
HENRY IV

Part 1

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

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.

Synopsis

Henry IV, Part 1, culminates in the battle of Shrewsbury between the king's army and rebels seeking his crown. The dispute begins when Hotspur, the son of Northumberland, breaks with the king over the fate of his brother-in-law, Mortimer, a Welsh prisoner. Hotspur, Northumberland, and Hotspur's uncle Worcester plan to take the throne, later allying with Mortimer and a Welsh leader, Glendower.

As that conflict develops, Prince Hal—Henry IV's son and heir—carouses in a tavern and plots to trick the roguish Sir John Falstaff and his henchmen, who are planning a highway robbery. Hal and a companion will rob them of their loot—then wait for Falstaff's lying boasts. The trick succeeds, but Prince Hal is summoned to war.

In the war, Hal saves his father's life and then kills Hotspur, actions that help to redeem his bad reputation. Falstaff, meanwhile, cheats his soldiers, whom he leads to slaughter, and takes credit for Hotspur's death.

Characters in the Play

KING HENRY IV, formerly Henry Bolingbroke

PRINCE HAL, Prince of Wales and heir to the throne (also called Harry and Harry Monmouth)

LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, younger son of King Henry

EARL OF WESTMORELAND

SIR WALTER BLUNT

HOTSPUR (Sir Henry, or Harry, Percy)

LADY PERCY (also called Kate)

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Henry Percy, Hotspur's father

EARL OF WORCESTER, Thomas Percy, Hotspur's uncle

EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March

LADY MORTIMER (also called "the Welsh lady")

OWEN GLENDOWER, a Welsh lord, father of Lady Mortimer

DOUGLAS (Archibald, earl of Douglas)

ARCHBISHOP (Richard Scroop, archbishop of York)

SIR MICHAEL, a priest or knight associated with the archbishop

SIR RICHARD VERNON, an English knight

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

POINS (also called Edward, Yedward, and Ned)

BARDOLPH

PETO

GADSHILL, setter for the robbers

HOSTESS of the tavern (also called Mistress Quickly)

VINTNER, or keeper of the tavern

FRANCIS, an apprentice tapster

Carriers, Ostlers, Chamberlain, Travelers, Sheriff, Servants, Lords, Attendants, Messengers, Soldiers

「ACT I」

「Scene 1」

*Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, 「and the」 Earl
of Westmoreland, with others.*

KING

FTLN 0001	So shaken as we are, so wan with care,	
FTLN 0002	Find we a time for frightened peace to pant	
FTLN 0003	And breathe short-winded accents of new broils	
FTLN 0004	To be commenced in strands afar remote.	
FTLN 0005	No more the thirsty entrance of this soil	5
FTLN 0006	Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.	
FTLN 0007	No more shall trenching war channel her fields,	
FTLN 0008	Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armèd hoofs	
FTLN 0009	Of hostile paces. Those opposèd eyes,	
FTLN 0010	Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,	10
FTLN 0011	All of one nature, of one substance bred,	
FTLN 0012	Did lately meet in the intestine shock	
FTLN 0013	And furious close of civil butchery,	
FTLN 0014	Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,	
FTLN 0015	March all one way and be no more opposed	15
FTLN 0016	Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.	
FTLN 0017	The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,	
FTLN 0018	No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,	
FTLN 0019	As far as to the sepulcher of Christ—	
FTLN 0020	Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross	20
FTLN 0021	We are impressèd and engaged to fight—	

FTLN 0022	Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,	
FTLN 0023	Whose arms were molded in their mothers' womb	
FTLN 0024	To chase these pagans in those holy fields	
FTLN 0025	Over whose acres walked those blessed feet	25
FTLN 0026	Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed	
FTLN 0027	For our advantage on the bitter cross.	
FTLN 0028	But this our purpose now is twelve month old,	
FTLN 0029	And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.	
FTLN 0030	Therefor we meet not now. Then let me hear	30
FTLN 0031	Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,	
FTLN 0032	What yesternight our council did decree	
FTLN 0033	In forwarding this dear expedience.	
WESTMORELAND		
FTLN 0034	My liege, this haste was hot in question,	
FTLN 0035	And many limits of the charge set down	35
FTLN 0036	But yesternight, when all athwart there came	
FTLN 0037	A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,	
FTLN 0038	Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,	
FTLN 0039	Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight	
FTLN 0040	Against the irregular and wild Glendower,	40
FTLN 0041	Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,	
FTLN 0042	A thousand of his people butcherèd,	
FTLN 0043	Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,	
FTLN 0044	Such beastly shameless transformation	
FTLN 0045	By those Welshwomen done, as may not be	45
FTLN 0046	Without much shame retold or spoken of.	
KING		
FTLN 0047	It seems then that the tidings of this broil	
FTLN 0048	Brake off our business for the Holy Land.	
WESTMORELAND		
FTLN 0049	This matched with other did, my gracious lord.	
FTLN 0050	For more uneven and unwelcome news	50
FTLN 0051	Came from the north, and thus it did import:	
FTLN 0052	On Holy-rood Day the gallant Hotspur there,	
FTLN 0053	Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,	
FTLN 0054	That ever valiant and approvèd Scot,	

FTLN 0055 At Holmedon met, where they did spend 55
 FTLN 0056 A sad and bloody hour—
 FTLN 0057 As by discharge of their artillery
 FTLN 0058 And shape of likelihood the news was told,
 FTLN 0059 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 FTLN 0060 And pride of their contention did take horse, 60
 FTLN 0061 Uncertain of the issue any way.

KING

FTLN 0062 Here is ^{ra} dear, a true-industrious friend,
 FTLN 0063 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 FTLN 0064 Stained with the variation of each soil
 FTLN 0065 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours, 65
 FTLN 0066 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 FTLN 0067 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 FTLN 0068 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 FTLN 0069 Baked in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 FTLN 0070 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners Hotspur took 70
 FTLN 0071 Mordake, Earl of Fife and eldest son
 FTLN 0072 To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Atholl,
 FTLN 0073 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 FTLN 0074 And is not this an honorable spoil?
 FTLN 0075 A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not? 75

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0076 In faith, it is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

KING

FTLN 0077 Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
 FTLN 0078 In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 FTLN 0079 Should be the father to so blest a son,
 FTLN 0080 A son who is the theme of Honor's tongue, 80
 FTLN 0081 Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
 FTLN 0082 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
 FTLN 0083 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 FTLN 0084 See riot and dishonor stain the brow
 FTLN 0085 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved 85
 FTLN 0086 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
 FTLN 0087 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

FTLN 0088	And called mine “Percy,” his “Plantagenet”!	
FTLN 0089	Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.	
FTLN 0090	But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,	90
FTLN 0091	Of this young Percy’s pride? The prisoners	
FTLN 0092	Which he in this adventure hath surprised	
FTLN 0093	To his own use he keeps, and sends me word	
FTLN 0094	I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.	
	WESTMORELAND	
FTLN 0095	This is his uncle’s teaching. This is Worcester,	95
FTLN 0096	Malevolent to you in all aspects,	
FTLN 0097	Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up	
FTLN 0098	The crest of youth against your dignity.	
	KING	
FTLN 0099	But I have sent for him to answer this.	
FTLN 0100	And for this cause awhile we must neglect	100
FTLN 0101	Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.	
FTLN 0102	Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we	
FTLN 0103	Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords.	
FTLN 0104	But come yourself with speed to us again,	
FTLN 0105	For more is to be said and to be done	105
FTLN 0106	Than out of anger can be utterèd.	
FTLN 0107	WESTMORELAND I will, my liege.	

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

FTLN 0108	FALSTAFF Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?	
FTLN 0109	PRINCE Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old	
FTLN 0110	sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and	
FTLN 0111	sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast	
FTLN 0112	forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst	5
FTLN 0113	truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with	
FTLN 0114	the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of	
FTLN 0115	sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues	

FTLN 0116 of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses,
 FTLN 0117 and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in 10
 FTLN 0118 flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou
 FTLN 0119 shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time
 FTLN 0120 of the day.

FTLN 0121 FALSTAFF Indeed, you come near me now, Hal, for we
 FTLN 0122 that take purses go by the moon and the seven 15
 FTLN 0123 stars, and not by Phoebus, he, that wand'ring
 FTLN 0124 knight so fair. And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou
 FTLN 0125 art king, as God save thy Grace—Majesty, I should
 FTLN 0126 say, for grace thou wilt have none—

FTLN 0127 PRINCE What, none? 20

FTLN 0128 FALSTAFF No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to
 FTLN 0129 be prologue to an egg and butter.

FTLN 0130 PRINCE Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

FTLN 0131 FALSTAFF Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art king,
 FTLN 0132 let not us that are squires of the night's body be 25
 FTLN 0133 called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's
 FTLN 0134 foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the
 FTLN 0135 moon, and let men say we be men of good government,
 FTLN 0136 being governed, as the sea is, by our noble
 FTLN 0137 and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance 30
 FTLN 0138 we steal.

FTLN 0139 PRINCE Thou sayest well, and it holds well too, for the
 FTLN 0140 fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and
 FTLN 0141 flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by
 FTLN 0142 the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most 35
 FTLN 0143 resolutely snatched on Monday night and most
 FTLN 0144 dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with
 FTLN 0145 swearing "Lay by" and spent with crying "Bring
 FTLN 0146 in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder,
 FTLN 0147 and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the 40
 FTLN 0148 gallows.

FTLN 0149 FALSTAFF By the Lord, thou sayst true, lad. And is not
 FTLN 0150 my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

FTLN 0151	PRINCE	As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.	
FTLN 0152		And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of	45
FTLN 0153		durance?	
FTLN 0154	FALSTAFF	How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy	
FTLN 0155		quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to	
FTLN 0156		do with a buff jerkin?	
FTLN 0157	PRINCE	Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess	50
FTLN 0158		of the tavern?	
FTLN 0159	FALSTAFF	Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning	
FTLN 0160		many a time and oft.	
FTLN 0161	PRINCE	Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?	
FTLN 0162	FALSTAFF	No, I'll give thee thy due. Thou hast paid all	55
FTLN 0163		there.	
FTLN 0164	PRINCE	Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would	
FTLN 0165		stretch, and where it would not, I have used my	
FTLN 0166		credit.	
FTLN 0167	FALSTAFF	Yea, and so used it that were it not here	60
FTLN 0168		apparent that thou art heir apparent—But I prithee,	
FTLN 0169		sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in	
FTLN 0170		England when thou art king? And resolution thus	
FTLN 0171		fubbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father Antic	
FTLN 0172		the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a	65
FTLN 0173		thief.	
FTLN 0174	PRINCE	No, thou shalt.	
FTLN 0175	FALSTAFF	Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave	
FTLN 0176		judge.	
FTLN 0177	PRINCE	Thou judgest false already. I mean thou shalt	70
FTLN 0178		have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a	
FTLN 0179		rare hangman.	
FTLN 0180	FALSTAFF	Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps	
FTLN 0181		with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I	
FTLN 0182		can tell you.	75
FTLN 0183	PRINCE	For obtaining of suits?	
FTLN 0184	FALSTAFF	Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman	
FTLN 0185		hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as	
FTLN 0186		melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.	

FTLN 0187	PRINCE	Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.	80
FTLN 0188	FALSTAFF	Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.	
FTLN 0189	PRINCE	What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy	
FTLN 0190		of Moorditch?	
FTLN 0191	FALSTAFF	Thou hast the most unsavory ^{['} similes, ^{']} and	
FTLN 0192		art indeed the most comparative, rascaliest, sweet	85
FTLN 0193		young prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no	
FTLN 0194		more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew	
FTLN 0195		where a commodity of good names were to be	
FTLN 0196		bought. An old lord of the council rated me the	
FTLN 0197		other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked	90
FTLN 0198		him not, and yet he talked very wisely, but I	
FTLN 0199		regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in	
FTLN 0200		the street, too.	
FTLN 0201	PRINCE	Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the	
FTLN 0202		streets and no man regards it.	95
FTLN 0203	FALSTAFF	O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art	
FTLN 0204		indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done	
FTLN 0205		much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it.	
FTLN 0206		Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now	
FTLN 0207		am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than	100
FTLN 0208		one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I	
FTLN 0209		will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a	
FTLN 0210		villain. I'll be damned for never a king's son in	
FTLN 0211		Christendom.	
FTLN 0212	PRINCE	Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?	105
FTLN 0213	FALSTAFF	Zounds, where thou wilt, lad. I'll make one.	
FTLN 0214		An I do not, call me villain and baffle me.	
FTLN 0215	PRINCE	I see a good amendment of life in thee, from	
FTLN 0216		praying to purse-taking.	
FTLN 0217	FALSTAFF	Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin	110
FTLN 0218		for a man to labor in his vocation.	

Enter Poins.

FTLN 0219	Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a
FTLN 0220	match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what

FTLN 0221	hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the	
FTLN 0222	most omnipotent villain that ever cried “Stand!” to	115
FTLN 0223	a true man.	
FTLN 0224	PRINCE Good morrow, Ned.	
FTLN 0225	POINS Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur	
FTLN 0226	Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?	
FTLN 0227	Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about	120
FTLN 0228	thy soul that thou soldest him on Good Friday last	
FTLN 0229	for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon’s leg?	
FTLN 0230	PRINCE Sir John stands to his word. The devil shall	
FTLN 0231	have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of	
FTLN 0232	proverbs. He will give the devil his due.	125
FTLN 0233	POINS, ^{to Falstaff} Then art thou damned for keeping	
FTLN 0234	thy word with the devil.	
FTLN 0235	PRINCE Else he had been damned for cozening the	
FTLN 0236	devil.	
FTLN 0237	POINS But, my lads, my lads, tomorrow morning, by	130
FTLN 0238	four o’clock early at Gad’s Hill, there are pilgrims	
FTLN 0239	going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders	
FTLN 0240	riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for	
FTLN 0241	you all. You have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies	
FTLN 0242	tonight in Rochester. I have bespoke supper tomorrow	135
FTLN 0243	night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as	
FTLN 0244	sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of	
FTLN 0245	crowns. If you will not, tarry at home and be	
FTLN 0246	hanged.	
FTLN 0247	FALSTAFF Hear you, Yedward, if I tarry at home and	140
FTLN 0248	go not, I’ll hang you for going.	
FTLN 0249	POINS You will, chops?	
FTLN 0250	FALSTAFF Hal, wilt thou make one?	
FTLN 0251	PRINCE Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.	
FTLN 0252	FALSTAFF There’s neither honesty, manhood, nor	145
FTLN 0253	good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam’st not of	
FTLN 0254	the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten	
FTLN 0255	shillings.	
FTLN 0256	PRINCE Well then, once in my days I’ll be a madcap.	
FTLN 0257	FALSTAFF Why, that’s well said.	150

FTLN 0258	PRINCE	Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.	
FTLN 0259	FALSTAFF	By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then when thou	
FTLN 0260		art king.	
FTLN 0261	PRINCE	I care not.	
FTLN 0262	POINS	Sir John, I prithee leave the Prince and me	155
FTLN 0263		alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this	
FTLN 0264		adventure that he shall go.	
FTLN 0265	FALSTAFF	Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion,	
FTLN 0266		and him the ears of profiting, that what thou	
FTLN 0267		speakest may move, and what he hears may be	160
FTLN 0268		believed, that the true prince may, for recreation	
FTLN 0269		sake, prove a false thief, for the poor abuses of the	
FTLN 0270		time want countenance. Farewell. You shall find me	
FTLN 0271		in Eastcheap.	
FTLN 0272	PRINCE	Farewell, 'thou' latter spring. Farewell, Allhallown	165
FTLN 0273		summer. <i>'Falstaff exits.'</i>	
FTLN 0274	POINS	Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us	
FTLN 0275		tomorrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot	
FTLN 0276		manage alone. Falstaff, 'Peto, Bardolph,' and Gadshill	
FTLN 0277		shall rob those men that we have already	170
FTLN 0278		waylaid. Yourself and I will not be there. And when	
FTLN 0279		they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them,	
FTLN 0280		cut this head off from my shoulders.	
FTLN 0281	PRINCE	How shall we part with them in setting forth?	
FTLN 0282	POINS	Why, we will set forth before or after them, and	175
FTLN 0283		appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our	
FTLN 0284		pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon	
FTLN 0285		the exploit themselves, which they shall have no	
FTLN 0286		sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.	
FTLN 0287	PRINCE	Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our	180
FTLN 0288		horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment	
FTLN 0289		to be ourselves.	
FTLN 0290	POINS	Tut, our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them	
FTLN 0291		in the wood. Our vizards we will change after we	
FTLN 0292		leave them. And, sirrah, I have cases of buckram	185
FTLN 0293		for the nonce, to immask our noted outward	
FTLN 0294		garments.	

FTLN 0295	PRINCE	Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.	
FTLN 0296	POINS	Well, for two of them, I know them to be as	
FTLN 0297		true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the	190
FTLN 0298		third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll	
FTLN 0299		forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the	
FTLN 0300		incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will	
FTLN 0301		tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty at least	
FTLN 0302		he fought with, what wards, what blows, what	195
FTLN 0303		extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this	
FTLN 0304		lives the jest.	
FTLN 0305	PRINCE	Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things	
FTLN 0306		necessary and meet me tomorrow night in Eastcheap.	
FTLN 0307		There I'll sup. Farewell.	200
FTLN 0308	POINS	Farewell, my lord.	<i>Poins exits.</i>
	PRINCE		
FTLN 0309		I know you all, and will awhile uphold	
FTLN 0310		The unyoked humor of your idleness.	
FTLN 0311		Yet herein will I imitate the sun,	
FTLN 0312		Who doth permit the base contagious clouds	205
FTLN 0313		To smother up his beauty from the world,	
FTLN 0314		That, when he please again to be himself,	
FTLN 0315		Being wanted, he may be more wondered at	
FTLN 0316		By breaking through the foul and ugly mists	
FTLN 0317		Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.	210
FTLN 0318		If all the year were playing holidays,	
FTLN 0319		To sport would be as tedious as to work,	
FTLN 0320		But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,	
FTLN 0321		And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.	
FTLN 0322		So when this loose behavior I throw off	215
FTLN 0323		And pay the debt I never promised,	
FTLN 0324		By how much better than my word I am,	
FTLN 0325		By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;	
FTLN 0326		And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,	
FTLN 0327		My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,	220
FTLN 0328		Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes	
FTLN 0329		Than that which hath no foil to set it off.	

FTLN 0330 I'll so offend to make offense a skill,
 FTLN 0331 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

He exits.

