a white head and something	
FTLN 0469	a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with	
FTLN 0470	halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my	
FTLN 0471	youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old	
FTLN 0472	in judgment and understanding. And he that will	195
FTLN 0473	caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend	
FTLN 0474	me the money, and have at him. For the box of the	
FTLN 0475	⟨ear⟩ that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude	
FTLN 0476	prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have	
FTLN 0477	checked him for it, and the young lion repents.	200
FTLN 0478	「 <i>Aside.</i> 」 Marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in	
FTLN 0479	new silk and old sack.	
FTLN 0480	CHIEF JUSTICE Well, God send the Prince a better	
FTLN 0481	companion.	
FTLN 0482	FALSTAFF God send the companion a better prince. I	205
FTLN 0483	cannot rid my hands of him.	



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FTLN 0484 CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the King hath severed you (and  
 FTLN 0485 Prince Harry.) I hear you are going with Lord John  
 FTLN 0486 of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of  
 FTLN 0487 Northumberland. 210

FTLN 0488 FALSTAFF Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But  
 FTLN 0489 look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at  
 FTLN 0490 home, that our armies join not in a hot day, for, by  
 FTLN 0491 the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I  
 FTLN 0492 mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be a hot day 215  
 FTLN 0493 and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I  
 FTLN 0494 might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous  
 FTLN 0495 action can peep out his head but I am thrust  
 FTLN 0496 upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. [But it was always  
 FTLN 0497 yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a 220  
 FTLN 0498 good thing, to make it too common. If you will  
 FTLN 0499 needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest.  
 FTLN 0500 I would to God my name were not so terrible to the  
 FTLN 0501 enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death  
 FTLN 0502 with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with 225  
 FTLN 0503 perpetual motion.]

FTLN 0504 CHIEF JUSTICE Well, be honest, be honest, and God  
 FTLN 0505 bless your expedition.

FTLN 0506 FALSTAFF Will your Lordship lend me a thousand  
 FTLN 0507 pound to furnish me forth? 230

FTLN 0508 CHIEF JUSTICE Not a penny, not a penny. You are too  
 FTLN 0509 impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend  
 FTLN 0510 me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Lord Chief Justice and his Servant exit.*]

FTLN 0511 FALSTAFF If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A  
 FTLN 0512 man can no more separate age and covetousness 235  
 FTLN 0513 than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the  
 FTLN 0514 gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other,  
 FTLN 0515 and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

FTLN 0516 PAGE Sir.

FTLN 0517 FALSTAFF What money is in my purse? 240

FTLN 0518 PAGE Seven groats and two pence.

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FTLN 0519 FALSTAFF I can get no remedy against this consumption  
 FTLN 0520 of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers  
 FTLN 0521 it out, but the disease is incurable. *「Giving*  
 FTLN 0522 *papers to the Page.」* Go bear this letter to my Lord 245  
 FTLN 0523 of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl  
 FTLN 0524 of Westmoreland, and this to old Mistress Ursula,  
 FTLN 0525 whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived  
 FTLN 0526 the first white hair of my chin. About it. You  
 FTLN 0527 know where to find me. *「Page exits.」* A pox of this 250  
 FTLN 0528 gout! Or a gout of this pox, for the one or the other  
 FTLN 0529 plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I  
 FTLN 0530 do halt. I have the wars for my color, and my  
 FTLN 0531 pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit  
 FTLN 0532 will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to 255  
 FTLN 0533 commodity.

*「He exits.」*

〈Scene 「3」〉

*Enter th' Archbishop 「of York,」 Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal), the Lord Hastings, and 〈Lord〉 Bardolph.*

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 0534 Thus have you heard our cause and known our  
 FTLN 0535 means,  
 FTLN 0536 And, my most noble friends, I pray you all  
 FTLN 0537 Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.  
 FTLN 0538 And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it? 5

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0539 I well allow the occasion of our arms,  
 FTLN 0540 But gladly would be better satisfied  
 FTLN 0541 How in our means we should advance ourselves  
 FTLN 0542 To look with forehead bold and big enough  
 FTLN 0543 Upon the power and puissance of the King. 10

HASTINGS

FTLN 0544 Our present musters grow upon the file

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FTLN 0545 To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice,  
 FTLN 0546 And our supplies live largely in the hope  
 FTLN 0547 Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
 FTLN 0548 With an incensèd fire of injuries. 15

LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0549 The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:  
 FTLN 0550 Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand  
 FTLN 0551 May hold up head without Northumberland.

HASTINGS

FTLN 0552 With him we may.

FTLN 0553 LORD BARDOLPH Yea, marry, there's the point. 20

FTLN 0554 But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
 FTLN 0555 My judgment is we should not step too far  
 FTLN 0556 ¶Till we had his assistance by the hand.  
 FTLN 0557 For in a theme so bloody-faced as this,  
 FTLN 0558 Conjecture, expectation, and surmise 25  
 FTLN 0559 Of aids incertain should not be admitted.¶

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 0560 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for indeed  
 FTLN 0561 It was young Hotspur's cause at Shrewsbury.

LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0562 It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,  
 FTLN 0563 Eating the air and promise of supply, 30  
 FTLN 0564 Flatt'ring himself in project of a power  
 FTLN 0565 Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts,  
 FTLN 0566 And so, with great imagination  
 FTLN 0567 Proper to madmen, led his powers to death  
 FTLN 0568 And, winking, leapt into destruction. 35

HASTINGS

FTLN 0569 But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
 FTLN 0570 To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

LORD BARDOLPH

FTLN 0571 ¶Yes, if this present quality of war —  
 FTLN 0572 Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot—  
 FTLN 0573 Lives so in hope, as in an early spring 40  
 FTLN 0574 We see th' appearing buds, which to prove fruit

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FTLN 0575	Hope gives not so much warrant as despair	
FTLN 0576	That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,	
FTLN 0577	We first survey the plot, then draw the model,	
FTLN 0578	And when we see the figure of the house,	45
FTLN 0579	Then must we rate the cost of the erection,	
FTLN 0580	Which if we find outweighs ability,	
FTLN 0581	What do we then but draw anew the model	
FTLN 0582	In fewer offices, or at least desist	
FTLN 0583	To build at all? Much more in this great work,	50
FTLN 0584	Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down	
FTLN 0585	And set another up, should we survey	
FTLN 0586	The plot of situation and the model,	
FTLN 0587	Consent upon a sure foundation,	
FTLN 0588	Question surveyors, know our own estate,	55
FTLN 0589	How able such a work to undergo,	
FTLN 0590	To weigh against his opposite. Or else	
FTLN 0591	We fortify in paper and in figures,	
FTLN 0592	Using the names of men instead of men,	
FTLN 0593	Like one that draws the model of an house	60
FTLN 0594	Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,	
FTLN 0595	Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost	
FTLN 0596	A naked subject to the weeping clouds	
FTLN 0597	And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 0598	Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,	65
FTLN 0599	Should be stillborn and that we now possessed	
FTLN 0600	The utmost man of expectation,	
FTLN 0601	I think we are <i>&lt;a&gt;</i> body strong enough,	
FTLN 0602	Even as we are, to equal with the King.	
	LORD BARDOLPH	
FTLN 0603	What, is the King but five-and-twenty thousand?	70
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 0604	To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph,	
FTLN 0605	For his divisions, as the times do brawl,	
FTLN 0606	<i>&lt;Are&gt;</i> in three heads: one power against the French,	
FTLN 0607	And one against Glendower; perforce a third	

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FTLN 0608	Must take up us. So is the unfirm king	75
FTLN 0609	In three divided, and his coffers sound	
FTLN 0610	With hollow poverty and emptiness.	
ARCHBISHOP		
FTLN 0611	That he should draw his several strengths together	
FTLN 0612	And come against us in full puissance	
FTLN 0613	Need not to be dreaded.	80
FTLN 0614	HASTINGS If he should do so,	
FTLN 0615	⟨He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh⟩	
FTLN 0616	Baying him at the heels. Never fear that.	
LORD BARDOLPH		
FTLN 0617	Who is it like should lead his forces hither?	
HASTINGS		
FTLN 0618	The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;	85
FTLN 0619	Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;	
FTLN 0620	But who is substituted against the French	
FTLN 0621	I have no certain notice.	
FTLN 0622	⟨ARCHBISHOP Let us on,	
FTLN 0623	And publish the occasion of our arms.	90
FTLN 0624	The commonwealth is sick of their own choice.	
FTLN 0625	Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.	
FTLN 0626	An habitation giddy and unsure	
FTLN 0627	Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.	
FTLN 0628	O thou fond many, with what loud applause	95
FTLN 0629	Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke	
FTLN 0630	Before he was what thou wouldst have him be.	
FTLN 0631	And being now trimmed in thine own desires,	
FTLN 0632	Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him	
FTLN 0633	That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.	100
FTLN 0634	So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge	
FTLN 0635	Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,	
FTLN 0636	And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up	
FTLN 0637	And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these	
FTLN 0638	times?	105
FTLN 0639	They that, when Richard lived, would have him die	
FTLN 0640	Are now become enamored on his grave.	

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FTLN 0641      Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head  
FTLN 0642      When through proud London he came sighing on  
FTLN 0643      After th' admirèd heels of Bolingbroke, 110  
FTLN 0644      Criest now "O earth, yield us that king again,  
FTLN 0645      And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accursed!  
FTLN 0646      Past and to come seems best; things present,  
FTLN 0647      worst.⟩  
    ⟨MOWBRAY⟩  
FTLN 0648      Shall we go draw our numbers and set on? 115  
HASTINGS  
FTLN 0649      We are time's subjects, and time bids begone.  
*They exit.*

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## ⟨ACT 2⟩

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### ⟨Scene 1⟩

*Enter Hostess* 「*Quickly*」 *of the tavern* ⟨*with two Officers, Fang and Snare,*⟩ 「*who lags behind.*」

FTLN 0650	HOSTESS	Master Fang, have you entered the action?	
FTLN 0651	FANG	It is entered.	
FTLN 0652	HOSTESS	Where's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman?	
FTLN 0653		Will he stand to 't?	
FTLN 0654	FANG, 「 <i>calling</i> 」	Sirrah! Where's Snare?	5
FTLN 0655	HOSTESS	O Lord, ay, good Master Snare.	
FTLN 0656	SNARE, 「 <i>catching up to them</i> 」	Here, here.	
FTLN 0657	FANG	Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.	
FTLN 0658	HOSTESS	Yea, good Master Snare, I have entered him	
FTLN 0659		and all.	10
FTLN 0660	SNARE	It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he	
FTLN 0661		will stab.	
FTLN 0662	HOSTESS	Alas the day, take heed of him. He stabbed me	
FTLN 0663		in mine own house, ⟨and that⟩ most beastly, in good	
FTLN 0664		faith. He cares not what mischief he does. If his	15
FTLN 0665		weapon be out, he will foin like any devil. He will	
FTLN 0666		spare neither man, woman, nor child.	
FTLN 0667	FANG	If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.	
FTLN 0668	HOSTESS	No, nor I neither. I'll be at your elbow.	
FTLN 0669	FANG	An I but fist him once, an he come but within my	20
FTLN 0670		view—	
FTLN 0671	HOSTESS	I am undone by his going. I warrant you, he's	

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FTLN 0672	an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master	
FTLN 0673	Fang, hold him sure. Good Master Snare, let him	
FTLN 0674	not 'scape. He comes <continuantly> to Pie Corner,	25
FTLN 0675	saving your manhoods, to buy a saddle, and he is	
FTLN 0676	indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head in Lumbert	
FTLN 0677	Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray you,	
FTLN 0678	since my exion is entered, and my case so openly	
FTLN 0679	known to the world, let him be brought in to his	30
FTLN 0680	answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor	
FTLN 0681	lone woman to bear, and I have borne, and borne,	
FTLN 0682	and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed	
FTLN 0683	off, and fubbed off from this day to that day, that it is	
FTLN 0684	a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in	35
FTLN 0685	such dealing, unless a woman should be made an	
FTLN 0686	ass and a beast to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder	
FTLN 0687	he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave,	
FTLN 0688	Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices,	
FTLN 0689	Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me,	40
FTLN 0690	do me your offices.	

*Enter Sir John <Falstaff> and Bardolph, and the 'Page.'*

FTLN 0691	FALSTAFF	How now, whose mare's dead? What's the	
FTLN 0692		matter?	
FTLN 0693	FANG	<Sir John,> I arrest you at the suit of Mistress	
FTLN 0694		Quickly.	45
FTLN 0695	FALSTAFF	Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph. Cut me off	
FTLN 0696		the villain's head. Throw the quean in the	
FTLN 0697		channel. <i>'They draw.'</i>	
FTLN 0698	HOSTESS	Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in	
FTLN 0699		the channel. Wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardy	50
FTLN 0700		rogue?—Murder, murder!—Ah, thou honeysuckle	
FTLN 0701		villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's?	
FTLN 0702		Ah, thou honeyseed rogue, thou art a honeyseed, a	
FTLN 0703		man-queller, and a woman-queller.	
FTLN 0704	FALSTAFF	Keep them off, Bardolph.	55



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FTLN 0705 OFFICERS A rescue, a rescue!  
 FTLN 0706 HOSTESS Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou  
 FTLN 0707 wot, wot thou? Thou wot, wot ta? Do, do, thou  
 FTLN 0708 rogue. Do, thou hempseed.  
 FTLN 0709 PAGE Away, you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian! 60  
 FTLN 0710 I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter Lord Chief Justice and his Men.*

CHIEF JUSTICE  
 FTLN 0711 What is the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!  
 FTLN 0712 HOSTESS Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you  
 FTLN 0713 stand to me.  
 CHIEF JUSTICE  
 FTLN 0714 How now, Sir John? What, are you brawling here? 65  
 FTLN 0715 Doth this become your place, your time, and  
 FTLN 0716 business?  
 FTLN 0717 You should have been well on your way to York.—  
 FTLN 0718 Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st thou  
 FTLN 0719 upon him? 70  
 FTLN 0720 HOSTESS O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your  
 FTLN 0721 Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is  
 FTLN 0722 arrested at my suit.  
 FTLN 0723 CHIEF JUSTICE For what sum?  
 FTLN 0724 HOSTESS It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all I 75  
 FTLN 0725 have. He hath eaten me out of house and home. He  
 FTLN 0726 hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his.  
 FTLN 0727 *['To Falstaff.']* But I will have some of it out again, or I  
 FTLN 0728 will ride thee o' nights like the mare.  
 FTLN 0729 FALSTAFF I think I am as like to ride the mare if I have 80  
 FTLN 0730 any vantage of ground to get up.  
 FTLN 0731 CHIEF JUSTICE How comes this, Sir John? *⟨Fie,⟩* what  
 FTLN 0732 man of good temper would endure this tempest of  
 FTLN 0733 exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a  
 FTLN 0734 poor widow to so rough a course to come by her 85  
 FTLN 0735 own?

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FTLN 0736	FALSTAFF	What is the gross sum that I owe thee?	
FTLN 0737	HOSTESS	Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself	
FTLN 0738		and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a	
FTLN 0739		parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber at	90
FTLN 0740		the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday	
FTLN 0741		in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head	
FTLN 0742		for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,	
FTLN 0743		thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy	
FTLN 0744		wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife.	95
FTLN 0745		Canst thou deny it? Did not Goodwife Keech, the	
FTLN 0746		butcher's wife, come in then and call me Gossip	
FTLN 0747		Quickly, coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar,	
FTLN 0748		telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby	
FTLN 0749		thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee	100
FTLN 0750		they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not,	
FTLN 0751		when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no	
FTLN 0752		more so familiarity with such poor people, saying	
FTLN 0753		that ere long they should call me madam? And didst	
FTLN 0754		thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty	105
FTLN 0755		shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it if	
FTLN 0756		thou canst.	
FTLN 0757	FALSTAFF	My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says	
FTLN 0758		up and down the town that her eldest son is like	
FTLN 0759		you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is,	110
FTLN 0760		poverty hath distracted her. But, for these foolish	
FTLN 0761		officers, I beseech you I may have redress against	
FTLN 0762		them.	
FTLN 0763	CHIEF JUSTICE	Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted	
FTLN 0764		with your manner of wrenching the true cause the	115
FTLN 0765		false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng	
FTLN 0766		of words that come with such more than impudent	
FTLN 0767		sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level	
FTLN 0768		consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practiced	
FTLN 0769		upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman,	120
FTLN 0770		[and made her serve your uses both in purse and in	
FTLN 0771		person.]	

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FTLN 0772 HOSTESS Yea, in truth, my lord.

FTLN 0773 CHIEF JUSTICE Pray thee, peace.—Pay her the debt you

FTLN 0774 owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with 125

FTLN 0775 her. The one you may do with sterling money, and

FTLN 0776 the other with current repentance.

FTLN 0777 FALSTAFF My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without

FTLN 0778 reply. You call honorable boldness “impudent

FTLN 0779 sauciness.” If a man will make curtsy and say 130

FTLN 0780 nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble

FTLN 0781 duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to

FTLN 0782 you, I do desire deliverance from these officers,

FTLN 0783 being upon hasty employment in the King’s affairs.

FTLN 0784 CHIEF JUSTICE You speak as having power to do wrong; 135

FTLN 0785 but answer in th’ effect of your reputation, and

FTLN 0786 satisfy the poor woman.

FTLN 0787 FALSTAFF Come hither, hostess.

*He speaks aside to the Hostess.*

*Enter a Messenger, (Master Gower.)*

FTLN 0788 CHIEF JUSTICE Now, Master Gower, what news?

FTLN 0789 GOWER The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales 140

FTLN 0790 Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

*He gives the Chief Justice a paper to read.*

FTLN 0791 FALSTAFF, *to the Hostess* As I am a gentleman!

FTLN 0792 HOSTESS Faith, you said so before.

FTLN 0793 FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman. Come. No more words

FTLN 0794 of it. 145

FTLN 0795 HOSTESS By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be

FTLN 0796 fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my

FTLN 0797 dining chambers.

FTLN 0798 FALSTAFF Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking. And for

FTLN 0799 thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the 150

FTLN 0800 Prodigal or the German hunting in waterwork is

FTLN 0801 worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these

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FTLN 0802 fly-bitten ⟨tapestries.⟩ Let it be ten pound, if thou  
 FTLN 0803 canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humors, there's  
 FTLN 0804 not a better wench in England. Go wash thy face, 155  
 FTLN 0805 and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this  
 FTLN 0806 humor with me. Dost not know me? Come, come. I  
 FTLN 0807 know thou wast set on to this.

FTLN 0808 HOSTESS Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty  
 FTLN 0809 nobles. I' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God 160  
 FTLN 0810 save me, la.

FTLN 0811 FALSTAFF Let it alone. I'll make other shift. You'll be a  
 FTLN 0812 fool still.

FTLN 0813 HOSTESS Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my  
 FTLN 0814 gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay 165  
 FTLN 0815 me all together?

FTLN 0816 FALSTAFF Will I live? *['Aside to Bardolph.']* Go with her,  
 FTLN 0817 with her. Hook on, hook on.

FTLN 0818 HOSTESS Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at  
 FTLN 0819 supper? 170  
 FTLN 0820 FALSTAFF No more words. Let's have her.

*Hostess, ['Fang, Snare, Bardolph, Page,  
and others'] exit.*

FTLN 0821 CHIEF JUSTICE, *['to Gower']* I have heard better news.

FTLN 0822 FALSTAFF, *['to Chief Justice']* What's the news, my ⟨good⟩  
 FTLN 0823 lord?

FTLN 0824 CHIEF JUSTICE, *['to Gower']* Where lay the King 175  
 FTLN 0825 tonight?

FTLN 0826 GOWER At ⟨Basingstoke,⟩ my lord.

FTLN 0827 FALSTAFF, *['to Chief Justice']* I hope, my lord, all's  
 FTLN 0828 well. What is the news, my lord?

FTLN 0829 CHIEF JUSTICE, *['to Gower']* Come all his forces back? 180  
 GOWER

FTLN 0830 No. Fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse  
 FTLN 0831 Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster  
 FTLN 0832 Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

FALSTAFF, *['to Chief Justice']*

FTLN 0833 Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE, *['to Gower']*

FTLN 0834 You shall have letters of me presently. 185

FTLN 0835 Come. Go along with me, good Master Gower.

FTLN 0836 FALSTAFF My lord!

FTLN 0837 CHIEF JUSTICE What's the matter?

FTLN 0838 FALSTAFF Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to

FTLN 0839 dinner? 190

FTLN 0840 GOWER I must wait upon my good lord here. I thank

FTLN 0841 you, good Sir John.

FTLN 0842 CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, you loiter here too long, being

FTLN 0843 you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FTLN 0844 FALSTAFF Will you sup with me, Master Gower? 195

FTLN 0845 CHIEF JUSTICE What foolish master taught you these

FTLN 0846 manners, Sir John?

