

ACT 1, SCENE 1. London. The palace.

KING HENRY

EARL of WESTMORELAND

KING HENRY IV

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
Let me hear, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree.

WESTMORELAND

My liege, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
The noble Mortimer, leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken.
The gallant Hotspur there, young Harry Percy,
And brave Archibald, Earl of Douglas,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
And our messenger has returned
Uncertain of the issue any way.

KING HENRY IV

Here is a dear, a true industrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt,
Who has brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Of prisoners, Hotspur took the eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

WESTMORELAND

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

KING HENRY IV

Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

WESTMORELAND

This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

KING HENRY IV

And I have sent for him to answer this..

Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 1. London. The palace.

KING HENRY

EARL of WESTMORELAND

KING HENRY IV

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
Let me hear, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree.

WESTMORELAND

My liege, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
The noble Mortimer, leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken.
The gallant Hotspur there, young Harry Percy,
And brave Archibald, Earl of Douglas,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
And our messenger has returned
Uncertain of the issue any way.

KING HENRY IV

Here is a dear, a true industrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt,
Who has brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Of prisoners, Hotspur took the eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

WESTMORELAND

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

KING HENRY IV

Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

WESTMORELAND

This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

KING HENRY IV

And I have sent for him to answer this..

Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 2. London. The Prince's. Quarters

HAL (PRINCE HARRY)

FALSTAFF

POINS

Enter HAL and FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE HENRY

What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF

Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,--majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,--

PRINCE HENRY [*pretending to be offended*]

What, none?

[FALSTAFF

No, by my troth, not so much as will serve as prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.]

FALSTAFF

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night be called thieves: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

PRINCE HENRY

Thou sayest well, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon.

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE HENRY

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FALSTAFF

Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

PRINCE HENRY

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF

No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FALSTAFF

Yea, and so used it that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent -- But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE HENRY

No; thou shalt. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation.

Enter POINS

PRINCE HENRY

Good morrow, Ned.

POINS

Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Sir John Sack and Sugar, Jack! How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou sold him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE HENRY

Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain.

POINS

Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE HENRY

Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS

But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns.

FALSTAFF

Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS

You will, chops?

FALSTAFF

Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE HENRY

Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FALSTAFF

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE HENRY [*after a moment of thought*]

Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FALSTAFF

Why, that's well said.

PRINCE HENRY [*toying with Falstaff*]

I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF [*exasperated*]

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

PRINCE HENRY

I care not.

POINS

Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Exit Falstaff

POINS

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

PRINCE HENRY

How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS

Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS

Tut! our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have

cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, but will not they be too hard for us?

POINS

Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow Farewell.

POINS

Farewell, my lord.

Exit Poins

PRINCE HENRY

I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyoked humor of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behavior I throw off

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit

ACT 1, SCENE 2. London. The Prince's. Quarters

HAL (PRINCE HARRY)

FALSTAFF

POINS

Enter HAL and FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE HENRY

What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF

Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,--majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,--

PRINCE HENRY [*pretending to be offended*]

What, none?

[FALSTAFF

No, by my troth, not so much as will serve as prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.]

FALSTAFF

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night be called thieves: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

PRINCE HENRY

Thou sayest well, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon.

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE HENRY

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FALSTAFF

Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

PRINCE HENRY

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF

No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FALSTAFF

Yea, and so used it that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent -- But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE HENRY

No; thou shalt. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation.

Enter POINS

PRINCE HENRY

Good morrow, Ned.

POINS

Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Sir John Sack and Sugar, Jack! How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou sold him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE HENRY

Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain.

POINS

Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE HENRY

Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS

But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns.

FALSTAFF

Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS

You will, chops?

FALSTAFF

Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE HENRY

Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FALSTAFF

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE HENRY [*after a moment of thought*]

Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FALSTAFF

Why, that's well said.

PRINCE HENRY [*toying with Falstaff*]

I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF [*exasperated*]

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

PRINCE HENRY

I care not.

POINS

Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Exit Falstaff

POINS

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

PRINCE HENRY

How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS

Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS

Tut! our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have

cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, but will not they be too hard for us?

POINS

Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow Farewell.

POINS

Farewell, my lord.

Exit Poins

PRINCE HENRY

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit

ACT 1, SCENE 2. London. The Prince's. Quarters

HAL (PRINCE HARRY)

FALSTAFF

POINS

Enter HAL and FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE HENRY

What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF

Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,--majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,--

PRINCE HENRY [*pretending to be offended*]

What, none?

[FALSTAFF

No, by my troth, not so much as will serve as prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.]

FALSTAFF

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night be called thieves: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

PRINCE HENRY

Thou sayest well, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon.

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE HENRY

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FALSTAFF

Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

PRINCE HENRY

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF

No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FALSTAFF

Yea, and so used it that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent -- But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE HENRY

No; thou shalt. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation.

Enter POINS

PRINCE HENRY

Good morrow, Ned.

POINS

Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Sir John Sack and Sugar, Jack! How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou sold him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE HENRY

Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain.

POINS

Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE HENRY

Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS

But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns.

FALSTAFF

Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS

You will, chops?

FALSTAFF

Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE HENRY

Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FALSTAFF

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dardest not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE HENRY [*after a moment of thought*]

Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FALSTAFF

Why, that's well said.

PRINCE HENRY [*toying with Falstaff*]

I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF [*exasperated*]

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

PRINCE HENRY

I care not.

POINS

Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Exit Falstaff

POINS

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

PRINCE HENRY

How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS

Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS

Tut! our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have

cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

PRINCE HENRY

Yea, but will not they be too hard for us?

POINS

Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow Farewell.

POINS

Farewell, my lord.

Exit Poins

PRINCE HENRY

I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyoked humor of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behavior I throw off

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit

ACT 1, SCENE 3. London. The palace.

KING HENRY IV

NORTHUMBERLAND

WORCESTER

HOTSPUR

KING HENRY IV

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have helped to make so portly.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord.--

KING HENRY IV

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Exit Worcester

[to Northumberland] You were about to speak.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

HOTSPUR

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should or he should not; for he made me mad

NORTHUMBERLAND

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING HENRY IV *[exasperated]*

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great warrior, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, Mortimer
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Which valiantly he took in single opposition,
Hand to hand, confounding the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

KING HENRY IV

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy. Art thou not ashamed?
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means.
My Lord Northumberland,

We licence your departure with your son.

Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train

HOTSPUR *[losing his temper]*

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle. *Re-enter WORCESTER*

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer!