「Scene 3」

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
 「and」 Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

KING, 「to Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur」

FTLN 0332 My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 FTLN 0333 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 FTLN 0334 And you have found me, for accordingly
 FTLN 0335 You tread upon my patience. But be sure
 FTLN 0336 I will from henceforth rather be myself, 5
 FTLN 0337 Mighty and to be feared, than my condition,
 FTLN 0338 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 FTLN 0339 And therefore lost that title of respect
 FTLN 0340 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WORCESTER

FTLN 0341 Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10
 FTLN 0342 The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
 FTLN 0343 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 FTLN 0344 Have help to make so portly.

FTLN 0345 NORTHUMBERLAND My lord—

KING

FTLN 0346 Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see 15
 FTLN 0347 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
 FTLN 0348 O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 FTLN 0349 And majesty might never yet endure
 FTLN 0350 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 FTLN 0351 You have good leave to leave us. When we need 20
 FTLN 0352 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Worcester exits.

FTLN 0353 You were about to speak.

FTLN 0354 NORTHUMBERLAND Yea, my good lord.

FTLN 0355	Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,	
FTLN 0356	Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,	25
FTLN 0357	Were, as he says, not with such strength denied	
FTLN 0358	As is delivered to your Majesty.	
FTLN 0359	Either envy, therefore, or misprision	
FTLN 0360	Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.	
HOTSPUR		
FTLN 0361	My liege, I did deny no prisoners.	30
FTLN 0362	But I remember, when the fight was done,	
FTLN 0363	When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,	
FTLN 0364	Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,	
FTLN 0365	Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed,	
FTLN 0366	Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped	35
FTLN 0367	Showed like a stubble land at harvest home.	
FTLN 0368	He was perfumèd like a milliner,	
FTLN 0369	And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held	
FTLN 0370	A pouncet box, which ever and anon	
FTLN 0371	He gave his nose and took 't away again,	40
FTLN 0372	Who therewith angry, when it next came there,	
FTLN 0373	Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talked.	
FTLN 0374	And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,	
FTLN 0375	He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,	
FTLN 0376	To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse	45
FTLN 0377	Betwixt the wind and his nobility.	
FTLN 0378	With many holiday and lady terms	
FTLN 0379	He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded	
FTLN 0380	My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.	
FTLN 0381	I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,	50
FTLN 0382	To be so pestered with a popinjay,	
FTLN 0383	Out of my grief and my impatience	
FTLN 0384	Answered neglectingly I know not what—	
FTLN 0385	He should, or he should not; for he made me mad	
FTLN 0386	To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet	55
FTLN 0387	And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman	
FTLN 0388	Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God save the	
FTLN 0389	mark!—	

FTLN 0390	And telling me the sovereignest thing on Earth	
FTLN 0391	Was parmacety for an inward bruise,	60
FTLN 0392	And that it was great pity, so it was,	
FTLN 0393	This villainous saltpeter should be digged	
FTLN 0394	Out of the bowels of the harmless Earth,	
FTLN 0395	Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed	
FTLN 0396	So cowardly, and but for these vile guns	65
FTLN 0397	He would himself have been a soldier.	
FTLN 0398	This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,	
FTLN 0399	I answered indirectly, as I said,	
FTLN 0400	And I beseech you, let not his report	
FTLN 0401	Come current for an accusation	70
FTLN 0402	Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.	
	BLUNT	
FTLN 0403	The circumstance considered, good my lord,	
FTLN 0404	Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said	
FTLN 0405	To such a person and in such a place,	
FTLN 0406	At such a time, with all the rest retold,	75
FTLN 0407	May reasonably die and never rise	
FTLN 0408	To do him wrong or any way impeach	
FTLN 0409	What then he said, so he unsay it now.	
	KING	
FTLN 0410	Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,	
FTLN 0411	But with proviso and exception	80
FTLN 0412	That we at our own charge shall ransom straight	
FTLN 0413	His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,	
FTLN 0414	Who, on my soul, hath willfully betrayed	
FTLN 0415	The lives of those that he did lead to fight	
FTLN 0416	Against that great magician, damned Glendower,	85
FTLN 0417	Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March	
FTLN 0418	Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then	
FTLN 0419	Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?	
FTLN 0420	Shall we buy treason and indent with fears	
FTLN 0421	When they have lost and forfeited themselves?	90
FTLN 0422	No, on the barren mountains let him starve,	
FTLN 0423	For I shall never hold that man my friend	

FTLN 0424 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 FTLN 0425 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
 FTLN 0426 HOTSPUR Revolted Mortimer! 95
 FTLN 0427 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 FTLN 0428 But by the chance of war. To prove that true
 FTLN 0429 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 FTLN 0430 Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took
 FTLN 0431 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank 100
 FTLN 0432 In single opposition hand to hand
 FTLN 0433 He did confound the best part of an hour
 FTLN 0434 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
 FTLN 0435 Three times they breathed, and three times did they
 FTLN 0436 drink, 105
 FTLN 0437 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
 FTLN 0438 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 FTLN 0439 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds
 FTLN 0440 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
 FTLN 0441 Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants. 110
 FTLN 0442 Never did bare and rotten policy
 FTLN 0443 Color her working with such deadly wounds,
 FTLN 0444 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 FTLN 0445 Receive so many, and all willingly.
 FTLN 0446 Then let not him be slandered with revolt. 115

KING

FTLN 0447 Thou dost belie him, Percy; thou dost belie him.
 FTLN 0448 He never did encounter with Glendower.
 FTLN 0449 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone
 FTLN 0450 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 FTLN 0451 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth 120
 FTLN 0452 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
 FTLN 0453 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 FTLN 0454 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 FTLN 0455 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 FTLN 0456 We license your departure with your son.— 125
 FTLN 0457 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

King exits 「with Blunt and others.」

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0458 An if the devil come and roar for them,
 FTLN 0459 I will not send them. I will after straight
 FTLN 0460 And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
 FTLN 0461 Albeit I make a hazard of my head. 130

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0462 What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile.
 FTLN 0463 Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

FTLN 0464 HOTSPUR Speak of Mortimer?
 FTLN 0465 Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul
 FTLN 0466 Want mercy if I do not join with him. 135
 FTLN 0467 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins
 FTLN 0468 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
 FTLN 0469 But I will lift the downtrod Mortimer
 FTLN 0470 As high in the air as this unthankful king,
 FTLN 0471 As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke. 140

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0472 Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

WORCESTER

FTLN 0473 Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0474 He will forsooth have all my prisoners,
 FTLN 0475 And when I urged the ransom once again
 FTLN 0476 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale, 145
 FTLN 0477 And on my face he turned an eye of death,
 FTLN 0478 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WORCESTER

FTLN 0479 I cannot blame him. Was not he proclaimed
 FTLN 0480 By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0481 He was; I heard the proclamation. 150
 FTLN 0482 And then it was when the unhappy king—
 FTLN 0483 Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
 FTLN 0484 Upon his Irish expedition;

FTLN 0485	From whence he, intercepted, did return	
FTLN 0486	To be deposed and shortly murderèd.	155
	WORCESTER	
FTLN 0487	And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth	
FTLN 0488	Live scandalized and foully spoken of.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 0489	But soft, I pray you. Did King Richard then	
FTLN 0490	Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer	
FTLN 0491	Heir to the crown?	160
FTLN 0492	NORTHUMBERLAND He did; myself did hear it.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 0493	Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king	
FTLN 0494	That wished him on the barren mountains starve.	
FTLN 0495	But shall it be that you that set the crown	
FTLN 0496	Upon the head of this forgetful man	165
FTLN 0497	And for his sake wear the detested blot	
FTLN 0498	Of murderous subornation—shall it be	
FTLN 0499	That you a world of curses undergo,	
FTLN 0500	Being the agents or base second means,	
FTLN 0501	The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?	170
FTLN 0502	O, pardon me that I descend so low	
FTLN 0503	To show the line and the predicament	
FTLN 0504	Wherein you range under this subtle king.	
FTLN 0505	Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,	
FTLN 0506	Or fill up chronicles in time to come,	175
FTLN 0507	That men of your nobility and power	
FTLN 0508	Did gage them both in an unjust behalf	
FTLN 0509	(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)	
FTLN 0510	To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,	
FTLN 0511	And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?	180
FTLN 0512	And shall it in more shame be further spoken	
FTLN 0513	That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off	
FTLN 0514	By him for whom these shames you underwent?	
FTLN 0515	No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem	
FTLN 0516	Your banished honors and restore yourselves	185
FTLN 0517	Into the good thoughts of the world again,	

FTLN 0518	Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt	
FTLN 0519	Of this proud king, who studies day and night	
FTLN 0520	To answer all the debt he owes to you	
FTLN 0521	Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.	190
FTLN 0522	Therefore I say—	
FTLN 0523	WORCESTER Peace, cousin, say no more.	
FTLN 0524	And now I will unclasp a secret book,	
FTLN 0525	And to your quick-conceiving discontents	
FTLN 0526	I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,	195
FTLN 0527	As full of peril and adventurous spirit	
FTLN 0528	As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud	
FTLN 0529	On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 0530	If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim!	
FTLN 0531	Send danger from the east unto the west,	200
FTLN 0532	So honor cross it from the north to south,	
FTLN 0533	And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs	
FTLN 0534	To rouse a lion than to start a hare!	
	NORTHUMBERLAND, <i>['to Worcester']</i>	
FTLN 0535	Imagination of some great exploit	
FTLN 0536	Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.	205
	<i>['HOTSPUR']</i>	
FTLN 0537	By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap	
FTLN 0538	To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,	
FTLN 0539	Or dive into the bottom of the deep,	
FTLN 0540	Where fathom line could never touch the ground,	
FTLN 0541	And pluck up drownèd honor by the locks,	210
FTLN 0542	So he that doth redeem her thence might wear	
FTLN 0543	Without corrival all her dignities.	
FTLN 0544	But out upon this half-faced fellowship!	
	WORCESTER	
FTLN 0545	He apprehends a world of figures here,	
FTLN 0546	But not the form of what he should attend.—	215
FTLN 0547	Good cousin, give me audience for a while.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 0548	I cry you mercy.	

FTLN 0549	WORCESTER	Those same noble Scots	
FTLN 0550		That are your prisoners—	
FTLN 0551	HOTSPUR	I'll keep them all.	220
FTLN 0552		By God, he shall not have a Scot of them.	
FTLN 0553		No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.	
FTLN 0554		I'll keep them, by this hand!	
FTLN 0555	WORCESTER	You start away	
FTLN 0556		And lend no ear unto my purposes:	225
FTLN 0557		Those prisoners you shall keep—	
FTLN 0558	HOTSPUR	Nay, I will. That's flat!	
FTLN 0559		He said he would not ransom Mortimer,	
FTLN 0560		Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer.	
FTLN 0561		But I will find him when he lies asleep,	230
FTLN 0562		And in his ear I'll hollo "Mortimer."	
FTLN 0563		Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak	
FTLN 0564		Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him	
FTLN 0565		To keep his anger still in motion.	
FTLN 0566	WORCESTER	Hear you, cousin, a word.	235
	HOTSPUR		
FTLN 0567		All studies here I solemnly defy,	
FTLN 0568		Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.	
FTLN 0569		And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales—	
FTLN 0570		But that I think his father loves him not	
FTLN 0571		And would be glad he met with some mischance—	240
FTLN 0572		I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.	
	WORCESTER		
FTLN 0573		Farewell, kinsman. I'll talk to you	
FTLN 0574		When you are better tempered to attend.	
	NORTHUMBERLAND, <i>['to Hotspur']</i>		
FTLN 0575		Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool	
FTLN 0576		Art thou to break into this woman's mood,	245
FTLN 0577		Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!	
	HOTSPUR		
FTLN 0578		Why, look you, I am <i>['whipped']</i> and scourged with	
FTLN 0579		rods,	
FTLN 0580		Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear	

FTLN 0581	Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.	250
FTLN 0582	In Richard's time—what do you call the place?	
FTLN 0583	A plague upon it! It is in Gloucestershire.	
FTLN 0584	'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,	
FTLN 0585	His uncle York, where I first bowed my knee	
FTLN 0586	Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke.	255
FTLN 0587	'Sblood, when you and he came back from	
FTLN 0588	Ravenspurgh.	
FTLN 0589	NORTHUMBERLAND At Berkeley Castle.	
FTLN 0590	HOTSPUR You say true.	
FTLN 0591	Why, what a candy deal of courtesy	260
FTLN 0592	This fawning greyhound then did proffer me:	
FTLN 0593	"Look when his infant fortune came to age,"	
FTLN 0594	And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin."	
FTLN 0595	O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!	
FTLN 0596	Good uncle, tell your tale. I have done.	265
	WORCESTER	
FTLN 0597	Nay, if you have not, to it again.	
FTLN 0598	We will stay your leisure.	
FTLN 0599	HOTSPUR I have done, i' faith.	
	WORCESTER	
FTLN 0600	Then once more to your Scottish prisoners:	
FTLN 0601	Deliver them up without their ransom straight,	270
FTLN 0602	And make the Douglas' son your only mean	
FTLN 0603	For powers in Scotland, which, for divers reasons	
FTLN 0604	Which I shall send you written, be assured	
FTLN 0605	Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,	
FTLN 0606	Your son in Scotland being thus employed,	275
FTLN 0607	Shall secretly into the bosom creep	
FTLN 0608	Of that same noble prelate well beloved,	
FTLN 0609	The Archbishop.	
FTLN 0610	HOTSPUR Of York, is it not?	
FTLN 0611	WORCESTER True, who bears hard	280
FTLN 0612	His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.	
FTLN 0613	I speak not this in estimation,	

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0642 Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 0643 Uncle, adieu. O, let the hours be short

FTLN 0644 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport.

They exit.

「ACT 2」

「Scene 1」

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

FTLN 0645 FIRST CARRIER Heigh-ho! An it be not four by the day,
FTLN 0646 I'll be hanged. Charles's Wain is over the new
FTLN 0647 chimney, and yet our horse not packed.—What,
FTLN 0648 ostler!

FTLN 0649 OSTLER, 「*within*」 Anon, anon. 5

FTLN 0650 FIRST CARRIER I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle. Put a
FTLN 0651 few flocks in the point. Poor jade is wrung in the
FTLN 0652 withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier, 「with a lantern.」

FTLN 0653 SECOND CARRIER Peas and beans are as dank here as a
FTLN 0654 dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the 10
FTLN 0655 bots. This house is turned upside down since Robin
FTLN 0656 ostler died.

FTLN 0657 FIRST CARRIER Poor fellow never joyed since the price
FTLN 0658 of oats rose. It was the death of him.

FTLN 0659 SECOND CARRIER I think this be the most villainous 15
FTLN 0660 house in all London road for fleas. I am stung like a
FTLN 0661 tench.

FTLN 0662 FIRST CARRIER Like a tench? By the Mass, there is
FTLN 0663 ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have
FTLN 0664 been since the first cock. 20

FTLN 0665 SECOND CARRIER Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan,

FTLN 0697 CHAMBERLAIN At hand, quoth pickpurse.

FTLN 0698 GADSHILL That's even as fair as "at hand, quoth the
 FTLN 0699 Chamberlain," for thou variest no more from 55
 FTLN 0700 picking of purses than giving direction doth from
 FTLN 0701 laboring: thou layest the plot how.

FTLN 0702 CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds
 FTLN 0703 current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin
 FTLN 0704 in the Wild of Kent hath brought three hundred 60
 FTLN 0705 marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of
 FTLN 0706 his company last night at supper—a kind of auditor,
 FTLN 0707 one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows
 FTLN 0708 what. They are up already and call for eggs and
 FTLN 0709 butter. They will away presently. 65

FTLN 0710 GADSHILL Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas'
 FTLN 0711 clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

FTLN 0712 CHAMBERLAIN No, I'll none of it. I pray thee, keep that
 FTLN 0713 for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint
 FTLN 0714 Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. 70

FTLN 0715 GADSHILL What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If
 FTLN 0716 I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows, for if I hang,
 FTLN 0717 old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is
 FTLN 0718 no starveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that
 FTLN 0719 thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are 75
 FTLN 0720 content to do the profession some grace, that
 FTLN 0721 would, if matters should be looked into, for their
 FTLN 0722 own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no
 FTLN 0723 foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers,
 FTLN 0724 none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms, 80
 FTLN 0725 but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters
 FTLN 0726 and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such
 FTLN 0727 as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner
 FTLN 0728 than drink, and drink sooner than pray, and yet,
 FTLN 0729 zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint 85
 FTLN 0730 the commonwealth, or rather not pray to her but
 FTLN 0731 prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and
 FTLN 0732 make her their boots.

FTLN 0733 CHAMBERLAIN What, the commonwealth their boots?
 FTLN 0734 Will she hold out water in foul way? 90
 FTLN 0735 GADSHILL She will, she will. Justice hath liquored her.
 FTLN 0736 We steal as in a castle, cocksure. We have the
 FTLN 0737 receipt of fern seed; we walk invisible.
 FTLN 0738 CHAMBERLAIN Nay, by my faith, I think you are more
 FTLN 0739 beholding to the night than to fern seed for your 95
 FTLN 0740 walking invisible.
 FTLN 0741 GADSHILL Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in
 FTLN 0742 our purchase, as I am a true man.
 FTLN 0743 CHAMBERLAIN Nay, rather let me have it as you are a
 FTLN 0744 false thief. 100
 FTLN 0745 GADSHILL Go to. *Homo* is a common name to all men.
 FTLN 0746 Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable.
 FTLN 0747 Farewell, you muddy knave.
 「*They exit.*」

「Scene 2」

Enter Prince, Poins, 「Bardolph,」 and Peto.

FTLN 0748 POINS Come, shelter, shelter! I have removed Falstaff's
 FTLN 0749 horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.
 FTLN 0750 PRINCE Stand close. 「*Poins, Bardolph, and Peto exit.*」

Enter Falstaff.

FTLN 0751 FALSTAFF Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!
 FTLN 0752 PRINCE Peace, you fat-kidneyed rascal. What a brawling 5
 FTLN 0753 dost thou keep!
 FTLN 0754 FALSTAFF Where's Poins, Hal?
 FTLN 0755 PRINCE He is walked up to the top of the hill. I'll go
 FTLN 0756 seek him. 「*Prince exits.*」
 FTLN 0757 FALSTAFF I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. 10
 FTLN 0758 The rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I
 FTLN 0759 know not where. If I travel but four foot by the
 FTLN 0760 square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I

FTLN 0761 doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I
 FTLN 0762 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn 15
 FTLN 0763 his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty
 FTLN 0764 years, and yet I am bewitched with the
 FTLN 0765 rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me
 FTLN 0766 medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. It
 FTLN 0767 could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—Poins! 20
 FTLN 0768 Hal! A plague upon you both.—Bardolph! Peto!—
 FTLN 0769 I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as
 FTLN 0770 good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave
 FTLN 0771 these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever
 FTLN 0772 chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground 25
 FTLN 0773 is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the
 FTLN 0774 stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague
 FTLN 0775 upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!
 FTLN 0776 *(They whistle, 'within.')* Whew! A plague upon you
 FTLN 0777 all! 30

Enter the Prince, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.