FTLN 0847 FALSTAFF Master Gower, if they become me not, he was

FTLN 0848 a fool that taught them me.—This is the right

FTLN 0849 fencing grace, my lord: tap for tap, and so part fair. 200

FTLN 0850 CHIEF JUSTICE Now the Lord lighten thee. Thou art a

FTLN 0851 great fool.

*⟨They ['separate and'] exit.⟩*

*⟨Scene 2⟩*

*Enter the Prince ['and'] Poins.*

FTLN 0852 PRINCE Before God, I am exceeding weary.

FTLN 0853 POINS Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst

FTLN 0854 not have attached one of so high blood.

FTLN 0855 PRINCE Faith, it does me, though it discolors the complexion

FTLN 0856 of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it 5

FTLN 0857 not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

FTLN 0858 POINS Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied

FTLN 0859 as to remember so weak a composition.

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FTLN 0860 PRINCE Belike then my appetite was not princely got,  
 FTLN 0861 for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor 10  
 FTLN 0862 creature small beer. But indeed these humble considerations  
 FTLN 0863 make me out of love with my greatness.  
 FTLN 0864 What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name,  
 FTLN 0865 or to know thy face tomorrow, or to take note how  
 FTLN 0866 many pair of silk stockings thou hast—with these, 15  
 FTLN 0867 and those that were thy peach-colored *⟨ones⟩*—or to  
 FTLN 0868 bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity  
 FTLN 0869 and another for use. But that the tennis-court  
 FTLN 0870 keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of  
 FTLN 0871 linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, 20  
 FTLN 0872 as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest  
 FTLN 0873 of the low countries have *⟨made a shift to⟩* eat up thy  
 FTLN 0874 holland; [and God knows whether those that bawl  
 FTLN 0875 out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit His kingdom;  
 FTLN 0876 but the midwives say the children are not in the 25  
 FTLN 0877 fault, whereupon the world increases and kindreds  
 FTLN 0878 are mightily strengthened.]  
 FTLN 0879 POINS How ill it follows, after you have labored so  
 FTLN 0880 hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many  
 FTLN 0881 good young princes would do so, their fathers being 30  
 FTLN 0882 so sick as yours at this time is?  
 FTLN 0883 PRINCE Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?  
 FTLN 0884 POINS Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.  
 FTLN 0885 PRINCE It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding  
 FTLN 0886 than thine. 35  
 FTLN 0887 POINS Go to. I stand the push of your one thing that  
 FTLN 0888 you will tell.  
 FTLN 0889 PRINCE Marry, I tell thee it is not meet that I should be  
 FTLN 0890 sad, now my father is sick—albeit I could tell to  
 FTLN 0891 thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to 40  
 FTLN 0892 call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.  
 FTLN 0893 POINS Very hardly, upon such a subject.

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FTLN 0894 PRINCE By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the  
 FTLN 0895 devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and  
 FTLN 0896 persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, 45  
 FTLN 0897 my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick;  
 FTLN 0898 and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in  
 FTLN 0899 reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.  
 FTLN 0900 POINS The reason?  
 FTLN 0901 PRINCE What wouldst thou think of me if I should 50  
 FTLN 0902 weep?  
 FTLN 0903 POINS I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.  
 FTLN 0904 PRINCE It would be every man's thought, and thou art  
 FTLN 0905 a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never  
 FTLN 0906 a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway 55  
 FTLN 0907 better than thine. Every man would think me an  
 FTLN 0908 hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful  
 FTLN 0909 thought to think so?  
 FTLN 0910 POINS Why, because you have been so lewd and so  
 FTLN 0911 much engrafted to Falstaff. 60  
 FTLN 0912 PRINCE And to thee.  
 FTLN 0913 POINS By this light, I am well spoke on. I can hear it  
 FTLN 0914 with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of  
 FTLN 0915 me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a  
 FTLN 0916 proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I 65  
 FTLN 0917 confess, I cannot help. By the Mass, here comes  
 FTLN 0918 Bardolph.

*Enter Bardolph and [Page.]*

FTLN 0919 PRINCE And the boy that I gave Falstaff. He had him  
 FTLN 0920 from me Christian, and look if the fat villain have  
 FTLN 0921 not transformed him ape. 70  
 FTLN 0922 BARDOLPH God save your Grace.  
 FTLN 0923 PRINCE And yours, most noble Bardolph.  
 FTLN 0924 POINS, [to Bardolph] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful  
 FTLN 0925 fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush  
 FTLN 0926 you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you 75

FTLN 0927	become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's	
FTLN 0928	maidenhead?	
FTLN 0929	PAGE He calls me 'e'en now, my lord, through a red	
FTLN 0930	lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from	
FTLN 0931	the window. At last I spied his eyes, and methought	80
FTLN 0932	he had made two holes in the ale-wife's <new>	
FTLN 0933	petticoat and so peeped through.	
FTLN 0934	PRINCE Has not the boy profited?	
FTLN 0935	BARDOLPH, 'to Page' Away, you whoreson upright <rabbit>,	
FTLN 0936	away!	85
FTLN 0937	PAGE Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!	
FTLN 0938	PRINCE Instruct us, boy. What dream, boy?	
FTLN 0939	PAGE Marry, my lord, Althea dreamt she was delivered	
FTLN 0940	of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.	
FTLN 0941	PRINCE A crown's worth of good interpretation. There	90
FTLN 0942	'tis, boy. <i>'He gives the Page money.'</i>	
FTLN 0943	POINS O, that this <good> blossom could be kept from	
FTLN 0944	cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.	
	<i>'He gives the Page money.'</i>	
FTLN 0945	BARDOLPH An you do not make him <be> hanged among	
FTLN 0946	you, the gallows shall have wrong.	95
FTLN 0947	PRINCE And how doth thy master, Bardolph?	
FTLN 0948	BARDOLPH Well, my <good> lord. He heard of your	
FTLN 0949	Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.	
	<i>'He gives the Prince a paper.'</i>	
FTLN 0950	POINS Delivered with good respect. And how doth the	
FTLN 0951	Martlemas your master?	100
FTLN 0952	BARDOLPH In bodily health, sir.	
FTLN 0953	POINS Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but	
FTLN 0954	that moves not him. Though that be sick, it dies not.	
FTLN 0955	PRINCE I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as	
FTLN 0956	my dog, and he holds his place, for look you how he	105
FTLN 0957	writes. <i>'He shows the letter to Poins.'</i>	
FTLN 0958	POINS <i>'reads the superscription'</i> John Falstaff, knight.	
FTLN 0959	Every man must know that as oft as he has occasion	



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FTLN 0960 to name himself, even like those that are kin to the  
 FTLN 0961 King, for they never prick their finger but they say 110  
 FTLN 0962 “There’s some of the King’s blood spilt.” “How  
 FTLN 0963 comes that?” says he that takes upon him not to  
 FTLN 0964 conceive. The answer is as ready as a ‘borrower’s’  
 FTLN 0965 cap: “I am the King’s poor cousin, sir.”  
 FTLN 0966 PRINCE Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it 115  
 FTLN 0967 from Japheth. But <to> the letter: ‘*Reads.*’ *Sir John*  
 FTLN 0968 *Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his*  
 FTLN 0969 *father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*  
 FTLN 0970 POINS Why, this is a certificate.  
 FTLN 0971 PRINCE Peace! 120  
 FTLN 0972 ‘*Reads.*’ *I will imitate the honorable Romans in*  
 FTLN 0973 *brevity.*  
 FTLN 0974 POINS He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.  
 FTLN 0975 ‘PRINCE reads’ *I commend me to thee, I commend thee,*  
 FTLN 0976 *and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he* 125  
 FTLN 0977 *misuses thy favors so much that he swears thou art to*  
 FTLN 0978 *marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou*  
 FTLN 0979 *mayst, and so farewell.*  
 FTLN 0980 *Thine by yea and no, which is as much as*  
 FTLN 0981 *to say, as thou usest him,* 130  
 FTLN 0982 *Jack Falstaff with my <familiar>,*  
 FTLN 0983 *John with my brothers and sisters, and*  
 FTLN 0984 *Sir John with all Europe.*  
 FTLN 0985 POINS My lord, I’ll steep this letter in sack and make  
 FTLN 0986 him eat it. 135  
 FTLN 0987 PRINCE That’s to make him eat twenty of his words.  
 FTLN 0988 But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your  
 FTLN 0989 sister?  
 FTLN 0990 POINS God send the wench no worse fortune! But I  
 FTLN 0991 never said so. 140  
 FTLN 0992 PRINCE Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and  
 FTLN 0993 the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.  
 FTLN 0994 ‘*To Bardolph.*’ Is your master here in London?  
 FTLN 0995 BARDOLPH Yea, my lord.

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FTLN 0996 PRINCE Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the 145  
 FTLN 0997 old frank?  
 FTLN 0998 BARDOLPH At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.  
 FTLN 0999 PRINCE What company?  
 FTLN 1000 PAGE Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.  
 FTLN 1001 PRINCE Sup any women with him? 150  
 FTLN 1002 PAGE None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and  
 FTLN 1003 Mistress Doll Tearsheet.  
 FTLN 1004 PRINCE What pagan may that be?  
 FTLN 1005 PAGE A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of  
 FTLN 1006 my master's. 155  
 FTLN 1007 PRINCE Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the  
 FTLN 1008 town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at  
 FTLN 1009 supper?  
 FTLN 1010 POINS I am your shadow, my lord. I'll follow you.  
 FTLN 1011 PRINCE Sirrah—you, boy—and Bardolph, no word to 160  
 FTLN 1012 your master that I am yet come to town. There's for  
 FTLN 1013 your silence. *「He gives money.」*  
 FTLN 1014 BARDOLPH I have no tongue, sir.  
 FTLN 1015 PAGE And for mine, sir, I will govern it.  
 FTLN 1016 PRINCE Fare you well. Go. *「Bardolph and Page exit.」* 165  
 FTLN 1017 This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.  
 FTLN 1018 POINS I warrant you, as common as the way between  
 FTLN 1019 Saint Albans and London.  
 FTLN 1020 PRINCE How might we see Falstaff bestow himself  
 FTLN 1021 tonight in his true colors, and not ourselves be 170  
 FTLN 1022 seen?  
 FTLN 1023 POINS Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and  
 FTLN 1024 wait upon him at his table as drawers.  
 FTLN 1025 PRINCE From a god to a bull: a heavy descension. It  
 FTLN 1026 was Jove's case. From a *«prince»* to a 'prentice: a low 175  
 FTLN 1027 transformation that shall be mine, for in everything  
 FTLN 1028 the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me,  
 FTLN 1029 Ned.

*They exit.*

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 〈Scene 3〉

*Enter Northumberland, his wife, and the wife to  
Harry Percy.*

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1030 I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,  
FTLN 1031 Give even way unto my rough affairs.  
FTLN 1032 Put not you on the visage of the times  
FTLN 1033 And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1034 I have given over. I will speak no more. 5  
FTLN 1035 Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1036 Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn,  
FTLN 1037 And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 1038 O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars.  
FTLN 1039 The time was, father, that you broke your word 10  
FTLN 1040 When you were more 〈endeared〉 to it than now,  
FTLN 1041 When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
FTLN 1042 Threw many a northward look to see his father  
FTLN 1043 Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
FTLN 1044 Who then persuaded you to stay at home? 15  
FTLN 1045 There were two honors lost, yours and your son's.  
FTLN 1046 For yours, the God of heaven brighten it.  
FTLN 1047 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun  
FTLN 1048 In the gray vault of heaven, and by his light  
FTLN 1049 Did all the chivalry of England move 20  
FTLN 1050 To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass  
FTLN 1051 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
FTLN 1052 〈He had no legs that practiced not his gait;  
FTLN 1053 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
FTLN 1054 Became the accents of the valiant; 25  
FTLN 1055 For those that could speak low and tardily  
FTLN 1056 Would turn their own perfection to abuse

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FTLN 1057	To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,	
FTLN 1058	In diet, in affections of delight,	
FTLN 1059	In military rules, humors of blood,	30
FTLN 1060	He was the mark and glass, copy and book,	
FTLN 1061	That fashioned others. And him—O wondrous him!	
FTLN 1062	O miracle of men!—him did you leave,	
FTLN 1063	Second to none, unseconded by you,	
FTLN 1064	To look upon the hideous god of war	35
FTLN 1065	In disadvantage, to abide a field	
FTLN 1066	Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name	
FTLN 1067	Did seem defensible. So you left him.	
FTLN 1068	Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong	
FTLN 1069	To hold your honor more precise and nice	40
FTLN 1070	With others than with him. Let them alone.	
FTLN 1071	The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.	
FTLN 1072	Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,	
FTLN 1073	Today might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,	
FTLN 1074	Have talked of Monmouth's grave.⟩	45
FTLN 1075	NORTHUMBERLAND	Beshrew your
FTLN 1076	heart,	
FTLN 1077	Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me	
FTLN 1078	With new lamenting ancient oversights.	
FTLN 1079	But I must go and meet with danger there,	50
FTLN 1080	Or it will seek me in another place	
FTLN 1081	And find me worse provided.	
FTLN 1082	LADY NORTHUMBERLAND	O, fly to Scotland
FTLN 1083	Till that the nobles and the armed commons	
FTLN 1084	Have of their puissance made a little taste.	55
	LADY PERCY	
FTLN 1085	If they get ground and vantage of the King,	
FTLN 1086	Then join you with them like a rib of steel	
FTLN 1087	To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,	
FTLN 1088	First let them try themselves. So did your son;	
FTLN 1089	He was so suffered. So came I a widow,	60
FTLN 1090	And never shall have length of life enough	

FTLN 1091 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes  
 FTLN 1092 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven  
 FTLN 1093 For recordation to my noble husband.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1094 Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind 65  
 FTLN 1095 As with the tide swelled up unto his height,  
 FTLN 1096 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.  
 FTLN 1097 Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,  
 FTLN 1098 But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
 FTLN 1099 I will resolve for Scotland. There am I 70  
 FTLN 1100 Till time and vantage crave my company.

*They exit.*

⟨Scene 4⟩

*Enter [Francis and another] Drawer.*

FTLN 1101 FRANCIS What the devil hast thou brought there—  
 FTLN 1102 applejohns? Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure  
 FTLN 1103 an applejohn.

FTLN 1104 ⟨SECOND⟩ DRAWER Mass, thou sayst true. The Prince  
 FTLN 1105 once set a dish of applejohns before him and told 5  
 FTLN 1106 him there were five more Sir Johns and, putting off  
 FTLN 1107 his hat, said “I will now take my leave of these six  
 FTLN 1108 dry, round, old, withered knights.” It angered him  
 FTLN 1109 to the heart. But he hath forgot that.

FTLN 1110 FRANCIS Why then, cover and set them down, and see if 10  
 FTLN 1111 thou canst find out Sneak's noise. Mistress Tearsheet  
 FTLN 1112 would fain hear some music. [Dispatch. The  
 FTLN 1113 room where they supped is too hot. They'll come in  
 FTLN 1114 straight.

*Enter Will.]*

FTLN 1115 [WILL] Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master 15  
 FTLN 1116 Poins anon, and they will put on two of our jerkins

FTLN 1117 and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it.  
 FTLN 1118 Bardolph hath brought word.  
 FTLN 1119 「SECOND」 DRAWER By the Mass, here will be old utis. It  
 FTLN 1120 will be an excellent stratagem. 20  
 FTLN 1121 FRANCIS I'll see if I can find out Sneak.  
*He exits 「with the Second Drawer.」*

*Enter «Hostess» and Doll Tearsheet.*

FTLN 1122 HOSTESS I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in  
 FTLN 1123 an excellent good temperality. Your pulside beats  
 FTLN 1124 as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your  
 FTLN 1125 color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good 25  
 FTLN 1126 truth, la. But, i' faith, you have drunk too much  
 FTLN 1127 canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine,  
 FTLN 1128 and it perfumes the blood ere one can say "What's  
 FTLN 1129 this?" How do you now?  
 FTLN 1130 DOLL Better than I was. Hem. 30  
 FTLN 1131 HOSTESS Why, that's well said. A good heart's worth  
 FTLN 1132 gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

*Enter Sir John «Falstaff.»*

FALSTAFF, 「singing」  
 FTLN 1133 *When Arthur first in court—*  
 FTLN 1134 「To Will.」 Empty the jordan. 「Will exits.」  
 FTLN 1135 *And was a worthy king—* 35  
 FTLN 1136 How now, Mistress Doll?  
 FTLN 1137 HOSTESS Sick of a calm, yea, good faith.  
 FTLN 1138 FALSTAFF So is all her sect. An they be once in a calm,  
 FTLN 1139 they are sick.  
 FTLN 1140 DOLL A pox damn you, you muddy rascal. Is that all the 40  
 FTLN 1141 comfort you give me?  
 FTLN 1142 FALSTAFF You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.  
 FTLN 1143 DOLL I make them? Gluttony and diseases make «them»;  
 FTLN 1144 I make them not.

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FTLN 1145	FALSTAFF	If the cook help to make the gluttony, you	45
FTLN 1146		help to make the diseases, Doll. We catch of you,	
FTLN 1147		Doll, we catch of you. Grant that, my poor virtue,	
FTLN 1148		grant that.	
FTLN 1149	DOLL	Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.	
FTLN 1150	FALSTAFF	Your brooches, pearls, and ouches—for to	50
FTLN 1151		serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to	
FTLN 1152		come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and	
FTLN 1153		to surgery bravely, to venture upon the charged	
FTLN 1154		chambers bravely—	
FTLN 1155	【DOLL	Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!】	55
FTLN 1156	HOSTESS	By my troth, this is the old fashion. You two	
FTLN 1157		never meet but you fall to some discord. You are	
FTLN 1158		both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts.	
FTLN 1159		You cannot one bear with another's confirmities.	
FTLN 1160		What the good-year! One must bear, and 「to Doll」	60
FTLN 1161		that must be you. You are the weaker vessel, as they	
FTLN 1162		say, the emptier vessel.	
FTLN 1163	DOLL	Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full	
FTLN 1164		hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of	
FTLN 1165		Bordeaux stuff in him. You have not seen a hulk	65
FTLN 1166		better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends	
FTLN 1167		with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars, and	
FTLN 1168		whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is	
FTLN 1169		nobody cares.	