'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Worcester]*

Brother, the king hath made you nephew mad.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

EARL OF WORCESTER

I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard who is dead the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,
-- Whose wrongs in us God pardon! -- did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

EARL OF WORCESTER

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR

Shall it be that you set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
Who put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And planted this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king; therefore, I say --

EARL OF WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit . . .

HOTSPUR *[interrupts him]*

If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple . . .

NORTHUMBERLAND *[aside to Worcester]*

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR *[to the heavens]*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks . . .

EARL OF WORCESTER *[aside to North]*

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners,--

HOTSPUR *[in temper tantrum]*

I'll keep them all;

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

You lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR *[temper tantrum continues]*

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[giving up]*

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Hotspur]*

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this furious mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR *[still raging]*

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
[calming down]

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only means
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.

For, bear ourselves as even as we can:
See already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 3. London. The palace.

KING HENRY IV

NORTHUMBERLAND

WORCESTER

HOTSPUR

KING HENRY IV

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have helped to make so portly.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord.--

KING HENRY IV

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Exit Worcester

[to Northumberland] You were about to speak.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

HOTSPUR

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should or he should not; for he made me mad

NORTHUMBERLAND

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING HENRY IV *[exasperated]*

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great warrior, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, Mortimer
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Which valiantly he took in single opposition,
Hand to hand, confounding the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

KING HENRY IV

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy. Art thou not ashamed?
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means.
My Lord Northumberland,

We licence your departure with your son.

Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train

HOTSPUR *[losing his temper]*

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle. *Re-enter WORCESTER*

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer!

'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Worcester]*

Brother, the king hath made you nephew mad.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

EARL OF WORCESTER

I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard who is dead the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,
-- Whose wrongs in us God pardon! -- did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

EARL OF WORCESTER

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR

Shall it be that you set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
Who put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And planted this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king; therefore, I say --

EARL OF WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit . . .

HOTSPUR *[interrupts him]*

If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple . . .

NORTHUMBERLAND *[aside to Worcester]*

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR *[to the heavens]*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks . . .

EARL OF WORCESTER *[aside to North]*

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners,--

HOTSPUR *[in temper tantrum]*

I'll keep them all;

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

You lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR *[temper tantrum continues]*

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[giving up]*

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Hotspur]*

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this furious mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR *[still raging]*

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
[calming down]

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only means
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.

For, bear ourselves as even as we can:
See already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 3. London. The palace.

KING HENRY IV

NORTHUMBERLAND

WORCESTER

HOTSPUR

KING HENRY IV

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have helped to make so portly.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord.--

KING HENRY IV

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Exit Worcester

[to Northumberland] You were about to speak.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

HOTSPUR

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should or he should not; for he made me mad

NORTHUMBERLAND

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING HENRY IV *[exasperated]*

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great warrior, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, Mortimer
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Which valiantly he took in single opposition,
Hand to hand, confounding the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

KING HENRY IV

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy. Art thou not ashamed?
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means.
My Lord Northumberland,

We licence your departure with your son.

Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train

HOTSPUR *[losing his temper]*

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle. *Re-enter WORCESTER*

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer!

'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high in the air as this unthankful king,

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Worcester]*

Brother, the king hath made you nephew mad.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

EARL OF WORCESTER

I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard who is dead the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,
-- Whose wrongs in us God pardon! -- did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

EARL OF WORCESTER

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR

Shall it be that you set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
Who put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And planted this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king; therefore, I say --

EARL OF WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit . . .

HOTSPUR *[interrupts him]*

If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple . . .

NORTHUMBERLAND *[aside to Worcester]*

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR *[to the heavens]*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks . . .

EARL OF WORCESTER *[aside to North]*

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners,--

HOTSPUR *[in temper tantrum]*

I'll keep them all;

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

You lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR *[temper tantrum continues]*

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[giving up]*

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Hotspur]*

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this furious mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR *[still raging]*

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
[calming down]

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only means
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.

For, bear ourselves as even as we can:
See already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 3. London. The palace.

KING HENRY IV

NORTHUMBERLAND

WORCESTER

HOTSPUR

KING HENRY IV

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have helped to make so portly.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord.--

KING HENRY IV

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Exit Worcester

[to Northumberland] You were about to speak.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

HOTSPUR

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should or he should not; for he made me mad

NORTHUMBERLAND

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING HENRY IV *[exasperated]*

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great warrior, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, Mortimer
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Which valiantly he took in single opposition,
Hand to hand, confounding the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

KING HENRY IV

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy. Art thou not ashamed?
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means.
My Lord Northumberland,

We licence your departure with your son.

Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train

HOTSPUR *[losing his temper]*

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle. *Re-enter WORCESTER*

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer!

'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Worcester]*

Brother, the king hath made you nephew mad.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

EARL OF WORCESTER

I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard who is dead the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,
-- Whose wrongs in us God pardon! -- did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

EARL OF WORCESTER

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR

Shall it be that you set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
Who put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And planted this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king; therefore, I say --

EARL OF WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit . . .

HOTSPUR *[interrupts him]*

If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple . . .

NORTHUMBERLAND *[aside to Worcester]*

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR *[to the heavens]*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks . . .

EARL OF WORCESTER *[aside to North]*

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners,--

HOTSPUR *[in temper tantrum]*

I'll keep them all;

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

You lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[trying to calm him]*

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR *[temper tantrum continues]*

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

EARL OF WORCESTER *[giving up]*

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to Hotspur]*

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this furious mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR *[still raging]*

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
[calming down]

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only means
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.

For, bear ourselves as even as we can:
See already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 1. The highway, nearby.

HAL, OR PRINCE HENRY

POINS FALSTAFF

BARDOLPH PETO

[TRAVELLERS]

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE HENRY

Stand close. *[they hide]*

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace, ye rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF

Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

FALSTAFF

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot further afoot, I shall break my wind. *[Hal sneaks off and hides again]* Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! *[wheezing with exhaustion]* Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!*[someone whistles; Hal and Poins reappear]*

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace! lie down and lay thine ear close to the ground. Listen if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE HENRY

Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted!

FALSTAFF *[still exhausted]*

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse.

PRINCE HENRY

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

BARDOLPH

Stand.

FALSTAFF

So I do, against my will.

POINS

O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH

Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

PETO

There's enough to make us all.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO

How many be there of them?

BARDOLPH

Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF

'Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE HENRY

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

PRINCE HENRY *[aside to Poins]*

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS

Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and POINS; others hide

PETO

Now, my masters, every man to his business. *Enter Travellers*

First Traveller *[with a money bag]*

Come, neighbor: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves (FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PETO, GADSHILL)

Stand!

Travellers

Jesus bless us!

PETO

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! caterpillars!