FTLN 0778 Give me my horse, you rogues. Give me my horse
 FTLN 0779 and be hanged!

FTLN 0780 PRINCE Peace, you fat guts! Lie down, lay thine ear
 FTLN 0781 close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the
 FTLN 0782 tread of travelers. 35

FTLN 0783 FALSTAFF Have you any levers to lift me up again being
 FTLN 0784 down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear my own flesh so
 FTLN 0785 far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's Exchequer.
 FTLN 0786 What a plague mean you to colt me
 FTLN 0787 thus? 40

FTLN 0788 PRINCE Thou liest. Thou art not colted; thou art
 FTLN 0789 uncolted.

FTLN 0790 FALSTAFF I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my
 FTLN 0791 horse, good king's son.

FTLN 0792 PRINCE Out, you rogue! Shall I be your ostler? 45

FTLN 0793 FALSTAFF Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent
 FTLN 0794 garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have

FTLN 0795 not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy
 FTLN 0796 tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison—when a jest
 FTLN 0797 is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it. 50

Enter Gadshill.

FTLN 0798 GADSHILL Stand.
 FTLN 0799 FALSTAFF So I do, against my will.
 FTLN 0800 POINS O, 'tis our setter. I know his voice.
 FTLN 0801 「BARDOLPH」 What news?
 FTLN 0802 「GADSHILL」 Case you, case you. On with your vizards. 55
 FTLN 0803 There's money of the King's coming down the hill.
 FTLN 0804 'Tis going to the King's Exchequer.
 FTLN 0805 FALSTAFF You lie, you rogue. 'Tis going to the King's
 FTLN 0806 Tavern.
 FTLN 0807 GADSHILL There's enough to make us all. 60
 FTLN 0808 FALSTAFF To be hanged.
 FTLN 0809 PRINCE Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow
 FTLN 0810 lane. Ned Pains and I will walk lower. If they 'scape
 FTLN 0811 from your encounter, then they light on us.
 FTLN 0812 PETO How many be there of them? 65
 FTLN 0813 GADSHILL Some eight or ten.
 FTLN 0814 FALSTAFF Zounds, will they not rob us?
 FTLN 0815 PRINCE What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?
 FTLN 0816 FALSTAFF Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather,
 FTLN 0817 but yet no coward, Hal. 70
 FTLN 0818 PRINCE Well, we leave that to the proof.
 FTLN 0819 POINS Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge.
 FTLN 0820 When thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him.
 FTLN 0821 Farewell and stand fast.
 FTLN 0822 FALSTAFF Now cannot I strike him, if I should be 75
 FTLN 0823 hanged.
 FTLN 0824 PRINCE, 「*aside to Pains*」 Ned, where are our disguises?
 FTLN 0825 POINS, 「*aside to Prince*」 Here, hard by. Stand close.
 「*The Prince and Pains exit.*」
 FTLN 0826 FALSTAFF Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,
 FTLN 0827 say I. Every man to his business. 80
 「*They step aside.*」

Enter the Travelers.

FTLN 0828 「FIRST」 TRAVELER Come, neighbor, the boy shall lead
 FTLN 0829 our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot awhile
 FTLN 0830 and ease our legs.
 FTLN 0831 THIEVES, 「advancing」 Stand!
 FTLN 0832 TRAVELERS Jesus bless us! 85
 FTLN 0833 FALSTAFF Strike! Down with them! Cut the villains'
 FTLN 0834 throats! Ah, whoreson caterpillars, bacon-fed
 FTLN 0835 knaves, they hate us youth. Down with them!
 FTLN 0836 Fleece them!
 FTLN 0837 TRAVELERS O, we are undone, both we and ours 90
 FTLN 0838 forever!
 FTLN 0839 FALSTAFF Hang, you gorbellied knaves! Are you undone?
 FTLN 0840 No, you fat chuffs. I would your store were
 FTLN 0841 here. On, bacons, on! What, you knaves, young men
 FTLN 0842 must live. You are grandjurors, are you? We'll jure 95
 FTLN 0843 you, faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. They 「all」 exit.

Enter the Prince and Poins, 「disguised.」

FTLN 0844 PRINCE The thieves have bound the true men. Now
 FTLN 0845 could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to
 FTLN 0846 London, it would be argument for a week, laughter
 FTLN 0847 for a month, and a good jest forever. 100
 FTLN 0848 POINS Stand close, I hear them coming.

「They step aside.」

Enter the Thieves again.

FTLN 0849 FALSTAFF Come, my masters, let us share, and then to
 FTLN 0850 horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not
 FTLN 0851 two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring.
 FTLN 0852 There's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild 105
 FTLN 0853 duck.

*As they are sharing, the Prince
 and Poins set upon them.*

FTLN 0854 PRINCE Your money!
 FTLN 0855 POINS Villains!
*They all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two,
 runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

PRINCE

FTLN 0856 Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
 FTLN 0857 The thieves are all scattered, and possessed with 110
 FTLN 0858 fear
 FTLN 0859 So strongly that they dare not meet each other.
 FTLN 0860 Each takes his fellow for an officer.
 FTLN 0861 Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
 FTLN 0862 And lards the lean earth as he walks along. 115
 FTLN 0863 Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.
 FTLN 0864 POINS How the fat rogue roared!

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Hotspur alone, reading a letter.

FTLN 0865 「HOTSPUR」 *But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be*
 FTLN 0866 *well contented to be there, in respect of the love I*
 FTLN 0867 *bear your house. He could be contented; why is he*
 FTLN 0868 *not, then? In respect of the love he bears our*
 FTLN 0869 *house—he shows in this he loves his own barn 5*
 FTLN 0870 *better than he loves our house. Let me see some*
 FTLN 0871 *more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*
 FTLN 0872 *Why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold,*
 FTLN 0873 *to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out*
 FTLN 0874 *of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 10*
 FTLN 0875 *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends*
 FTLN 0876 *you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted,*
 FTLN 0877 *and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise*
 FTLN 0878 *of so great an opposition. Say you so, say you so?*
 FTLN 0879 *I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly 15*
 FTLN 0880 *hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By*

FTLN 0881 the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid,
 FTLN 0882 our friends true and constant—a good plot,
 FTLN 0883 good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent
 FTLN 0884 plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited 20
 FTLN 0885 rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends
 FTLN 0886 the plot and the general course of the action.
 FTLN 0887 Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain
 FTLN 0888 him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my
 FTLN 0889 uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my 25
 FTLN 0890 Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not
 FTLN 0891 besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to
 FTLN 0892 meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month,
 FTLN 0893 and are they not some of them set forward already?
 FTLN 0894 What a pagan rascal is this—an infidel! Ha, you 30
 FTLN 0895 shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold
 FTLN 0896 heart, will he to the King and lay open all our
 FTLN 0897 proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to
 FTLN 0898 buffets for moving such a dish of skim milk with so
 FTLN 0899 honorable an action! Hang him, let him tell the 35
 FTLN 0900 King. We are prepared. I will set forward tonight.

Enter his Lady.

FTLN 0901 How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two
 FTLN 0902 hours.

LADY PERCY

FTLN 0903 O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
 FTLN 0904 For what offense have I this fortnight been 40
 FTLN 0905 A banished woman from my Harry's bed?
 FTLN 0906 Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
 FTLN 0907 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 FTLN 0908 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth
 FTLN 0909 And start so often when thou sit'st alone? 45
 FTLN 0910 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks
 FTLN 0911 And given my treasures and my rights of thee
 FTLN 0912 To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
 FTLN 0913 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,

FTLN 0942	LADY PERCY	But hear you, my lord.	
FTLN 0943	HOTSPUR	What say'st thou, my lady?	
FTLN 0944	LADY PERCY	What is it carries you away?	80
FTLN 0945	HOTSPUR	Why, my horse, my love, my horse.	
FTLN 0946	LADY PERCY	Out, you mad-headed ape!	
FTLN 0947		A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen	
FTLN 0948		As you are tossed with. In faith,	
FTLN 0949		I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.	85
FTLN 0950		I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir	
FTLN 0951		About his title, and hath sent for you	
FTLN 0952		To line his enterprise; but if you go—	
	HOTSPUR		
FTLN 0953		So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.	
	LADY PERCY		
FTLN 0954		Come, come, you paraquito, answer me	90
FTLN 0955		Directly unto this question that I ask.	
FTLN 0956		In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,	
FTLN 0957		An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.	
FTLN 0958	HOTSPUR	Away!	
FTLN 0959		Away, you trifler. Love, I love thee not.	95
FTLN 0960		I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world	
FTLN 0961		To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips.	
FTLN 0962		We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,	
FTLN 0963		And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—	
FTLN 0964		What say'st thou, Kate? What wouldst thou have	100
FTLN 0965		with me?	
	LADY PERCY		
FTLN 0966		Do you not love me? Do you not indeed?	
FTLN 0967		Well, do not then, for since you love me not,	
FTLN 0968		I will not love myself. Do you not love me?	
FTLN 0969		Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.	105
FTLN 0970	HOTSPUR	Come, wilt thou see me ride?	
FTLN 0971		And when I am a-horseback I will swear	
FTLN 0972		I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,	
FTLN 0973		I must not have you henceforth question me	
FTLN 0974		Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.	110

FTLN 0975 Whither I must, I must; and to conclude
 FTLN 0976 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
 FTLN 0977 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
 FTLN 0978 Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are,
 FTLN 0979 But yet a woman; and for secrecy 115
 FTLN 0980 No lady closer, for I well believe
 FTLN 0981 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
 FTLN 0982 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
 FTLN 0983 LADY PERCY How? So far?
 HOTSPUR
 FTLN 0984 Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate, 120
 FTLN 0985 Whither I go, thither shall you go too.
 FTLN 0986 Today will I set forth, tomorrow you.
 FTLN 0987 Will this content you, Kate?
 FTLN 0988 LADY PERCY It must, of force.
They exit.

「Scene 4」

Enter Prince and Poins.

FTLN 0989 PRINCE Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room and
 FTLN 0990 lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
 FTLN 0991 POINS Where hast been, Hal?
 FTLN 0992 PRINCE With three or four loggerheads amongst three
 FTLN 0993 or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very 5
 FTLN 0994 bass string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother
 FTLN 0995 to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their
 FTLN 0996 Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They
 FTLN 0997 take it already upon their salvation that though I be
 FTLN 0998 but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, 10
 FTLN 0999 and tell me flatly I am no proud jack, like Falstaff,
 FTLN 1000 but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy—by
 FTLN 1001 the Lord, so they call me—and when I am king of
 FTLN 1002 England, I shall command all the good lads in
 FTLN 1003 Eastcheap. They call drinking deep “dyeing scarlet,” 15

FTLN 1004	and when you breathe in your watering, they	
FTLN 1005	cry “Hem!” and bid you “Play it off!” To conclude, I	
FTLN 1006	am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour	
FTLN 1007	that I can drink with any tinker in his own language	
FTLN 1008	during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much	20
FTLN 1009	honor that thou wert not with me in this action; but,	
FTLN 1010	sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give	
FTLN 1011	thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now	
FTLN 1012	into my hand by an undersinker, one that never	
FTLN 1013	spake other English in his life than “Eight shillings	25
FTLN 1014	and sixpence,” and “You are welcome,” with this	
FTLN 1015	shrill addition, “Anon, anon, sir.—Score a pint of	
FTLN 1016	bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to	
FTLN 1017	drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do	
FTLN 1018	thou stand in some by-room while I question my	30
FTLN 1019	puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and	
FTLN 1020	do thou never leave calling “Francis,” that his tale	
FTLN 1021	to me may be nothing but “Anon.” Step aside, and	
FTLN 1022	I’ll show thee a <i>precedent.</i> <i>Poins exits.</i>	
FTLN 1023	POINS, <i>within</i> Francis!	35
FTLN 1024	PRINCE Thou art perfect.	
FTLN 1025	<i>POINS, within</i> Francis!	

Enter Francis, the Drawer.

FTLN 1026	FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgarnet,	
FTLN 1027	Ralph.	
FTLN 1028	PRINCE Come hither, Francis.	40
FTLN 1029	FRANCIS My lord?	
FTLN 1030	PRINCE How long hast thou to serve, Francis?	
FTLN 1031	FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—	
FTLN 1032	POINS, <i>within</i> Francis!	
FTLN 1033	FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.	45
FTLN 1034	PRINCE Five year! By ’r Lady, a long lease for the	
FTLN 1035	clinking of pewter! But, Francis, darest thou be	
FTLN 1036	so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture,	
FTLN 1037	and show it a fair pair of heels, and run	
FTLN 1038	from it?	50

FTLN 1039 FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books
 FTLN 1040 in England, I could find in my heart—
 FTLN 1041 POINS, 「within」 Francis!
 FTLN 1042 FRANCIS Anon, sir.
 FTLN 1043 PRINCE How old art thou, Francis? 55
 FTLN 1044 FRANCIS Let me see. About Michaelmas next, I shall
 FTLN 1045 be—
 FTLN 1046 POINS, 「within」 Francis!
 FTLN 1047 FRANCIS Anon, sir.—Pray, stay a little, my lord.
 FTLN 1048 PRINCE Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the sugar thou 60
 FTLN 1049 gavest me—'twas a pennyworth, was 't not?
 FTLN 1050 FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!
 FTLN 1051 PRINCE I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask
 FTLN 1052 me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
 FTLN 1053 POINS, 「within」 Francis! 65
 FTLN 1054 FRANCIS Anon, anon.
 FTLN 1055 PRINCE Anon, Francis? No, Francis. But tomorrow,
 FTLN 1056 Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis,
 FTLN 1057 when thou wilt. But, Francis—
 FTLN 1058 FRANCIS My lord? 70
 FTLN 1059 PRINCE Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button,
 FTLN 1060 not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter,
 FTLN 1061 smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—
 FTLN 1062 FRANCIS O Lord, sir, who do you mean?
 FTLN 1063 PRINCE Why then, your brown bastard is your only 75
 FTLN 1064 drink, for look you, Francis, your white canvas
 FTLN 1065 doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to
 FTLN 1066 so much.
 FTLN 1067 FRANCIS What, sir?
 FTLN 1068 POINS, 「within」 Francis! 80
 FTLN 1069 PRINCE Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them
 FTLN 1070 call?

*Here they both call him. The Drawer stands amazed,
 not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

FTLN 1071 VINTNER What, stand'st thou still and hear'st such a
 FTLN 1072 calling? Look to the guests within. *Francis exits.*
 FTLN 1073 My lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more are at 85
 FTLN 1074 the door. Shall I let them in?
 FTLN 1075 PRINCE Let them alone awhile, and then open the
 FTLN 1076 door. *Vintner exits.* Poins!

Enter Poins.

FTLN 1077 POINS Anon, anon, sir.
 FTLN 1078 PRINCE Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are 90
 FTLN 1079 at the door. Shall we be merry?
 FTLN 1080 POINS As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark you,
 FTLN 1081 what cunning match have you made with this jest
 FTLN 1082 of the drawer. Come, what's the issue?
 FTLN 1083 PRINCE I am now of all humors that have showed 95
 FTLN 1084 themselves humors since the old days of Goodman
 FTLN 1085 Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve
 FTLN 1086 o'clock at midnight.

Francis exits, in haste.

FTLN 1087 What's o'clock, Francis?
 FTLN 1088 FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir. *Francis exits.* 100
 FTLN 1089 PRINCE That ever this fellow should have fewer words
 FTLN 1090 than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His
 FTLN 1091 industry is upstairs and downstairs, his eloquence
 FTLN 1092 the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's
 FTLN 1093 mind, the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me 105
 FTLN 1094 some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast,
 FTLN 1095 washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon
 FTLN 1096 this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry,"
 FTLN 1097 says she, "how many hast thou killed today?"
 FTLN 1098 "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers 110
 FTLN 1099 "Some fourteen," an hour after. "A trifle, a
 FTLN 1100 trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff. I'll play Percy,
 FTLN 1101 and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer
 FTLN 1102 his wife. *Rivo!* says the drunkard. Call in
 FTLN 1103 Ribs, call in Tallow. 115

*Enter Falstaff, 「Gadshill, Peto, Bardolph;
and Francis, with wine.」*

FTLN 1104	POINS	Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?	
FTLN 1105	FALSTAFF	A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance	
FTLN 1106		too! Marry and amen!—Give me a cup of	
FTLN 1107		sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks	
FTLN 1108		and mend them, and foot them too. A plague	120
FTLN 1109		of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue!—Is	
FTLN 1110		there no virtue extant? <i>He drinketh.</i>	
FTLN 1111	PRINCE	Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of	
FTLN 1112		butter—pitiful-hearted Titan!—that melted at the	
FTLN 1113		sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold	125
FTLN 1114		that compound.	
FTLN 1115	FALSTAFF, 「to Francis」	You rogue, here's lime in this	
FTLN 1116		sack too.—There is nothing but roguery to be	
FTLN 1117		found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse than	
FTLN 1118		a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go	130
FTLN 1119		thy ways, old Jack. Die when thou wilt. If manhood,	
FTLN 1120		good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the	
FTLN 1121		Earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not	
FTLN 1122		three good men unhanged in England, and one of	
FTLN 1123		them is fat and grows old, God help the while. A bad	135
FTLN 1124		world, I say. I would I were a weaver. I could sing	
FTLN 1125		psalms, or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say	
FTLN 1126		still.	
FTLN 1127	PRINCE	How now, woolsack, what mutter you?	
FTLN 1128	FALSTAFF	A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy	140
FTLN 1129		kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy	
FTLN 1130		subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll	
FTLN 1131		never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of	
FTLN 1132		Wales!	
FTLN 1133	PRINCE	Why, you whoreson round man, what's the	145
FTLN 1134		matter?	
FTLN 1135	FALSTAFF	Are not you a coward? Answer me to that—	
FTLN 1136		and Poinc there?	