*Enter Drawer.*

FTLN 1170	DRAWER	Sir, Ancient Pistol's below and would speak	70
FTLN 1171		with you.	
FTLN 1172	DOLL	Hang him, swaggering rascal! Let him not come	
FTLN 1173		hither. It is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.	
FTLN 1174	HOSTESS	If he swagger, let him not come here. No, by	
FTLN 1175		my faith, I must live among my neighbors. I'll no	75
FTLN 1176		swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the	

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FTLN 1177           very best. Shut the door. There comes no swaggerers  
 FTLN 1178           here. I have not lived all this while to have  
 FTLN 1179           swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.  
 FTLN 1180   FALSTAFF   Dost thou hear, hostess? 80  
 FTLN 1181   HOSTESS   Pray you pacify yourself, Sir John. There  
 FTLN 1182           comes no swaggerers here.  
 FTLN 1183   FALSTAFF   Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.  
 FTLN 1184   HOSTESS   Tilly-vally, Sir John, ne'er tell me. And your  
 FTLN 1185           ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was 85  
 FTLN 1186           before Master Tisick the debuty t' other day, and, as  
 FTLN 1187           he said to me—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday  
 FTLN 1188           last, i' good faith—"Neighbor Quickly," says  
 FTLN 1189           he—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then—  
 FTLN 1190           "Neighbor Quickly," says he, "receive those that 90  
 FTLN 1191           are civil, for," said he, "you are in an ill name."  
 FTLN 1192           Now he said so, I can tell whereupon. "For," says  
 FTLN 1193           he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought  
 FTLN 1194           on. Therefore take heed what guests you receive.  
 FTLN 1195           Receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." 95  
 FTLN 1196           There comes none here. You would bless you to  
 FTLN 1197           hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.  
 FTLN 1198   FALSTAFF   He's no swaggerer, hostess, a tame cheater, i'  
 FTLN 1199           faith. You may stroke him as gently as a puppy  
 FTLN 1200           greyhound. He'll not swagger with a Barbary hen if 100  
 FTLN 1201           her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—  
 FTLN 1202           Call him up, drawer. *Drawer exits.*  
 FTLN 1203   HOSTESS   "Cheater" call you him? I will bar no honest  
 FTLN 1204           man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love  
 FTLN 1205           swaggering. By my troth, I am the worse when one 105  
 FTLN 1206           says "swagger." Feel, masters, how I shake; look  
 FTLN 1207           you, I warrant you.  
 FTLN 1208   DOLL   So you do, hostess.  
 FTLN 1209   HOSTESS   Do I? Yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an  
 FTLN 1210           aspens leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers. 110



*Enter Ancient Pistol, (Bardolph, and) 'Page.'*

FTLN 1211	PISTOL	God save you, Sir John.	
FTLN 1212	FALSTAFF	Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I	
FTLN 1213		charge you with a cup of sack. Do you discharge	
FTLN 1214		upon mine hostess.	
FTLN 1215	PISTOL	I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two	115
FTLN 1216		bullets.	
FTLN 1217	FALSTAFF	She is pistol-proof. Sir, you shall not hardly	
FTLN 1218		offend her.	
FTLN 1219	HOSTESS	Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets. I'll	
FTLN 1220		drink no more than will do me good, for no man's	120
FTLN 1221		pleasure, I.	
FTLN 1222	PISTOL	Then, to you, Mistress Dorothy! I will charge	
FTLN 1223		you.	
FTLN 1224	DOLL	Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion.	
FTLN 1225		What, you poor, base, rascally, cheating lack-linen	125
FTLN 1226		mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for	
FTLN 1227		your master.	
FTLN 1228	PISTOL	I know you, Mistress Dorothy.	
FTLN 1229	DOLL	Away, you cutpurse rascal, you filthy bung, away!	
FTLN 1230		By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy	130
FTLN 1231		chaps an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away,	
FTLN 1232		you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler,	
FTLN 1233		you. Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with	
FTLN 1234		two points on your shoulder? Much!	
FTLN 1235	PISTOL	God let me not live but I will murder your ruff	135
FTLN 1236		for this.	
FTLN 1237	【FALSTAFF	No more, Pistol. I would not have you go off	
FTLN 1238		here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.】	
FTLN 1239	HOSTESS	No, good Captain Pistol, not here, sweet	
FTLN 1240		captain!	140
FTLN 1241	DOLL	Captain? Thou abominable damned cheater, art	
FTLN 1242		thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains	

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FTLN 1243        were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for  
 FTLN 1244        taking their names upon you before you have  
 FTLN 1245        earned them. You a captain? You slave, for what?        145  
 FTLN 1246        For tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house?  
 FTLN 1247        He a captain! Hang him, rogue. He lives upon  
 FTLN 1248        mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain?  
 FTLN 1249        God's light, these villains will make the word as  
 FTLN 1250        odious [as the word "occupy," which was an excellent        150  
 FTLN 1251        good word before it was ill sorted.] Therefore  
 FTLN 1252        captains had need look to 't.  
 FTLN 1253        BARDOLPH, *['to Pistol']*    Pray thee go down, good ancient.  
 FTLN 1254        FALSTAFF    Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.  
 FTLN 1255        PISTOL, *['to Bardolph']*    Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal        155  
 FTLN 1256        Bardolph, I could tear her. I'll be revenged of her.  
 FTLN 1257        PAGE        Pray thee go down.  
 FTLN 1258        PISTOL       I'll see her damned first to Pluto's damnèd  
 FTLN 1259        lake, by this hand, to th' infernal deep with Erebus  
 FTLN 1260        and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I.        160  
 FTLN 1261        Down, down, dogs! Down, *⟨Fates!⟩* Have we not  
 FTLN 1262        Hiren here?                                *['He draws his sword.']*  
 FTLN 1263        HOSTESS     Good Captain Peesell, be quiet. 'Tis very late,  
 FTLN 1264        i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.  
 FTLN 1265        PISTOL       These be good humors indeed. Shall pack-horses        165  
 FTLN 1266        and hollow pampered jades of Asia, which  
 FTLN 1267        cannot go but thirty mile a day, compare with  
 FTLN 1268        Caesars and with cannibals and Troyant Greeks?  
 FTLN 1269        Nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let  
 FTLN 1270        the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?        170  
 FTLN 1271        HOSTESS     By my troth, captain, these are very bitter  
 FTLN 1272        words.  
 FTLN 1273        BARDOLPH    Begone, good ancient. This will grow to a  
 FTLN 1274        brawl anon.  
 FTLN 1275        PISTOL       *⟨Die⟩* men like dogs! Give crowns like pins! Have        175  
 FTLN 1276        we not Hiren here?

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FTLN 1277 HOSTESS O' my word, captain, there's none such here.  
 FTLN 1278 What the good-year, do you think I would deny her?  
 FTLN 1279 For God's sake, be quiet.

FTLN 1280 PISTOL Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, 180  
 FTLN 1281 give 's some sack. *Si fortune me tormente, sperato*  
 FTLN 1282 *me contento*. Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend  
 FTLN 1283 give fire. Give me some sack, and, sweetheart, lie  
 FTLN 1284 thou there. *「Laying down his sword.」* Come we to  
 FTLN 1285 full points here? And are etceteras nothings? 185

FTLN 1286 FALSTAFF Pistol, I would be quiet.

FTLN 1287 PISTOL Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What, we have  
 FTLN 1288 seen the seven stars.

FTLN 1289 DOLL For God's sake, thrust him downstairs. I cannot  
 FTLN 1290 endure such a fustian rascal. 190

FTLN 1291 PISTOL "Thrust him downstairs"? Know we not Galloway  
 FTLN 1292 nags?

FTLN 1293 FALSTAFF Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat  
 FTLN 1294 shilling. Nay, an he do nothing but speak  
 FTLN 1295 nothing, he shall be nothing here. 195

FTLN 1296 BARDOLPH Come, get you downstairs.

FTLN 1297 PISTOL, *「taking up his sword」* What, shall we have  
 FTLN 1298 incision? Shall we imbrue? Then death rock me  
 FTLN 1299 asleep, abridge my doleful days. Why then, let  
 FTLN 1300 grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds untwind the Sisters 200  
 FTLN 1301 Three. Come, Atropos, I say.

FTLN 1302 HOSTESS Here's goodly stuff toward!

FTLN 1303 FALSTAFF Give me my rapier, boy.

FTLN 1304 DOLL I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee do not draw.

FTLN 1305 FALSTAFF, *「to Pistol」* Get you downstairs. *「They fight.」* 205

FTLN 1306 HOSTESS Here's a goodly tumult. I'll forswear keeping  
 FTLN 1307 house afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So,  
 FTLN 1308 murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your  
 FTLN 1309 naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.  
*「Bardolph and Pistol exit.」*

FTLN 1310 DOLL I pray thee, Jack, be quiet. The rascal's gone. Ah, 210  
 FTLN 1311 you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

FTLN 1312 HOSTESS, *['to Falstaff']* Are you not hurt i' th' groin?  
 FTLN 1313 Methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*['Enter Bardolph.']*

FTLN 1314 FALSTAFF Have you turned him out o' doors?  
 FTLN 1315 BARDOLPH Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have hurt 215  
 FTLN 1316 him, sir, i' th' shoulder.  
 FTLN 1317 FALSTAFF A rascal to brave me!  
 FTLN 1318 DOLL Ah, you sweet little rogue, you. Alas, poor ape,  
 FTLN 1319 how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face.  
 FTLN 1320 Come on, you whoreson chops. Ah, rogue, i' faith, I 220  
 FTLN 1321 love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy,  
 FTLN 1322 worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better  
 FTLN 1323 than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!  
 FTLN 1324 FALSTAFF Ah, rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a  
 FTLN 1325 blanket. 225  
 FTLN 1326 DOLL Do, an thou darest for thy heart. An thou dost, I'll  
 FTLN 1327 canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter ['Musicians and Francis.']*

FTLN 1328 PAGE The music is come, sir.  
 FTLN 1329 FALSTAFF Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,  
 FTLN 1330 Doll. A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from 230  
 FTLN 1331 me like quicksilver.  
 FTLN 1332 DOLL I' faith, and thou followed'st him like a church.  
 FTLN 1333 Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,  
 FTLN 1334 when wilt thou leave fighting a-days and foining a-nights  
 FTLN 1335 and begin to patch up thine old body for 235  
 FTLN 1336 heaven?

*Enter ['behind them'] Prince and Poins <disguised.>*

FTLN 1337 FALSTAFF Peace, good Doll. Do not speak like a death's-head;  
 FTLN 1338 do not bid me remember mine end.  
 FTLN 1339 DOLL Sirrah, what humor's the Prince of?  
 FTLN 1340 FALSTAFF A good shallow young fellow, he would have 240

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FTLN 1341       made a good pantler; he would 'a chipped bread  
FTLN 1342       well.

FTLN 1343   DOLL    They say Poins has a good wit.

FTLN 1344   FALSTAFF   He a good wit? Hang him, baboon. His wit's  
FTLN 1345       as thick as Tewkesbury mustard. There's no more       245  
FTLN 1346       conceit in him than is in a mallet.

FTLN 1347   DOLL    Why does the Prince love him so then?

FTLN 1348   FALSTAFF   Because their legs are both of a bigness, and  
FTLN 1349       he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel,  
FTLN 1350       and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and       250  
FTLN 1351       rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon  
FTLN 1352       joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and  
FTLN 1353       wears his boots very smooth like unto the sign of  
FTLN 1354       the Leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet  
FTLN 1355       stories, and such other gambol faculties he has that       255  
FTLN 1356       show a weak mind and an able body, for the which  
FTLN 1357       the Prince admits him; for the Prince himself is  
FTLN 1358       such another. The weight of a hair will turn ⟨the⟩  
FTLN 1359       scales between their avoirdupois.

FTLN 1360   PRINCE, *['aside to Poins']*   Would not this nave of a wheel       260  
FTLN 1361       have his ears cut off?

FTLN 1362   POINS    Let's beat him before his whore.

FTLN 1363   PRINCE   Look whe'er the withered elder hath not his  
FTLN 1364       poll clawed like a parrot.

FTLN 1365   POINS    Is it not strange that desire should so many years       265  
FTLN 1366       outlive performance?

FTLN 1367   FALSTAFF   Kiss me, Doll.

FTLN 1368   PRINCE, *['aside to Poins']*   Saturn and Venus this year in  
FTLN 1369       conjunction! What says th' almanac to that?

FTLN 1370   POINS    And look whether the fiery trigon, his man, be       270  
FTLN 1371       not lisping to his ⟨master's⟩ old tables, his notebook,  
FTLN 1372       his counsel keeper.

FTLN 1373   FALSTAFF, *['to Doll']*   Thou dost give me flattering busses.

FTLN 1374   DOLL    By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant  
FTLN 1375       heart.       275  
FTLN 1376   FALSTAFF   I am old, I am old.

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FTLN 1377	DOLL	I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young	
FTLN 1378		boy of them all.	
FTLN 1379	FALSTAFF	What stuff wilt <i>&lt;thou&gt;</i> have a kirtle of? I shall	
FTLN 1380		receive money o' Thursday; <i>&lt;thou&gt;</i> shalt have a cap	280
FTLN 1381		tomorrow. A merry song! Come, it grows late. We'll	
FTLN 1382		to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.	
FTLN 1383	DOLL	By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping an thou	
FTLN 1384		sayst so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till	
FTLN 1385		thy return. Well, harken a' th' end.	285
FTLN 1386	FALSTAFF	Some sack, Francis.	
FTLN 1387	PRINCE, POINS, <i>['coming forward']</i>	Anon, anon, sir.	
FTLN 1388	FALSTAFF	Ha? A bastard son of the King's?—And art	
FTLN 1389		not thou Poins his brother?	
FTLN 1390	PRINCE	Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a	290
FTLN 1391		life dost thou lead?	
FTLN 1392	FALSTAFF	A better than thou. I am a gentleman. Thou	
FTLN 1393		art a drawer.	
FTLN 1394	PRINCE	Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by	
FTLN 1395		the ears.	295
FTLN 1396	HOSTESS	O, the Lord preserve thy <i>&lt;good&gt;</i> Grace! By my	
FTLN 1397		troth, welcome to London. Now the Lord bless that	
FTLN 1398		sweet face of thine. O Jesu, are you come from	
FTLN 1399		Wales?	
FTLN 1400	FALSTAFF, <i>['to Prince']</i>	Thou whoreson mad compound	300
FTLN 1401		of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood,	
FTLN 1402		thou art welcome.	
FTLN 1403	DOLL	How? You fat fool, I scorn you.	
FTLN 1404	POINS	My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge	
FTLN 1405		and turn all to a merriment if you take not the heat.	305
FTLN 1406	PRINCE, <i>['to Falstaff']</i>	You whoreson candle-mine, you,	
FTLN 1407		how vilely did you speak of me <i>&lt;even&gt;</i> now before	
FTLN 1408		this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!	
FTLN 1409	HOSTESS	God's blessing of your good heart, and so she	
FTLN 1410		is, by my troth.	310
FTLN 1411	FALSTAFF, <i>['to Prince']</i>	Didst thou hear me?	

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FTLN 1412 PRINCE Yea, and you knew me as you did when you ran  
 FTLN 1413 away by Gad's Hill. You knew I was at your back,  
 FTLN 1414 and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

FTLN 1415 FALSTAFF No, no, no, not so. I did not think thou wast 315  
 FTLN 1416 within hearing.

FTLN 1417 PRINCE I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilfull  
 FTLN 1418 abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

FTLN 1419 FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor, no abuse.

FTLN 1420 PRINCE Not to dispraise me and call me pantler and 320  
 FTLN 1421 bread-chipper and I know not what?

FTLN 1422 FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal.

FTLN 1423 POINS No abuse?

FTLN 1424 FALSTAFF No abuse, Ned, i' th' world, honest Ned,  
 FTLN 1425 none. I dispraised him before the wicked, (*to* 325  
 FTLN 1426 *Prince*) that the wicked might not fall in love with  
 FTLN 1427 thee; in which doing, I have done the part of a  
 FTLN 1428 careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to  
 FTLN 1429 give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal.—None, Ned,  
 FTLN 1430 none. No, faith, boys, none. 330

FTLN 1431 PRINCE See now whether pure fear and entire cowardice  
 FTLN 1432 doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman  
 FTLN 1433 to close with us. Is she of the wicked, is  
 FTLN 1434 thine hostess here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the  
 FTLN 1435 wicked, or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in 335  
 FTLN 1436 his nose, of the wicked?

FTLN 1437 POINS Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FTLN 1438 FALSTAFF The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable,  
 FTLN 1439 and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen,  
 FTLN 1440 where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For 340  
 FTLN 1441 the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the  
 FTLN 1442 devil blinds him too.

FTLN 1443 PRINCE For the women?

FTLN 1444 FALSTAFF For one of them, she's in hell already and  
 FTLN 1445 burns poor souls. For th' other, I owe her money, 345  
 FTLN 1446 and whether she be damned for that I know not.

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FTLN 1447 HOSTESS No, I warrant you.  
 FTLN 1448 FALSTAFF No, I think thou art not. I think thou art quit  
 FTLN 1449 for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon  
 FTLN 1450 thee for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house 350  
 FTLN 1451 contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt  
 FTLN 1452 howl.  
 FTLN 1453 HOSTESS All vitlars do so. What's a joint of mutton or  
 FTLN 1454 two in a whole Lent?  
 FTLN 1455 PRINCE, 「to Doll」 You, gentlewoman. 355  
 FTLN 1456 DOLL What says your Grace?  
 FTLN 1457 FALSTAFF His grace says that which his flesh rebels  
 FTLN 1458 against.

*Peto knocks at door.*

FTLN 1459 HOSTESS Who knocks so loud at door? Look to th' door  
 FTLN 1460 there, Francis. 「Francis exits.」 360

《Enter Peto.》

FTLN 1461 PRINCE Peto, how now, what news?  
 PETO

FTLN 1462 The King your father is at Westminster,  
 FTLN 1463 And there are twenty weak and wearied posts  
 FTLN 1464 Come from the north, and as I came along  
 FTLN 1465 I met and overtook a dozen captains, 365  
 FTLN 1466 Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the taverns  
 FTLN 1467 And asking everyone for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE

FTLN 1468 By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame  
 FTLN 1469 So idly to profane the precious time  
 FTLN 1470 When tempest of commotion, like the south 370  
 FTLN 1471 Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt  
 FTLN 1472 And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.—  
 FTLN 1473 Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good  
 FTLN 1474 night. *Prince, 「Peto,」 and Poins exit.*

FTLN 1475 FALSTAFF Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the 375  
 FTLN 1476 night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked.



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FTLN 1477       (「Knocking. Bardolph exits.」) More knocking at the  
 FTLN 1478       door? (「Bardolph returns.」) How now, what's the  
 FTLN 1479       matter?

BARDOLPH

FTLN 1480       You must away to court, sir, presently. 380  
 FTLN 1481       A dozen captains stay at door for you.

FTLN 1482       FALSTAFF, 「to Page」 Pay the musicians, sirrah.—  
 FTLN 1483       Farewell, hostess.—Farewell, Doll. You see, my  
 FTLN 1484       good wenches, how men of merit are sought after.  
 FTLN 1485       The undeserver may sleep when the man of action 385  
 FTLN 1486       is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent  
 FTLN 1487       away post, I will see you again ere I go.

FTLN 1488       DOLL I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to  
 FTLN 1489       burst—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FTLN 1490       FALSTAFF Farewell, farewell. 390  
                   *He exits 「with Bardolph, Page, and Musicians.」*

FTLN 1491       HOSTESS Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these  
 FTLN 1492       twenty-nine years, come peasecod time, but an  
 FTLN 1493       honester and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee  
 FTLN 1494       well.

FTLN 1495       BARDOLPH, 「within」 Mistress Tearsheet! 395

FTLN 1496       HOSTESS What's the matter?

FTLN 1497       BARDOLPH, 「within」 Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my  
 FTLN 1498       master.

FTLN 1499       HOSTESS O, run, Doll, run, run, good Doll. [Come.—  
 FTLN 1500       She comes blubbered.—Yea! Will you come, Doll?] 400  
                   *They exit.*

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**《ACT 3》**

《Scene 1》

KING

FTLN 1501        Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;  
FTLN 1502        But, ere they come, bid them o’erread these letters  
FTLN 1503        And well consider of them. Make good speed.  
「Page」 ‹exits.›

FTLN 1504	How many thousand of my poorest subjects	
FTLN 1505	Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,	5
FTLN 1506	Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,	
FTLN 1507	That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down	
FTLN 1508	And steep my senses in forgetfulness?	
FTLN 1509	Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,	
FTLN 1510	Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,	10
FTLN 1511	And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,	
FTLN 1512	Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,	
FTLN 1513	Under the canopies of costly state,	
FTLN 1514	And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?	
FTLN 1515	O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile	15
FTLN 1516	In loathsome beds and leavest the kingly couch	
FTLN 1517	A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?	
FTLN 1518	Wilt thou upon the high and giddy 'mast	
FTLN 1519	Seal up the shipboy's eyes and rock his brains	
FTLN 1520	In cradle of the rude imperious surge	20
FTLN 1521	And in the visitation of the winds,	

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FTLN 1522 Who take the ruffian ⟨billows⟩ by the top,  
 FTLN 1523 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them  
 FTLN 1524 With deafing clamor in the slippery clouds  
 FTLN 1525 That with the hurly death itself awakes? 25  
 FTLN 1526 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give ⟨thy⟩ repose  
 FTLN 1527 To the wet ⟨sea-boy⟩ in an hour so rude,  
 FTLN 1528 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 FTLN 1529 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 FTLN 1530 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down. 30  
 FTLN 1531 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter Warwick, Surrey and Sir John Blunt.*

WARWICK

FTLN 1532 Many good morrows to your Majesty.

FTLN 1533 KING Is it good morrow, lords?

FTLN 1534 WARWICK 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

KING

FTLN 1535 Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords. 35

FTLN 1536 Have you read o'er the letter that I sent you?

FTLN 1537 WARWICK We have, my liege.

KING

FTLN 1538 Then you perceive the body of our kingdom

FTLN 1539 How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,

FTLN 1540 And with what danger near the heart of it. 40

WARWICK

FTLN 1541 It is but as a body yet distempered,

FTLN 1542 Which to his former strength may be restored

FTLN 1543 With good advice and little medicine.