BARDOLPH Bacon-fed knaves! down with them: fleece them.

Falstaff akes bag.

Travellers

O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!.*Exeunt*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS

PRINCE HENRY

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS

Stand close; I hear them coming. *[Hal and Poins put on masks]*

Enter the Thieves again

FALSTAFF

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. If the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE HENRY *[disguising his voice]*

Your money!

POINS

Villains! *Thieves run away,, leaving money bag behind them*

PRINCE HENRY

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS

How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 1. The highway, nearby.

HAL, OR PRINCE HENRY

POINS FALSTAFF

BARDOLPH PETO

[TRAVELLERS]

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE HENRY

Stand close. *[they hide]*

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace, ye rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF

Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

FALSTAFF

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot further afoot, I shall break my wind. *[Hal sneaks off and hides again]* Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! *[wheezing with exhaustion]* Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!*[someone whistles; Hal and Poins reappear]*

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace! lie down and lay thine ear close to the ground. Listen if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE HENRY

Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted!

FALSTAFF *[still exhausted]*

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse.

PRINCE HENRY

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

BARDOLPH

Stand.

FALSTAFF

So I do, against my will.

POINS

O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH

Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

PETO

There's enough to make us all.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO

How many be there of them?

BARDOLPH

Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF

'Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE HENRY

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

PRINCE HENRY *[aside to Poins]*

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS

Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and POINS; others hide

PETO

Now, my masters, every man to his business. *Enter Travellers*

First Traveller *[with a money bag]*

Come, neighbor: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves (FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PETO, GADSHILL)

Stand!

Travellers

Jesus bless us!

PETO

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! caterpillars!

BARDOLPH Bacon-fed knaves! down with them: fleece them.

Falstaff akes bag.

Travellers

O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!.*Exeunt*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS

PRINCE HENRY

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS

Stand close; I hear them coming. *[Hal and Poins put on masks]*

Enter the Thieves again

FALSTAFF

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. If the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE HENRY *[disguising his voice]*

Your money!

POINS

Villains! *Thieves run away,, leaving money bag behind them*

PRINCE HENRY

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS

How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 1. The highway, nearby.

HAL, OR PRINCE HENRY

POINS FALSTAFF

BARDOLPH PETO

[TRAVELLERS]

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE HENRY

Stand close. *[they hide]*

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace, ye rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF

Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

FALSTAFF

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot further afoot, I shall break my wind. *[Hal sneaks off and hides again]* Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! *[wheezing with exhaustion]* Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!*[someone whistles; Hal and Poins reappear]*

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace! lie down and lay thine ear close to the ground. Listen if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE HENRY

Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted!

FALSTAFF *[still exhausted]*

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse.

PRINCE HENRY

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

BARDOLPH

Stand.

FALSTAFF

So I do, against my will.

POINS

O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH

Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

PETO

There's enough to make us all.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO

How many be there of them?

BARDOLPH

Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF

'Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE HENRY

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

PRINCE HENRY *[aside to Poins]*

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS

Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and POINS; others hide

PETO

Now, my masters, every man to his business. *Enter Travellers*

First Traveller *[with a money bag]*

Come, neighbor: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves (FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PETO, GADSHILL)

Stand!

Travellers

Jesus bless us!

PETO

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! caterpillars!

BARDOLPH Bacon-fed knaves! down with them: fleece them.

Falstaff akes bag.

Travellers

O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!.*Exeunt*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS

PRINCE HENRY

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS

Stand close; I hear them coming. *[Hal and Poins put on masks]*

Enter the Thieves again

FALSTAFF

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. If the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE HENRY *[disguising his voice]*

Your money!

POINS

Villains! *Thieves run away,, leaving money bag behind them*

PRINCE HENRY

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS

How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 1. The highway, nearby.

HAL, OR PRINCE HENRY

POINS FALSTAFF

BARDOLPH PETO

[TRAVELLERS]

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE HENRY

Stand close. *[they hide]*

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace, ye rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF

Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

FALSTAFF

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot further afoot, I shall break my wind. *[Hal sneaks off and hides again]* Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! *[wheezing with exhaustion]* Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!*[someone whistles; Hal and Poins reappear]*

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace! lie down and lay thine ear close to the ground. Listen if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE HENRY

Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted!

FALSTAFF *[still exhausted]*

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse.

PRINCE HENRY

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

BARDOLPH

Stand.

FALSTAFF

So I do, against my will.

POINS

O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH

Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

PETO

There's enough to make us all.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO

How many be there of them?

BARDOLPH

Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF

'Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE HENRY

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

PRINCE HENRY *[aside to Poins]*

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS

Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and POINS; others hide

PETO

Now, my masters, every man to his business. *Enter Travellers*

First Traveller *[with a money bag]*

Come, neighbor: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves (FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PETO, GADSHILL)

Stand!

Travellers

Jesus bless us!

PETO

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! caterpillars!

BARDOLPH Bacon-fed knaves! down with them: fleece them.

Falstaff akes bag.

Travellers

O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!.*Exeunt*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS

PRINCE HENRY

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS

Stand close; I hear them coming. *[Hal and Poins put on masks]*

Enter the Thieves again

FALSTAFF

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. If the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE HENRY *[disguising his voice]*

Your money!

POINS

Villains! *Thieves run away,, leaving money bag behind them*

PRINCE HENRY

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS

How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 1. The highway, nearby.

HAL, OR PRINCE HENRY

POINS FALSTAFF

BARDOLPH PETO

[TRAVELLERS]

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE HENRY

Stand close. *[they hide]*

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace, ye rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF

Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

FALSTAFF

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot further afoot, I shall break my wind. *[Hal sneaks off and hides again]* Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! *[wheezing with exhaustion]* Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!*[someone whistles; Hal and Poins reappear]*

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace! lie down and lay thine ear close to the ground. Listen if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE HENRY

Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted!

FALSTAFF *[still exhausted]*

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse.

PRINCE HENRY

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

BARDOLPH

Stand.

FALSTAFF

So I do, against my will.

POINS

O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH

Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

PETO

There's enough to make us all.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO

How many be there of them?

BARDOLPH

Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF

'Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE HENRY

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

PRINCE HENRY *[aside to Poins]*

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS

Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and POINS; others hide

PETO

Now, my masters, every man to his business. *Enter Travellers*

First Traveller *[with a money bag]*

Come, neighbor: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves (FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PETO, GADSHILL)

Stand!

Travellers

Jesus bless us!

PETO

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! caterpillars!

BARDOLPH Bacon-fed knaves! down with them: fleece them.

Falstaff akes bag.