FTLN 1137	POINS	Zounds, you fat paunch, an you call me coward,	
FTLN 1138		by the Lord, I'll stab thee.	150
FTLN 1139	FALSTAFF	I call thee coward? I'll see thee damned ere	
FTLN 1140		I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand	
FTLN 1141		pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are	
FTLN 1142		straight enough in the shoulders you care not who	
FTLN 1143		sees your back. Call you that backing of your	155
FTLN 1144		friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them	
FTLN 1145		that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack.—I am a	
FTLN 1146		rogue if I drunk today.	
FTLN 1147	PRINCE	O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou	
FTLN 1148		drunk'st last.	160
FTLN 1149	FALSTAFF	All is one for that. (<i>He drinketh.</i>) A plague of	
FTLN 1150		all cowards, still say I.	
FTLN 1151	PRINCE	What's the matter?	
FTLN 1152	FALSTAFF	What's the matter? There be four of us here	
FTLN 1153		have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.	165
FTLN 1154	PRINCE	Where is it, Jack, where is it?	
FTLN 1155	FALSTAFF	Where is it? Taken from us it is. A hundred	
FTLN 1156		upon poor four of us.	
FTLN 1157	PRINCE	What, a hundred, man?	
FTLN 1158	FALSTAFF	I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword	170
FTLN 1159		with a dozen of them two hours together. I have	
FTLN 1160		'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through	
FTLN 1161		the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler	
FTLN 1162		cut through and through, my sword hacked like	
FTLN 1163		a handsaw. <i>Ecce signum!</i> I never dealt better since	175
FTLN 1164		I was a man. All would not do. A plague of	
FTLN 1165		all cowards! Let them speak. <i>[Pointing to Gadshill,</i>	
FTLN 1166		<i>Bardolph, and Peto.]</i> If they speak more or	
FTLN 1167		less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of	
FTLN 1168		darkness.	180
FTLN 1169	<i>[PRINCE]</i>	Speak, sirs, how was it?	
FTLN 1170	<i>[BARDOLPH]</i>	We four set upon some dozen.	
FTLN 1171	FALSTAFF	Sixteen at least, my lord.	
FTLN 1172	<i>[BARDOLPH]</i>	And bound them.	

FTLN 1173	PETO	No, no, they were not bound.	185
FTLN 1174	FALSTAFF	You rogue, they were bound, every man of	
FTLN 1175		them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.	
FTLN 1176	「BARDOLPH」	As we were sharing, some six or seven	
FTLN 1177		fresh men set upon us.	
FTLN 1178	FALSTAFF	And unbound the rest, and then come in the	190
FTLN 1179		other.	
FTLN 1180	PRINCE	What, fought you with them all?	
FTLN 1181	FALSTAFF	All? I know not what you call all, but if I	
FTLN 1182		fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of	
FTLN 1183		radish. If there were not two- or three-and-fifty	195
FTLN 1184		upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged	
FTLN 1185		creature.	
FTLN 1186	PRINCE	Pray God you have not murdered some of	
FTLN 1187		them.	
FTLN 1188	FALSTAFF	Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered	200
FTLN 1189		two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues	
FTLN 1190		in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a	
FTLN 1191		lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my	
FTLN 1192		old ward. Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four	
FTLN 1193		rogues in buckram let drive at me.	205
FTLN 1194	PRINCE	What, four? Thou said'st but two even now.	
FTLN 1195	FALSTAFF	Four, Hal, I told thee four.	
FTLN 1196	POINS	Ay, ay, he said four.	
FTLN 1197	FALSTAFF	These four came all afront, and mainly	
FTLN 1198		thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all	210
FTLN 1199		their seven points in my target, thus.	
FTLN 1200	PRINCE	Seven? Why there were but four even now.	
FTLN 1201	FALSTAFF	In buckram?	
FTLN 1202	POINS	Ay, four in buckram suits.	
FTLN 1203	FALSTAFF	Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else.	215
FTLN 1204	PRINCE, 「to Poins」	Prithee, let him alone. We shall have	
FTLN 1205		more anon.	
FTLN 1206	FALSTAFF	Dost thou hear me, Hal?	
FTLN 1207	PRINCE	Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.	

FTLN 1208	FALSTAFF	Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These	220
FTLN 1209		nine in buckram that I told thee of—	
FTLN 1210	PRINCE	So, two more already.	
FTLN 1211	FALSTAFF	Their points being broken—	
FTLN 1212	POINS	Down fell their hose.	
FTLN 1213	FALSTAFF	Began to give me ground, but I followed me	225
FTLN 1214		close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought,	
FTLN 1215		seven of the eleven I paid.	
FTLN 1216	PRINCE	O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out	
FTLN 1217		of two!	
FTLN 1218	FALSTAFF	But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten	230
FTLN 1219		knaves in Kendal green came at my back,	
FTLN 1220		and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, that thou	
FTLN 1221		couldst not see thy hand.	
FTLN 1222	PRINCE	These lies are like their father that begets	
FTLN 1223		them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,	235
FTLN 1224		thou claybrained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou	
FTLN 1225		whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch—	
FTLN 1226	FALSTAFF	What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not	
FTLN 1227		the truth the truth?	
FTLN 1228	PRINCE	Why, how couldst thou know these men in	240
FTLN 1229		Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not	
FTLN 1230		see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest	
FTLN 1231		thou to this?	
FTLN 1232	POINS	Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.	
FTLN 1233	FALSTAFF	What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were	245
FTLN 1234		at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I	
FTLN 1235		would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a	
FTLN 1236		reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plentiful	
FTLN 1237		as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon	
FTLN 1238		compulsion, I.	250
FTLN 1239	PRINCE	I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine	
FTLN 1240		coward, this bed-presser, this horse-backbreaker,	
FTLN 1241		this huge hill of flesh—	
FTLN 1242	FALSTAFF	'Sblood, you starveling, you elfskin, you	
FTLN 1243		dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish!	255

FTLN 1244	O, for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor's	
FTLN 1245	yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing	
FTLN 1246	tuck—	
FTLN 1247	PRINCE Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again, and	
FTLN 1248	when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons,	260
FTLN 1249	hear me speak but this.	
FTLN 1250	POINS Mark, Jack.	
FTLN 1251	PRINCE We two saw you four set on four, and bound	
FTLN 1252	them and were masters of their wealth. Mark now	
FTLN 1253	how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we	265
FTLN 1254	two set on you four and, with a word, outfaced you	
FTLN 1255	from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it	
FTLN 1256	you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried	
FTLN 1257	your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity,	
FTLN 1258	and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as	270
FTLN 1259	ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack	
FTLN 1260	thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in	
FTLN 1261	fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole	
FTLN 1262	canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open	
FTLN 1263	and apparent shame?	275
FTLN 1264	POINS Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou	
FTLN 1265	now?	
FTLN 1266	FALSTAFF By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that	
FTLN 1267	made you. Why, hear you, my masters, was it for	
FTLN 1268	me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the	280
FTLN 1269	true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as	
FTLN 1270	Hercules, but beware instinct. The lion will not	
FTLN 1271	touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter.	
FTLN 1272	I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think	
FTLN 1273	the better of myself, and thee, during my life—	285
FTLN 1274	I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.	
FTLN 1275	But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the	
FTLN 1276	money.—Hostess, clap to the doors.—Watch tonight,	
FTLN 1277	pray tomorrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts	
FTLN 1278	of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to	290
FTLN 1279	you. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play	
FTLN 1280	extempore?	

FTLN 1281 PRINCE Content, and the argument shall be thy running
 FTLN 1282 away.
 FTLN 1283 FALSTAFF Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me. 295

Enter Hostess.

FTLN 1284 HOSTESS O Jesu, my lord the Prince—
 FTLN 1285 PRINCE How now, my lady the hostess, what sayst thou
 FTLN 1286 to me?
 FTLN 1287 HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the
 FTLN 1288 court at door would speak with you. He says he 300
 FTLN 1289 comes from your father.
 FTLN 1290 PRINCE Give him as much as will make him a royal
 FTLN 1291 man and send him back again to my mother.
 FTLN 1292 FALSTAFF What manner of man is he?
 FTLN 1293 HOSTESS An old man. 305
 FTLN 1294 FALSTAFF What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight?
 FTLN 1295 Shall I give him his answer?
 FTLN 1296 PRINCE Prithee do, Jack.
 FTLN 1297 FALSTAFF Faith, and I'll send him packing. *He exits.*
 FTLN 1298 PRINCE Now, sirs. 「*To Gadshill.*」 By 'r Lady, you fought 310
 FTLN 1299 fair.—So did you, Peto.—So did you, Bardolph.—
 FTLN 1300 You are lions too. You ran away upon instinct. You
 FTLN 1301 will not touch the true prince. No, fie!
 FTLN 1302 BARDOLPH Faith, I ran when I saw others run.
 FTLN 1303 PRINCE Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's 315
 FTLN 1304 sword so hacked?
 FTLN 1305 PETO Why, he hacked it with his dagger and said he
 FTLN 1306 would swear truth out of England but he would
 FTLN 1307 make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded
 FTLN 1308 us to do the like. 320
 FTLN 1309 BARDOLPH Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass
 FTLN 1310 to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our
 FTLN 1311 garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true
 FTLN 1312 men. I did that I did not this seven year before: I
 FTLN 1313 blushed to hear his monstrous devices. 325
 FTLN 1314 PRINCE O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen

FTLN 1315 years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever
 FTLN 1316 since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire
 FTLN 1317 and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away.
 FTLN 1318 What instinct hadst thou for it? 330
 FTLN 1319 BARDOLPH My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you
 FTLN 1320 behold these exhalations?
 FTLN 1321 PRINCE I do.
 FTLN 1322 BARDOLPH What think you they portend?
 FTLN 1323 PRINCE Hot livers and cold purses. 335
 FTLN 1324 BARDOLPH Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.
 FTLN 1325 PRINCE No. If rightly taken, halter.

Enter Falstaff.

FTLN 1326 Here comes lean Jack. Here comes bare-bone.—
 FTLN 1327 How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long
 FTLN 1328 is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? 340
 FTLN 1329 FALSTAFF My own knee? When I was about thy years,
 FTLN 1330 Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist. I could
 FTLN 1331 have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A
 FTLN 1332 plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a
 FTLN 1333 bladder. There's villainous news abroad. Here was 345
 FTLN 1334 Sir John Bracy from your father. You must to the
 FTLN 1335 court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the
 FTLN 1336 north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon the
 FTLN 1337 bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore
 FTLN 1338 the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a 350
 FTLN 1339 Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?
 FTLN 1340 POINS 「Owen」 Glendower.
 FTLN 1341 FALSTAFF Owen, Owen, the same, and his son-in-law
 FTLN 1342 Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that
 FTLN 1343 sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a-horseback 355
 FTLN 1344 up a hill perpendicular—
 FTLN 1345 PRINCE He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol
 FTLN 1346 kills a sparrow flying.
 FTLN 1347 FALSTAFF You have hit it.
 FTLN 1348 PRINCE So did he never the sparrow. 360

FTLN 1349 FALSTAFF Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him. He
FTLN 1350 will not run.

FTLN 1351 PRINCE Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him
FTLN 1352 so for running?

FTLN 1353 FALSTAFF A-horseback, you cuckoo, but afoot he will 365
FTLN 1354 not budge a foot.

FTLN 1355 PRINCE Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FTLN 1356 FALSTAFF I grant you, upon instinct. Well, he is there
FTLN 1357 too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps
FTLN 1358 more. Worcester is stolen away tonight. Thy father's 370
FTLN 1359 beard is turned white with the news. You may buy
FTLN 1360 land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FTLN 1361 PRINCE Why then, it is like if there come a hot June,
FTLN 1362 and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads
FTLN 1363 as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds. 375

FTLN 1364 FALSTAFF By the Mass, thou sayest true. It is like we
FTLN 1365 shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal,
FTLN 1366 art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir
FTLN 1367 apparent, could the world pick thee out three such
FTLN 1368 enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit 380
FTLN 1369 Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not
FTLN 1370 horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

FTLN 1371 PRINCE Not a whit, i' faith. I lack some of thy instinct.

FTLN 1372 FALSTAFF Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow
FTLN 1373 when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, 385
FTLN 1374 practice an answer.

FTLN 1375 PRINCE Do thou stand for my father and examine me
FTLN 1376 upon the particulars of my life.

FTLN 1377 FALSTAFF Shall I? Content. *He sits down.* This chair
FTLN 1378 shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this 390
FTLN 1379 cushion my crown.

FTLN 1380 PRINCE Thy state is taken for a joined stool, thy golden
FTLN 1381 scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich
FTLN 1382 crown for a pitiful bald crown.

FTLN 1383 FALSTAFF Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of 395
FTLN 1384 thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of

FTLN 1385	sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be	
FTLN 1386	thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion,	
FTLN 1387	and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.	
FTLN 1388	PRINCE, <i>bowing</i> Well, here is my leg.	400
FTLN 1389	FALSTAFF And here is my speech. <i>As King.</i> Stand	
FTLN 1390	aside, nobility.	
FTLN 1391	HOSTESS O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!	
	FALSTAFF, <i>as King</i>	
FTLN 1392	Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.	
FTLN 1393	HOSTESS O the Father, how he holds his countenance!	405
	FALSTAFF, <i>as King</i>	
FTLN 1394	For God's sake, lords, convey my <i>tristful</i> queen,	
FTLN 1395	For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.	
FTLN 1396	HOSTESS O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry	
FTLN 1397	players as ever I see.	
FTLN 1398	FALSTAFF Peace, good pint-pot. Peace, good tickle-brain.—	410
FTLN 1399	<i>As King.</i> Harry, I do not only marvel	
FTLN 1400	where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou	
FTLN 1401	art accompanied. For though the camomile, the	
FTLN 1402	more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, so youth,	
FTLN 1403	the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That	415
FTLN 1404	thou art my son I have partly thy mother's word,	
FTLN 1405	partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous	
FTLN 1406	trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy	
FTLN 1407	nether lip that doth warrant me. If then thou be	
FTLN 1408	son to me, here lies the point: why, being son to	420
FTLN 1409	me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of	
FTLN 1410	heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A	
FTLN 1411	question not to be asked. Shall the son of England	
FTLN 1412	prove a thief and take purses? A question to be	
FTLN 1413	asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast	425
FTLN 1414	often heard of, and it is known to many in our land	
FTLN 1415	by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers	
FTLN 1416	do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou	
FTLN 1417	keepest. For, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in	
FTLN 1418	drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion;	430

FTLN 1419 not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is
 FTLN 1420 a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy
 FTLN 1421 company, but I know not his name.

FTLN 1422 PRINCE What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

FTLN 1423 FALSTAFF, *「as King」* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a 435
 FTLN 1424 corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a
 FTLN 1425 most noble carriage, and, as I think, his age some
 FTLN 1426 fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now
 FTLN 1427 I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man
 FTLN 1428 should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, 440
 FTLN 1429 I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be
 FTLN 1430 known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then
 FTLN 1431 peremptorily I speak it: there is virtue in that
 FTLN 1432 Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me
 FTLN 1433 now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou 445
 FTLN 1434 been this month?

FTLN 1435 PRINCE Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for
 FTLN 1436 me, and I'll play my father.

FTLN 1437 FALSTAFF, *「rising」* Depose me? If thou dost it half so
 FTLN 1438 gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, 450
 FTLN 1439 hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a
 FTLN 1440 poulter's hare.

FTLN 1441 PRINCE, *「sitting down」* Well, here I am set.

FTLN 1442 FALSTAFF And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

FTLN 1443 PRINCE, *「as King」* Now, Harry, whence come you? 455

FTLN 1444 FALSTAFF, *「as Prince」* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

FTLN 1445 PRINCE, *「as King」* The complaints I hear of thee are
 FTLN 1446 grievous.

FTLN 1447 FALSTAFF, *「as Prince」* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.
 FTLN 1448 —Nay, I'll tickle you for a young prince, i' faith. 460

FTLN 1449 PRINCE, *「as King」* Swearest thou? Ungracious boy,
 FTLN 1450 henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently
 FTLN 1451 carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts
 FTLN 1452 thee in the likeness of an old fat man. A tun of man
 FTLN 1453 is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that 465
 FTLN 1454 trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness,

FTLN 1455 that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard
 FTLN 1456 of sack, that stuffed cloakbag of guts, that roasted
 FTLN 1457 Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that
 FTLN 1458 reverend Vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, 470
 FTLN 1459 that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste
 FTLN 1460 sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly but to
 FTLN 1461 carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning but in
 FTLN 1462 craft? Wherein crafty but in villainy? Wherein villainous
 FTLN 1463 but in all things? Wherein worthy but in 475
 FTLN 1464 nothing?
 FTLN 1465 FALSTAFF, *as Prince* I would your Grace would take
 FTLN 1466 me with you. Whom means your Grace?
 FTLN 1467 PRINCE, *as King* That villainous abominable misleader
 FTLN 1468 of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan. 480
 FTLN 1469 FALSTAFF, *as Prince* My lord, the man I know.
 FTLN 1470 PRINCE, *as King* I know thou dost.
 FTLN 1471 FALSTAFF, *as Prince* But to say I know more harm in
 FTLN 1472 him than in myself were to say more than I know.
 FTLN 1473 That he is old, the more the pity; his white hairs do 485
 FTLN 1474 witness it. But that he is, saving your reverence, a
 FTLN 1475 whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar
 FTLN 1476 be a fault, God help the wicked. If to be old and
 FTLN 1477 merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is
 FTLN 1478 damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's 490
 FTLN 1479 *lean* kine are to be loved. No, my good lord,
 FTLN 1480 banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for
 FTLN 1481 sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack
 FTLN 1482 Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more
 FTLN 1483 valiant being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not 495
 FTLN 1484 him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy
 FTLN 1485 Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish
 FTLN 1486 all the world.
 FTLN 1487 PRINCE I do, I will.
*A loud knocking, and Bardolph, Hostess, and
 Francis exit.*

Enter Bardolph running.

FTLN 1488 BARDOLPH O my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a most 500
FTLN 1489 monstrous watch is at the door.
FTLN 1490 FALSTAFF Out, you rogue.—Play out the play. I have
FTLN 1491 much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hostess.