FTLN 1544 My Lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

KING

FTLN 1545 O God, that one might read the book of fate 45

FTLN 1546 And see the revolution of the times

FTLN 1547 Make mountains level, and the continent,

FTLN 1548 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

FTLN 1549 Into the sea, and other times to see

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FTLN 1550	The beachy girdle of the ocean	50
FTLN 1551	Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chance's mocks	
FTLN 1552	And changes fill the cup of alteration	
FTLN 1553	With divers liquors! [O, if this were seen,	
FTLN 1554	The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,	
FTLN 1555	What perils past, what crosses to ensue,	55
FTLN 1556	Would shut the book and sit him down and die.]	
FTLN 1557	'Tis not ten years gone	
FTLN 1558	Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,	
FTLN 1559	Did feast together, and in two ⟨years⟩ after	
FTLN 1560	Were they at wars. It is but eight years since	60
FTLN 1561	This Percy was the man nearest my soul,	
FTLN 1562	Who like a brother toiled in my affairs	
FTLN 1563	And laid his love and life under my foot,	
FTLN 1564	Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard	
FTLN 1565	Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—	65
FTLN 1566	‘ <i>To Warwick.</i> ’ You, cousin Nevil, as I may	
FTLN 1567	remember—	
FTLN 1568	When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,	
FTLN 1569	Then checked and rated by Northumberland,	
FTLN 1570	Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?	70
FTLN 1571	“Northumberland, thou ladder by the which	
FTLN 1572	My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne”—	
FTLN 1573	Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,	
FTLN 1574	But that necessity so bowed the state	
FTLN 1575	That I and greatness were compelled to kiss—	75
FTLN 1576	“The time shall come,” thus did he follow it,	
FTLN 1577	“The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,	
FTLN 1578	Shall break into corruption”—so went on,	
FTLN 1579	Foretelling this same time's condition	
FTLN 1580	And the division of our amity.	80
WARWICK		
FTLN 1581	There is a history in all men's lives	
FTLN 1582	Figuring the natures of the times deceased,	
FTLN 1583	The which observed, a man may prophesy,	
FTLN 1584	With a near aim, of the main chance of things	

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FTLN 1585	As yet not come to life, who in their seeds	85
FTLN 1586	And weak beginning lie intreasurèd.	
FTLN 1587	Such things become the hatch and brood of time,	
FTLN 1588	And by the necessary form of this,	
FTLN 1589	King Richard might create a perfect guess	
FTLN 1590	That great Northumberland, then false to him,	90
FTLN 1591	Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,	
FTLN 1592	Which should not find a ground to root upon	
FTLN 1593	Unless on you.	
FTLN 1594	KING                      Are these things then necessities?	
FTLN 1595	Then let us meet them like necessities.	95
FTLN 1596	And that same word even now cries out on us.	
FTLN 1597	They say the Bishop and Northumberland	
FTLN 1598	Are fifty thousand strong.	
FTLN 1599	WARWICK                      It cannot be, my lord.	
FTLN 1600	Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,	100
FTLN 1601	The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace	
FTLN 1602	To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,	
FTLN 1603	The powers that you already have sent forth	
FTLN 1604	Shall bring this prize in very easily.	
FTLN 1605	To comfort you the more, I have received	105
FTLN 1606	A certain instance that Glendower is dead.	
FTLN 1607	Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,	
FTLN 1608	And these unseasoned hours perforce must add	
FTLN 1609	Unto your sickness.	
FTLN 1610	KING                      I will take your counsel.	110
FTLN 1611	And were these inward wars once out of hand,	
FTLN 1612	We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.	

*They exit.*

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 〈Scene 2〉

*Enter Justice Shallow and Justice Silence.*

FTLN 1613	SHALLOW	Come on, come on, come on. Give me your	
FTLN 1614		hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. An early stirrer, by	
FTLN 1615		the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?	
FTLN 1616	SILENCE	Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.	
FTLN 1617	SHALLOW	And how doth my cousin your bedfellow?	5
FTLN 1618		And your fairest daughter and mine, my goddaughter	
FTLN 1619		Ellen?	
FTLN 1620	SILENCE	Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow.	
FTLN 1621	SHALLOW	By yea and no, sir. I dare say my cousin	
FTLN 1622		William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford	10
FTLN 1623		still, is he not?	
FTLN 1624	SILENCE	Indeed, sir, to my cost.	
FTLN 1625	SHALLOW	He must then to the Inns o' Court shortly. I	
FTLN 1626		was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will	
FTLN 1627		talk of mad Shallow yet.	15
FTLN 1628	SILENCE	You were called "Lusty Shallow" then,	
FTLN 1629		cousin.	
FTLN 1630	SHALLOW	By the Mass, I was called anything, and I	
FTLN 1631		would have done anything indeed too, and roundly	
FTLN 1632		too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire,	20
FTLN 1633		and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone,	
FTLN 1634		and Will Squele, a Cotswold man. You had	
FTLN 1635		not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns o'	
FTLN 1636		Court again. And I may say to you, we knew where	
FTLN 1637		the bona robas were and had the best of them all at	25
FTLN 1638		commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir	
FTLN 1639		John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of	
FTLN 1640		Norfolk.	
FTLN 1641	SILENCE	This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon	
FTLN 1642		about soldiers?	30
FTLN 1643	SHALLOW	The same Sir John, the very same. I see him	
FTLN 1644		break Scoggin's head at the court gate, when he	
FTLN 1645		was a crack not thus high; and the very same day did	

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FTLN 1646	I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer,	
FTLN 1647	behind Grey's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I	35
FTLN 1648	have spent! And to see how many of my old acquaintance	
FTLN 1649	are dead.	
FTLN 1650	SILENCE We shall all follow, cousin.	
FTLN 1651	SHALLOW Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure.	
FTLN 1652	Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all. All	40
FTLN 1653	shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at ⟨Stamford⟩	
FTLN 1654	Fair?	
FTLN 1655	SILENCE By my troth, ⟨cousin,⟩ I was not there.	
FTLN 1656	SHALLOW Death is certain. Is old Dooble of your town	
FTLN 1657	living yet?	45
FTLN 1658	SILENCE Dead, sir.	
FTLN 1659	SHALLOW Jesu, Jesu, dead! He drew a good bow, and	
FTLN 1660	dead? He shot a fine shoot. John o' Gaunt loved him	
FTLN 1661	well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! He	
FTLN 1662	would have clapp'd i' th' clout at twelve score, and	50
FTLN 1663	carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen	
FTLN 1664	and a half, that it would have done a man's	
FTLN 1665	heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?	
FTLN 1666	SILENCE Thereafter as they be, a score of good ewes	
FTLN 1667	may be worth ten pounds.	55
FTLN 1668	SHALLOW And is old Dooble dead?	
FTLN 1669	SILENCE Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I	
FTLN 1670	think.	

*Enter Bardolph and one with him.*

FTLN 1671	⟨SHALLOW⟩ Good morrow, honest gentlemen.	
FTLN 1672	BARDOLPH I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?	60
FTLN 1673	SHALLOW I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of	
FTLN 1674	this county and one of the King's justices of the	
FTLN 1675	peace. What is your good pleasure with me?	
FTLN 1676	BARDOLPH My captain, sir, commends him to you, my	
FTLN 1677	captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by	65
FTLN 1678	heaven, and a most gallant leader.	

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FTLN 1679 SHALLOW He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good  
 FTLN 1680 backsword man. How doth the good knight? May I  
 FTLN 1681 ask how my lady his wife doth?  
 FTLN 1682 BARDOLPH Sir, pardon. A soldier is better ⟨accommodated⟩ 70  
 FTLN 1683 than with a wife.  
 FTLN 1684 SHALLOW It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well said  
 FTLN 1685 indeed too. “Better accommodated.” It is good,  
 FTLN 1686 yea, indeed is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever  
 FTLN 1687 were, very commendable. “Accommodated.” It 75  
 FTLN 1688 comes of *accommodo*. Very good, a good phrase.  
 FTLN 1689 BARDOLPH Pardon, sir, I have heard the word—  
 FTLN 1690 “phrase” call you it? By this day, I know not the  
 FTLN 1691 phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword  
 FTLN 1692 to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding 80  
 FTLN 1693 good command, by heaven. “Accommodated,” that  
 FTLN 1694 is when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or  
 FTLN 1695 when a man is being whereby he may be thought to  
 FTLN 1696 be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

*Enter Falstaff.*

FTLN 1697 SHALLOW It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir 85  
 FTLN 1698 John.—Give me your good hand, give me your  
 FTLN 1699 Worship’s good hand. By my troth, you like well and  
 FTLN 1700 bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.  
 FTLN 1701 FALSTAFF I am glad to see you well, good Master  
 FTLN 1702 Robert Shallow.—Master ⟨Sure-card,⟩ as I think? 90  
 FTLN 1703 SHALLOW No, Sir John. It is my cousin Silence, in  
 FTLN 1704 commission with me.  
 FTLN 1705 FALSTAFF Good Master Silence, it well befits you  
 FTLN 1706 should be of the peace.  
 FTLN 1707 SILENCE Your good Worship is welcome. 95  
 FTLN 1708 FALSTAFF Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you  
 FTLN 1709 provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?  
 FTLN 1710 SHALLOW Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

[*They sit at a table.*]



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FTLN 1711 FALSTAFF Let me see them, I beseech you.  
 FTLN 1712 SHALLOW Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's 100  
 FTLN 1713 the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so,  
 FTLN 1714 so, so, so. So, so. Yea, marry, sir.—Rafe Mouldy!—  
 FTLN 1715 Let them appear as I call, let them do so, let them  
 FTLN 1716 do so.

*Enter Mouldy, followed by Shadow, Wart, Feeble,  
 and Bullcalf.*

FTLN 1717 Let me see, where is Mouldy? 105  
 FTLN 1718 MOULDY, *coming forward* Here, an it please you.  
 FTLN 1719 SHALLOW What think you, Sir John? A good-limbed  
 FTLN 1720 fellow, young, strong, and of good friends.  
 FTLN 1721 FALSTAFF Is thy name Mouldy?  
 FTLN 1722 MOULDY Yea, an 't please you. 110  
 FTLN 1723 FALSTAFF 'Tis the more time thou wert used.  
 FTLN 1724 SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha, most excellent, i' faith! Things  
 FTLN 1725 that are mouldy lack use. Very singular good, in  
 FTLN 1726 faith. Well said, Sir John, very well said.  
 FTLN 1727 *(FALSTAFF Prick him.)* 115

*Shallow marks the scroll.*

FTLN 1728 MOULDY I was pricked well enough before, an you  
 FTLN 1729 could have let me alone. My old dame will be  
 FTLN 1730 undone now for one to do her husbandry and her  
 FTLN 1731 drudgery. You need not to have pricked me. There  
 FTLN 1732 are other men fitter to go out than I. 120  
 FTLN 1733 FALSTAFF Go to. Peace, Mouldy. You shall go. Mouldy,  
 FTLN 1734 it is time you were spent.  
 FTLN 1735 MOULDY Spent?  
 FTLN 1736 SHALLOW Peace, fellow, peace. Stand aside. Know you  
 FTLN 1737 where you are?—For th' other, Sir John. Let me 125  
 FTLN 1738 see.—Simon Shadow!  
 FTLN 1739 FALSTAFF Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under.  
 FTLN 1740 He's like to be a cold soldier.  
 FTLN 1741 SHALLOW Where's Shadow?

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FTLN 1742	SHADOW, <i>「coming forward」</i> Here, sir.	130
FTLN 1743	FALSTAFF Shadow, whose son art thou?	
FTLN 1744	SHADOW My mother's son, sir.	
FTLN 1745	FALSTAFF Thy mother's son! Like enough, and thy	
FTLN 1746	father's shadow. So the son of the female is the	
FTLN 1747	shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed, but much	135
FTLN 1748	of the father's substance.	
FTLN 1749	SHALLOW Do you like him, Sir John?	
FTLN 1750	FALSTAFF Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him,	
FTLN 1751	for we have a number of shadows <i>〈to〉</i> fill up the	
FTLN 1752	muster book.	140
FTLN 1753	SHALLOW Thomas Wart!	
FTLN 1754	FALSTAFF Where's he?	
FTLN 1755	WART, <i>「coming forward」</i> Here, sir.	
FTLN 1756	FALSTAFF Is thy name Wart?	
FTLN 1757	WART Yea, sir.	145
FTLN 1758	FALSTAFF Thou art a very ragged wart.	
FTLN 1759	SHALLOW Shall I prick him <i>〈down,〉</i> Sir John?	
FTLN 1760	FALSTAFF It were superfluous, for <i>〈his〉</i> apparel is built	
FTLN 1761	upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon	
FTLN 1762	pins. Prick him no more.	150
FTLN 1763	SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha. You can do it, sir, you can do it. I	
FTLN 1764	commend you well.—Francis Feeble!	
FTLN 1765	FEEBLE, <i>「coming forward」</i> Here, sir.	
FTLN 1766	SHALLOW What trade art thou, Feeble?	
FTLN 1767	FEEBLE A woman's tailor, sir.	155
FTLN 1768	SHALLOW Shall I prick him, sir?	
FTLN 1769	FALSTAFF You may, but if he had been a man's tailor,	
FTLN 1770	he'd ha' pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many	
FTLN 1771	holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a	
FTLN 1772	woman's petticoat?	160
FTLN 1773	FEEBLE I will do my good will, sir. You can have no	
FTLN 1774	more.	
FTLN 1775	FALSTAFF Well said, good woman's tailor, well said,	
FTLN 1776	courageous Feeble. Thou wilt be as valiant as the	

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FTLN 1777	wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—	165
FTLN 1778	Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow,	
FTLN 1779	deep, Master Shallow.	
FTLN 1780	FEEBLE I would Wart might have gone, sir.	
FTLN 1781	FALSTAFF I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou	
FTLN 1782	mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot	170
FTLN 1783	put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so	
FTLN 1784	many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible	
FTLN 1785	Feeble.	
FTLN 1786	FEEBLE It shall suffice, sir.	
FTLN 1787	FALSTAFF I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who	175
FTLN 1788	is <i>the</i> next?	
FTLN 1789	SHALLOW Peter Bullcalf o' th' green.	
FTLN 1790	FALSTAFF Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.	
FTLN 1791	BULLCALF, <i>coming forward</i> Here, sir.	
FTLN 1792	FALSTAFF Fore God, a likely fellow. Come, prick <i>me</i>	180
FTLN 1793	Bullcalf till he roar again.	
FTLN 1794	BULLCALF O Lord, good my lord captain—	
FTLN 1795	FALSTAFF What, dost thou roar before thou art	
FTLN 1796	pricked?	
FTLN 1797	BULLCALF O Lord, sir, I am a diseased man.	185
FTLN 1798	FALSTAFF What disease hast thou?	
FTLN 1799	BULLCALF A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I	
FTLN 1800	caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his	
FTLN 1801	coronation day, sir.	
FTLN 1802	FALSTAFF Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown.	190
FTLN 1803	We will have away thy cold, and I will take such	
FTLN 1804	order that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here	
FTLN 1805	all?	
FTLN 1806	SHALLOW Here is two more called than your number.	
FTLN 1807	You must have but four here, sir, and so I pray you	195
FTLN 1808	go in with me to dinner.	
FTLN 1809	FALSTAFF Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot	
FTLN 1810	tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth,	
FTLN 1811	Master Shallow.	

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FTLN 1812	SHALLOW	O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay	200
FTLN 1813		all night in the windmill in Saint George's Field?	
FTLN 1814	FALSTAFF	No more of that, ⟨good⟩ Master Shallow, ⟨no	
FTLN 1815		more of that.⟩	
FTLN 1816	SHALLOW	Ha, 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork	
FTLN 1817		alive?	205
FTLN 1818	FALSTAFF	She lives, Master Shallow.	
FTLN 1819	SHALLOW	She never could away with me.	
FTLN 1820	FALSTAFF	Never, never. She would always say she could	
FTLN 1821		not abide Master Shallow.	
FTLN 1822	SHALLOW	By the Mass, I could anger her to th' heart.	210
FTLN 1823		She was then a bona roba. Doth she hold her own	
FTLN 1824		well?	
FTLN 1825	FALSTAFF	Old, old, Master Shallow.	
FTLN 1826	SHALLOW	Nay, she must be old. She cannot choose but	
FTLN 1827		be old. Certain, she's old, and had Robin Nightwork	215
FTLN 1828		by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.	
FTLN 1829	SILENCE	That's fifty-five year ago.	
FTLN 1830	SHALLOW	Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that	
FTLN 1831		that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said	
FTLN 1832		I well?	220
FTLN 1833	FALSTAFF	We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master	
FTLN 1834		Shallow.	
FTLN 1835	SHALLOW	That we have, that we have, that we have. In	
FTLN 1836		faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was "Hem,	
FTLN 1837		boys." Come, let's to dinner, come, let's to dinner.	225
FTLN 1838		Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.	
		‣ <i>Shallow, Silence, and Falstaff rise and</i> ‣ <i>exit.</i>	
FTLN 1839	BULLCalf	Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my	
FTLN 1840		friend, and here's four Harry ten-shillings in	
FTLN 1841		French crowns for you. ‣ <i>He gives Bardolph money.</i> ‣	
FTLN 1842		In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go.	230
FTLN 1843		And yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care, but	
FTLN 1844		rather because I am unwilling, and, for mine own	
FTLN 1845		part, have a desire to stay with my friends. Else, sir,	
FTLN 1846		I did not care, for mine own part, so much.	

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FTLN 1847 BARDOLPH Go to. Stand aside. 235  
 FTLN 1848 MOULDY And, good Master Corporal Captain, for my  
 FTLN 1849 old dame's sake, stand my friend. She has nobody to  
 FTLN 1850 do anything about her when I am gone, and she is  
 FTLN 1851 old and cannot help herself. You shall have forty,  
 FTLN 1852 sir. *「He gives money.」* 240  
 FTLN 1853 BARDOLPH Go to. Stand aside.  
 FTLN 1854 FEEBLE By my troth, I care not. A man can die but  
 FTLN 1855 once. We owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base  
 FTLN 1856 mind. An 't be my destiny, so; an 't be not, so. No  
 FTLN 1857 man's too good to serve 's prince, and let it go 245  
 FTLN 1858 which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for  
 FTLN 1859 the next.  
 FTLN 1860 BARDOLPH Well said. Th' art a good fellow.  
 FTLN 1861 FEEBLE Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Enter Falstaff and the Justices.*

FTLN 1862 FALSTAFF Come, sir, which men shall I have? 250  
 FTLN 1863 SHALLOW Four of which you please.  
 FTLN 1864 BARDOLPH, *「aside to Falstaff」* Sir, a word with you. I  
 FTLN 1865 have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.  
 FTLN 1866 FALSTAFF Go to, well.  
 FTLN 1867 SHALLOW Come, Sir John, which four will you have? 255  
 FTLN 1868 FALSTAFF Do you choose for me.  
 FTLN 1869 SHALLOW Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and  
 FTLN 1870 Shadow.  
 FTLN 1871 FALSTAFF Mouldy and Bullcalf! For you, Mouldy, stay  
 FTLN 1872 at home till you are past service.—And for your 260  
 FTLN 1873 part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will  
 FTLN 1874 none of you. *「Mouldy and Bullcalf exit.」*  
 FTLN 1875 SHALLOW Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong.  
 FTLN 1876 They are your likeliest men, and I would have you  
 FTLN 1877 served with the best. 265  
 FTLN 1878 FALSTAFF Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to  
 FTLN 1879 choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the

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FTLN 1880	stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give	
FTLN 1881	me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart. You see	
FTLN 1882	what a ragged appearance it is. He shall charge you	270
FTLN 1883	and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's	
FTLN 1884	hammer, come off and on swifter than he that	
FTLN 1885	gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced	
FTLN 1886	fellow, Shadow, give me this man. He presents	
FTLN 1887	no mark to the enemy. The foeman may with	275
FTLN 1888	as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for	
FTLN 1889	a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's	
FTLN 1890	taylor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare	
FTLN 1891	me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's	
FTLN 1892	hand, Bardolph.	280
FTLN 1893	BARDOLPH, <i>「giving Wart a musket」</i> Hold, Wart. Traverse.	
FTLN 1894	Thas, thas, thas.	
FTLN 1895	FALSTAFF, <i>「to Wart」</i> Come, manage me your caliver: so,	
FTLN 1896	very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give	
FTLN 1897	me always a little, lean, old, chopped, bald shot.	285
FTLN 1898	Well said, i' faith, Wart. Th' art a good scab. Hold,	
FTLN 1899	there's a tester for thee. <i>「He gives Wart money.」</i>	
FTLN 1900	SHALLOW He is not his craft's master. He doth not do it	
FTLN 1901	right. I remember at Mile End Green, when I lay at	
FTLN 1902	Clement's Inn—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's	290
FTLN 1903	show—there was a little quiver fellow, and he	
FTLN 1904	would manage you his piece thus. <i>「Shallow performs</i>	
FTLN 1905	<i>with the musket.」</i> And he would about and	
FTLN 1906	about, and come you in, and come you in. “Rah,	
FTLN 1907	tah, tah,” would he say. “Bounce,” would he say,	295
FTLN 1908	and away again would he go, and again would he	
FTLN 1909	come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow.	
FTLN 1910	FALSTAFF These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.	
FTLN 1911	—God keep you, Master Silence. I will not use	
FTLN 1912	many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen	300
FTLN 1913	both. I thank you. I must a dozen mile tonight.—	
FTLN 1914	Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.	

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FTLN 1915 SHALLOW Sir John, the Lord bless you. God prosper  
 FTLN 1916 your affairs. God send us peace. At your return, visit  
 FTLN 1917 our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed. 305  
 FTLN 1918 Peradventure I will with you to the court.