Travellers

O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!.*Exeunt*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS

PRINCE HENRY

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS

Stand close; I hear them coming. *[Hal and Poins put on masks]*

Enter the Thieves again

FALSTAFF

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. If the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE HENRY *[disguising his voice]*

Your money!

POINS

Villains! *Thieves run away,, leaving money bag behind them*

PRINCE HENRY

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS

How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 1. The highway, nearby.

HAL, OR PRINCE HENRY

POINS FALSTAFF

BARDOLPH PETO

[TRAVELLERS]

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE HENRY

Stand close. *[they hide]*

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace, ye rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF

Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

FALSTAFF

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot further afoot, I shall break my wind. *[Hal sneaks off and hides again]* Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! *[wheezing with exhaustion]* Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!*[someone whistles; Hal and Poins reappear]*

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE HENRY

Peace! lie down and lay thine ear close to the ground. Listen if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE HENRY

Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted!

FALSTAFF *[still exhausted]*

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse.

PRINCE HENRY

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

BARDOLPH

Stand.

FALSTAFF

So I do, against my will.

POINS

O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH

Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

PETO

There's enough to make us all.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO

How many be there of them?

BARDOLPH

Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF

'Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE HENRY

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

PRINCE HENRY *[aside to Poins]*

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS

Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and POINS; others hide

PETO

Now, my masters, every man to his business. *Enter Travellers*

First Traveller *[with a money bag]*

Come, neighbor: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves (FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PETO, GADSHILL)

Stand!

Travellers

Jesus bless us!

PETO

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! caterpillars!

BARDOLPH Bacon-fed knaves! down with them: fleece them.

Falstaff akes bag.

Travellers

O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!.*Exeunt*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS

PRINCE HENRY

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS

Stand close; I hear them coming. *[Hal and Poins put on masks]*

Enter the Thieves again

FALSTAFF

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. If the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE HENRY *[disguising his voice]*

Your money!

POINS

Villains! *Thieves run away,, leaving money bag behind them*

PRINCE HENRY

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS

How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 2. Warkworth castle

[**Note: this scene may be cut**]

HOTSPUR

LADY PERCY

Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter

HOTSPUR

[*reads*] "But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more.

[*reads*] "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;" --why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

[*reads*] "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

Say you so, say you so? What a lack-brain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid. [Zounds, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.] [O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action.]

Enter LADY PERCY

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY PERCY

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
Tell me, sweet lord, [what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?]
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
[In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Thou hast talk'd of sallies and trenches,
Tents and cannon, prisoners' ransom, soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.]
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream;
[And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.]
O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.
But hear you, my lord!

HOTSPUR

What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY PERCY

What is it carries you away?

HOTSPUR

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY PERCY

Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise: but if you go,--

HOTSPUR

So far on foot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY PERCY

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
If thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOTSPUR

[Away, Away, you trifler! this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns.]
God's me, my horse! What say'st thou, Kate?
What would'st thou have with me?

LADY PERCY

Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am on horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go. This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
Constant you are, but yet a woman:
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY PERCY

How! so far?

HOTSPUR

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY PERCY

It must of force.

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 2. Warkworth castle

[**Note: this scene may be cut**]

HOTSPUR

LADY PERCY

Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter

HOTSPUR

[*reads*] "But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more.

[*reads*] "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;" --why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

[*reads*] "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

Say you so, say you so? What a lack-brain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid. [Zounds, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.] [O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action.]

Enter LADY PERCY

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY PERCY

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
Tell me, sweet lord, [what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?]
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
[In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Thou hast talk'd of sallies and trenches,
Tents and cannon, prisoners' ransom, soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.]
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream;
[And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.]
O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.
But hear you, my lord!

HOTSPUR

What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY PERCY

What is it carries you away?

HOTSPUR

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY PERCY

Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise: but if you go,--

HOTSPUR

So far on foot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY PERCY

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
If thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOTSPUR

[Away, Away, you trifler! this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns.]
God's me, my horse! What say'st thou, Kate?
What would'st thou have with me?

LADY PERCY

Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am on horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go. This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
Constant you are, but yet a woman:
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY PERCY

How! so far?

HOTSPUR

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY PERCY

It must of force.

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 3. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

POINS FRANCIS

FALSTAFF PETO

BARDOLPH HOSTESS

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

Exit POINS; enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five year! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

POINS [*within*] Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? *Exit Francis*

PRINCE HENRY Poins! *Re-enter POINS*

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

POINS Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague on all cowards! Is there no virtue extant?

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY Why, you rogue, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, if ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw!

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs; how was it?

BARDOLPH We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLPH And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PETO As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY What, four? thou said but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY [*to Poins*]

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like their father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool--

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF [*acting offended*] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in a fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF [*pretending not to have been fooled*] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O, my lord the prince!

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. There's villanous news abroad: you must to the court in the morning. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FALSTAFF Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that Harry Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou will be horribly chided tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

HOSTESS This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF [*pretending to be the King*] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, if it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF His name is Falstaff: I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. Now, Harry, the complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

PRINCE HENRY Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace.

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: who carries me away, your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish poor Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

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

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

Re-enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY [*to Falstaff*] Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY Call up the sheriff.

Exeunt all except FALSTAFF, who promptly curls up and goes to sleep. HAL, PETO, BARDOLPH re-enter

PRINCE HENRY Come, call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Falstaff! Here! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto and Bardolph search his pockets*] What hast thou found?

PETO [*pulling out papers*] Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2 shillings, 2 pence. Item, Sauce, . . . 4 shillings. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 shillings. 8 pence. Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 shillings. 6 pence. Item, Bread, no charge.

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

ACT 2, SCENE 3. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

POINS FRANCIS

FALSTAFF PETO

BARDOLPH HOSTESS

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

Exit POINS; enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five year! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

POINS [*within*] Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? *Exit Francis*

PRINCE HENRY Poins! *Re-enter POINS*

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

POINS Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague on all cowards! Is there no virtue extant?

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY Why, you rogue, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, if ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw!

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs; how was it?

BARDOLPH We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLPH And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PETO As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY What, four? thou said but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY [*to Poins*]

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like their father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool--

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF [*acting offended*] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in a fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF [*pretending not to have been fooled*] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O, my lord the prince!

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. There's villanous news abroad: you must to the court in the morning. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FALSTAFF Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that Harry Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou will be horribly chided tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

HOSTESS This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF [*pretending to be the King*] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, if it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF His name is Falstaff: I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. Now, Harry, the complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

PRINCE HENRY Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace.

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: who carries me away, your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish poor Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

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

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

Re-enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY [*to Falstaff*] Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY Call up the sheriff.