FTLN 1492 HOSTESS O Jesu, my lord, my lord—
FTLN 1493 PRINCE Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. 505
FTLN 1494 What's the matter?
FTLN 1495 HOSTESS The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door.
FTLN 1496 They are come to search the house. Shall I let them
FTLN 1497 in?
FTLN 1498 FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece 510
FTLN 1499 of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially made
FTLN 1500 without seeming so.
FTLN 1501 PRINCE And thou a natural coward without instinct.
FTLN 1502 FALSTAFF I deny your major. If you will deny the
FTLN 1503 Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a 515
FTLN 1504 cart as well as another man, a plague on my
FTLN 1505 bringing up. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with
FTLN 1506 a halter as another.
FTLN 1507 PRINCE, *standing* Go hide thee behind the arras. The
FTLN 1508 rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true 520
FTLN 1509 face and good conscience.
FTLN 1510 FALSTAFF Both which I have had, but their date is out;
FTLN 1511 and therefore I'll hide me. *He hides.*
FTLN 1512 PRINCE Call in the Sheriff.
All but the Prince and Peto exit.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

PRINCE
FTLN 1513 Now, Master Sheriff, what is your will with me? 525
SHERIFF
FTLN 1514 First pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
FTLN 1515 Hath followed certain men unto this house.

FTLN 1516	PRINCE	What men?	
	SHERIFF		
FTLN 1517		One of them is well known, my gracious lord.	
FTLN 1518		A gross fat man.	530
FTLN 1519	CARRIER	As fat as butter.	
	PRINCE		
FTLN 1520		The man I do assure you is not here,	
FTLN 1521		For I myself at this time have employed him.	
FTLN 1522		And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee	
FTLN 1523		That I will by tomorrow dinner time	535
FTLN 1524		Send him to answer thee or any man	
FTLN 1525		For anything he shall be charged withal.	
FTLN 1526		And so let me entreat you leave the house.	
	SHERIFF		
FTLN 1527		I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen	
FTLN 1528		Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.	540
	PRINCE		
FTLN 1529		It may be so. If he have robbed these men,	
FTLN 1530		He shall be answerable; and so farewell.	
FTLN 1531	SHERIFF	Good night, my noble lord.	
	PRINCE		
FTLN 1532		I think it is good morrow, is it not?	
	SHERIFF		
FTLN 1533		Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.	545
		<i>He exits</i> 「with the Carrier.」	
FTLN 1534	PRINCE	This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go	
FTLN 1535		call him forth.	
FTLN 1536	PETO	Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and	
FTLN 1537		snorting like a horse.	
FTLN 1538	PRINCE	Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his	550
FTLN 1539		pockets. (<i>He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certain</i>	
FTLN 1540		<i>papers.</i>) What hast thou found?	
FTLN 1541	PETO	Nothing but papers, my lord.	
FTLN 1542	PRINCE	Let's see what they be. Read them.	
		「PETO reads」	
FTLN 1543		<i>Item, a capon, ...2s. 2d.</i>	555

FTLN 1544 *Item, sauce, ...4d.*
 FTLN 1545 *Item, sack, two gallons, ...5s. 8d.*
 FTLN 1546 *Item, anchovies and sack after supper, ...2s. 6d.*
 FTLN 1547 *Item, bread, ...ob.*
 FTLN 1548 「PRINCE」 O monstrous! But one halfpennyworth of 560
 FTLN 1549 bread to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is
 FTLN 1550 else, keep close. We'll read it at more advantage.
 FTLN 1551 There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the
 FTLN 1552 morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place
 FTLN 1553 shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a 565
 FTLN 1554 charge of foot, and I know his death will be a march
 FTLN 1555 of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again
 FTLN 1556 with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning,
 FTLN 1557 and so good morrow, Peto.
 FTLN 1558 PETO Good morrow, good my lord. 570

They exit.

FTLN 1577	At the same season if your mother's cat	
FTLN 1578	Had but kittened, though yourself had never been	20
FTLN 1579	born.	
	GLENDOWER	
FTLN 1580	I say the Earth did shake when I was born.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 1581	And I say the Earth was not of my mind,	
FTLN 1582	If you suppose as fearing you it shook.	
	GLENDOWER	
FTLN 1583	The heavens were all on fire; the Earth did tremble.	25
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 1584	O, then the Earth shook to see the heavens on fire,	
FTLN 1585	And not in fear of your nativity.	
FTLN 1586	Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth	
FTLN 1587	In strange eruptions; oft the teeming Earth	
FTLN 1588	Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed	30
FTLN 1589	By the imprisoning of unruly wind	
FTLN 1590	Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,	
FTLN 1591	Shakes the old beldam Earth and topples down	
FTLN 1592	Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth	
FTLN 1593	Our grandam Earth, having this distemp'rature,	35
FTLN 1594	In passion shook.	
FTLN 1595	GLENDOWER Cousin, of many men	
FTLN 1596	I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave	
FTLN 1597	To tell you once again that at my birth	
FTLN 1598	The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,	40
FTLN 1599	The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds	
FTLN 1600	Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.	
FTLN 1601	These signs have marked me extraordinary,	
FTLN 1602	And all the courses of my life do show	
FTLN 1603	I am not in the roll of common men.	45
FTLN 1604	Where is he living, clipped in with the sea	
FTLN 1605	That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,	
FTLN 1606	Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?	
FTLN 1607	And bring him out that is but woman's son	
FTLN 1608	Can trace me in the tedious ways of art	50
FTLN 1609	And hold me pace in deep experiments.	

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1610 I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.

FTLN 1611 I'll to dinner.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1612 Peace, cousin Percy. You will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1613 I can call spirits from the vasty deep. 55

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1614 Why, so can I, or so can any man,

FTLN 1615 But will they come when you do call for them?

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1616 Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the
FTLN 1617 devil.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1618 And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil 60

FTLN 1619 By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the devil.

FTLN 1620 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

FTLN 1621 And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him

FTLN 1622 hence.

FTLN 1623 O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil! 65

MORTIMER

FTLN 1624 Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1625 Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

FTLN 1626 Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye

FTLN 1627 And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him

FTLN 1628 Bootless home and weather-beaten back. 70

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1629 Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

FTLN 1630 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1631 Come, here is the map. Shall we divide our right

FTLN 1632 According to our threefold order ta'en?

MORTIMER

FTLN 1633 The Archdeacon hath divided it 75

FTLN 1634 Into three limits very equally:

FTLN 1635 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 FTLN 1636 By south and east is to my part assigned;
 FTLN 1637 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 FTLN 1638 And all the fertile land within that bound 80
 FTLN 1639 To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
 FTLN 1640 The remnant northward lying off from Trent.
 FTLN 1641 And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
 FTLN 1642 Which being sealèd interchangeably—
 FTLN 1643 A business that this night may execute— 85
 FTLN 1644 Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I
 FTLN 1645 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
 FTLN 1646 To meet your father and the Scottish power,
 FTLN 1647 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 FTLN 1648 My father Glendower is not ready yet, 90
 FTLN 1649 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
 FTLN 1650 *['To Glendower.']* Within that space you may have
 FTLN 1651 drawn together
 FTLN 1652 Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.
 GLENDOWER
 FTLN 1653 A shorter time shall send me to you, lords, 95
 FTLN 1654 And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
 FTLN 1655 From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
 FTLN 1656 For there will be a world of water shed
 FTLN 1657 Upon the parting of your wives and you.
 HOTSPUR, *['looking at the map']*
 FTLN 1658 Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here, 100
 FTLN 1659 In quantity equals not one of yours.
 FTLN 1660 See how this river comes me cranking in
 FTLN 1661 And cuts me from the best of all my land
 FTLN 1662 A huge half-moon, a monstrous *['candle']* out.
 FTLN 1663 I'll have the current in this place dammed up, 105
 FTLN 1664 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
 FTLN 1665 In a new channel, fair and evenly.
 FTLN 1666 It shall not wind with such a deep indent
 FTLN 1667 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

	GLENDOWER	
FTLN 1668	Not wind? It shall, it must. You see it doth.	110
	MORTIMER, <i>「to Hotspur」</i>	
FTLN 1669	Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs	
FTLN 1670	me up	
FTLN 1671	With like advantage on the other side,	
FTLN 1672	Gelding the opposèd continent as much	
FTLN 1673	As on the other side it takes from you.	115
	WORCESTER	
FTLN 1674	Yea, but a little charge will trench him here	
FTLN 1675	And on this north side win this cape of land,	
FTLN 1676	And then he runs straight and even.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 1677	I'll have it so. A little charge will do it.	
FTLN 1678	GLENDOWER I'll not have it altered.	120
FTLN 1679	HOTSPUR Will not you?	
FTLN 1680	GLENDOWER No, nor you shall not.	
FTLN 1681	HOTSPUR Who shall say me nay?	
FTLN 1682	GLENDOWER Why, that will I.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 1683	Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.	125
	GLENDOWER	
FTLN 1684	I can speak English, lord, as well as you,	
FTLN 1685	For I was trained up in the English court,	
FTLN 1686	Where being but young I framèd to the harp	
FTLN 1687	Many an English ditty lovely well	
FTLN 1688	And gave the tongue a helpful ornament—	130
FTLN 1689	A virtue that was never seen in you.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 1690	Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.	
FTLN 1691	I had rather be a kitten and cry “mew”	
FTLN 1692	Than one of these same <i>「meter」</i> balladmongers.	
FTLN 1693	I had rather hear a brazen can'stick turned,	135
FTLN 1694	Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,	
FTLN 1695	And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,	
FTLN 1696	Nothing so much as mincing poetry.	
FTLN 1697	'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.	

FTLN 1698	GLENDOWER	Come, you shall have Trent turned.	140
	HOTSPUR		
FTLN 1699		I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land	
FTLN 1700		To any well-deserving friend;	
FTLN 1701		But in the way of bargain, mark you me,	
FTLN 1702		I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.	
FTLN 1703		Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?	145
	GLENDOWER		
FTLN 1704		The moon shines fair. You may away by night.	
FTLN 1705		I'll haste the writer, and withal	
FTLN 1706		Break with your wives of your departure hence.	
FTLN 1707		I am afraid my daughter will run mad,	
FTLN 1708		So much she doteth on her Mortimer.	<i>He exits.</i> 150
	MORTIMER		
FTLN 1709		Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!	
	HOTSPUR		
FTLN 1710		I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me	
FTLN 1711		With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,	
FTLN 1712		Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,	
FTLN 1713		And of a dragon and a finless fish,	155
FTLN 1714		A clip-winged griffin and a moulten raven,	
FTLN 1715		A couching lion and a ramping cat,	
FTLN 1716		And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff	
FTLN 1717		As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—	
FTLN 1718		He held me last night at least nine hours	160
FTLN 1719		In reckoning up the several devils' names	
FTLN 1720		That were his lackeys. I cried "Hum," and "Well, go	
FTLN 1721		to,"	
FTLN 1722		But marked him not a word. O, he is as tedious	
FTLN 1723		As a tired horse, a railing wife,	165
FTLN 1724		Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live	
FTLN 1725		With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,	
FTLN 1726		Than feed on cates and have him talk to me	
FTLN 1727		In any summer house in Christendom.	
	MORTIMER		
FTLN 1728		In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,	170

FTLN 1729 Exceedingly well read and profited
 FTLN 1730 In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
 FTLN 1731 And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
 FTLN 1732 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 FTLN 1733 He holds your temper in a high respect 175
 FTLN 1734 And curbs himself even of his natural scope
 FTLN 1735 When you come cross his humor. Faith, he does.
 FTLN 1736 I warrant you that man is not alive
 FTLN 1737 Might so have tempted him as you have done
 FTLN 1738 Without the taste of danger and reproof. 180
 FTLN 1739 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WORCESTER, 「*to Hotspur*」

FTLN 1740 In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame,
 FTLN 1741 And, since your coming hither, have done enough
 FTLN 1742 To put him quite besides his patience.
 FTLN 1743 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault. 185
 FTLN 1744 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
 FTLN 1745 blood—
 FTLN 1746 And that's the dearest grace it renders you—
 FTLN 1747 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 FTLN 1748 Defect of manners, want of government, 190
 FTLN 1749 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain,
 FTLN 1750 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 FTLN 1751 Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
 FTLN 1752 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 FTLN 1753 Beguiling them of commendation. 195

HOTSPUR

FTLN 1754 Well, I am schooled. Good manners be your speed!
 FTLN 1755 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1756 This is the deadly spite that angers me:
 FTLN 1757 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1758 My daughter weeps; she'll not part with you. 200
 FTLN 1759 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1760 Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
FTLN 1761 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh,
and she answers him in the same.*

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1762 She is desperate here, a peevish self-willed harlotry,
FTLN 1763 One that no persuasion can do good upon. 205

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1764 I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh
FTLN 1765 Which thou pourest down from these swelling
FTLN 1766 heavens
FTLN 1767 I am too perfect in, and but for shame
FTLN 1768 In such a parley should I answer thee. 210

The Lady speaks again in Welsh. They kiss.

FTLN 1769 I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
FTLN 1770 And that's a feeling disputation;
FTLN 1771 But I will never be a truant, love,
FTLN 1772 Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
FTLN 1773 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned, 215
FTLN 1774 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
FTLN 1775 With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1776 Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1777 O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

FTLN 1778 She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down 220
FTLN 1779 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
FTLN 1780 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
FTLN 1781 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
FTLN 1782 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
FTLN 1783 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep 225
FTLN 1784 As is the difference betwixt day and night

FTLN 1785	The hour before the heavenly harnessed team	
FTLN 1786	Begins his golden progress in the east.	
	MORTIMER	
FTLN 1787	With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.	
FTLN 1788	By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.	230
	GLENDOWER	
FTLN 1789	Do so, and those musicians that shall play to you	
FTLN 1790	Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,	
FTLN 1791	And straight they shall be here. Sit and attend.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 1792	Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down.	
FTLN 1793	Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy	235
FTLN 1794	lap.	
FTLN 1795	LADY PERCY Go, you giddy goose.	
	<i>The music plays.</i>	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 1796	Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,	
FTLN 1797	And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.	
FTLN 1798	By 'r Lady, he is a good musician.	240
FTLN 1799	LADY PERCY Then should you be nothing but musical,	
FTLN 1800	for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie	
FTLN 1801	still, you thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.	
FTLN 1802	HOTSPUR I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in	
FTLN 1803	Irish.	245
FTLN 1804	LADY PERCY Wouldst thou have thy head broken?	
FTLN 1805	HOTSPUR No.	
FTLN 1806	LADY PERCY Then be still.	
FTLN 1807	HOTSPUR Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.	
FTLN 1808	LADY PERCY Now God help thee!	250
FTLN 1809	HOTSPUR To the Welsh lady's bed.	
FTLN 1810	LADY PERCY What's that?	
FTLN 1811	HOTSPUR Peace, she sings.	
	<i>Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.</i>	
FTLN 1812	HOTSPUR Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.	
FTLN 1813	LADY PERCY Not mine, in good sooth.	255
FTLN 1814	HOTSPUR Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear	

FTLN 1842	He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me.	
FTLN 1843	But thou dost in thy passages of life	
FTLN 1844	Make me believe that thou art only marked	10
FTLN 1845	For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven	
FTLN 1846	To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,	
FTLN 1847	Could such inordinate and low desires,	
FTLN 1848	Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean	
FTLN 1849	attempts,	15
FTLN 1850	Such barren pleasures, rude society	
FTLN 1851	As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,	
FTLN 1852	Accompany the greatness of thy blood,	
FTLN 1853	And hold their level with thy princely heart?	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1854	So please your Majesty, I would I could	20
FTLN 1855	Quit all offenses with as clear excuse	
FTLN 1856	As well as I am doubtless I can purge	
FTLN 1857	Myself of many I am charged withal.	
FTLN 1858	Yet such extenuation let me beg	
FTLN 1859	As, in reproof of many tales devised,	25
FTLN 1860	Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,	
FTLN 1861	By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,	
FTLN 1862	I may for some things true, wherein my youth	
FTLN 1863	Hath faulty wandered and irregular,	
FTLN 1864	Find pardon on my true submission.	30
	KING	
FTLN 1865	God pardon thee. Yet let me wonder, Harry,	
FTLN 1866	At thy affections, which do hold a wing	
FTLN 1867	Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.	
FTLN 1868	Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,	
FTLN 1869	Which by thy younger brother is supplied,	35
FTLN 1870	And art almost an alien to the hearts	
FTLN 1871	Of all the court and princes of my blood.	
FTLN 1872	The hope and expectation of thy time	
FTLN 1873	Is ruined, and the soul of every man	
FTLN 1874	Prophetically do forethink thy fall.	40
FTLN 1875	Had I so lavish of my presence been,	

FTLN 1876	So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,	
FTLN 1877	So stale and cheap to vulgar company,	
FTLN 1878	Opinion, that did help me to the crown,	
FTLN 1879	Had still kept loyal to possession	45
FTLN 1880	And left me in reputeless banishment,	
FTLN 1881	A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.	
FTLN 1882	By being seldom seen, I could not stir	
FTLN 1883	But like a comet I was wondered at,	
FTLN 1884	That men would tell their children "This is he."	50
FTLN 1885	Others would say "Where? Which is Bolingbroke?"	
FTLN 1886	And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,	
FTLN 1887	And dressed myself in such humility	
FTLN 1888	That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,	
FTLN 1889	Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,	55
FTLN 1890	Even in the presence of the crownèd king.	
FTLN 1891	Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,	
FTLN 1892	My presence, like a robe pontifical,	
FTLN 1893	Ne'er seen but wondered at, and so my state,	
FTLN 1894	Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast	60
FTLN 1895	And won by rareness such solemnity.	
FTLN 1896	The skipping king, he ambled up and down	
FTLN 1897	With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,	
FTLN 1898	Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,	
FTLN 1899	Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools,	65
FTLN 1900	Had his great name profanèd with their scorns,	
FTLN 1901	And gave his countenance, against his name,	
FTLN 1902	To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push	
FTLN 1903	Of every beardless vain comparative;	
FTLN 1904	Grew a companion to the common streets,	70
FTLN 1905	Enfeoffed himself to popularity,	
FTLN 1906	That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,	
FTLN 1907	They surfeited with honey and began	
FTLN 1908	To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little	
FTLN 1909	More than a little is by much too much.	75
FTLN 1910	So, when he had occasion to be seen,	

FTLN 1911	He was but as the cuckoo is in June,	
FTLN 1912	Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes	
FTLN 1913	As, sick and blunted with community,	
FTLN 1914	Afford no extraordinary gaze	80
FTLN 1915	Such as is bent on sunlike majesty	
FTLN 1916	When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,	
FTLN 1917	But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,	
FTLN 1918	Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect	
FTLN 1919	As cloudy men use to their adversaries,	85
FTLN 1920	Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.	
FTLN 1921	And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,	
FTLN 1922	For thou hast lost thy princely privilege	
FTLN 1923	With vile participation. Not an eye	
FTLN 1924	But is aweary of thy common sight,	90
FTLN 1925	Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,	
FTLN 1926	Which now doth that I would not have it do,	
FTLN 1927	Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1928	I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,	
FTLN 1929	Be more myself.	95
FTLN 1930	KING For all the world	
FTLN 1931	As thou art to this hour was Richard then	
FTLN 1932	When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,	
FTLN 1933	And even as I was then is Percy now.	
FTLN 1934	Now, by my scepter, and my soul to boot,	100
FTLN 1935	He hath more worthy interest to the state	
FTLN 1936	Than thou, the shadow of succession.	
FTLN 1937	For of no right, nor color like to right,	
FTLN 1938	He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,	
FTLN 1939	Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,	105
FTLN 1940	And, being no more in debt to years than thou,	
FTLN 1941	Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on	
FTLN 1942	To bloody battles and to bruising arms.	
FTLN 1943	What never-dying honor hath he got	
FTLN 1944	Against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,	110
FTLN 1945	Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,	

FTLN 1946	Holds from all soldiers chief majority	
FTLN 1947	And military title capital	
FTLN 1948	Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.	
FTLN 1949	Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swaddling	115
FTLN 1950	clothes,	
FTLN 1951	This infant warrior, in his enterprises	
FTLN 1952	Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,	
FTLN 1953	Enlargèd him, and made a friend of him,	
FTLN 1954	To fill the mouth of deep defiance up	120
FTLN 1955	And shake the peace and safety of our throne.	
FTLN 1956	And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,	
FTLN 1957	The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas,	
FTLN 1958	Mortimer,	
FTLN 1959	Capitulate against us and are up.	125
FTLN 1960	But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?	
FTLN 1961	Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,	
FTLN 1962	Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?	
FTLN 1963	Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,	
FTLN 1964	Base inclination, and the start of spleen,	130
FTLN 1965	To fight against me under Percy's pay,	
FTLN 1966	To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,	
FTLN 1967	To show how much thou art degenerate.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1968	Do not think so. You shall not find it so.	
FTLN 1969	And God forgive them that so much have swayed	135
FTLN 1970	Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me.	
FTLN 1971	I will redeem all this on Percy's head,	
FTLN 1972	And, in the closing of some glorious day,	
FTLN 1973	Be bold to tell you that I am your son,	
FTLN 1974	When I will wear a garment all of blood	140
FTLN 1975	And stain my favors in a bloody mask,	
FTLN 1976	Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.	
FTLN 1977	And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,	
FTLN 1978	That this same child of honor and renown,	
FTLN 1979	This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,	145
FTLN 1980	And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.	