FTLN 1919 FALSTAFF Fore God, would you would, ⟨Master  
 FTLN 1920 Shallow.⟩

FTLN 1921 SHALLOW Go to. I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

FTLN 1922 FALSTAFF Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. 310  
*「Shallow and Silence」 exit.*

FTLN 1923 On, Bardolph. Lead the men away.  
*「All but Falstaff exit.」*

FTLN 1924 As I return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see  
 FTLN 1925 the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how  
 FTLN 1926 subject we old men are to this vice of lying. This  
 FTLN 1927 same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to 315  
 FTLN 1928 me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath  
 FTLN 1929 done about Turnbull Street, and every third word a  
 FTLN 1930 lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I  
 FTLN 1931 do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man  
 FTLN 1932 made after supper of a cheese paring. When he was 320  
 FTLN 1933 naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish  
 FTLN 1934 with a head fantastically carved upon it with a  
 FTLN 1935 knife. He was so forlorn that his dimensions to  
 FTLN 1936 any thick sight were invincible. He was the very  
 FTLN 1937 genius of famine, [yet lecherous as a monkey, 325  
 FTLN 1938 and the whores called him "mandrake." ] He came  
 FTLN 1939 ⟨ever⟩ in the rearward of the fashion, [and sung  
 FTLN 1940 those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he  
 FTLN 1941 heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his  
 FTLN 1942 fancies or his good-nights. ] And now is this Vice's 330  
 FTLN 1943 dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly  
 FTLN 1944 of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother  
 FTLN 1945 to him, and I'll be sworn he ne'er saw him but  
 FTLN 1946 once in the tilt-yard, and then he burst his head  
 FTLN 1947 for crowding among the Marshal's men. I saw it 335  
 FTLN 1948 and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name, for

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FTLN 1949	you might have thrust him and all his apparel into	
FTLN 1950	an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a	
FTLN 1951	mansion for him, a court. And now has he land and	
FTLN 1952	beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him if I return,	340
FTLN 1953	and 't shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's	
FTLN 1954	two stones to me. If the young dace be a	
FTLN 1955	bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of	
FTLN 1956	nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and	
FTLN 1957	there an end.	345

*He exits.*

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## ⟨ACT 4⟩

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### ⟨Scene 1⟩

*Enter the Archbishop [of York,] Mowbray, [Lord]  
Bardolph, Hastings, [and their officers] within the Forest  
of Gaultree.*

FTLN 1958	ARCHBISHOP	What is this forest called?	
	HASTINGS		
FTLN 1959		'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your Grace.	
	ARCHBISHOP		
FTLN 1960		Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth	
FTLN 1961		To know the numbers of our enemies.	
	HASTINGS		
FTLN 1962		We have sent forth already.	5
FTLN 1963	ARCHBISHOP	'Tis well done.	
FTLN 1964		My friends and brethren in these great affairs,	
FTLN 1965		I must acquaint you that I have received	
FTLN 1966		New-dated letters from Northumberland,	
FTLN 1967		Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:	10
FTLN 1968		Here doth he wish his person, with such powers	
FTLN 1969		As might hold sortance with his quality,	
FTLN 1970		The which he could not levy; whereupon	
FTLN 1971		He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,	
FTLN 1972		To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers	15
FTLN 1973		That your attempts may overlive the hazard	
FTLN 1974		And fearful meeting of their opposite.	
	MOWBRAY		
FTLN 1975		Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground	
FTLN 1976		And dash themselves to pieces.	

*Enter Messenger.*

FTLN 1977	HASTINGS	Now, what news?	20
	MESSENGER		
FTLN 1978		West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,	
FTLN 1979		In goodly form comes on the enemy,	
FTLN 1980		And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number	
FTLN 1981		Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.	
	MOWBRAY		
FTLN 1982		The just proportion that we gave them out.	25
FTLN 1983		Let us sway on and face them in the field.	

*Enter Westmoreland.*

	ARCHBISHOP		
FTLN 1984		What well-appointed leader fronts us here?	
	MOWBRAY		
FTLN 1985		I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.	
	WESTMORELAND		
FTLN 1986		Health and fair greeting from our general,	
FTLN 1987		The Prince Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.	30
	ARCHBISHOP		
FTLN 1988		Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,	
FTLN 1989		What doth concern your coming.	
FTLN 1990	WESTMORELAND	Then, my lord,	
FTLN 1991		Unto your Grace do I in chief address	
FTLN 1992		The substance of my speech. If that rebellion	35
FTLN 1993		Came like itself, in base and abject routs,	
FTLN 1994		Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,	
FTLN 1995		And countenanced by boys and beggary—	
FTLN 1996		I say, if damned commotion so appeared	
FTLN 1997		In his true, native, and most proper shape,	40
FTLN 1998		You, reverend father, and these noble lords	
FTLN 1999		Had not been here to dress the ugly form	
FTLN 2000		Of base and bloody insurrection	
FTLN 2001		With your fair honors. You, Lord Archbishop,	

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FTLN 2002	Whose see is by a civil peace maintained,	45
FTLN 2003	Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touched,	
FTLN 2004	Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutored,	
FTLN 2005	Whose white investments figure innocence,	
FTLN 2006	The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,	
FTLN 2007	Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself	50
FTLN 2008	Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,	
FTLN 2009	Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war,	
FTLN 2010	Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,	
FTLN 2011	Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine	
FTLN 2012	To a loud trumpet and a point of war?	55
ARCHBISHOP		
FTLN 2013	Wherefore do I this? So the question stands.	
FTLN 2014	Briefly, to this end: we are all diseased	
FTLN 2015	⟨And with our surfeiting and wanton hours	
FTLN 2016	Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,	
FTLN 2017	And we must bleed for it; of which disease	60
FTLN 2018	Our late King Richard, being infected, died.	
FTLN 2019	But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,	
FTLN 2020	I take not on me here as a physician,	
FTLN 2021	Nor do I as an enemy to peace	
FTLN 2022	Troop in the throngs of military men,	65
FTLN 2023	But rather show awhile like fearful war	
FTLN 2024	To diet rank minds sick of happiness	
FTLN 2025	And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop	
FTLN 2026	Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.	
FTLN 2027	I have in equal balance justly weighed	70
FTLN 2028	What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we	
FTLN 2029	suffer,	
FTLN 2030	And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.	
FTLN 2031	We see which way the stream of time doth run	
FTLN 2032	And are enforced from our most quiet there	75
FTLN 2033	By the rough torrent of occasion,	
FTLN 2034	And have the summary of all our griefs,	
FTLN 2035	When time shall serve, to show in articles;	

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FTLN 2036	Which long ere this we offered to the King	
FTLN 2037	And might by no suit gain our audience.	80
FTLN 2038	When we are wronged and would unfold our griefs,	
FTLN 2039	We are denied access unto his person	
FTLN 2040	Even by those men that most have done us wrong.}	
FTLN 2041	The dangers of the days but newly gone,	
FTLN 2042	Whose memory is written on the earth	85
FTLN 2043	With yet-appearing blood, and the examples	
FTLN 2044	Of every minute's instance, present now,	
FTLN 2045	Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,	
FTLN 2046	Not to break peace or any branch of it,	
FTLN 2047	But to establish here a peace indeed,	90
FTLN 2048	Concurring both in name and quality.	
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 2049	Whenever yet was your appeal denied?	
FTLN 2050	Wherein have you been gallèd by the King?	
FTLN 2051	What peer hath been suborned to grate on you,	
FTLN 2052	That you should seal this lawless bloody book	95
FTLN 2053	Of forged rebellion with a seal divine	
FTLN 2054	[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?]	
	ARCHBISHOP	
FTLN 2055	My brother general, the commonwealth,	
FTLN 2056	[To brother born an household cruelty,]	
FTLN 2057	I make my quarrel in particular.	100
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 2058	There is no need of any such redress,	
FTLN 2059	Or if there were, it not belongs to you.	
	MOWBRAY	
FTLN 2060	Why not to him in part, and to us all	
FTLN 2061	That feel the bruises of the days before	
FTLN 2062	And suffer the condition of these times	105
FTLN 2063	To lay a heavy and unequal hand	
FTLN 2064	Upon our honors?	
FTLN 2065	WESTMORELAND      ¶O, my good Lord Mowbray,	
FTLN 2066	Construe the times to their necessities,	

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FTLN 2067 And you shall say indeed it is the time, 110  
 FTLN 2068 And not the King, that doth you injuries.  
 FTLN 2069 Yet for your part, it not appears to me  
 FTLN 2070 Either from the King or in the present time  
 FTLN 2071 That you should have an inch of any ground  
 FTLN 2072 To build a grief on. Were you not restored 115  
 FTLN 2073 To all the Duke of Norfolk's seignories,  
 FTLN 2074 Your noble and right well remembered father's?

MOWBRAY

FTLN 2075 What thing, in honor, had my father lost  
 FTLN 2076 That need to be revived and breathed in me?  
 FTLN 2077 The King that loved him, as the state stood then, 120  
 FTLN 2078 Was 'force' perforce compelled to banish him,  
 FTLN 2079 And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,  
 FTLN 2080 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,  
 FTLN 2081 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
 FTLN 2082 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, 125  
 FTLN 2083 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,  
 FTLN 2084 And the loud trumpet blowing them together,  
 FTLN 2085 Then, then, when there was nothing could have  
 FTLN 2086 stayed  
 FTLN 2087 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, 130  
 FTLN 2088 O, when the King did throw his warder down—  
 FTLN 2089 His own life hung upon the staff he threw—  
 FTLN 2090 Then threw he down himself and all their lives  
 FTLN 2091 That by indictment and by dint of sword  
 FTLN 2092 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke. 135

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2093 You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.  
 FTLN 2094 The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
 FTLN 2095 In England the most valiant gentleman.  
 FTLN 2096 Who knows on whom fortune would then have  
 FTLN 2097 smiled? 140  
 FTLN 2098 But if your father had been victor there,  
 FTLN 2099 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;

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FTLN 2100 For all the country in a general voice  
 FTLN 2101 Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and  
 FTLN 2102 love 145  
 FTLN 2103 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on  
 FTLN 2104 And blessed and graced, 'indeed' more than the  
 FTLN 2105 King. }  
 FTLN 2106 But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
 FTLN 2107 Here come I from our princely general 150  
 FTLN 2108 To know your griefs, to tell you from his Grace  
 FTLN 2109 That he will give you audience; and wherein  
 FTLN 2110 It shall appear that your demands are just,  
 FTLN 2111 You shall enjoy them, everything set off  
 FTLN 2112 That might so much as think you enemies. 155  
 MOWBRAY  
 FTLN 2113 But he hath forced us to compel this offer,  
 FTLN 2114 And it proceeds from policy, not love.  
 WESTMORELAND  
 FTLN 2115 Mowbray, you overween to take it so.  
 FTLN 2116 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.  
 FTLN 2117 For, lo, within a ken our army lies, 160  
 FTLN 2118 Upon mine honor, all too confident  
 FTLN 2119 To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
 FTLN 2120 Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
 FTLN 2121 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
 FTLN 2122 Our armor all as strong, our cause the best. 165  
 FTLN 2123 Then reason will our hearts should be as good.  
 FTLN 2124 Say you not then our offer is compelled.  
 MOWBRAY  
 FTLN 2125 Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.  
 WESTMORELAND  
 FTLN 2126 That argues but the shame of your offense.  
 FTLN 2127 A rotten case abides no handling. 170  
 HASTINGS  
 FTLN 2128 Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
 FTLN 2129 In very ample virtue of his father,

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FTLN 2130	To hear and absolutely to determine	
FTLN 2131	Of what conditions we shall stand upon?	
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 2132	That is intended in the General's name.	175
FTLN 2133	I muse you make so slight a question.	
	ARCHBISHOP, <i>「giving Westmoreland a paper」</i>	
FTLN 2134	Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,	
FTLN 2135	For this contains our general grievances.	
FTLN 2136	Each several article herein redressed,	
FTLN 2137	All members of our cause, both here and hence	180
FTLN 2138	That are insinewed to this action,	
FTLN 2139	Acquitted by a true substantial form	
FTLN 2140	And present execution of our wills	
FTLN 2141	To us and <i>«to»</i> our purposes confined,	
FTLN 2142	We come within our awful banks again	185
FTLN 2143	And knit our powers to the arm of peace.	
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 2144	This will I show the General. Please you, lords,	
FTLN 2145	In sight of both our battles we may meet,	
FTLN 2146	<i>「And」</i> either end in peace, which God so frame,	
FTLN 2147	Or to the place of difference call the swords	190
FTLN 2148	Which must decide it.	
FTLN 2149	ARCHBISHOP                      My lord, we will do so.	
	<i>Westmoreland exits.</i>	
	MOWBRAY	
FTLN 2150	There is a thing within my bosom tells me	
FTLN 2151	That no conditions of our peace can stand.	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 2152	Fear you not that. If we can make our peace	195
FTLN 2153	Upon such large terms and so absolute	
FTLN 2154	As our conditions shall consist upon,	
FTLN 2155	Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.	
	MOWBRAY	
FTLN 2156	Yea, but our valuation shall be such	
FTLN 2157	That every slight and false-derived cause,	200

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FTLN 2158      Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
 FTLN 2159      Shall to the King taste of this action,  
 FTLN 2160      That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
 FTLN 2161      We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind  
 FTLN 2162      That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,      205  
 FTLN 2163      And good from bad find no partition.

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 2164      No, no, my lord. Note this: the King is weary  
 FTLN 2165      Of dainty and such picking grievances,  
 FTLN 2166      For he hath found to end one doubt by death  
 FTLN 2167      Revives two greater in the heirs of life;      210  
 FTLN 2168      And therefore will he wipe his tables clean  
 FTLN 2169      And keep no telltale to his memory  
 FTLN 2170      That may repeat and history his loss  
 FTLN 2171      To new remembrance. For full well he knows  
 FTLN 2172      He cannot so precisely weed this land      215  
 FTLN 2173      As his misdoubts present occasion;  
 FTLN 2174      His foes are so enrooted with his friends  
 FTLN 2175      That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
 FTLN 2176      He doth unfasten so and shake a friend;  
 FTLN 2177      So that this land, like an offensive wife      220  
 FTLN 2178      That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,  
 FTLN 2179      As he is striking holds his infant up  
 FTLN 2180      And hangs resolved correction in the arm  
 FTLN 2181      That was upreared to execution.

HASTINGS

FTLN 2182      Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods      225  
 FTLN 2183      On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
 FTLN 2184      The very instruments of chastisement,  
 FTLN 2185      So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
 FTLN 2186      May offer but not hold.

FTLN 2187      ARCHBISHOP      'Tis very true,      230  
 FTLN 2188      And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,  
 FTLN 2189      If we do now make our atonement well,  
 FTLN 2190      Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
 FTLN 2191      Grow stronger for the breaking.



FTLN 2192	MOWBRAY	Be it so.	235	
FTLN 2193	Here is returned my Lord of Westmoreland.			
	<i>Enter Westmoreland.</i>			
	WESTMORELAND, <i>['to the Archbishop']</i>			
FTLN 2194	The Prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your Lordship			
FTLN 2195	To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.			
	<i>Enter Prince John and his army.</i>			
	MOWBRAY, <i>['to the Archbishop']</i>			
FTLN 2196	Your Grace of York, in God's name then set			
FTLN 2197	forward.			240
	ARCHBISHOP			
FTLN 2198	Before, and greet his Grace.—My lord, we come.			
	<i>['All move forward.']</i>			
	JOHN OF LANCASTER			
FTLN 2199	You are well encountered here, my cousin			
FTLN 2200	Mowbray.—			
FTLN 2201	Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,—			
FTLN 2202	And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.—			245
FTLN 2203	My Lord of York, it better showed with you			
FTLN 2204	When that your flock, assembled by the bell,			
FTLN 2205	Encircled you to hear with reverence			
FTLN 2206	Your exposition on the holy text			
FTLN 2207	⟨Than⟩ now to see you here, an iron man talking,			250
FTLN 2208	Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,			
FTLN 2209	Turning the word to sword, and life to death.			
FTLN 2210	That man that sits within a monarch's heart			
FTLN 2211	And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,			
FTLN 2212	Would he abuse the countenance of the King,			255
FTLN 2213	Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad			
FTLN 2214	In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord			
FTLN 2215	Bishop,			
FTLN 2216	It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken			
FTLN 2217	How deep you were within the books of God,			260

FTLN 2218	To us the speaker in His parliament,	
FTLN 2219	To us th' 'imagined' voice of God Himself,	
FTLN 2220	The very opener and intelligencer	
FTLN 2221	Between the grace, the sanctities, of heaven,	
FTLN 2222	And our dull workings? O, who shall believe	265
FTLN 2223	But you misuse the reverence of your place,	
FTLN 2224	⟨Employ⟩ the countenance and grace of heaven	
FTLN 2225	As a false favorite doth his prince's name,	
FTLN 2226	In deeds dishonorable? You have ta'en up,	
FTLN 2227	Under the counterfeited zeal of God,	270
FTLN 2228	The subjects of His substitute, my father,	
FTLN 2229	And both against the peace of heaven and him	
FTLN 2230	Have here up-swarmed them.	
FTLN 2231	ARCHBISHOP                                      Good my Lord of	
FTLN 2232	Lancaster,	275
FTLN 2233	I am not here against your father's peace,	
FTLN 2234	But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,	
FTLN 2235	The time misordered doth, in common sense,	
FTLN 2236	Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form	
FTLN 2237	To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace	280
FTLN 2238	The parcels and particulars of our grief,	
FTLN 2239	The which hath been with scorn shoved from the	
FTLN 2240	court,	
FTLN 2241	Whereon this Hydra son of war is born,	
FTLN 2242	Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep	285
FTLN 2243	With grant of our most just and right desires,	
FTLN 2244	And true obedience, of this madness cured,	
FTLN 2245	Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.	
	MOWBRAY	
FTLN 2246	If not, we ready are to try our fortunes	
FTLN 2247	To the last man.	290
FTLN 2248	HASTINGS                                      And though we here fall down,	
FTLN 2249	We have supplies to second our attempt;	
FTLN 2250	If they miscarry, theirs shall second them,	
FTLN 2251	And so success of mischief shall be born,	

FTLN 2252	And heir from heir shall hold his quarrel up	295
FTLN 2253	Whiles England shall have generation.	
	JOHN OF LANCASTER	
FTLN 2254	You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow	
FTLN 2255	To sound the bottom of the after-times.	
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 2256	Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly	
FTLN 2257	How far forth you do like their articles.	300
	JOHN OF LANCASTER	
FTLN 2258	I like them all, and do allow them well,	
FTLN 2259	And swear here by the honor of my blood	
FTLN 2260	My father's purposes have been mistook,	
FTLN 2261	And some about him have too lavishly	
FTLN 2262	Wrested his meaning and authority.	305
FTLN 2263	「To the Archbishop.」 My lord, these griefs shall be	
FTLN 2264	with speed redressed;	
FTLN 2265	Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,	
FTLN 2266	Discharge your powers unto their several counties,	
FTLN 2267	As we will ours, and here, between the armies,	310
FTLN 2268	Let's drink together friendly and embrace,	
FTLN 2269	That all their eyes may bear those tokens home	
FTLN 2270	Of our restored love and amity.	
	ARCHBISHOP	
FTLN 2271	I take your princely word for these redresses.	
	《JOHN OF LANCASTER》	
FTLN 2272	I give it you, and will maintain my word,	315
FTLN 2273	And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.	
	「The Leaders of both armies begin to drink together.」	
	《HASTINGS,》 「to an Officer」	
FTLN 2274	Go, captain, and deliver to the army	
FTLN 2275	This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part.	
FTLN 2276	I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.	
	「Officer」 《exits.》	
	ARCHBISHOP, 「toasting Westmoreland」	
FTLN 2277	To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.	320
	WESTMORELAND, 「returning the toast」	

FTLN 2278 I pledge your Grace, and if you knew what pains  
 FTLN 2279 I have bestowed to breed this present peace,  
 FTLN 2280 You would drink freely. But my love to you  
 FTLN 2281 Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 2282 I do not doubt you. 325

FTLN 2283 WESTMORELAND I am glad of it.—

FTLN 2284 Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

MOWBRAY

FTLN 2285 You wish me health in very happy season,

FTLN 2286 For I am on the sudden something ill.

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 2287 Against ill chances men are ever merry, 330

FTLN 2288 But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2289 Therefore be merry, coz, since sudden sorrow

FTLN 2290 Serves to say thus: “Some good thing comes

FTLN 2291 tomorrow.”

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 2292 Believe me, I am passing light in spirit. 335

MOWBRAY

FTLN 2293 So much the worse if your own rule be true.

*Shout* 「within.」

JOHN OF LANCASTER

FTLN 2294 The word of peace is rendered. Hark how they

FTLN 2295 shout.

MOWBRAY

FTLN 2296 This had been cheerful after victory.

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 2297 A peace is of the nature of a conquest, 340

FTLN 2298 For then both parties nobly are subdued,

FTLN 2299 And neither party loser.

FTLN 2300 JOHN OF LANCASTER, 「to Westmoreland」 Go, my lord,

FTLN 2301 And let our army be discharged too.