Exeunt all except FALSTAFF, who promptly curls up and goes to sleep. HAL, PETO, BARDOLPH re-enter

PRINCE HENRY Come, call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Falstaff! Here! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto and Bardolph search his pockets*] What hast thou found?

PETO [*pulling out papers*] Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2 shillings, 2 pence. Item, Sauce, . . . 4 shillings. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 shillings. 8 pence. Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 shillings. 6 pence. Item, Bread, no charge.

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

ACT 2, SCENE 3. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

POINS FRANCIS

FALSTAFF PETO

BARDOLPH HOSTESS

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

Exit POINS; enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five year! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

POINS [*within*] Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? *Exit Francis*

PRINCE HENRY Poins! *Re-enter POINS*

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

POINS Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague on all cowards! Is there no virtue extant?

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY Why, you rogue, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, if ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw!

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs; how was it?

BARDOLPH We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLPH And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PETO As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY What, four? thou said but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY [*to Poins*]

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like their father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool--

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF [*acting offended*] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in a fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF [*pretending not to have been fooled*] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O, my lord the prince!

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. There's villanous news abroad: you must to the court in the morning. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FALSTAFF Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that Harry Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou will be horribly chided tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

HOSTESS This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF [*pretending to be the King*] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, if it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF His name is Falstaff: I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. Now, Harry, the complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

PRINCE HENRY Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace.

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: who carries me away, your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish poor Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

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

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

Re-enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY [*to Falstaff*] Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY Call up the sheriff.

Exeunt all except FALSTAFF, who promptly curls up and goes to sleep. HAL, PETO, BARDOLPH re-enter

PRINCE HENRY Come, call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Falstaff! Here! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto and Bardolph search his pockets*] What hast thou found?

PETO [*pulling out papers*] Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2 shillings, 2 pence. Item, Sauce, . . . 4 shillings. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 shillings. 8 pence. Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 shillings. 6 pence. Item, Bread, no charge.

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

ACT 2, SCENE 3. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

POINS FRANCIS

FALSTAFF PETO

BARDOLPH HOSTESS

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

Exit POINS; enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five year! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

POINS [*within*] Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? *Exit Francis*

PRINCE HENRY Poins! *Re-enter POINS*

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

POINS Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague on all cowards! Is there no virtue extant?

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY Why, you rogue, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, if ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw!

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs; how was it?

BARDOLPH We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLPH And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PETO As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY What, four? thou said but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY [*to Poins*]

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like their father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool--

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF [*acting offended*] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in a fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF [*pretending not to have been fooled*] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O, my lord the prince!

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. There's villanous news abroad: you must to the court in the morning. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FALSTAFF Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that Harry Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou will be horribly chided tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

HOSTESS This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF [*pretending to be the King*] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, if it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF His name is Falstaff: I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. Now, Harry, the complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

PRINCE HENRY Swearst thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace.

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: who carries me away, your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish poor Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

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

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

Re-enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY [*to Falstaff*] Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY Call up the sheriff.

Exeunt all except FALSTAFF, who promptly curls up and goes to sleep. HAL, PETO, BARDOLPH re-enter

PRINCE HENRY Come, call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Falstaff! Here! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto and Bardolph search his pockets*] What hast thou found?

PETO [*pulling out papers*] Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2 shillings, 2 pence. Item, Sauce, . . . 4 shillings. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 shillings. 8 pence. Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 shillings. 6 pence. Item, Bread, no charge.

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

ACT 2, SCENE 3. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

POINS FRANCIS

FALSTAFF PETO

BARDOLPH HOSTESS

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

Exit POINS; enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five year! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

POINS [*within*] Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? *Exit Francis*

PRINCE HENRY Poins! *Re-enter POINS*

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

POINS Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague on all cowards! Is there no virtue extant?

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY Why, you rogue, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, if ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw!

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs; how was it?

BARDOLPH We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLPH And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PETO As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY What, four? thou said but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY [*to Poins*]

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like their father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool--

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF [*acting offended*] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in a fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF [*pretending not to have been fooled*] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O, my lord the prince!

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. There's villanous news abroad: you must to the court in the morning. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FALSTAFF Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that Harry Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou will be horribly chided tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

HOSTESS This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF [*pretending to be the King*] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, if it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF His name is Falstaff: I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. Now, Harry, the complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

PRINCE HENRY Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace.

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: who carries me away, your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish poor Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

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

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

Re-enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY [*to Falstaff*] Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY Call up the sheriff.

Exeunt all except FALSTAFF, who promptly curls up and goes to sleep. HAL, PETO, BARDOLPH re-enter

PRINCE HENRY Come, call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Falstaff! Here! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto and Bardolph search his pockets*] What hast thou found?

PETO [*pulling out papers*] Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2 shillings, 2 pence. Item, Sauce, . . . 4 shillings. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 shillings. 8 pence. Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 shillings. 6 pence. Item, Bread, no charge.

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

ACT 2, SCENE 3. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

POINS FRANCIS

FALSTAFF PETO

BARDOLPH HOSTESS

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

Exit POINS; enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five year! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

POINS [*within*] Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? *Exit Francis*

PRINCE HENRY Poins! *Re-enter POINS*

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

POINS Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague on all cowards! Is there no virtue extant?

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY Why, you rogue, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, if ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw!

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs; how was it?

BARDOLPH We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLPH And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PETO As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY What, four? thou said but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY [*to Poins*]

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like their father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool--

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF [*acting offended*] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in a fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF [*pretending not to have been fooled*] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O, my lord the prince!

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. There's villanous news abroad: you must to the court in the morning. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FALSTAFF Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that Harry Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou will be horribly chided tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

HOSTESS This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF [*pretending to be the King*] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, if it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF His name is Falstaff: I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. Now, Harry, the complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

PRINCE HENRY Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace.

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: who carries me away, your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish poor Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

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

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

Re-enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY [*to Falstaff*] Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY Call up the sheriff.

Exeunt all except FALSTAFF, who promptly curls up and goes to sleep. HAL, PETO, BARDOLPH re-enter

PRINCE HENRY Come, call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Falstaff! Here! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto and Bardolph search his pockets*] What hast thou found?

PETO [*pulling out papers*] Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2 shillings, 2 pence. Item, Sauce, . . . 4 shillings. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 shillings. 8 pence. Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 shillings. 6 pence. Item, Bread, no charge.

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

ACT 2, SCENE 3. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

POINS FRANCIS

FALSTAFF PETO

BARDOLPH HOSTESS

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

Exit POINS; enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five year! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

POINS [*within*] Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? *Exit Francis*

PRINCE HENRY Poins! *Re-enter POINS*

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

POINS Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague on all cowards! Is there no virtue extant?