FTLN 1981	For every honor sitting on his helm,	
FTLN 1982	Would they were multitudes, and on my head	
FTLN 1983	My shames redoubled! For the time will come	
FTLN 1984	That I shall make this northern youth exchange	150
FTLN 1985	His glorious deeds for my indignities.	
FTLN 1986	Percy is but my factor, good my lord,	
FTLN 1987	To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf.	
FTLN 1988	And I will call him to so strict account	
FTLN 1989	That he shall render every glory up,	155
FTLN 1990	Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,	
FTLN 1991	Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.	
FTLN 1992	This in the name of God I promise here,	
FTLN 1993	The which if He be pleased I shall perform,	
FTLN 1994	I do beseech your Majesty may salve	160
FTLN 1995	The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.	
FTLN 1996	If not, the end of life cancels all bands,	
FTLN 1997	And I will die a hundred thousand deaths	
FTLN 1998	Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.	
	KING	
FTLN 1999	A hundred thousand rebels die in this.	165
FTLN 2000	Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.	
	<i>Enter Blunt.</i>	
FTLN 2001	How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.	
	BLUNT	
FTLN 2002	So hath the business that I come to speak of.	
FTLN 2003	Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word	
FTLN 2004	That Douglas and the English rebels met	170
FTLN 2005	The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.	
FTLN 2006	A mighty and a fearful head they are,	
FTLN 2007	If promises be kept on every hand,	
FTLN 2008	As ever offered foul play in a state.	
	KING	
FTLN 2009	The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today,	175
FTLN 2010	With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,	
FTLN 2011	For this advertisement is five days old.—	

FTLN 2012 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward.
 FTLN 2013 On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting
 FTLN 2014 Is Bridgenorth. And, Harry, you shall march 180
 FTLN 2015 Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
 FTLN 2016 Our business valuèd, some twelve days hence
 FTLN 2017 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
 FTLN 2018 Our hands are full of business. Let's away.
 FTLN 2019 Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. 185

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FTLN 2020 FALSTAFF Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since
 FTLN 2021 this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle?
 FTLN 2022 Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's
 FTLN 2023 loose gown. I am withered like an old applejohn.
 FTLN 2024 Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in 5
 FTLN 2025 some liking. I shall be out of heart shortly, and then
 FTLN 2026 I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not
 FTLN 2027 forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I
 FTLN 2028 am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a
 FTLN 2029 church! Company, villainous company, hath been 10
 FTLN 2030 the spoil of me.
 FTLN 2031 BARDOLPH Sir John, you are so fretful you cannot live
 FTLN 2032 long.
 FTLN 2033 FALSTAFF Why, there is it. Come, sing me a bawdy
 FTLN 2034 song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a 15
 FTLN 2035 gentleman need to be, virtuous enough: swore
 FTLN 2036 little; diced not above seven times—a week; went to
 FTLN 2037 a bawdy house not above once in a quarter—of an
 FTLN 2038 hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four
 FTLN 2039 times; lived well and in good compass; and now I 20
 FTLN 2040 live out of all order, out of all compass.
 FTLN 2041 BARDOLPH Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must

FTLN 2042	needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable	
FTLN 2043	compass, Sir John.	
FTLN 2044	FALSTAFF Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my	25
FTLN 2045	life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern	
FTLN 2046	in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the	
FTLN 2047	Knight of the Burning Lamp.	
FTLN 2048	BARDOLPH Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.	
FTLN 2049	FALSTAFF No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as	30
FTLN 2050	many a man doth of a death's-head or a <i>memento</i>	
FTLN 2051	<i>mori</i> . I never see thy face but I think upon hellfire	
FTLN 2052	and Dives that lived in purple, for there he is in his	
FTLN 2053	robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given	
FTLN 2054	to virtue, I would swear by thy face. My oath should	35
FTLN 2055	be "By this fire, [that's] God's angel." But thou art	
FTLN 2056	altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the	
FTLN 2057	light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When	
FTLN 2058	thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my	
FTLN 2059	horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an <i>ignis</i>	40
FTLN 2060	<i>fatuus</i> , or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in	
FTLN 2061	money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting	
FTLN 2062	bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand	
FTLN 2063	marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the	
FTLN 2064	night betwixt tavern and tavern, but the sack that	45
FTLN 2065	thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as	
FTLN 2066	good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I	
FTLN 2067	have maintained that salamander of yours with fire	
FTLN 2068	any time this two-and-thirty years, God reward me	
FTLN 2069	for it.	50
FTLN 2070	BARDOLPH 'Sblood, I would my face were in your	
FTLN 2071	belly!	
FTLN 2072	FALSTAFF Godamercy, so should I be sure to be	
FTLN 2073	heartburned!	

Enter Hostess.

FTLN 2074	How now, Dame Partlet the hen, have you enquired	55
FTLN 2075	yet who picked my pocket?	

FTLN 2076	HOSTESS	Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John,	
FTLN 2077		do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have	
FTLN 2078		searched, I have enquired, so has my husband,	
FTLN 2079		man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant.	60
FTLN 2080		The <i>「tithe」</i> of a hair was never lost in my house	
FTLN 2081		before.	
FTLN 2082	FALSTAFF	You lie, hostess. Bardolph was shaved and	
FTLN 2083		lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was	
FTLN 2084		picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.	65
FTLN 2085	HOSTESS	Who, I? No, I defy thee! God's light, I was	
FTLN 2086		never called so in mine own house before.	
FTLN 2087	FALSTAFF	Go to, I know you well enough.	
FTLN 2088	HOSTESS	No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I	
FTLN 2089		know you, Sir John. You owe me money, Sir John,	70
FTLN 2090		and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I	
FTLN 2091		bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.	
FTLN 2092	FALSTAFF	Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I have given them	
FTLN 2093		away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters of	
FTLN 2094		them.	75
FTLN 2095	HOSTESS	Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight	
FTLN 2096		shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir	
FTLN 2097		John, for your diet and by-drinkings and money	
FTLN 2098		lent you, four-and-twenty pound.	
FTLN 2099	FALSTAFF, <i>「pointing to Bardolph」</i>	He had his part of it.	80
FTLN 2100		Let him pay.	
FTLN 2101	HOSTESS	He? Alas, he is poor. He hath nothing.	
FTLN 2102	FALSTAFF	How, poor? Look upon his face. What call	
FTLN 2103		you rich? Let them coin his nose. Let them coin his	
FTLN 2104		cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a	85
FTLN 2105		younger of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine	
FTLN 2106		inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a	
FTLN 2107		seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.	
FTLN 2108	HOSTESS, <i>「to Bardolph」</i>	O Jesu, I have heard the Prince	
FTLN 2109		tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was	90
FTLN 2110		copper.	
FTLN 2111	FALSTAFF	How? The Prince is a jack, a sneak-up.	

FTLN 2112	'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a	
FTLN 2113	dog if he would say so.	
	<i>Enter the Prince marching, [with Peto,] and Falstaff meets him playing upon his truncheon like a fife.</i>	
FTLN 2114	How now, lad, is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must	95
FTLN 2115	we all march?	
FTLN 2116	BARDOLPH Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.	
FTLN 2117	HOSTESS, [to Prince] My lord, I pray you, hear me.	
FTLN 2118	PRINCE What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth	
FTLN 2119	thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.	100
FTLN 2120	HOSTESS Good my lord, hear me.	
FTLN 2121	FALSTAFF Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.	
FTLN 2122	PRINCE What say'st thou, Jack?	
FTLN 2123	FALSTAFF The other night I fell asleep here, behind the	
FTLN 2124	arras, and had my pocket picked. This house is	105
FTLN 2125	turned bawdy house; they pick pockets.	
FTLN 2126	PRINCE What didst thou lose, Jack?	
FTLN 2127	FALSTAFF Wilt thou believe me, Hal, three or four	
FTLN 2128	bonds of forty pound apiece, and a seal ring of my	
FTLN 2129	grandfather's.	110
FTLN 2130	PRINCE A trifle, some eightpenny matter.	
FTLN 2131	HOSTESS So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard	
FTLN 2132	your Grace say so. And, my lord, he speaks most	
FTLN 2133	vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man, as he is, and	
FTLN 2134	said he would cudgel you.	115
FTLN 2135	PRINCE What, he did not!	
FTLN 2136	HOSTESS There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood	
FTLN 2137	in me else.	
FTLN 2138	FALSTAFF There's no more faith in thee than in a	
FTLN 2139	stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a	120
FTLN 2140	drawn fox, and for womanhood, Maid Marian may	
FTLN 2141	be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you	
FTLN 2142	thing, go.	
FTLN 2143	HOSTESS Say, what thing, what thing?	
FTLN 2144	FALSTAFF What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.	125

FTLN 2145 HOSTESS I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou
 FTLN 2146 shouldst know it! I am an honest man's wife, and,
 FTLN 2147 setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to
 FTLN 2148 call me so.

FTLN 2149 FALSTAFF Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a 130
 FTLN 2150 beast to say otherwise.

FTLN 2151 HOSTESS Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FTLN 2152 FALSTAFF What beast? Why, an otter.

FTLN 2153 PRINCE An otter, Sir John. Why an otter?

FTLN 2154 FALSTAFF Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man 135
 FTLN 2155 knows not where to have her.

FTLN 2156 HOSTESS Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or
 FTLN 2157 any man knows where to have me, thou knave,
 FTLN 2158 thou.

FTLN 2159 PRINCE Thou sayst true, hostess, and he slanders thee 140
 FTLN 2160 most grossly.

FTLN 2161 HOSTESS So he doth you, my lord, and said this other
 FTLN 2162 day you owed him a thousand pound.

FTLN 2163 PRINCE Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FTLN 2164 FALSTAFF A thousand pound, Hal? A million. Thy love is 145
 FTLN 2165 worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

FTLN 2166 HOSTESS Nay, my lord, he called you "jack," and said
 FTLN 2167 he would cudgel you.

FTLN 2168 FALSTAFF Did I, Bardolph?

FTLN 2169 BARDOLPH Indeed, Sir John, you said so. 150

FTLN 2170 FALSTAFF Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

FTLN 2171 PRINCE I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy
 FTLN 2172 word now?

FTLN 2173 FALSTAFF Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but
 FTLN 2174 man, I dare, but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I 155
 FTLN 2175 fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

FTLN 2176 PRINCE And why not as the lion?

FTLN 2177 FALSTAFF The King himself is to be feared as the lion.
 FTLN 2178 Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?

FTLN 2179 Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break. 160

FTLN 2180 PRINCE O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about

FTLN 2181	thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith,	
FTLN 2182	truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine. It is all	
FTLN 2183	filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest	
FTLN 2184	woman with picking thy pocket? Why, thou whoreson,	165
FTLN 2185	impudent, embossed rascal, if there were	
FTLN 2186	anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings,	
FTLN 2187	memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor	
FTLN 2188	pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee long-winded,	
FTLN 2189	if thy pocket were enriched with any other	170
FTLN 2190	injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will	
FTLN 2191	stand to it! You will not pocket up wrong! Art thou	
FTLN 2192	not ashamed?	
FTLN 2193	FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the	
FTLN 2194	state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor	175
FTLN 2195	Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I	
FTLN 2196	have more flesh than another man and therefore	
FTLN 2197	more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my	
FTLN 2198	pocket.	
FTLN 2199	PRINCE It appears so by the story.	180
FTLN 2200	FALSTAFF Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready	
FTLN 2201	breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants,	
FTLN 2202	cherish thy 'guests.' Thou shalt find me tractable	
FTLN 2203	to any honest reason. Thou seest I am pacified still.	
FTLN 2204	Nay, prithe, begone. (<i>Hostess exits.</i>) Now, Hal, to	185
FTLN 2205	the news at court. For the robbery, lad, how is that	
FTLN 2206	answered?	
FTLN 2207	PRINCE O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to	
FTLN 2208	thee. The money is paid back again.	
FTLN 2209	FALSTAFF O, I do not like that paying back. 'Tis a double	190
FTLN 2210	labor.	
FTLN 2211	PRINCE I am good friends with my father and may do	
FTLN 2212	anything.	
FTLN 2213	FALSTAFF Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou	
FTLN 2214	dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.	195
FTLN 2215	BARDOLPH Do, my lord.	
FTLN 2216	PRINCE I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.	

FTLN 2217	FALSTAFF	I would it had been of horse. Where shall I	
FTLN 2218		find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief of	
FTLN 2219		the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously	200
FTLN 2220		unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these	
FTLN 2221		rebels. They offend none but the virtuous. I laud	
FTLN 2222		them; I praise them.	
FTLN 2223	PRINCE	Bardolph.	
FTLN 2224	BARDOLPH	My lord.	205
	PRINCE,	<i>handing Bardolph papers</i>	
FTLN 2225		Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,	
FTLN 2226		To my brother John; this to my Lord of	
FTLN 2227		Westmoreland. <i>Bardolph exits.</i>	
FTLN 2228		Go, Peto, to horse, to horse, for thou and I	
FTLN 2229		Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. <i>Peto exits.</i>	210
FTLN 2230		Jack, meet me tomorrow in the Temple hall	
FTLN 2231		At two o'clock in the afternoon;	
FTLN 2232		There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive	
FTLN 2233		Money and order for their furniture.	
FTLN 2234		The land is burning. Percy stands on high,	215
FTLN 2235		And either we or they must lower lie. <i>He exits.</i>	
	FALSTAFF		
FTLN 2236		Rare words, brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast,	
FTLN 2237		come.—	
FTLN 2238		O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. <i>He exits.</i>	

「ACT 4」

「Scene 1」

「Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.」

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2239 Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth
FTLN 2240 In this fine age were not thought flattery,
FTLN 2241 Such attribution should the Douglas have
FTLN 2242 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
FTLN 2243 Should go so general current through the world. 5
FTLN 2244 By God, I cannot flatter. I do defy
FTLN 2245 The tongues of soothers. But a braver place
FTLN 2246 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
FTLN 2247 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
FTLN 2248 DOUGLAS Thou art the king of honor. 10
FTLN 2249 No man so potent breathes upon the ground
FTLN 2250 But I will beard him.
FTLN 2251 HOTSPUR Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter 「a Messenger」 with letters.

FTLN 2252 What letters hast thou there? 「To Douglas.」 I can but
FTLN 2253 thank you. 15
FTLN 2254 MESSENGER These letters come from your father.
HOTSPUR
FTLN 2255 Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?
MESSENGER
FTLN 2256 He cannot come, my lord. He is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2257 Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick
 FTLN 2258 In such a justling time? Who leads his power? 20
 FTLN 2259 Under whose government come they along?