「Westmoreland」 〈exits.〉

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FTLN 2302	「To the Archbishop.」 And, good my lord, so please	345
FTLN 2303	you, let our trains	
FTLN 2304	March by us, that we may peruse the men	
FTLN 2305	We should have coped withal.	
FTLN 2306	ARCHBISHOP Go, good Lord	
FTLN 2307	Hastings,	350
FTLN 2308	And ere they be dismissed, let them march by.	
	「Hastings」 〈exits.〉	
	JOHN OF LANCASTER	
FTLN 2309	I trust, lords, we shall lie tonight together.	
	<i>Enter Westmoreland.</i>	
FTLN 2310	Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?	
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 2311	The leaders, having charge from you to stand,	
FTLN 2312	Will not go off until they hear you speak.	355
FTLN 2313	JOHN OF LANCASTER They know their duties.	
	<i>Enter Hastings.</i>	
	HASTINGS, 「to the Archbishop」	
FTLN 2314	My lord, our army is dispersed already.	
FTLN 2315	Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their	
FTLN 2316	courses	
FTLN 2317	East, west, north, south, or, like a school broke up,	360
FTLN 2318	Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.	
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 2319	Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the which	
FTLN 2320	I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason.—	
FTLN 2321	And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,	
FTLN 2322	Of capital treason I attach you both.	365
	MOWBRAY	
FTLN 2323	Is this proceeding just and honorable?	
FTLN 2324	WESTMORELAND Is your assembly so?	
	ARCHBISHOP	
FTLN 2325	Will you thus break your faith?	

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FTLN 2326 JOHN OF LANCASTER I pawned thee none.  
 FTLN 2327 I promised you redress of these same grievances 370  
 FTLN 2328 Whereof you did complain, which, by mine honor,  
 FTLN 2329 I will perform with a most Christian care.  
 FTLN 2330 But for you rebels, look to taste the due  
 FTLN 2331 Meet for rebellion ⟨and such acts as yours.⟩  
 FTLN 2332 Most shallowly did you these arms commence, 375  
 FTLN 2333 Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—  
 FTLN 2334 Strike up our drums; pursue the scattered stray.  
 FTLN 2335 God, and not we, hath safely fought today.—  
 FTLN 2336 Some guard ⟨these traitors⟩ to the block of death,  
 FTLN 2337 Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath. 380  
 ⟨*They exit.*⟩

「Scene 2」

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff ⟨and Colevile.⟩*

FTLN 2338 FALSTAFF What's your name, sir? Of what condition are  
 FTLN 2339 you, and of what place, ⟨I pray⟩?  
 FTLN 2340 COLEVILE I am a knight, sir, and my name is Colevile of  
 FTLN 2341 the Dale.  
 FTLN 2342 FALSTAFF Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is 5  
 FTLN 2343 your degree, and your place the Dale. Colevile shall  
 FTLN 2344 be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the  
 FTLN 2345 dungeon your place, a place deep enough so shall  
 FTLN 2346 you be still Colevile of the Dale.  
 FTLN 2347 COLEVILE Are not you Sir John Falstaff? 10  
 FTLN 2348 FALSTAFF As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do  
 FTLN 2349 you yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat,  
 FTLN 2350 they are the drops of thy lovers and they weep for  
 FTLN 2351 thy death. Therefore rouse up fear and trembling,  
 FTLN 2352 and do observance to my mercy. 15  
 FTLN 2353 COLEVILE I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that  
 FTLN 2354 thought yield me.

FTLN 2355 FALSTAFF I have a whole school of tongues in this belly  
 FTLN 2356 of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any  
 FTLN 2357 other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any 20  
 FTLN 2358 indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in  
 FTLN 2359 Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb undoes  
 FTLN 2360 me. Here comes our general.

*Enter John, Westmoreland, and the rest.*

JOHN OF LANCASTER

FTLN 2361 The heat is past. Follow no further now.  
 FTLN 2362 Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. 25

*Westmoreland exits. Retreat is sounded.*

FTLN 2363 Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?  
 FTLN 2364 When everything is ended, then you come.  
 FTLN 2365 These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
 FTLN 2366 One time or other break some gallows' back.  
 FTLN 2367 FALSTAFF I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be 30  
 FTLN 2368 thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the  
 FTLN 2369 reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an  
 FTLN 2370 arrow, or a bullet? Have I in my poor and old  
 FTLN 2371 motion the expedition of thought? I have speeded  
 FTLN 2372 hither with the very extremest inch of possibility. I 35  
 FTLN 2373 have foundered ninescore and odd posts, and here,  
 FTLN 2374 travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate  
 FTLN 2375 valor taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most  
 FTLN 2376 furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of  
 FTLN 2377 that? He saw me and yielded, that I may justly say, 40  
 FTLN 2378 with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, "There, cousin,  
 FTLN 2379 I came, saw, and overcame."

FTLN 2380 JOHN OF LANCASTER It was more of his courtesy than  
 FTLN 2381 your deserving.

FTLN 2382 FALSTAFF I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him. 45  
 FTLN 2383 And I beseech your Grace let it be booked with the  
 FTLN 2384 rest of this day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have it  
 FTLN 2385 in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture  
 FTLN 2386 on the top on 't, Colevile kissing my foot; to the

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FTLN 2387           which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show           50  
 FTLN 2388           like guilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of  
 FTLN 2389           fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth  
 FTLN 2390           the cinders of the element (which show like pins'  
 FTLN 2391           heads to her), believe not the word of the noble.  
 FTLN 2392           Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.           55  
 FTLN 2393   JOHN OF LANCASTER   Thine's too heavy to mount.  
 FTLN 2394   FALSTAFF   Let it shine, then.  
 FTLN 2395   JOHN OF LANCASTER   Thine's too thick to shine.  
 FTLN 2396   FALSTAFF   Let it do something, my good lord, that may  
 FTLN 2397           do me good, and call it what you will.           60  
 FTLN 2398   JOHN OF LANCASTER   Is thy name Colevile?  
 FTLN 2399   COLEVILE   It is, my lord.  
 FTLN 2400   JOHN OF LANCASTER   A famous rebel art thou,  
 FTLN 2401           Colevile.  
 FTLN 2402   FALSTAFF   And a famous true subject took him.           65  
 FTLN 2403   COLEVILE  
 FTLN 2404           I am, my lord, but as my betters are  
 FTLN 2405           That led me hither. Had they been ruled by me,  
 FTLN 2406           You should have won them dearer than you have.  
 FTLN 2407   FALSTAFF   I know not how they sold themselves, but  
 FTLN 2408           thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis,           70  
 FTLN 2408           and I thank thee for thee.

*Enter Westmoreland.*

FTLN 2409   JOHN OF LANCASTER   Now, have you left pursuit?  
 FTLN 2410   WESTMORELAND  
 FTLN 2410           Retreat is made and execution stayed.  
 FTLN 2411   JOHN OF LANCASTER  
 FTLN 2411           Send Colevile with his confederates  
 FTLN 2412           To York, to present execution.—           75  
 FTLN 2413           Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.  
   *「Blunt」 (exits with Colevile.)*  
 FTLN 2414           And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords.  
 FTLN 2415           I hear the King my father is sore sick.



FTLN 2416	Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,	
FTLN 2417	<i>['To Westmoreland.']</i> Which, cousin, you shall bear	80
FTLN 2418	to comfort him,	
FTLN 2419	And we with sober speed will follow you.	
FTLN 2420	FALSTAFF   My lord, I beseech you give me leave to go	
FTLN 2421	through Gloucestershire, and, when you come to	
FTLN 2422	court, stand my good lord, <i>⟨pray,⟩</i> in your good	85
FTLN 2423	report.	
	JOHN OF LANCASTER	
FTLN 2424	Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition,	
FTLN 2425	Shall better speak of you than you deserve.	
	<i>['All but Falstaff']</i> <i>⟨exit.⟩</i>	
FTLN 2426	FALSTAFF   I would you had <i>⟨but⟩</i> the wit; 'twere better	
FTLN 2427	than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young	90
FTLN 2428	sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man	
FTLN 2429	cannot make him laugh. But that's no marvel; he	
FTLN 2430	drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure	
FTLN 2431	boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so	
FTLN 2432	overcool their blood, and making many fish meals,	95
FTLN 2433	that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness, and	
FTLN 2434	then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are	
FTLN 2435	generally fools and cowards, which some of us	
FTLN 2436	should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris	
FTLN 2437	sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me	100
FTLN 2438	into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and	
FTLN 2439	dull and crudy vapors which environ it, makes it	
FTLN 2440	apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery,	
FTLN 2441	and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the	
FTLN 2442	voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes	105
FTLN 2443	excellent wit. The second property of your excellent	
FTLN 2444	sherris is the warming of the blood, which,	
FTLN 2445	before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale,	
FTLN 2446	which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice.	
FTLN 2447	But the sherris warms it and makes it course from	110
FTLN 2448	the inwards to the parts' extremes. It illumineth the	

FTLN 2449 face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest  
 FTLN 2450 of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the  
 FTLN 2451 vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me  
 FTLN 2452 all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed 115  
 FTLN 2453 up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and  
 FTLN 2454 this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the  
 FTLN 2455 weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it  
 FTLN 2456 a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept  
 FTLN 2457 by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in 120  
 FTLN 2458 act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is  
 FTLN 2459 valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherit  
 FTLN 2460 of his father he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare  
 FTLN 2461 land, manured, husbanded, and tilled with excellent  
 FTLN 2462 endeavor of drinking good and good store 125  
 FTLN 2463 of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant.  
 FTLN 2464 If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle  
 FTLN 2465 I would teach them should be to forswear  
 FTLN 2466 thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter Bardolph.*

FTLN 2467 How now, Bardolph? 130  
 FTLN 2468 BARDOLPH The army is discharged all and gone.  
 FTLN 2469 FALSTAFF Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire,  
 FTLN 2470 and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow,  
 FTLN 2471 Esquire. I have him already temp'ring between my  
 FTLN 2472 finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with 135  
 FTLN 2473 him. Come away.

*⟨They exit.⟩*

⟨Scene 3⟩

*Enter the King in a chair, Warwick, Thomas Duke of  
Clarence, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and  
Attendants.*

KING

FTLN 2474	Now, lords, if God doth give successful end	
FTLN 2475	To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,	
FTLN 2476	We will our youth lead on to higher fields	
FTLN 2477	And draw no swords but what are sanctified.	
FTLN 2478	Our navy is addressed, our power collected,	5
FTLN 2479	Our substitutes in absence well invested,	
FTLN 2480	And everything lies level to our wish.	
FTLN 2481	Only we want a little personal strength;	
FTLN 2482	And pause us till these rebels now afoot	
FTLN 2483	Come underneath the yoke of government.	10

WARWICK

FTLN 2484	Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
FTLN 2485	Shall soon enjoy.

KING

FTLN 2486	Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, where is the
FTLN 2487	Prince your brother?

HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2488	I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.	15
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KING

FTLN 2489	And how accompanied?
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FTLN 2490	HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER	I do not know, my lord.
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KING

FTLN 2491	Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?
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HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2492	No, my good lord, he is in presence here.
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FTLN 2493	THOMAS OF CLARENCE, <i>coming forward</i>	What would	20
FTLN 2494	my lord and father?		

KING

FTLN 2495	Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
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FTLN 2496	How chance thou art not with the Prince thy	
FTLN 2497	brother?	
FTLN 2498	He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.	25
FTLN 2499	Thou hast a better place in his affection	
FTLN 2500	Than all thy brothers. Cherish it, my boy,	
FTLN 2501	And noble offices thou mayst effect	
FTLN 2502	Of mediation, after I am dead,	
FTLN 2503	Between his greatness and thy other brethren.	30
FTLN 2504	Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love,	
FTLN 2505	Nor lose the good advantage of his grace	
FTLN 2506	By seeming cold or careless of his will.	
FTLN 2507	For he is gracious if he be observed;	
FTLN 2508	He hath a tear for pity, and a hand	35
FTLN 2509	Open as day for <i>melting</i> charity;	
FTLN 2510	Yet notwithstanding, being incensed he is flint,	
FTLN 2511	As humorous as winter, and as sudden	
FTLN 2512	As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.	
FTLN 2513	His temper therefore must be well observed.	40
FTLN 2514	Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,	
FTLN 2515	When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;	
FTLN 2516	But, being moody, give him time and scope	
FTLN 2517	Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,	
FTLN 2518	Confound themselves with working. Learn this,	45
FTLN 2519	Thomas,	
FTLN 2520	And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,	
FTLN 2521	A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,	
FTLN 2522	That the united vessel of their blood,	
FTLN 2523	Mingled with venom of suggestion	50
FTLN 2524	(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in),	
FTLN 2525	Shall never leak, though it do work as strong	
FTLN 2526	As aconitum or rash gunpowder.	
	THOMAS OF CLARENCE	
FTLN 2527	I shall observe him with all care and love.	
	KING	
FTLN 2528	Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?	55

THOMAS OF CLARENCE

FTLN 2529     He is not there today; he dines in London.

KING

FTLN 2530     And how accompanied? *«Canst thou tell that?»*

THOMAS OF CLARENCE

FTLN 2531     With Poins and other his continual followers.

KING

FTLN 2532	Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,	
FTLN 2533	And he, the noble image of my youth,	60
FTLN 2534	Is overspread with them; therefore my grief	
FTLN 2535	Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.	
FTLN 2536	The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,	
FTLN 2537	In forms imaginary, th' unguided days	
FTLN 2538	And rotten times that you shall look upon	65
FTLN 2539	When I am sleeping with my ancestors.	
FTLN 2540	For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,	
FTLN 2541	When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,	
FTLN 2542	When means and lavish manners meet together,	
FTLN 2543	O, with what wings shall his affections fly	70
FTLN 2544	Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!	

WARWICK

FTLN 2545	My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.	
FTLN 2546	The Prince but studies his companions	
FTLN 2547	Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the	
FTLN 2548	language,	75
FTLN 2549	'Tis needful that the most immodest word	
FTLN 2550	Be looked upon and learned; which, once attained,	
FTLN 2551	Your Highness knows, comes to no further use	
FTLN 2552	But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,	
FTLN 2553	The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,	80
FTLN 2554	Cast off his followers, and their memory	
FTLN 2555	Shall as a pattern or a measure live,	
FTLN 2556	By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,	
FTLN 2557	Turning past evils to advantages.	

KING

FTLN 2558 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb 85  
 FTLN 2559 In the dead carrion.

*Enter Westmoreland.*

FTLN 2560 Who's here? Westmoreland?

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2561 Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
 FTLN 2562 Added to that that I am to deliver.  
 FTLN 2563 Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand. 90  
 FTLN 2564 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all  
 FTLN 2565 Are brought to the correction of your law.  
 FTLN 2566 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,  
 FTLN 2567 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
 FTLN 2568 The manner how this action hath been borne 95  
 FTLN 2569 Here at more leisure may your Highness read  
 FTLN 2570 With every course in his particular.

*「He gives the King a paper.」*

KING

FTLN 2571 O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
 FTLN 2572 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
 FTLN 2573 The lifting up of day. 100

*Enter Harcourt.*

FTLN 2574 Look, here's more news.

HARCOURT

FTLN 2575 From enemies heavens keep your Majesty,  
 FTLN 2576 And when they stand against you, may they fall  
 FTLN 2577 As those that I am come to tell you of.  
 FTLN 2578 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph, 105  
 FTLN 2579 With a great power of English and of Scots,  
 FTLN 2580 Are by the shrieve of Yorkshire overthrown.  
 FTLN 2581 The manner and true order of the fight  
 FTLN 2582 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*「He gives the King papers.」*

KING

FTLN 2583 And wherefore should these good news make me 110  
FTLN 2584 sick?

FTLN 2585 Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
FTLN 2586 But ⟨write⟩ her fair words still in foulest ⟨letters⟩?  
FTLN 2587 She either gives a stomach and no food—  
FTLN 2588 Such are the poor, in health—or else a feast 115

FTLN 2589 And takes away the stomach—such are the rich,  
FTLN 2590 That have abundance and enjoy it not.  
FTLN 2591 I should rejoice now at this happy news,  
FTLN 2592 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.  
FTLN 2593 O, me! Come near me, now I am much ill. 120

HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2594 Comfort, your Majesty.

FTLN 2595 THOMAS OF CLARENCE O, my royal father!

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2596 My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

WARWICK

FTLN 2597 Be patient, princes. You do know these fits  
FTLN 2598 Are with his Highness very ordinary. 125  
FTLN 2599 Stand from him, give him air. He'll straight be  
FTLN 2600 well.

THOMAS OF CLARENCE

FTLN 2601 No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.  
FTLN 2602 Th' incessant care and labor of his mind  
FTLN 2603 Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in 130  
FTLN 2604 So thin that life looks through ⟨and will break out.⟩

HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2605 The people fear me, for they do observe  
FTLN 2606 Unfathered heirs and loathly births of nature.  
FTLN 2607 The seasons change their manners, as the year  
FTLN 2608 Had found some months asleep and leapt them 135  
FTLN 2609 over.

THOMAS OF CLARENCE

FTLN 2610 The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between,  
FTLN 2611 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,

FTLN 2612	Say it did so a little time before	
FTLN 2613	That our great-grandsire, Edward, sicked and died.	140
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2614	Speak lower, princes, for the King recovers.	
	HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2615	This apoplexy will certain be his end.	
	KING	
FTLN 2616	I pray you take me up and bear me hence	
FTLN 2617	Into some other chamber. <i>⟨Softly, pray.⟩</i>	
	<i>⟨The King is carried to a bed on another part of the stage.⟩</i>	
FTLN 2618	Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,	145
FTLN 2619	Unless some dull and favorable hand	
FTLN 2620	Will whisper music to my weary spirit.	
	WARWICK, <i>⟨to an Attendant⟩</i>	
FTLN 2621	Call for the music in the other room.	
	KING	
FTLN 2622	Set me the crown upon my pillow here.	
	<i>⟨The crown is placed on the bed.⟩</i>	
	THOMAS OF CLARENCE, <i>⟨aside to the others⟩</i>	
FTLN 2623	His eye is hollow, and he changes much.	150
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2624	Less noise, less noise.	
	<i>Enter ⟨Prince⟩ Harry.</i>	
FTLN 2625	PRINCE Who saw the Duke of Clarence?	
	THOMAS OF CLARENCE, <i>⟨weeping⟩</i>	
FTLN 2626	I am here, brother, full of heaviness.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 2627	How now, rain within doors, and none abroad?	
FTLN 2628	How doth the King?	155
FTLN 2629	HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER Exceeding ill.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 2630	Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.	
	HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2631	He altered much upon the hearing it.	



FTLN 2632	PRINCE	If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without	
FTLN 2633		physic.	160
	WARWICK		
FTLN 2634		Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince, speak	
FTLN 2635		low.	
FTLN 2636		The King your father is disposed to sleep.	
	THOMAS OF CLARENCE		
FTLN 2637		Let us withdraw into the other room.	
	WARWICK		
FTLN 2638		Will 't please your Grace to go along with us?	165
	PRINCE		
FTLN 2639		No, I will sit and watch here by the King.	
		<i>['All but Prince and King exit.']</i>	
FTLN 2640		Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,	
FTLN 2641		Being so troublesome a bedfellow?	
FTLN 2642		O polished perturbation, golden care,	
FTLN 2643		That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide	170
FTLN 2644		To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now;	
FTLN 2645		Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet	
FTLN 2646		As he whose brow with homely biggen bound	
FTLN 2647		Snores out the watch of night. O majesty,	
FTLN 2648		When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit	175
FTLN 2649		Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,	
FTLN 2650		That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath	
FTLN 2651		There lies a downy feather which stirs not;	
FTLN 2652		Did he suspire, that light and weightless down	
FTLN 2653		Perforce must move. My gracious lord, my father,	180
FTLN 2654		This sleep is sound indeed. This is a sleep	
FTLN 2655		That from this golden rigol hath divorced	
FTLN 2656		So many English kings. Thy due from me	
FTLN 2657		Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,	
FTLN 2658		Which nature, love, and filial tenderness	185
FTLN 2659		Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.	
FTLN 2660		My due from thee is this imperial crown,	
FTLN 2661		Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,	
FTLN 2662		Derives itself to me. <i>['He puts on the crown.']</i> Lo,	
FTLN 2663		where it sits,	190

FTLN 2664	Which God shall guard. And, put the world's whole	
FTLN 2665	strength	
FTLN 2666	Into one giant arm, it shall not force	
FTLN 2667	This lineal honor from me. This from thee	
FTLN 2668	Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.	195
	<i>He exits 'with the crown.'</i>	
FTLN 2669	KING, 'rising up in his bed' Warwick! Gloucester!	
FTLN 2670	Clarence!	
	<i>Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, 'and others.'</i>	
FTLN 2671	THOMAS OF CLARENCE Doth the King call?	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2672	What would your Majesty? 'How fares your Grace?'	
	KING	
FTLN 2673	Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?	200
	THOMAS OF CLARENCE	
FTLN 2674	We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,	
FTLN 2675	Who undertook to sit and watch by you.	
	KING	
FTLN 2676	The Prince of Wales? Where is he? Let me see him.	
FTLN 2677	[He is not here.]	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2678	This door is open. He is gone this way.	205
	HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2679	He came not through the chamber where we	
FTLN 2680	stayed.	
	KING	
FTLN 2681	Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2682	When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.	
	KING	
FTLN 2683	The Prince hath ta'en it hence. Go seek him out.	210
FTLN 2684	Is he so hasty that he doth suppose my sleep my	
FTLN 2685	death?	
FTLN 2686	Find him, my Lord of Warwick. Chide him hither.	
	<i>'Warwick exits.'</i>	
FTLN 2687	This part of his conjoins with my disease	

FTLN 2688	And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you	215
FTLN 2689	are,	
FTLN 2690	How quickly nature falls into revolt	
FTLN 2691	When gold becomes her object!	
FTLN 2692	For this the foolish overcareful fathers	
FTLN 2693	Have broke their sleep with thoughts,	220
FTLN 2694	Their brains with care, their bones with industry.	
FTLN 2695	For this they have engrossèd and ⟨piled⟩ up	
FTLN 2696	The cankered heaps of strange-achievèd gold.	
FTLN 2697	For this they have been thoughtful to invest	
FTLN 2698	Their sons with arts and martial exercises—	225
FTLN 2699	When, like the bee, tolling from every flower	
FTLN 2700	⟨The virtuous sweets,⟩	
FTLN 2701	Our ⟨thighs⟩ packed with wax, our mouths with	
FTLN 2702	honey,	
FTLN 2703	We bring it to the hive and, like the bees,	230
FTLN 2704	Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste	
FTLN 2705	Yields his engrossments to the ending father.	