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY Why, you rogue, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, if ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw!

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs; how was it?

BARDOLPH We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLPH And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PETO As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

PRINCE HENRY What, four? thou said but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY [*to Poins*]

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like their father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool--

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF [*acting offended*] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in a fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF [*pretending not to have been fooled*] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O, my lord the prince!

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. There's villanous news abroad: you must to the court in the morning. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

FALSTAFF Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that Harry Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou will be horribly chided tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

HOSTESS This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF [*pretending to be the King*] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, if it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF His name is Falstaff: I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. Now, Harry, the complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.

PRINCE HENRY Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace.

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: who carries me away, your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish poor Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

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

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

Re-enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY [*to Falstaff*] Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY Call up the sheriff.

Exeunt all except FALSTAFF, who promptly curls up and goes to sleep. HAL, PETO, BARDOLPH re-enter

PRINCE HENRY Come, call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Falstaff! Here! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto and Bardolph search his pockets*] What hast thou found?

PETO [*pulling out papers*] Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2 shillings, 2 pence. Item, Sauce, . . . 4 shillings. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 shillings. 8 pence. Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 shillings. 6 pence. Item, Bread, no charge.

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

ACT 3, SCENE 1. The Archdeacon's house.

[**Note: this scene may be cut**]

HOTSPUR

MORTIMER

GLENDOWER

LADY MORTIMER (numerous lines in Welsh)

LADY PERCY

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester; a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER

No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR

And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER

I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

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

HOTSPUR

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

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her belly; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old earth and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our mother earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

GLENDOWER

Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

HOTSPUR

I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.

I'll to dinner.

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call them?

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command

The devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil

By telling truth.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made attempt

Against my power; thrice have I sent him

Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR [mockingly]

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

GLENDOWER [giving Hotspur one last glare]

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right

According to our threefold order taken?

MORTIMER

The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits very equally . . .

HOTSPUR

Methinks my part

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my land.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly;

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLENDOWER

Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

HOTSPUR

I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER

I'll not have it alter'd.

HOTSPUR [getting into Glendower's face]

Will not you?

GLENDOWER

No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR

Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER

Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

For I was train'd up in the English court.

HOTSPUR

I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLENDOWER

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit GLENDOWER

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
 With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
 [And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 [A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
 He held me last night at least nine hours:
 I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse.

MORTIMER

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman.
 Shall I tell you, cousin,
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himself when you cross his humor;
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

EARL OF WORCESTER

In faith, my lord, you have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must learn, lord, to amend this fault.

HOTSPUR

Well, I am school'd.

Here come our wives.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies

[Lady Mortimer speaks lovingly to Mortimer in Welsh]

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite that angers me;
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER *[translating for his daughter]*

My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same]

GLENDOWER

She is desperate here, and no persuasion can soothe her.

The lady speaks in Welsh

MORTIMER

I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens *[he is pointing out her tears]*

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division, to her lute. *[he urges Glendower to translate all of that]*

GLENDOWER

Nay, if you melt, then she will run mad.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep.

MORTIMER

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: let me lay my head
 in thy lap.

LADY PERCY

Go, ye giddy goose!

The music plays

Lie still, ye thief,
 and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR

I had rather hear Lady, my beagle, howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR

No.

LADY PERCY

Then be still.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY

Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR

Come, sing.

LADY PERCY

I will not sing.

HOTSPUR *[getting up]*

I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

Exit

GLENDOWER

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 1. The Archdeacon's house.

[Note: this scene may be cut]

HOTSPUR

MORTIMER

GLENDOWER

LADY MORTIMER (numerous lines in Welsh)

LADY PERCY

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester; a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER

No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR

And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER

I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

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

HOTSPUR

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

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her belly; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our mother earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLENDOWER

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.

HOTSPUR

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

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made attempt
Against my power; thrice have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR [*mockingly*]

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

GLENDOWER [*giving Hotspur one last glare*]

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order taken?

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Methinks my part

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly;

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLENDOWER

Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

HOTSPUR

I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER

I'll not have it alter'd.

HOTSPUR [*getting into Glendower's face*]

Will not you?

GLENDOWER

No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR

Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER

Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court.

HOTSPUR

I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLENDOWER

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit GLENDOWER

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
 With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
 [And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 [A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
 He held me last night at least nine hours:
 I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse.

MORTIMER

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman.
 Shall I tell you, cousin,
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himself when you cross his humor;
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

EARL OF WORCESTER

In faith, my lord, you have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must learn, lord, to amend this fault.

HOTSPUR

Well, I am school'd.

Here come our wives.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies

[Lady Mortimer speaks lovingly to Mortimer in Welsh]

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite that angers me;
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER *[translating for his daughter]*

My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same]

GLENDOWER

She is desperate here, and no persuasion can soothe her.

The lady speaks in Welsh

MORTIMER

I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens *[he is pointing out her tears]*

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division, to her lute. *[he urges Glendower to translate all of that]*

GLENDOWER

Nay, if you melt, then she will run mad.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep.

MORTIMER

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: let me lay my head
 in thy lap.

LADY PERCY

Go, ye giddy goose!

The music plays

Lie still, ye thief,
 and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR

I had rather hear Lady, my beagle, howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR

No.

LADY PERCY

Then be still.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY

Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR

Come, sing.

LADY PERCY

I will not sing.

HOTSPUR *[getting up]*

I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

Exit

GLENDOWER

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 1. The Archdeacon's house.

[**Note: this scene may be cut**]

HOTSPUR

MORTIMER

GLENDOWER

LADY MORTIMER (numerous lines in Welsh)

LADY PERCY

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester; a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER

No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR

And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER

I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

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

HOTSPUR

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

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her belly; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our mother earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLENDOWER

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.

HOTSPUR

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

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

HOTSPUR

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

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made attempt
Against my power; thrice have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR [mockingly]

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

GLENDOWER [giving Hotspur one last glare]

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order taken?

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Methinks my part
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLENDOWER

Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

HOTSPUR

I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER

I'll not have it alter'd.

HOTSPUR [getting into Glendower's face]

Will not you?

GLENDOWER

No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR

Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER

Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court.

HOTSPUR

I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLENDOWER

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit GLENDOWER

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
 With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
 [And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 [A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
 He held me last night at least nine hours:
 I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse.

MORTIMER

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman.
 Shall I tell you, cousin,
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himself when you cross his humor;
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

EARL OF WORCESTER

In faith, my lord, you have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must learn, lord, to amend this fault.