MESSENGER, *handing letter to Hotspur, who begins reading it*

FTLN 2260 His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2261 I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESSENGER

FTLN 2262 He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,
 FTLN 2263 And, at the time of my departure thence, 25
 FTLN 2264 He was much feared by his physicians.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2265 I would the state of time had first been whole
 FTLN 2266 Ere he by sickness had been visited.
 FTLN 2267 His health was never better worth than now.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2268 Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect 30
 FTLN 2269 The very lifeblood of our enterprise.
 FTLN 2270 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

FTLN 2271 He writes me here that inward sickness—
 FTLN 2272 And that his friends by deputation
 FTLN 2273 Could not so soon be drawn, nor did he think it 35
 FTLN 2274 meet

FTLN 2275 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
 FTLN 2276 On any soul removed but on his own;
 FTLN 2277 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
 FTLN 2278 That with our small conjunction we should on 40

FTLN 2279 To see how fortune is disposed to us,
 FTLN 2280 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
 FTLN 2281 Because the King is certainly possessed
 FTLN 2282 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WORCESTER

FTLN 2283 Your father's sickness is a maim to us. 45

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2284 A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off!
 FTLN 2285 And yet, in faith, it is not. His present want
 FTLN 2286 Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
 FTLN 2287 To set the exact wealth of all our states
 FTLN 2288 All at one cast? To set so rich a main 50
 FTLN 2289 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
 FTLN 2290 It were not good, for therein should we read
 FTLN 2291 The very bottom and the soul of hope,
 FTLN 2292 The very list, the very utmost bound
 FTLN 2293 Of all our fortunes. 55

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2294 Faith, and so we should, where now remains
 FTLN 2295 A sweet reversion. We may boldly spend
 FTLN 2296 Upon the hope of what 'is' to come in.
 FTLN 2297 A comfort of retirement lives in this.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2298 A rendezvous, a home to fly unto, 60
 FTLN 2299 If that the devil and mischance look big
 FTLN 2300 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2301 But yet I would your father had been here.
 FTLN 2302 The quality and hair of our attempt
 FTLN 2303 Brooks no division. It will be thought 65
 FTLN 2304 By some that know not why he is away
 FTLN 2305 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 FTLN 2306 Of our proceedings kept the Earl from hence.
 FTLN 2307 And think how such an apprehension
 FTLN 2308 May turn the tide of fearful faction 70
 FTLN 2309 And breed a kind of question in our cause.
 FTLN 2310 For well you know, we of the off'ring side
 FTLN 2311 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament,
 FTLN 2312 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
 FTLN 2313 The eye of reason may pry in upon us. 75
 FTLN 2314 This absence of your father's draws a curtain

FTLN 2344	Glittering in golden coats like images,	
FTLN 2345	As full of spirit as the month of May,	
FTLN 2346	And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,	
FTLN 2347	Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.	
FTLN 2348	I saw young Harry with his beaver on,	110
FTLN 2349	His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,	
FTLN 2350	Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury	
FTLN 2351	And vaulted with such ease into his seat	
FTLN 2352	As if an angel 「dropped」 down from the clouds,	
FTLN 2353	To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus	115
FTLN 2354	And witch the world with noble horsemanship.	
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 2355	No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March	
FTLN 2356	This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come.	
FTLN 2357	They come like sacrifices in their trim,	
FTLN 2358	And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war	120
FTLN 2359	All hot and bleeding will we offer them.	
FTLN 2360	The mailed Mars shall on his 「altar」 sit	
FTLN 2361	Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire	
FTLN 2362	To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh	
FTLN 2363	And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,	125
FTLN 2364	Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt	
FTLN 2365	Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.	
FTLN 2366	Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,	
FTLN 2367	Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.	
FTLN 2368	O, that Glendower were come!	130
FTLN 2369	VERNON	There is more news.
FTLN 2370	I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,	
FTLN 2371	He 「cannot」 draw his power this fourteen days.	
	DOUGLAS	
FTLN 2372	That's the worst tidings that I hear of 「yet」 .	
	WORCESTER	
FTLN 2373	Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.	135
	HOTSPUR	
FTLN 2374	What may the King's whole battle reach unto?	

VERNON

FTLN 2375 To thirty thousand.

FTLN 2376 HOTSPUR Forty let it be.

FTLN 2377 My father and Glendower being both away,

FTLN 2378 The powers of us may serve so great a day. 140

FTLN 2379 Come, let us take a muster speedily.

FTLN 2380 Doomsday is near. Die all, die merrily.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2381 Talk not of dying. I am out of fear

FTLN 2382 Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Falstaff 「and」 Bardolph.

FTLN 2383 FALSTAFF Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry. Fill

FTLN 2384 me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march

FTLN 2385 through. We'll to Sutton 「Coldfield」 tonight.

FTLN 2386 BARDOLPH Will you give me money, captain?

FTLN 2387 FALSTAFF Lay out, lay out. 5

FTLN 2388 BARDOLPH This bottle makes an angel.

FTLN 2389 FALSTAFF An if it do, take it for thy labor. An if it make

FTLN 2390 twenty, take them all. I'll answer the coinage. Bid

FTLN 2391 my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

FTLN 2392 BARDOLPH I will, captain. Farewell. *He exits.* 10

FTLN 2393 FALSTAFF If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a

FTLN 2394 soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press

FTLN 2395 damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred

FTLN 2396 and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I

FTLN 2397 press me none but good householders, 「yeomen's」 15

FTLN 2398 sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as

FTLN 2399 had been asked twice on the banns—such a commodity

FTLN 2400 of warm slaves as had as 「lief」 hear the devil

FTLN 2401 as a drum, such as fear the report of a caliver worse

FTLN 2402 than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me 20
 FTLN 2403 none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their
 FTLN 2404 bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have
 FTLN 2405 bought out their services, and now my whole
 FTLN 2406 charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants,
 FTLN 2407 gentlemen of companies—slaves as ragged as Lazarus 25
 FTLN 2408 in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs
 FTLN 2409 licked his sores; and such as indeed were never
 FTLN 2410 soldiers, but discarded, unjust servingmen, younger
 FTLN 2411 sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and
 FTLN 2412 ostlers tradefallen, the cankers of a calm world and 30
 FTLN 2413 a long peace, ten times more dishonorable-ragged
 FTLN 2414 than an old feazed ancient; and such have I to fill up
 FTLN 2415 the rooms of them as have bought out their services,
 FTLN 2416 that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty
 FTLN 2417 tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, 35
 FTLN 2418 from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me
 FTLN 2419 on the way and told me I had unloaded all the
 FTLN 2420 gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath
 FTLN 2421 seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry
 FTLN 2422 with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains 40
 FTLN 2423 march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on,
 FTLN 2424 for indeed I had the most of them out of prison.
 FTLN 2425 There's not a shirt and a half in all my company,
 FTLN 2426 and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together
 FTLN 2427 and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat 45
 FTLN 2428 without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth,
 FTLN 2429 stolen from my host at Saint Albans or the red-nose
 FTLN 2430 innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find
 FTLN 2431 linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince [and the] Lord of Westmoreland.

FTLN 2432 PRINCE How now, blown Jack? How now, quilt? 50
 FTLN 2433 FALSTAFF What, Hal, how now, mad wag? What a devil
 FTLN 2434 dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of

FTLN 2435	Westmoreland, I cry you mercy. I thought your	
FTLN 2436	Honor had already been at Shrewsbury.	
FTLN 2437	WESTMORELAND Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time	55
FTLN 2438	that I were there and you too, but my powers are	
FTLN 2439	there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us	
FTLN 2440	all. We must away all night.	
FTLN 2441	FALSTAFF Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant as a cat to	
FTLN 2442	steal cream.	60
FTLN 2443	PRINCE I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath	
FTLN 2444	already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose	
FTLN 2445	fellows are these that come after?	
FTLN 2446	FALSTAFF Mine, Hal, mine.	
FTLN 2447	PRINCE I did never see such pitiful rascals.	65
FTLN 2448	FALSTAFF Tut, tut, good enough to toss; food for powder,	
FTLN 2449	food for powder. They'll fill a pit as well as	
FTLN 2450	better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.	
FTLN 2451	WESTMORELAND Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are	
FTLN 2452	exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.	70
FTLN 2453	FALSTAFF Faith, for their poverty, I know not where	
FTLN 2454	they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they	
FTLN 2455	never learned that of me.	
FTLN 2456	PRINCE No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers	
FTLN 2457	in the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is	75
FTLN 2458	already in the field. <i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 2459	FALSTAFF What, is the King encamped?	
FTLN 2460	WESTMORELAND He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too	
FTLN 2461	long. <i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 2462	FALSTAFF Well,	80
FTLN 2463	To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a	
FTLN 2464	feast	
FTLN 2465	Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	

[Scene 3]

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, [and] Vernon.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2466 We'll fight with him tonight.

FTLN 2467 WORCESTER It may not be.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2468 You give him then advantage.

FTLN 2469 VERNON Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2470 Why say you so? Looks he not for supply? 5

FTLN 2471 VERNON So do we.

FTLN 2472 HOTSPUR His is certain; ours is doubtful.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2473 Good cousin, be advised. Stir not tonight.

VERNON, [to Hotspur]

FTLN 2474 Do not, my lord.

FTLN 2475 DOUGLAS You do not counsel well. 10

FTLN 2476 You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

FTLN 2477 Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life

FTLN 2478 (And I dare well maintain it with my life),

FTLN 2479 If well-respected honor bid me on,

FTLN 2480 I hold as little counsel with weak fear 15

FTLN 2481 As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

FTLN 2482 Let it be seen tomorrow in the battle

FTLN 2483 Which of us fears.

FTLN 2484 DOUGLAS Yea, or tonight.

FTLN 2485 VERNON Content. 20

FTLN 2486 HOTSPUR Tonight, say I.

VERNON

FTLN 2487 Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

FTLN 2488 Being men of such great leading as you are,

FTLN 2489 That you foresee not what impediments

FTLN 2490 Drag back our expedition. Certain horse 25

FTLN 2491 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up.

FTLN 2492 Your uncle Worcester's 'horse' came but today,
 FTLN 2493 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 FTLN 2494 Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
 FTLN 2495 That not a horse is half the half of himself. 30

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2496 So are the horses of the enemy
 FTLN 2497 In general journey-bated and brought low.
 FTLN 2498 The better part of ours are full of rest.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2499 The number of the King exceedeth 'ours.'
 FTLN 2500 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. 35
The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

BLUNT

FTLN 2501 I come with gracious offers from the King,
 FTLN 2502 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2503 Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God
 FTLN 2504 You were of our determination.
 FTLN 2505 Some of us love you well, and even those some 40
 FTLN 2506 Envy your great deservings and good name
 FTLN 2507 Because you are not of our quality
 FTLN 2508 But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT

FTLN 2509 And God defend but still I should stand so,
 FTLN 2510 So long as out of limit and true rule 45
 FTLN 2511 You stand against anointed majesty.
 FTLN 2512 But to my charge. The King hath sent to know
 FTLN 2513 The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
 FTLN 2514 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 FTLN 2515 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land 50
 FTLN 2516 Audacious cruelty. If that the King
 FTLN 2517 Have any way your good deserts forgot,
 FTLN 2518 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 FTLN 2519 He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed

FTLN 2520	You shall have your desires with interest	55
FTLN 2521	And pardon absolute for yourself and these	
FTLN 2522	Herein misled by your suggestion.	
HOTSPUR		
FTLN 2523	The King is kind, and well we know the King	
FTLN 2524	Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.	
FTLN 2525	My father and my uncle and myself	60
FTLN 2526	Did give him that same royalty he wears,	
FTLN 2527	And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,	
FTLN 2528	Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,	
FTLN 2529	A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,	
FTLN 2530	My father gave him welcome to the shore;	65
FTLN 2531	And when he heard him swear and vow to God	
FTLN 2532	He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,	
FTLN 2533	To sue his livery, and beg his peace	
FTLN 2534	With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,	
FTLN 2535	My father, in kind heart and pity moved,	70
FTLN 2536	Swore him assistance and performed it too.	
FTLN 2537	Now when the lords and barons of the realm	
FTLN 2538	Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,	
FTLN 2539	The more and less came in with cap and knee,	
FTLN 2540	Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,	75
FTLN 2541	Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,	
FTLN 2542	Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,	
FTLN 2543	Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him	
FTLN 2544	Even at the heels in golden multitudes.	
FTLN 2545	He presently, as greatness knows itself,	80
FTLN 2546	Steps me a little higher than his vow	
FTLN 2547	Made to my father while his blood was poor	
FTLN 2548	Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh,	
FTLN 2549	And now forsooth takes on him to reform	
FTLN 2550	Some certain edicts and some strait decrees	85
FTLN 2551	That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,	
FTLN 2552	Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep	
FTLN 2553	Over his [country's] wrongs, and by this face,	
FTLN 2554	This seeming brow of justice, did he win	
FTLN 2555	The hearts of all that he did angle for,	90

[Scene 4]

*Enter Archbishop of York [and] Sir Michael.*ARCHBISHOP, [*handing papers*]

FTLN 2587 Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealèd brief
 FTLN 2588 With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal,
 FTLN 2589 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
 FTLN 2590 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 FTLN 2591 How much they do import, you would make haste. 5

SIR MICHAEL

FTLN 2592 My good lord, I guess their tenor.

FTLN 2593 ARCHBISHOP Like enough you do.
 FTLN 2594 Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
 FTLN 2595 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 FTLN 2596 Must bide the touch. For, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10
 FTLN 2597 As I am truly given to understand,
 FTLN 2598 The King with mighty and quick-raised power
 FTLN 2599 Meets with Lord Harry. And I fear, Sir Michael,
 FTLN 2600 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 FTLN 2601 Whose power was in the first proportion, 15
 FTLN 2602 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 FTLN 2603 Who with them was a rated sinew too
 FTLN 2604 And comes not in, o'erruled by prophecies,
 FTLN 2605 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 FTLN 2606 To wage an instant trial with the King. 20

SIR MICHAEL

FTLN 2607 Why, my good lord, you need not fear.

FTLN 2608 There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

FTLN 2609 ARCHBISHOP No, Mortimer is not there.

SIR MICHAEL

FTLN 2610 But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
 FTLN 2611 And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head 25
 FTLN 2612 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 2613 And so there is. But yet the King hath drawn

FTLN 2614 The special head of all the land together:

FTLN 2615 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
FTLN 2616 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt, 30
FTLN 2617 And many more corrivals and dear men
FTLN 2618 Of estimation and command in arms.

SIR MICHAEL
FTLN 2619 Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

ARCHBISHOP
FTLN 2620 I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
FTLN 2621 And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed. 35
FTLN 2622 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
FTLN 2623 Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
FTLN 2624 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
FTLN 2625 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him.
FTLN 2626 Therefore make haste. I must go write again 40
FTLN 2627 To other friends. And so farewell, Sir Michael.

They exit.

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Sir Walter Blunt, 「and」 Falstaff.*

KING

FTLN 2628 How bloodily the sun begins to peer
FTLN 2629 Above yon bulky hill. The day looks pale
FTLN 2630 At his distemp'ature.

PRINCE The southern wind

FTLN 2632 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, 5
FTLN 2633 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
FTLN 2634 Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

KING

FTLN 2635 Then with the losers let it sympathize,
FTLN 2636 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
The trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester 「and Vernon.」

FTLN 2637 How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well 10
FTLN 2638 That you and I should meet upon such terms
FTLN 2639 As now we meet. You have deceived our trust
FTLN 2640 And made us doff our easy robes of peace
FTLN 2641 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
FTLN 2642 This is not well, my lord; this is not well. 15
FTLN 2643 What say you to it? Will you again unknit
FTLN 2644 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war

FTLN 2645	And move in that obedient orb again	
FTLN 2646	Where you did give a fair and natural light,	
FTLN 2647	And be no more an exhaled meteor,	20
FTLN 2648	A prodigy of fear, and a portent	
FTLN 2649	Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?	
FTLN 2650	WORCESTER Hear me, my liege:	
FTLN 2651	For mine own part I could be well content	
FTLN 2652	To entertain the lag end of my life	25
FTLN 2653	With quiet hours. For I protest	
FTLN 2654	I have not sought the day of this dislike.	
	KING	
FTLN 2655	You have not sought it. How comes it then?	
FTLN 2656	FALSTAFF Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.	
FTLN 2657	PRINCE Peace, chewet, peace.	30
	WORCESTER	
FTLN 2658	It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks	
FTLN 2659	Of favor from myself and all our house;	
FTLN 2660	And yet I must remember you, my lord,	
FTLN 2661	We were the first and dearest of your friends.	
FTLN 2662	For you my staff of office did I break	35
FTLN 2663	In Richard's time, and posted day and night	
FTLN 2664	To meet you on the way and kiss your hand	
FTLN 2665	When yet you were in place and in account	
FTLN 2666	Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.	
FTLN 2667	It was myself, my brother, and his son	40
FTLN 2668	That brought you home and boldly did outdare	
FTLN 2669	The dangers of the time. You swore to us,	
FTLN 2670	And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,	
FTLN 2671	That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,	
FTLN 2672	Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,	45
FTLN 2673	The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.	
FTLN 2674	To this we swore our aid. But in short space	
FTLN 2675	It rained down fortune show'ring on your head,	
FTLN 2676	And such a flood of greatness fell on you—	
FTLN 2677	What with our help, what with the absent king,	50
FTLN 2678	What with the injuries of a wanton time,	

FTLN 2679 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 FTLN 2680 And the contrarious winds that held the King
 FTLN 2681 So long in his unlucky Irish wars
 FTLN 2682 That all in England did repute him dead— 55
 FTLN 2683 And from this swarm of fair advantages
 FTLN 2684 You took occasion to be quickly wooed
 FTLN 2685 To gripe the general sway into your hand,
 FTLN 2686 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 FTLN 2687 And being fed by us, you used us so 60
 FTLN 2688 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 FTLN 2689 Useth the sparrow—did oppress our nest,
 FTLN 2690 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 FTLN 2691 That even our love durst not come near your sight
 FTLN 2692 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing 65
 FTLN 2693 We were enforced for safety sake to fly
 FTLN 2694 Out of your sight and raise this present head,
 FTLN 2695 Whereby we stand opposèd by such means
 FTLN 2696 As you yourself have forged against yourself
 FTLN 2697 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance, 70
 FTLN 2698 And violation of all faith and troth
 FTLN 2699 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

KING

FTLN 2700 These things indeed you have articulate,
 FTLN 2701 Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,
 FTLN 2702 To face the garment of rebellion 75
 FTLN 2703 With some fine color that may please the eye
 FTLN 2704 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 FTLN 2705 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 FTLN 2706 Of hurlyburly innovation.
 FTLN 2707 And never yet did insurrection want 80
 FTLN 2708 Such water colors to impaint his cause,
 FTLN 2709 Nor moody beggars starving for a time
 FTLN 2710 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

PRINCE

FTLN 2711 In both your armies there is many a soul
 FTLN 2712 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter 85

FTLN 2713 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 FTLN 2714 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 FTLN 2715 In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
 FTLN 2716 This present enterprise set off his head,
 FTLN 2717 I do not think a braver gentleman, 90
 FTLN 2718 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 FTLN 2719 More daring or more bold, is now alive
 FTLN 2720 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 FTLN 2721 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 FTLN 2722 I have a truant been to chivalry, 95
 FTLN 2723 And so I hear he doth account me too.
 FTLN 2724 Yet this before my father's majesty:
 FTLN 2725 I am content that he shall take the odds
 FTLN 2726 Of his great name and estimation,
 FTLN 2727 And will, to save the blood on either side, 100
 FTLN 2728 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

KING

FTLN 2729 And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
 FTLN 2730 Albeit considerations infinite
 FTLN 2731 Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no.
 FTLN 2732 We love our people well, even those we love 105
 FTLN 2733 That are misled upon your cousin's part.
 FTLN 2734 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 FTLN 2735 Both he and they and you, yea, every man
 FTLN 2736 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
 FTLN 2737 So tell your cousin, and bring me word 110
 FTLN 2738 What he will do. But if he will not yield,
 FTLN 2739 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 FTLN 2740 And they shall do their office. So begone.
 FTLN 2741 We will not now be troubled with reply.
 FTLN 2742 We offer fair. Take it advisedly. 115

Worcester exits [with Vernon.]