*Enter Warwick.*

FTLN 2706	Now where is he that will not stay so long	
FTLN 2707	Till his friend sickness ⟨hath⟩ determined me?	
WARWICK		
FTLN 2708	My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,	235
FTLN 2709	Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,	
FTLN 2710	With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow	
FTLN 2711	That tyranny, which never quaffed but blood,	
FTLN 2712	Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife	
FTLN 2713	With gentle eyedrops. He is coming hither.	240
KING		
FTLN 2714	But wherefore did he take away the crown?	

*Enter ⟨Prince⟩ Harry 「with the crown.」*

FTLN 2715	Lo where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
FTLN 2716	Depart the chamber. Leave us here alone.
	<i>「Gloucester, Clarence, Warwick, and others」 exit.</i>

PRINCE

FTLN 2717 I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING

FTLN 2718 Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. 245

FTLN 2719 I stay too long by thee; I weary thee.

FTLN 2720 Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair

FTLN 2721 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors

FTLN 2722 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,

FTLN 2723 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm 250

FTLN 2724 thee.

FTLN 2725 Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity

FTLN 2726 Is held from falling with so weak a wind

FTLN 2727 That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.

FTLN 2728 Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours 255

FTLN 2729 Were thine without offense, and at my death

FTLN 2730 Thou hast sealed up my expectation.

FTLN 2731 Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,

FTLN 2732 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

FTLN 2733 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts, 260

FTLN 2734 Whom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart

FTLN 2735 To stab at half an hour of my life.

FTLN 2736 What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

FTLN 2737 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,

FTLN 2738 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear 265

FTLN 2739 That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead.

FTLN 2740 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

FTLN 2741 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;

FTLN 2742 Only compound me with forgotten dust.

FTLN 2743 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms. 270

FTLN 2744 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,

FTLN 2745 For now a time is come to mock at form.

FTLN 2746 Harry the Fifth is crowned. Up, vanity,

FTLN 2747 Down, royal state, all you sage councillors,

FTLN 2748 hence, 275

FTLN 2749 And to the English court assemble now,

FTLN 2750 From every region, apes of idleness.

FTLN 2751	Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum.	
FTLN 2752	Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,	
FTLN 2753	Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit	280
FTLN 2754	The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?	
FTLN 2755	Be happy, he will trouble you no more.	
FTLN 2756	England shall double gild his treble guilt.	
FTLN 2757	England shall give him office, honor, might,	
FTLN 2758	For the fifth Harry from curbed license plucks	285
FTLN 2759	The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog	
FTLN 2760	Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.	
FTLN 2761	O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!	
FTLN 2762	When that my care could not withhold thy riots,	
FTLN 2763	What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?	290
FTLN 2764	O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,	
FTLN 2765	Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.	
	PRINCE, <i>「placing the crown on the pillow」</i>	
FTLN 2766	O pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,	
FTLN 2767	The moist impediments unto my speech,	
FTLN 2768	I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke	295
FTLN 2769	Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard	
FTLN 2770	The course of it so far. There is your crown,	
FTLN 2771	And He that wears the crown immortally	
FTLN 2772	Long guard it yours. <i>「He kneels.」</i> If I affect it	
FTLN 2773	more	300
FTLN 2774	Than as your honor and as your renown,	
FTLN 2775	Let me no more from this obedience rise,	
FTLN 2776	Which my most inward true and duteous spirit	
FTLN 2777	Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.	
FTLN 2778	God witness with me, when I here came in	305
FTLN 2779	And found no course of breath within your Majesty,	
FTLN 2780	How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,	
FTLN 2781	O, let me in my present wildness die	
FTLN 2782	And never live to show th' incredulous world	
FTLN 2783	The noble change that I have purposed.	310
FTLN 2784	Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,	
FTLN 2785	And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,	

FTLN 2786	I spake unto this crown as having sense,	
FTLN 2787	And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee	
FTLN 2788	depending	315
FTLN 2789	Hath fed upon the body of my father;	
FTLN 2790	Therefore thou best of gold art ⟨worst of⟩ gold.	
FTLN 2791	Other, less fine in carat, ⟨is⟩ more precious,	
FTLN 2792	Preserving life in med'cine potable;	
FTLN 2793	But thou, most fine, most honored, most renowned,	320
FTLN 2794	Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,	
FTLN 2795	Accusing it, I put it on my head	
FTLN 2796	To try with it, as with an enemy	
FTLN 2797	That had before my face murdered my father,	
FTLN 2798	The quarrel of a true inheritor.	325
FTLN 2799	But if it did infect my blood with joy	
FTLN 2800	Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,	
FTLN 2801	If any rebel or vain spirit of mine	
FTLN 2802	Did with the least affection of a welcome	
FTLN 2803	Give entertainment to the might of it,	330
FTLN 2804	Let God forever keep it from my head	
FTLN 2805	And make me as the poorest vassal is	
FTLN 2806	That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.	
FTLN 2807	KING ⟨O my son,⟩	
FTLN 2808	God put ⟨it⟩ in thy mind to take it hence	335
FTLN 2809	That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,	
FTLN 2810	Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.	
FTLN 2811	Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed	
FTLN 2812	And hear, I think, the very latest counsel	
FTLN 2813	That ever I shall breathe.	340
	<p style="text-align: center;">「The Prince rises from his knees and sits near the bed.」</p>	
FTLN 2814	God knows, my son,	
FTLN 2815	By what bypaths and indirect crook'd ways	
FTLN 2816	I met this crown, and I myself know well	
FTLN 2817	How troublesome it sat upon my head.	
FTLN 2818	To thee it shall descend with better quiet,	345
FTLN 2819	Better opinion, better confirmation,	

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FTLN 2820	For all the soil of the achievement goes	
FTLN 2821	With me into the earth. It seemed in me	
FTLN 2822	But as an honor snatched with boist'rous hand,	
FTLN 2823	And I had many living to upbraid	350
FTLN 2824	My gain of it by their assistances,	
FTLN 2825	Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,	
FTLN 2826	Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears	
FTLN 2827	Thou seest with peril I have answerèd,	
FTLN 2828	For all my reign hath been but as a scene	355
FTLN 2829	Acting that argument. And now my death	
FTLN 2830	Changes the mood, for what in me was purchased	
FTLN 2831	Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.	
FTLN 2832	So thou the garland wear'st successively.	
FTLN 2833	Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,	360
FTLN 2834	Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,	
FTLN 2835	And all 'my' friends, which thou must make thy	
FTLN 2836	friends,	
FTLN 2837	Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,	
FTLN 2838	By whose fell working I was first advanced	365
FTLN 2839	And by whose power I well might lodge a fear	
FTLN 2840	To be again displaced; which to avoid,	
FTLN 2841	I cut them off and had a purpose now	
FTLN 2842	To lead out many to the Holy Land,	
FTLN 2843	Lest rest and lying still might make them look	370
FTLN 2844	Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,	
FTLN 2845	Be it thy course to busy giddy minds	
FTLN 2846	With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne	
FTLN 2847	out,	
FTLN 2848	May waste the memory of the former days.	375
FTLN 2849	More would I, but my lungs are wasted so	
FTLN 2850	That strength of speech is utterly denied me.	
FTLN 2851	How I came by the crown, O God forgive,	
FTLN 2852	And grant it may with thee in true peace live.	
FTLN 2853	PRINCE (My gracious liege,)	380
FTLN 2854	You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me.	

FTLN 2855 Then plain and right must my possession be,  
 FTLN 2856 Which I with more than with a common pain  
 FTLN 2857 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter 〈John of〉 Lancaster 「and others.」*

KING

FTLN 2858 Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster. 385

JOHN OF LANCASTER

FTLN 2859 Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father.

KING

FTLN 2860 Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John,  
 FTLN 2861 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 FTLN 2862 From this bare withered trunk. Upon thy sight  
 FTLN 2863 My worldly business makes a period. 390  
 FTLN 2864 Where is my Lord of Warwick?

FTLN 2865 PRINCE My Lord of Warwick.

*「Enter」 〈Warwick.〉*

KING

FTLN 2866 Doth any name particular belong  
 FTLN 2867 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WARWICK

FTLN 2868 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord. 395

KING

FTLN 2869 Laud be to God! Even there my life must end.  
 FTLN 2870 It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 FTLN 2871 I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
 FTLN 2872 Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.  
 FTLN 2873 But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie. 400  
 FTLN 2874 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

*〈They exit.〉*



## ⟨ACT 5⟩

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### ⟨Scene 1⟩

*Enter Shallow, Falstaff, ⟨Page,⟩ and Bardolph.*

FTLN 2875	SHALLOW	By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away	
FTLN 2876		tonight.—What, Davy, I say!	
FTLN 2877	FALSTAFF	You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.	
FTLN 2878	SHALLOW	I will not excuse you. You shall not be	
FTLN 2879		excused. Excuses shall not be admitted. There is no	5
FTLN 2880		excuse shall serve. You shall not be excused.—	
FTLN 2881		Why, Davy!	

「Enter」 ⟨Davy.⟩

FTLN 2882	DAVY	Here, sir.	
FTLN 2883	SHALLOW	Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy, let	
FTLN 2884		me see, Davy, let me see. Yea, marry, William cook,	10
FTLN 2885		bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be	
FTLN 2886		excused.	
FTLN 2887	DAVY	Marry, sir, thus: those precepts cannot be served.	
FTLN 2888		And again, sir: shall we sow the hade land with	
FTLN 2889		wheat?	15
FTLN 2890	SHALLOW	With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook,	
FTLN 2891		are there no young pigeons?	
FTLN 2892	DAVY	Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing	
FTLN 2893		and plow irons. 「He gives Shallow a paper.」	
FTLN 2894	SHALLOW	Let it be cast and paid.—Sir John, you shall	20
FTLN 2895		not be excused.	
FTLN 2896	DAVY	Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be	

FTLN 2897	had. And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's	
FTLN 2898	wages about the sack he lost ⟨the other day⟩ at	
FTLN 2899	⟨Hinckley⟩ Fair?	25
FTLN 2900	SHALLOW He shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a	
FTLN 2901	couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and	
FTLN 2902	any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.	
	<i>「Shallow and Davy walk aside.」</i>	
FTLN 2903	DAVY Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?	
FTLN 2904	SHALLOW Yea, Davy, I will use him well. A friend i' th'	30
FTLN 2905	court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men	
FTLN 2906	well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves and will	
FTLN 2907	backbite.	
FTLN 2908	DAVY No worse than they are back-bitten, sir, for they	
FTLN 2909	have marvelous foul linen.	35
FTLN 2910	SHALLOW Well-conceited, Davy. About thy business,	
FTLN 2911	Davy.	
FTLN 2912	DAVY I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor	
FTLN 2913	of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' th' hill.	
FTLN 2914	SHALLOW There is many complaints, Davy, against that	40
FTLN 2915	Visor. That Visor is an arrant knave, on my	
FTLN 2916	knowledge.	
FTLN 2917	DAVY I grant your Worship that he is a knave, sir, but	
FTLN 2918	yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some	
FTLN 2919	countenance at his friend's request. An honest	45
FTLN 2920	man, sir, is able to speak for himself when a knave is	
FTLN 2921	not. I have served your Worship truly, sir, this eight	
FTLN 2922	years; an I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear	
FTLN 2923	out a knave against an honest man, I have ⟨but a	
FTLN 2924	very⟩ little credit with your Worship. The knave is	50
FTLN 2925	mine honest friend, sir; therefore I beseech you let	
FTLN 2926	him be countenanced.	
FTLN 2927	SHALLOW Go to, I say, he shall have no wrong. Look	
FTLN 2928	about, Davy. <i>「Davy exits.」</i> Where are you, Sir John?	
FTLN 2929	Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me	55
FTLN 2930	your hand, Master Bardolph.	

FTLN 2931	BARDOLPH	I am glad to see your Worship.	
FTLN 2932	SHALLOW	I thank thee with ⟨all⟩ my heart, kind Master	
FTLN 2933		Bardolph, (⟨to Page⟩) and welcome, my tall	
FTLN 2934		fellow.—Come, Sir John.	60
FTLN 2935	FALSTAFF	I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.	
FTLN 2936		⟨Shallow exits.⟩ Bardolph, look to our horses. ⟨Bardolph	
FTLN 2937		and Page exit.⟩ If I were sawed into quantities,	
FTLN 2938		I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'	
FTLN 2939		staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to	65
FTLN 2940		see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits	
FTLN 2941		and his. They, by observing ⟨of⟩ him, do bear	
FTLN 2942		themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing	
FTLN 2943		with them, is turned into a justice-like servingman.	
FTLN 2944		Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the	70
FTLN 2945		participation of society that they flock together in	
FTLN 2946		consent like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to	
FTLN 2947		Master Shallow, I would humor his men with the	
FTLN 2948		imputation of being near their master; if to his men,	
FTLN 2949		I would curry with Master Shallow that no man	75
FTLN 2950		could better command his servants. It is certain	
FTLN 2951		that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is	
FTLN 2952		caught, as men take diseases, one of another. Therefore	
FTLN 2953		let men take heed of their company. I will	
FTLN 2954		devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep	80
FTLN 2955		Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out	
FTLN 2956		of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions,	
FTLN 2957		and he shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is	
FTLN 2958		much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a	
FTLN 2959		sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the	85
FTLN 2960		ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh till	
FTLN 2961		his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.	
FTLN 2962	SHALLOW, ⟨within⟩	Sir John.	
FTLN 2963	FALSTAFF	I come, Master Shallow, I come, Master	
FTLN 2964		Shallow.	90
		⟨He exits.⟩	

《Scene 2》

*Enter Warwick 'and' Lord Chief Justice.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2965 | How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

FTLN 2966 | CHIEF JUSTICE How doth the King?

WARWICK

FTLN 2967	Exceeding well. His cares are now all ended.
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CHIEF JUSTICE

FTLN 2968 | I hope, not dead.

FTLN 2969	WARWICK	He's walked the way of nature,	5
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FTLN 2970 | And to our purposes he lives no more.

CHIEF JUSTICE

FTLN 2971 | I would his Majesty had called me with him.

FTLN 2972 | The service that I truly did his life

FTLN 2973 | Hath left me open to all injuries.

WARWICK

FTLN 2974 | Indeed, I think the young king loves you not. 10

CHIEF JUSTICE

FTLN 2975 | I know he doth not, and do arm myself

FTLN 2976 | To welcome the condition of the time,

FTLN 2977 | Which cannot look more hideously upon me

FTLN 2978 | Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter John, Thomas, and Humphrey.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2979	Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry.	15
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FTLN 2980 | O, that the living Harry had the temper

FTLN 2981 | Of he the worst of these three gentlemen!

FTLN 2982 | How many nobles then should hold their places

FTLN 2983 | That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CHIEF JUSTICE

FTLN 2984 | O God, I fear all will be overturned. 20

JOHN OF LANCASTER

FTLN 2985 | Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

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FTLN 2986	HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, THOMAS OF CLARENCE	Good morrow, cousin.	
	JOHN OF LANCASTER		
FTLN 2987	We meet like men that had forgot to speak.		
	WARWICK		
FTLN 2988	We do remember, but our argument		
FTLN 2989	Is all too heavy to admit much talk.		25
	JOHN OF LANCASTER		
FTLN 2990	Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.		
	CHIEF JUSTICE		
FTLN 2991	Peace be with us, lest we be heavier.		
	HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER		
FTLN 2992	O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed,		
FTLN 2993	And I dare swear you borrow not that face		
FTLN 2994	Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.		30
	JOHN OF LANCASTER, <i>['to the Chief Justice']</i>		
FTLN 2995	Though no man be assured what grace to find,		
FTLN 2996	You stand in coldest expectation.		
FTLN 2997	I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.		
	THOMAS OF CLARENCE		
FTLN 2998	Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,		
FTLN 2999	Which swims against your stream of quality.		35
	CHIEF JUSTICE		
FTLN 3000	Sweet princes, what I did I did in honor,		
FTLN 3001	Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;		
FTLN 3002	And never shall you see that I will beg		
FTLN 3003	A ragged and forestalled remission.		
FTLN 3004	If truth and upright innocence fail me,		40
FTLN 3005	I'll to the king my master that is dead		
FTLN 3006	And tell him who hath sent me after him.		
	<i>Enter the Prince, ['as Henry V,'] and Blunt.</i>		
FTLN 3007	WARWICK	Here comes the Prince.	
	CHIEF JUSTICE		
FTLN 3008	Good morrow, and God save your Majesty.		

PRINCE

FTLN 3009	This new and gorgeous garment majesty	45
FTLN 3010	Sits not so easy on me as you think.—	
FTLN 3011	Brothers, you ⟨mix⟩ your sadness with some fear.	
FTLN 3012	This is the English, not the Turkish court;	
FTLN 3013	Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,	
FTLN 3014	But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,	50
FTLN 3015	For, by my faith, it very well becomes you.	
FTLN 3016	Sorrow so royally in you appears	
FTLN 3017	That I will deeply put the fashion on	
FTLN 3018	And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad.	
FTLN 3019	But entertain no more of it, good brothers,	55
FTLN 3020	Than a joint burden laid upon us all.	
FTLN 3021	For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,	
FTLN 3022	I'll be your father and your brother too.	
FTLN 3023	Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.	
FTLN 3024	Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I,	60
FTLN 3025	But Harry lives that shall convert those tears	
FTLN 3026	By number into hours of happiness.	

BROTHERS

FTLN 3027	We hope no otherwise from your Majesty.	
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PRINCE

FTLN 3028	You all look strangely on me. <i>['To the Chief Justice.']</i>	
FTLN 3029	And you most.	65
FTLN 3030	You are, I think, assured I love you not.	

CHIEF JUSTICE

FTLN 3031	I am assured, if I be measured rightly,	
FTLN 3032	Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.	

PRINCE

FTLN 3033	No? How might a prince of my great hopes forget	
FTLN 3034	So great indignities you laid upon me?	70
FTLN 3035	What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison	
FTLN 3036	Th' immediate heir of England? Was this easy?	
FTLN 3037	May this be washed in Lethe and forgotten?	