HOTSPUR

Well, I am school'd.

Here come our wives.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies

[Lady Mortimer speaks lovingly to Mortimer in Welsh]

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite that angers me;
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER *[translating for his daughter]*

My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same]

GLENDOWER

She is desperate here, and no persuasion can soothe her.

The lady speaks in Welsh

MORTIMER

I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens *[he is pointing out her tears]*

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division, to her lute. *[he urges Glendower to translate all of that]*

GLENDOWER

Nay, if you melt, then she will run mad.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep.

MORTIMER

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: let me lay my head
 in thy lap.

LADY PERCY

Go, ye giddy goose!

The music plays

Lie still, ye thief,
 and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR

I had rather hear Lady, my beagle, howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR

No.

LADY PERCY

Then be still.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY

Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR

Come, sing.

LADY PERCY

I will not sing.

HOTSPUR *[getting up]*

I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

Exit

GLENDOWER

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 1. The Archdeacon's house.

[**Note: this scene may be cut**]

HOTSPUR

MORTIMER

GLENDOWER

LADY MORTIMER (numerous lines in Welsh)

LADY PERCY

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester; a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER

No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR

And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER

I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

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

HOTSPUR

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

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her belly; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our mother earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLENDOWER

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.

HOTSPUR

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

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made attempt
Against my power; thrice have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR [mockingly]

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

GLENDOWER [giving Hotspur one last glare]

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order taken?

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Methinks my part

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly;

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLENDOWER

Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

HOTSPUR

I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER

I'll not have it alter'd.

HOTSPUR [getting into Glendower's face]

Will not you?

GLENDOWER

No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR

Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER

Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court.

HOTSPUR

I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLENDOWER

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit GLENDOWER

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
 With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
 [And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 [A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
 He held me last night at least nine hours:
 I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse.

MORTIMER

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman.
 Shall I tell you, cousin,
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himself when you cross his humor;
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

EARL OF WORCESTER

In faith, my lord, you have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must learn, lord, to amend this fault.

HOTSPUR

Well, I am school'd.

Here come our wives.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies

[Lady Mortimer speaks lovingly to Mortimer in Welsh]

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite that angers me;
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER *[translating for his daughter]*

My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same]

GLENDOWER

She is desperate here, and no persuasion can soothe her.

The lady speaks in Welsh

MORTIMER

I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens *[he is pointing out her tears]*

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division, to her lute. *[he urges Glendower to translate all of that]*

GLENDOWER

Nay, if you melt, then she will run mad.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep.

MORTIMER

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: let me lay my head
 in thy lap.

LADY PERCY

Go, ye giddy goose!

The music plays

Lie still, ye thief,
 and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR

I had rather hear Lady, my beagle, howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR

No.

LADY PERCY

Then be still.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY

Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR

Come, sing.

LADY PERCY

I will not sing.

HOTSPUR *[getting up]*

I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

Exit

GLENDOWER

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 1. The Archdeacon's house.

[**Note: this scene may be cut**]

HOTSPUR

MORTIMER

GLENDOWER

LADY MORTIMER (numerous lines in Welsh)

LADY PERCY

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester; a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER

No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR

And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER

I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

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

HOTSPUR

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

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her belly; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our mother earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLENDOWER

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.

HOTSPUR

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

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

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

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made attempt
Against my power; thrice have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR [*mockingly*]

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

GLENDOWER [*giving Hotspur one last glare*]

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order taken?

MORTIMER

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

HOTSPUR

Methinks my part

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly;

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLENDOWER

Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

HOTSPUR

I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER

I'll not have it alter'd.

HOTSPUR [*getting into Glendower's face*]

Will not you?

GLENDOWER

No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR

Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER

Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court.

HOTSPUR

I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLENDOWER

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit GLENDOWER

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
 With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
 [And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 [A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
 He held me last night at least nine hours:
 I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse.

MORTIMER

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman.
 Shall I tell you, cousin,
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himself when you cross his humor;
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

EARL OF WORCESTER

In faith, my lord, you have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must learn, lord, to amend this fault.

HOTSPUR

Well, I am school'd.

Here come our wives.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies

[Lady Mortimer speaks lovingly to Mortimer in Welsh]

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite that angers me;
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER *[translating for his daughter]*

My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same]

GLENDOWER

She is desperate here, and no persuasion can soothe her.

The lady speaks in Welsh

MORTIMER

I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens *[he is pointing out her tears]*

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division, to her lute. *[he urges Glendower to translate all of that]*

GLENDOWER

Nay, if you melt, then she will run mad.

The lady speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep.

MORTIMER

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: let me lay my head
 in thy lap.

LADY PERCY

Go, ye giddy goose!

The music plays

Lie still, ye thief,
 and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR

I had rather hear Lady, my beagle, howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR

No.

LADY PERCY

Then be still.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song

HOTSPUR

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY

Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR

Come, sing.

LADY PERCY

I will not sing.

HOTSPUR *[getting up]*

I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

Exit

GLENDOWER

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 2. London. The palace.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

KING HENRY IV

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
But thou dost make me believe that thou art only sent
To punish my mis-deeds.

PRINCE HENRY

So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

KING HENRY IV

God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Thou has lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more.

PRINCE HENRY

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

KING HENRY IV

This Hotspur, Mars in swaddling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Hath shaken the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Who art my nearest and dearest enemy?

PRINCE HENRY

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When this gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet,
I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
This I promise here, to salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

KING HENRY IV

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

ACT 3, SCENE 2. London. The palace.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

KING HENRY IV

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
But thou dost make me believe that thou art only sent
To punish my mis-deeds.

PRINCE HENRY

So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

KING HENRY IV

God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Thou has lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more.

PRINCE HENRY

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

KING HENRY IV

This Hotspur, Mars in swaddling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Hath shaken the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Who art my nearest and dearest enemy?

PRINCE HENRY

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When this gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet,
I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
This I promise here, to salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

KING HENRY IV

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

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 3. The Tavern.

HOSTESS

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

Hostess

My lord, I pray you, hear me.

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE HENRY

What sayest thou, Jack?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

What didst thou lose, Jack?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hostess

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

PRINCE HENRY

What! he did not?

Hostess

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

FALSTAFF

There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox. Go, you thing, go.

Hostess

And my lord, he said this other day you owed him a thousand pound.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF

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

Now Hal, for the robbery, how is that answered?

PRINCE HENRY

The money is paid back again.

FALSTAFF

O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest.