PRINCE

FTLN 2743 It will not be accepted, on my life.
 FTLN 2744 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 FTLN 2745 Are confident against the world in arms.

KING

FTLN 2746 Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
 FTLN 2747 For on their answer will we set on them, 120
 FTLN 2748 And God befriend us as our cause is just.

They exit. Prince and Falstaff remain.

FTLN 2749 FALSTAFF Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and
 FTLN 2750 bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

FTLN 2751 PRINCE Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.
 FTLN 2752 Say thy prayers, and farewell. 125

FTLN 2753 FALSTAFF I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.

FTLN 2754 PRINCE Why, thou owest God a death. *He exits.*

FTLN 2755 FALSTAFF 'Tis not due yet. I would be loath to pay Him
 FTLN 2756 before His day. What need I be so forward with
 FTLN 2757 Him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter. 130

FTLN 2758 Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me
 FTLN 2759 off when I come on? How then? Can honor set to a
 FTLN 2760 leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a
 FTLN 2761 wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then?

FTLN 2762 No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word 135
 FTLN 2763 "honor"? What is that "honor"? Air. A trim reckoning.

FTLN 2764 Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth
 FTLN 2765 he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible,
 FTLN 2766 then? Yea, to the dead. But will *it* not live with the

FTLN 2767 living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, 140
 FTLN 2768 I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon. And
 FTLN 2769 so ends my catechism.

He exits.

[Scene 2]

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2770 O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
 FTLN 2771 The liberal and kind offer of the King.

VERNON

FTLN 2772 'Twere best he did.

FTLN 2773 WORCESTER Then are we all *['undone.]*

FTLN 2774 It is not possible, it cannot be 5

FTLN 2775 The King should keep his word in loving us.

FTLN 2776 He will suspect us still and find a time

FTLN 2777 To punish this offense in other faults.

FTLN 2778 *['Suspicion]* all our lives shall be stuck full of
eyes, 10

FTLN 2780 For treason is but trusted like the fox,

FTLN 2781 Who, never so tame, so cherished and locked up,

FTLN 2782 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

FTLN 2783 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,

FTLN 2784 Interpretation will misquote our looks, 15

FTLN 2785 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

FTLN 2786 The better cherished still the nearer death.

FTLN 2787 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;

FTLN 2788 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

FTLN 2789 And an adopted name of privilege— 20

FTLN 2790 A harebrained Hotspur governed by a spleen.

FTLN 2791 All his offenses live upon my head

FTLN 2792 And on his father's. We did train him on,

FTLN 2793 And his corruption being ta'en from us,

FTLN 2794 We as the spring of all shall pay for all. 25

FTLN 2795 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know

FTLN 2796 In any case the offer of the King.

VERNON

FTLN 2797 Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.

Enter ['Hotspur, Douglas, and their army.]

FTLN 2798 Here comes your cousin.

FTLN 2799 HOTSPUR, *['to Douglas]* My uncle is returned. 30

FTLN 2800 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.—

FTLN 2801 Uncle, what news?

WORCESTER

FTLN 2802 The King will bid you battle presently.

DOUGLAS, [to Hotspur]

FTLN 2803 Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2804 Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. 35

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2805 Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *Douglas exits.*

WORCESTER

FTLN 2806 There is no seeming mercy in the King.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2807 Did you beg any? God forbid!

WORCESTER

FTLN 2808 I told him gently of our grievances,

FTLN 2809 Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus 40

FTLN 2810 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.

FTLN 2811 He calls us “rebels,” “traitors,” and will scourge

FTLN 2812 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Douglas.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2813 Arm, gentlemen, to arms. For I have thrown

FTLN 2814 A brave defiance in King Henry’s teeth, 45

FTLN 2815 And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it,

FTLN 2816 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WORCESTER

FTLN 2817 The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the King,

FTLN 2818 And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2819 O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads, 50

FTLN 2820 And that no man might draw short breath today

FTLN 2821 But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,

FTLN 2822 How showed his tasking? Seemed it in contempt?

VERNON

FTLN 2823 No, by my soul. I never in my life

FTLN 2824 Did hear a challenge urged more modestly, 55

FTLN 2825 Unless a brother should a brother dare

FTLN 2826 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

FTLN 2827 He gave you all the duties of a man,
 FTLN 2828 Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue,
 FTLN 2829 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle, 60
 FTLN 2830 Making you ever better than his praise
 FTLN 2831 By still dispraising praise valued with you,
 FTLN 2832 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 FTLN 2833 He made a blushing cital of himself,
 FTLN 2834 And chid his truant youth with such a grace 65
 FTLN 2835 As if he mastered there a double spirit
 FTLN 2836 Of teaching and of learning instantly.
 FTLN 2837 There did he pause, but let me tell the world:
 FTLN 2838 If he outlive the envy of this day,
 FTLN 2839 England did never owe so sweet a hope 70
 FTLN 2840 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2841 Cousin, I think thou art enamored
 FTLN 2842 On his follies. Never did I hear
 FTLN 2843 Of any prince so wild a liberty.
 FTLN 2844 But be he as he will, yet once ere night 75
 FTLN 2845 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm
 FTLN 2846 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
 FTLN 2847 Arm, arm with speed, and, fellows, soldiers,
 FTLN 2848 friends,
 FTLN 2849 Better consider what you have to do 80
 FTLN 2850 Than I that have not well the gift of tongue
 FTLN 2851 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

FTLN 2852 MESSENGER My lord, here are letters for you.
 FTLN 2853 HOTSPUR I cannot read them now.—
 FTLN 2854 O gentlemen, the time of life is short; 85
 FTLN 2855 To spend that shortness basely were too long
 FTLN 2856 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 FTLN 2857 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 FTLN 2858 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 FTLN 2859 If die, brave death, when princes die with us. 90

FTLN 2860 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair
 FTLN 2861 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another [Messenger.]

[SECOND] MESSENGER

FTLN 2862 My lord, prepare. The King comes on apace.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2863 I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
 FTLN 2864 For I profess not talking. Only this: 95

FTLN 2865 Let each man do his best. And here draw I a sword,
 FTLN 2866 Whose temper I intend to stain

FTLN 2867 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 FTLN 2868 In the adventure of this perilous day.

FTLN 2869 Now, Esperance! Percy! And set on. 100

FTLN 2870 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

FTLN 2871 And by that music let us all embrace,

FTLN 2872 For, heaven to Earth, some of us never shall

FTLN 2873 A second time do such a courtesy.

Here they embrace. The trumpets sound.

[They exit.]

[Scene 3]

The King enters with his power, [crosses the stage and exits.] Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt, [disguised as the King.]

BLUNT, [as King]

FTLN 2874 What is thy name that in [the] battle thus

FTLN 2875 Thou crossest me? What honor dost thou seek

FTLN 2876 Upon my head?

FTLN 2877 DOUGLAS Know then my name is Douglas,

FTLN 2878 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus 5

FTLN 2879 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

FTLN 2880 BLUNT, [as King] They tell thee true.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2881 The Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought
 FTLN 2882 Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
 FTLN 2883 This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee, 10
 FTLN 2884 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

BLUNT, *as King*

FTLN 2885 I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,
 FTLN 2886 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 FTLN 2887 Lord Stafford's death.

*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.**Then enter Hotspur.*

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2888 O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus, 15
 FTLN 2889 I never had triumphed upon a Scot.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2890 All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

FTLN 2891 HOTSPUR Where?

FTLN 2892 DOUGLAS Here.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2893 This, Douglas? No, I know this face full well. 20
 FTLN 2894 A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt,
 FTLN 2895 Semblably furnished like the King himself.

DOUGLAS, *addressing Blunt's corpse*

FTLN 2896 *A* fool go with thy soul whither it goes!

FTLN 2897 A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.

FTLN 2898 Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king? 25

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2899 The King hath many marching in his coats.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2900 Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats.

FTLN 2901 I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

FTLN 2902 Until I meet the King.

FTLN 2903 HOTSPUR Up and away! 30

FTLN 2904 Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

They exit.

Alarm. Enter Falstaff alone.

FTLN 2905 FALSTAFF Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
 FTLN 2906 I fear the shot here. Here's no scoring but upon
 FTLN 2907 the pate.—Soft, who are you? Sir Walter Blunt.
 FTLN 2908 There's honor for you. Here's no vanity. I am as hot 35
 FTLN 2909 as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out
 FTLN 2910 of me; I need no more weight than mine own
 FTLN 2911 bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are
 FTLN 2912 peppered. There's not three of my hundred and fifty
 FTLN 2913 left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg 40
 FTLN 2914 during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

PRINCE

FTLN 2915 What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.
 FTLN 2916 Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
 FTLN 2917 Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
 FTLN 2918 Whose deaths are yet unrevenged. I prithee 45
 FTLN 2919 Lend me thy sword.

FTLN 2920 FALSTAFF O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe
 FTLN 2921 awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms
 FTLN 2922 as I have done this day. I have paid Percy; I have
 FTLN 2923 made him sure. 50

PRINCE

FTLN 2924 He is indeed, and living to kill thee.
 FTLN 2925 I prithee, lend me thy sword.
 FTLN 2926 FALSTAFF Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou
 FTLN 2927 gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou
 FTLN 2928 wilt. 55

PRINCE

FTLN 2929 Give it me. What, is it in the case?
 FTLN 2930 FALSTAFF Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will
 FTLN 2931 sack a city.

*The Prince draws it out, and finds it
 to be a bottle of sack.*

PRINCE

FTLN 2932 What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throws the bottle at him [and] exits.

FTLN 2933 FALSTAFF Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do 60

FTLN 2934 come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his

FTLN 2935 willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not

FTLN 2936 such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath. Give me

FTLN 2937 life, which, if I can save, so: if not, honor comes

FTLN 2938 unlooked for, and there's an end. 65

[He exits.]

[Scene 4]

Alarm, excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, [and the] Earl of Westmoreland.

KING

FTLN 2939 I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself. Thou bleedest
FTLN 2940 too much.

FTLN 2941 Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

FTLN 2942 Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

PRINCE

FTLN 2943 I beseech your Majesty, make up, 5

FTLN 2944 Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

KING

FTLN 2945 I will do so.—My Lord of Westmoreland,

FTLN 2946 Lead him to his tent.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2947 Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

PRINCE

FTLN 2948 Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help, 10

FTLN 2949 And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

FTLN 2950 The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,

FTLN 2951 Where stained nobility lies trodden on,

FTLN 2952 And rebels' arms triumph in massacres.

LANCASTER

FTLN 2953 We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland, 15
 FTLN 2954 Our duty this way lies. For God's sake, come.

「*Lancaster and Westmoreland exit.*」

PRINCE

FTLN 2955 By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster.
 FTLN 2956 I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
 FTLN 2957 Before, I loved thee as a brother, John,
 FTLN 2958 But now I do respect thee as my soul. 20

KING

FTLN 2959 I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
 FTLN 2960 With lustier maintenance than I did look for
 FTLN 2961 Of such an ungrown warrior.

PRINCE

FTLN 2962 O, this boy lends mettle to us all. *He exits.*

「*Enter Douglas.*」

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2963 Another king! They grow like Hydra's heads.— 25
 FTLN 2964 I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
 FTLN 2965 That wear those colors on them. What art thou
 FTLN 2966 That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING

FTLN 2967 The King himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
 FTLN 2968 So many of his shadows thou hast met 30
 FTLN 2969 And not the very king. I have two boys
 FTLN 2970 Seek Percy and thyself about the field,
 FTLN 2971 But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
 FTLN 2972 I will assay thee. And defend thyself.

DOUGLAS

FTLN 2973 I fear thou art another counterfeit, 35
 FTLN 2974 And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king.
 FTLN 2975 But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
 FTLN 2976 And thus I win thee.

*They fight. The King being in danger,
 enter Prince of Wales.*

PRINCE

FTLN 2977 Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
 FTLN 2978 Never to hold it up again. The spirits 40
 FTLN 2979 Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt are in my arms.
 FTLN 2980 It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
 FTLN 2981 Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight. Douglas flieth.

FTLN 2982 「To King.」 Cheerly, my lord. How fares your Grace?
 FTLN 2983 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent, 45
 FTLN 2984 And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

KING Stay and breathe awhile.

FTLN 2986 Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion
 FTLN 2987 And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life
 FTLN 2988 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

PRINCE

FTLN 2989 O God, they did me too much injury
 FTLN 2990 That ever said I hearkened for your death.
 FTLN 2991 If it were so, I might have let alone
 FTLN 2992 The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
 FTLN 2993 Which would have been as speedy in your end 55
 FTLN 2994 As all the poisonous potions in the world,
 FTLN 2995 And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

KING

FTLN 2996 Make up to Clifton. I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
King exits.

Enter Hotspur.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2997 If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE

FTLN 2998 Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

HOTSPUR

FTLN 2999 My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE Why then I see

FTLN 3001 A very valiant rebel of the name.

FTLN 3002 I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

FTLN 3003 To share with me in glory any more. 65
 FTLN 3004 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
 FTLN 3005 Nor can one England brook a double reign
 FTLN 3006 Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 3007 「Nor」 shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
 FTLN 3008 To end the one of us, and would to God 70
 FTLN 3009 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

PRINCE

FTLN 3010 I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
 FTLN 3011 And all the budding honors on thy crest
 FTLN 3012 I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

HOTSPUR

FTLN 3013 I can no longer brook thy vanities. *They fight.* 75

Enter Falstaff.

FTLN 3014 FALSTAFF Well said, Hal! To it, Hal! Nay, you shall find
 FTLN 3015 no boys' play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas. He fighteth with Falstaff, 「who」 falls
 down as if he were dead. 「Douglas exits.」 The Prince
 killeth Percy.*

HOTSPUR

FTLN 3016 O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth.
 FTLN 3017 I better brook the loss of brittle life
 FTLN 3018 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me. 80
 FTLN 3019 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
 FTLN 3020 flesh.
 FTLN 3021 But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool,
 FTLN 3022 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 FTLN 3023 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, 85
 FTLN 3024 But that the earthy and cold hand of death
 FTLN 3025 Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
 FTLN 3026 And food for— *「He dies.」*

PRINCE

FTLN 3027 For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart.

FTLN 3028	Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!	90
FTLN 3029	When that this body did contain a spirit,	
FTLN 3030	A kingdom for it was too small a bound,	
FTLN 3031	But now two paces of the vilest earth	
FTLN 3032	Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead	
FTLN 3033	Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.	95
FTLN 3034	If thou wert sensible of courtesy,	
FTLN 3035	I should not make so dear a show of zeal.	
FTLN 3036	But let my favors hide thy mangled face;	
	<i>He covers Hotspur's face.</i>	
FTLN 3037	And even in thy behalf I'll thank myself	
FTLN 3038	For doing these fair rites of tenderness.	100
FTLN 3039	Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.	
FTLN 3040	Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,	
FTLN 3041	But not remembered in thy epitaph.	
	<i>He spieth Falstaff on the ground.</i>	
FTLN 3042	What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh	
FTLN 3043	Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell.	105
FTLN 3044	I could have better spared a better man.	
FTLN 3045	O, I should have a heavy miss of thee	
FTLN 3046	If I were much in love with vanity.	
FTLN 3047	Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,	
FTLN 3048	Though many dearer in this bloody fray.	110
FTLN 3049	Emboweled will I see thee by and by;	
FTLN 3050	Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	<i>Falstaff riseth up.</i>	
FTLN 3051	FALSTAFF Emboweled? If thou embowel me today, I'll	
FTLN 3052	give you leave to powder me and eat me too	
FTLN 3053	tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or	115
FTLN 3054	that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot	
FTLN 3055	too. Counterfeit? I lie. I am no counterfeit. To die is	
FTLN 3056	to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a	
FTLN 3057	man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit	
FTLN 3058	dying when a man thereby liveth is to be no	120
FTLN 3059	counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life	
FTLN 3060	indeed. The better part of valor is discretion, in the	

FTLN 3061 which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am
 FTLN 3062 afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead.
 FTLN 3063 How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my 125
 FTLN 3064 faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.
 FTLN 3065 Therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear
 FTLN 3066 I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I?
 FTLN 3067 Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.
 FTLN 3068 Therefore, sirrah, *stabbing him* with a new wound 130
 FTLN 3069 in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his back.

*Enter Prince *and* John of Lancaster.*

PRINCE

FTLN 3070 Come, brother John. Full bravely hast thou fleshed
 FTLN 3071 Thy maiden sword.

FTLN 3072 LANCASTER But soft, whom have we here?

FTLN 3073 Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? 135

FTLN 3074 PRINCE I did; I saw him dead,

FTLN 3075 Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—Art thou
 FTLN 3076 alive?

FTLN 3077 Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?

FTLN 3078 I prithee, speak. We will not trust our eyes 140

FTLN 3079 Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FTLN 3080 FALSTAFF No, that's certain. I am not a double man.

FTLN 3081 But if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a jack. There

FTLN 3082 is Percy. If your father will do me any honor, so; if

FTLN 3083 not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be 145

FTLN 3084 either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE

FTLN 3085 Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

FTLN 3086 FALSTAFF Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is

FTLN 3087 given to lying. I grant you, I was down and out of

FTLN 3088 breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant 150

FTLN 3089 and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I

FTLN 3090 may be believed, so; if not, let them that should

FTLN 3091 reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll

FTLN 3092 take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in
 FTLN 3093 the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny 155
 FTLN 3094 it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my
 FTLN 3095 sword.

LANCASTER

FTLN 3096 This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE

FTLN 3097 This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
 FTLN 3098 Come bring your luggage nobly on your back. 160
 FTLN 3099 For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
 FTLN 3100 I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retreat is sounded.

FTLN 3101 The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is 「ours.」
 FTLN 3102 Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field
 FTLN 3103 To see what friends are living, who are dead. 165

They exit.

FTLN 3104 FALSTAFF I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that
 FTLN 3105 rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great,
 FTLN 3106 I'll grow less, for I'll purge and leave sack and live
 FTLN 3107 cleanly as a nobleman should do.

He exits 「carrying Hotspur's body.」

「Scene 5」

*The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales,
 Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with
 Worcester and Vernon prisoners, 「and Soldiers.」*

KING

FTLN 3108 Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
 FTLN 3109 Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
 FTLN 3110 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 FTLN 3111 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary,
 FTLN 3112 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? 5
 FTLN 3113 Three knights upon our party slain today,
 FTLN 3114 A noble earl, and many a creature else