CHIEF JUSTICE

FTLN 3038	I then did use the person of your father;	
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FTLN 3039	The image of his power lay then in me.	75
FTLN 3040	And in th' administration of his law,	
FTLN 3041	Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,	
FTLN 3042	Your Highness pleasèd to forget my place,	
FTLN 3043	The majesty and power of law and justice,	
FTLN 3044	The image of the King whom I presented,	80
FTLN 3045	And struck me in my very seat of judgment,	
FTLN 3046	Whereon, as an offender to your father,	
FTLN 3047	I gave bold way to my authority	
FTLN 3048	And did commit you. If the deed were ill,	
FTLN 3049	Be you contented, wearing now the garland,	85
FTLN 3050	To have a son set your decrees at nought?	
FTLN 3051	To pluck down justice from your awful bench?	
FTLN 3052	To trip the course of law and blunt the sword	
FTLN 3053	That guards the peace and safety of your person?	
FTLN 3054	Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image	90
FTLN 3055	And mock your workings in a second body?	
FTLN 3056	Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;	
FTLN 3057	Be now the father and propose a son,	
FTLN 3058	Hear your own dignity so much profaned,	
FTLN 3059	See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,	95
FTLN 3060	Behold yourself so by a son disdained,	
FTLN 3061	And then imagine me taking your part	
FTLN 3062	And in your power soft silencing your son.	
FTLN 3063	After this cold considerance, sentence me,	
FTLN 3064	And, as you are a king, speak in your state	100
FTLN 3065	What I have done that misbecame my place,	
FTLN 3066	My person, or my liege's sovereignty.	
PRINCE		
FTLN 3067	You are right, justice, and you weigh this well.	
FTLN 3068	Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.	
FTLN 3069	And I do wish your honors may increase	105
FTLN 3070	Till you do live to see a son of mine	
FTLN 3071	Offend you and obey you as I did.	
FTLN 3072	So shall I live to speak my father's words:	

FTLN 3073	“Happy am I that have a man so bold	
FTLN 3074	That dares do justice on my proper son;	110
FTLN 3075	And not less happy, having such a son	
FTLN 3076	That would deliver up his greatness so	
FTLN 3077	Into the hands of justice.” You did commit me,	
FTLN 3078	For which I do commit into your hand	
FTLN 3079	Th’ unstained sword that you have used to bear,	115
FTLN 3080	With this remembrance: that you use the same	
FTLN 3081	With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit	
FTLN 3082	As you have done ’gainst me. There is my hand.	
	<i>“They clasp hands.”</i>	
FTLN 3083	You shall be as a father to my youth,	
FTLN 3084	My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,	120
FTLN 3085	And I will stoop and humble my intents	
FTLN 3086	To your well-practiced wise directions.—	
FTLN 3087	And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:	
FTLN 3088	My father is gone wild into his grave,	
FTLN 3089	For in his tomb lie my affections,	125
FTLN 3090	And with his spirits sadly I survive	
FTLN 3091	To mock the expectation of the world,	
FTLN 3092	To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out	
FTLN 3093	Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down	
FTLN 3094	After my seeming. The tide of blood in me	130
FTLN 3095	Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now.	
FTLN 3096	Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,	
FTLN 3097	Where it shall mingle with the state of floods	
FTLN 3098	And flow henceforth in formal majesty.	
FTLN 3099	Now call we our high court of parliament,	135
FTLN 3100	And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel	
FTLN 3101	That the great body of our state may go	
FTLN 3102	In equal rank with the best-governed nation;	
FTLN 3103	That war, or peace, or both at once, may be	
FTLN 3104	As things acquainted and familiar to us,	140
FTLN 3105	<i>“To the Chief Justice.”</i> In which you, father, shall	
FTLN 3106	have foremost hand.	



FTLN 3107 Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 FTLN 3108 As I before remembered, all our state.  
 FTLN 3109 And, God consigning to my good intents, 145  
 FTLN 3110 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say  
 FTLN 3111 God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

*⟨They exit.⟩*

*⟨Scene 3⟩*

*Enter Sir John ⟨Falstaff,⟩ Shallow, Silence, Davy,  
 Bardolph, 「and」 Page.*

FTLN 3112 SHALLOW Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an  
 FTLN 3113 arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine own  
 FTLN 3114 graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth.—  
 FTLN 3115 Come, cousin Silence.—And then to bed.  
 FTLN 3116 FALSTAFF Fore God, you have here ⟨a⟩ goodly dwelling, 5  
 FTLN 3117 and ⟨a⟩ rich.  
 FTLN 3118 SHALLOW Barren, barren, barren, beggars all, beggars  
 FTLN 3119 all, Sir John. Marry, good air.—Spread, Davy,  
 FTLN 3120 spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.  
 FTLN 3121 FALSTAFF This Davy serves you for good uses. He is 10  
 FTLN 3122 your servingman and your husband.  
 FTLN 3123 SHALLOW A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good  
 FTLN 3124 varlet, Sir John. By the Mass, I have drunk too  
 FTLN 3125 much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down,  
 FTLN 3126 now sit down.—Come, cousin. 15  
 FTLN 3127 SILENCE Ah, sirrah, quoth he, we shall  
 FTLN 3128 「Sings.」 *Do nothing but eat and make good cheer,*  
 FTLN 3129 *And praise God for the merry year,*  
 FTLN 3130 *When flesh is cheap and females dear,*  
 FTLN 3131 *And lusty lads roam here and there* 20  
 FTLN 3132 *So merrily,*  
 FTLN 3133 *And ever among so merrily.*  
 FTLN 3134 FALSTAFF There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence,  
 FTLN 3135 I'll give you a health for that anon.

FTLN 3136	SHALLOW	Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.	25
FTLN 3137	DAVY, 「to the guests」	Sweet sir, sit. I'll be with you	
FTLN 3138		anon. Most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master	
FTLN 3139		page, sit. Proface. What you want in meat, we'll	
FTLN 3140		have in drink, but you must bear. The heart's all.	
		「He exits.」	
FTLN 3141	SHALLOW	Be merry, Master Bardolph.—And, my little	30
FTLN 3142		soldier there, be merry.	
	SILENCE 「sings」		
FTLN 3143		<i>Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,</i>	
FTLN 3144		<i>For women are shrews, both short and tall.</i>	
FTLN 3145		<i>'Tis merry in hall when beards wags all,</i>	
FTLN 3146		<i>And welcome merry Shrovetide.</i>	35
FTLN 3147		<i>Be merry, be merry.</i>	
FTLN 3148	FALSTAFF	I did not think Master Silence had been a	
FTLN 3149		man of this mettle.	
FTLN 3150	SILENCE	Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere	
FTLN 3151		now.	40
		<i>Enter Davy.</i>	
FTLN 3152	DAVY, 「to the guests」	There's a dish of leather-coats for	
FTLN 3153		you.	
FTLN 3154	SHALLOW	Davy!	
FTLN 3155	DAVY	Your Worship, I'll be with you straight.—A cup	
FTLN 3156		of wine, sir.	45
	SILENCE 「sings」		
FTLN 3157		<i>A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,</i>	
FTLN 3158		<i>And drink unto thee, leman mine,</i>	
FTLN 3159		<i>And a merry heart lives long-a.</i>	
FTLN 3160	FALSTAFF	Well said, Master Silence.	
FTLN 3161	SILENCE	And we shall be merry; now comes in the	50
FTLN 3162		sweet o' th' night.	
FTLN 3163	FALSTAFF	Health and long life to you, Master Silence.	
	SILENCE 「sings」		
FTLN 3164		<i>Fill the cup, and let it come,</i>	
FTLN 3165		<i>I'll pledge you a mile to th' bottom.</i>	

FTLN 3166	SHALLOW	Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou want'st	55
FTLN 3167		anything and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—	
FTLN 3168		Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed	
FTLN 3169		too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the	
FTLN 3170		cabileros about London.	
FTLN 3171	DAVY	I hope to see London once ere I die.	60
FTLN 3172	BARDOLPH	An I might see you there, Davy!	
FTLN 3173	SHALLOW	By the Mass, you'll crack a quart together,	
FTLN 3174		ha, will you not, Master Bardolph?	
FTLN 3175	BARDOLPH	Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.	
FTLN 3176	SHALLOW	By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave	65
FTLN 3177		will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not	
FTLN 3178		out, he. 'Tis true bred!	
FTLN 3179	BARDOLPH	And I'll stick by him, sir.	
FTLN 3180	SHALLOW	Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing, be	
FTLN 3181		merry. ( <i>One knocks at door.</i> ) Look who's at door	70
FTLN 3182		there, ho. Who knocks? <i>「Davy exits.」</i>	
FTLN 3183	FALSTAFF	Why, now you have done me right.	
	SILENCE	<i>「sings」</i>	
FTLN 3184		<i>Do me right,</i>	
FTLN 3185		<i>And dub me knight,</i>	
FTLN 3186		<i>Samingo.</i>	75
FTLN 3187		Is 't not so?	
FTLN 3188	FALSTAFF	'Tis so.	
FTLN 3189	SILENCE	Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do	
FTLN 3190		somewhat.	
		<i>「Enter Davy.」</i>	
FTLN 3191	DAVY	An 't please your Worship, there's one Pistol	80
FTLN 3192		come from the court with news.	
FTLN 3193	FALSTAFF	From the court? Let him come in.	
		<i>Enter Pistol.</i>	
FTLN 3194		How now, Pistol?	
FTLN 3195	PISTOL	Sir John, God save you.	

FTLN 3196	FALSTAFF	What wind blew you hither, Pistol?	85
FTLN 3197	PISTOL	Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.	
FTLN 3198		Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men	
FTLN 3199		in this realm.	
FTLN 3200	SILENCE	By 'r Lady, I think he be, but Goodman Puff of	
FTLN 3201		Barson.	90
FTLN 3202	PISTOL	Puff?	
FTLN 3203		Puff <in> thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—	
FTLN 3204		Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,	
FTLN 3205		And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,	
FTLN 3206		And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,	95
FTLN 3207		And golden times, and happy news of price.	
FTLN 3208	FALSTAFF	I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of	
FTLN 3209		this world.	
	PISTOL		
FTLN 3210		A foutre for the world and worldlings base!	
FTLN 3211		I speak of Africa and golden joys.	100
	FALSTAFF		
FTLN 3212		O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?	
FTLN 3213		Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.	
	SILENCE	<i>sings</i>	
FTLN 3214		<i>And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.</i>	
	PISTOL		
FTLN 3215		Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons,	
FTLN 3216		And shall good news be baffled?	105
FTLN 3217		Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.	
FTLN 3218	SHALLOW	Honest gentleman, I know not your	
FTLN 3219		breeding.	
FTLN 3220	PISTOL	Why then, lament therefor.	
FTLN 3221	SHALLOW	Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with	110
FTLN 3222		news from the court, I take it there's but two ways,	
FTLN 3223		either to utter them, or <to> conceal them. I am, sir,	
FTLN 3224		under the King in some authority.	
	PISTOL		
FTLN 3225		Under which king, besonian? Speak or die.	

SHALLOW

FTLN 3226 Under King Harry. 115

FTLN 3227 PISTOL Harry the Fourth, or Fifth?

SHALLOW

FTLN 3228 Harry the Fourth.

FTLN 3229 PISTOL A foudre for thine office!—

FTLN 3230 Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king.

FTLN 3231 Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth. 120

FTLN 3232 When Pistol lies, do this and fig me, like

FTLN 3233 The bragging Spaniard. *「Pistol makes a fig.」*

FTLN 3234 FALSTAFF What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL

FTLN 3235 As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

FTLN 3236 FALSTAFF Away, Bardolph.—Saddle my horse.— 125

FTLN 3237 Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou

FTLN 3238 wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge

FTLN 3239 thee with dignities.

FTLN 3240 BARDOLPH O joyful day! I would not take a *⟨knight-hood⟩*

FTLN 3241 for my fortune. 130

FTLN 3242 PISTOL What, I do bring good news!

FTLN 3243 FALSTAFF Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow,

FTLN 3244 my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt. I am

FTLN 3245 Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots. We'll ride all

FTLN 3246 night.—O sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph!—Come, 135

FTLN 3247 Pistol, utter more to me, and withal devise something

FTLN 3248 to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow.

FTLN 3249 I know the young king is sick for me. Let us

FTLN 3250 take any man's horses. The laws of England are at

FTLN 3251 my commandment. Blessed are they that have been 140

FTLN 3252 my friends, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

PISTOL

FTLN 3253 Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

FTLN 3254 *“Where is the life that late I led?”* say they.

FTLN 3255 Why, here it is. Welcome these pleasant days.

*⟨They exit.⟩*

⟨Scene 4⟩

⟨Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, and Beadles.⟩

FTLN 3256	HOSTESS	No, thou arrant knave. I would to God that I	
FTLN 3257		might die, that I might have thee hanged. Thou hast	
FTLN 3258		drawn my shoulder out of joint.	
FTLN 3259	BEADLE	The Constables have delivered her over to me,	
FTLN 3260		and she shall have whipping cheer ⟨enough,⟩ I	5
FTLN 3261		warrant her. There hath been a man or two ⟨lately⟩	
FTLN 3262		killed about her.	
FTLN 3263	DOLL	Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie! Come on, I'll tell	
FTLN 3264		thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal: an the	
FTLN 3265		child I ⟨now⟩ go with do miscarry, thou wert better	10
FTLN 3266		thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced	
FTLN 3267		villain.	
FTLN 3268	HOSTESS	O the Lord, that Sir John were come! I would	
FTLN 3269		make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God	
FTLN 3270		the fruit of her womb ⟨might⟩ miscarry.	15
FTLN 3271	BEADLE	If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions	
FTLN 3272		again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you	
FTLN 3273		both go with me, for the man is dead that you and	
FTLN 3274		Pistol beat amongst you.	
FTLN 3275	DOLL	I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will	20
FTLN 3276		have you as soundly swung for this, you bluebottle	
FTLN 3277		rogue, you filthy famished correctioner. If you be	
FTLN 3278		not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.	
FTLN 3279	BEADLE	Come, come, you she-knight-errant, come.	
FTLN 3280	HOSTESS	O God, that right should thus overcome	25
FTLN 3281		might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.	
FTLN 3282	DOLL	Come, you rogue, come, bring me to a justice.	
FTLN 3283	HOSTESS	Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.	
FTLN 3284	DOLL	Goodman Death, Goodman Bones!	
FTLN 3285	HOSTESS	Thou atomy, thou!	30
FTLN 3286	DOLL	Come, you thin thing, come, you rascal.	
FTLN 3287	BEADLE	Very well.	

⟨They exit.⟩

FTLN 3292	FALSTAFF	Stand here by me, Master <i>Shallow</i> . I	5
FTLN 3293		will make the King do you grace. I will leer upon	
FTLN 3294		him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance	
FTLN 3295		that he will give me.	
FTLN 3296	PISTOL	God bless thy lungs, good knight!	
FTLN 3297	FALSTAFF	Come here, Pistol, stand behind me.—O, if I	10
FTLN 3298		had had time to have made new liveries, I would	
FTLN 3299		have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of	
FTLN 3300		you. But 'tis no matter. This poor show doth better.	
FTLN 3301		This doth infer the zeal I had to see him.	
FTLN 3302	<i>Shallow</i>	It doth so.	15
FTLN 3303	FALSTAFF	It shows my earnestness of affection—	
FTLN 3304	<i>Shallow</i>	It doth so.	
FTLN 3305	FALSTAFF	My devotion—	
FTLN 3306	<i>Shallow</i>	It doth, it doth, it doth.	
FTLN 3307	FALSTAFF	As it were, to ride day and night, and not to	20
FTLN 3308		deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience	
FTLN 3309		to shift me—	
FTLN 3310	SHALLOW	It is best, certain.	
FTLN 3311	<i>Falstaff</i>	But to stand stained with travel and sweating	
FTLN 3312		with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else,	25
FTLN 3313		putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were	
FTLN 3314		nothing else to be done but to see him.	

FTLN 3315	PISTOL	'Tis <i>semper idem</i> , for <i>obsque hoc nihil est</i> ; 'tis	
FTLN 3316		⟨all⟩ in every part.	
FTLN 3317	SHALLOW	'Tis so indeed.	30
FTLN 3318	PISTOL	My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and	
FTLN 3319		make thee rage. Thy Doll and Helen of thy noble	
FTLN 3320		thoughts is in base durance and contagious prison,	
FTLN 3321		haled thither by most mechanical and dirty hand.	
FTLN 3322		Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's	35
FTLN 3323		snake, for Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.	
FTLN 3324	FALSTAFF	I will deliver her.	
		「 <i>Shouts within.</i> 」 ⟨ <i>The trumpets sound.</i> ⟩	
	PISTOL		
FTLN 3325		There roared the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.	
		<i>Enter the King and his train.</i>	
	FALSTAFF		
FTLN 3326		God save thy Grace, King Hal, my royal Hal.	
	PISTOL		
FTLN 3327		The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal	40
FTLN 3328		imp of fame!	
FTLN 3329	FALSTAFF	God save thee, my sweet boy!	
	KING		
FTLN 3330		My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.	
	CHIEF JUSTICE,	「 <i>to Falstaff</i> 」	
FTLN 3331		Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you	
FTLN 3332		speak?	45
	FALSTAFF,	「 <i>to the King</i> 」	
FTLN 3333		My king, my Jove, I speak to thee, my heart!	
	KING		
FTLN 3334		I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.	
FTLN 3335		How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester.	
FTLN 3336		I have long dreamt of such a kind of man,	
FTLN 3337		So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;	50
FTLN 3338		But being awaked, I do despise my dream.	
FTLN 3339		Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;	



FTLN 3340	Leave gormandizing. Know the grave doth gape	
FTLN 3341	For thee thrice wider than for other men.	
FTLN 3342	Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.	55
FTLN 3343	Presume not that I am the thing I was,	
FTLN 3344	For God doth know—so shall the world perceive—	
FTLN 3345	That I have turned away my former self.	
FTLN 3346	So will I those that kept me company.	
FTLN 3347	When thou dost hear I am as I have been,	60
FTLN 3348	Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,	
FTLN 3349	The tutor and the feeder of my riots.	
FTLN 3350	Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,	
FTLN 3351	As I have done the rest of my misleaders,	
FTLN 3352	Not to come near our person by ten mile.	65
FTLN 3353	For competence of life I will allow you,	
FTLN 3354	That lack of means enforce you not to evils.	
FTLN 3355	And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,	
FTLN 3356	We will, according to your strengths and qualities,	
FTLN 3357	Give you advancement. <i>「To the Lord Chief Justice.」</i>	70
FTLN 3358	Be it your charge, my lord,	
FTLN 3359	To see performed the tenor of my word.—	
FTLN 3360	Set on.	
	<i>⟨King 「and his train」 exit.⟩</i>	
FTLN 3361	FALSTAFF Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.	
FTLN 3362	SHALLOW Yea, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to	75
FTLN 3363	let me have home with me.	
FTLN 3364	FALSTAFF That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not	
FTLN 3365	you grieve at this. I shall be sent for in private to	
FTLN 3366	him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world.	
FTLN 3367	Fear not your advancements. I will be the man yet	80
FTLN 3368	that shall make you great.	
FTLN 3369	SHALLOW I cannot <i>⟨well⟩</i> perceive how, unless you	
FTLN 3370	<i>⟨should⟩</i> give me your doublet and stuff me out with	
FTLN 3371	straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five	
FTLN 3372	hundred of my thousand.	85
FTLN 3373	FALSTAFF Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that	
FTLN 3374	you heard was but a color.	

FTLN 3375 SHALLOW A color that I fear you will die in, Sir John.  
 FTLN 3376 FALSTAFF Fear no colors. Go with me to dinner.—  
 FTLN 3377 Come, lieutenant Pistol.—Come, Bardolph.—I  
 FTLN 3378 shall be sent for soon at night. 90

*Enter [the Lord Chief] Justice and Prince John, [with  
 Officers.]*

CHIEF JUSTICE  
 FTLN 3379 Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.  
 FTLN 3380 Take all his company along with him.  
 FTLN 3381 FALSTAFF My lord, my lord —  
 CHIEF JUSTICE  
 FTLN 3382 I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon.— 95  
 FTLN 3383 Take them away.  
 FTLN 3384 PISTOL *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero [me] contenta.*  
*[All but John of] [Lancaster and*  
*Chief Justice] exit.*

JOHN OF LANCASTER  
 FTLN 3385 I like this fair proceeding of the King's.  
 FTLN 3386 He hath intent his wonted followers  
 FTLN 3387 Shall all be very well provided for, 100  
 FTLN 3388 But all are banished till their conversations  
 FTLN 3389 Appear more wise and modest to the world.  
 FTLN 3390 CHIEF JUSTICE And so they are.

JOHN OF LANCASTER  
 FTLN 3391 The King hath called his parliament, my lord.  
 FTLN 3392 CHIEF JUSTICE He hath. 105

JOHN OF LANCASTER  
 FTLN 3393 I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,  
 FTLN 3394 We bear our civil swords and native fire  
 FTLN 3395 As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,  
 FTLN 3396 Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King.  
 FTLN 3397 Come, will you hence? 110  
*[They exit.]*

## EPILOGUE

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FTLN 3398	First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech. My	
FTLN 3399	fear is your displeasure, my curtsy my duty, and my	
FTLN 3400	speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good	
FTLN 3401	speech now, you undo me, for what I have to say is	
FTLN 3402	of mine own making, and what indeed I should say	5
FTLN 3403	will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.	
FTLN 3404	But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it	
FTLN 3405	known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in	
FTLN 3406	the end of a displeasing play to pray your patience	
FTLN 3407	for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to	10
FTLN 3408	pay you with this, which, if like an ill venture it	
FTLN 3409	come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle	
FTLN 3410	creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be,	
FTLN 3411	and here I commit my body to your mercies. Bate	
FTLN 3412	me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most	15
FTLN 3413	debtors do, promise you infinitely. And so I kneel	
FTLN 3414	down before you, but, indeed, to pray for the	
FTLN 3415	Queen.	
FTLN 3416	If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,	
FTLN 3417	will you command me to use my legs? And yet that	20
FTLN 3418	were but light payment, to dance out of your debt.	
FTLN 3419	But a good conscience will make any possible	
FTLN 3420	satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen	
FTLN 3421	here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not,	
FTLN 3422	then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen,	25

FTLN 3423

which was never seen ⟨before⟩ in such an  
assembly.

FTLN 3424

FTLN 3425

FTLN 3426

FTLN 3427

FTLN 3428

FTLN 3429

FTLN 3430

FTLN 3431

FTLN 3432

FTLN 3433

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 30  
you merry with fair Katherine of France, where, for  
anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless  
already he 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 35  
you good night.

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