PRINCE HENRY

I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. Meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! *Exit*

Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! *Exit*

ACT 3, SCENE 3. The Tavern.

HOSTESS

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

Hostess

My lord, I pray you, hear me.

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE HENRY

What sayest thou, Jack?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

What didst thou lose, Jack?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hostess

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

PRINCE HENRY

What! he did not?

Hostess

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

FALSTAFF

There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox. Go, you thing, go.

Hostess

And my lord, he said this other day you owed him a thousand pound.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF

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

Now Hal, for the robbery, how is that answered?

PRINCE HENRY

The money is paid back again.

FALSTAFF

O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest.

PRINCE HENRY

I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. Meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

ACT 3, SCENE 3. The Tavern.

HOSTESS

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

Hostess

My lord, I pray you, hear me.

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE HENRY

What sayest thou, Jack?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

What didst thou lose, Jack?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hostess

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

PRINCE HENRY

What! he did not?

Hostess

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

FALSTAFF

There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox. Go, you thing, go.

Hostess

And my lord, he said this other day you owed him a thousand pound.

PRINCE HENRY

Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF

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

Now Hal, for the robbery, how is that answered?

PRINCE HENRY

The money is paid back again.

FALSTAFF

O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest.

PRINCE HENRY

I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. Meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! *Exit*

ACT 4, SCENE 1. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

MESSENGER
HOTSPUR
WORCESTER
VERNON

Enter Hotspur and Worcester;

Enter a Messenger with letters

What letters hast thou there?--I can but thank you.

Messenger

These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR

Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Messenger

He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a rustling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Messenger

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

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Messenger

He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

HOTSPUR

Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

There is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

EARL OF WORCESTER

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR

A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.

EARL OF WORCESTER

But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.

HOTSPUR

You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
Than if the earl were here.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

HOTSPUR

My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

VERNON

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR

No harm: what more?

VERNON

And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

VERNON

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like ostriches
Glittering in golden coats,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
I saw young Harry, with his bever on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And bewitch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:
I am on fire. Come, let me to my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the forces of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corpse.
O that Glendower were come!

VERNON

There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

EARL OF WORCESTER

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet; that bears a frosty sound.

HOTSPUR

What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VERNON

To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR

Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 1. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

MESSENGER
HOTSPUR
WORCESTER
VERNON

Enter Hotspur and Worcester;

Enter a Messenger with letters

What letters hast thou there?--I can but thank you.

Messenger

These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR

Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Messenger

He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a rustling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Messenger

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

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Messenger

He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

HOTSPUR

Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

There is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

EARL OF WORCESTER

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR

A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.

EARL OF WORCESTER

But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.

HOTSPUR

You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
Than if the earl were here.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

HOTSPUR

My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

VERNON

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR

No harm: what more?

VERNON

And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

VERNON

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like ostriches
Glittering in golden coats,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
I saw young Harry, with his bever on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And bewitch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:
I am on fire. Come, let me to my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the forces of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corpse.
O that Glendower were come!

VERNON

There is more news:

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

EARL OF WORCESTER

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet; that bears a frosty sound.

HOTSPUR

What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VERNON

To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR

Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 1. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

MESSENGER
HOTSPUR
WORCESTER
VERNON

Enter Hotspur and Worcester;

Enter a Messenger with letters

What letters hast thou there?--I can but thank you.

Messenger

These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR

Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Messenger

He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a rustling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Messenger

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

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Messenger

He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

HOTSPUR

Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

There is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

EARL OF WORCESTER

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR

A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.

EARL OF WORCESTER

But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.

HOTSPUR

You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
Than if the earl were here.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

HOTSPUR

My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

VERNON

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR

No harm: what more?

VERNON

And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

VERNON

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like ostriches
Glittering in golden coats,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
I saw young Harry, with his bever on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And bewitch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:
I am on fire. Come, let me to my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the forces of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corpse.
O that Glendower were come!

VERNON

There is more news:

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

EARL OF WORCESTER

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet; that bears a frosty
sound.

HOTSPUR

What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VERNON

To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR

Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 1. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

MESSENGER
HOTSPUR
WORCESTER
VERNON

Enter Hotspur and Worcester;

Enter a Messenger with letters

What letters hast thou there?--I can but thank you.

Messenger

These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR

Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Messenger

He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a rustling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Messenger

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

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Messenger

He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

HOTSPUR

Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

There is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

EARL OF WORCESTER

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR

A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.

EARL OF WORCESTER

But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.

HOTSPUR

You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
Than if the earl were here.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

HOTSPUR

My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

VERNON

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR

No harm: what more?

VERNON

And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

VERNON

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like ostriches
Glittering in golden coats,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
I saw young Harry, with his bever on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And bewitch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:
I am on fire. Come, let me to my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the forces of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corpse.
O that Glendower were come!

VERNON

There is more news:

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

EARL OF WORCESTER

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet; that bears a frosty sound.

HOTSPUR

What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VERNON

To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR

Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 2. A public road near Coventry.

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, poor men as ragged as Lazarus; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen.

Enter the PRINCE

PRINCE HENRY

How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FALSTAFF

What, Hal! how now, mad wag!

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

Tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF

Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE HENRY

I did never see such pitiful rascals. Sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FALSTAFF

What, is the king encamped?

PRINCE HENRY

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

Hal exits; Falstaff pauses, then realizes that he must exit, too.

ACT 4, SCENE 2. A public road near Coventry.

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, poor men as ragged as Lazarus; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen.

Enter the PRINCE

PRINCE HENRY

How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FALSTAFF

What, Hal! how now, mad wag!

PRINCE HENRY

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

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

Tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF

Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE HENRY

I did never see such pitiful rascals. Sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FALSTAFF

What, is the king encamped?

PRINCE HENRY

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

Hal exits; Falstaff pauses, then realizes that he must exit, too.

ACT 4, SCENE 3. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

HOTSPUR

WORCESTER

DOUGLAS

VERNON

BLUNT

[all but BLUNT are onstage]

HOTSPUR

We'll fight with him to-night.

EARL OF WORCESTER

It may not be.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You give him then the advantage.

VERNON

Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VERNON

So do we.

HOTSPUR

His is certain, ours is doubtful.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

VERNON

Do not, my lord.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Yea, or to-night.

VERNON

Content you.

HOTSPUR

To-night, say I.

VERNON

I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition.

EARL OF WORCESTER

The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I come with gracious offers from the king,

if you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

SIR WALTER BLUNT

The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR *[mockingly]*

The king is kind; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

[angrily] My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR *[furious]*

He deposed the king;

Soon after that, deprived him of his life;

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,

And drove us to seek out

This head of safety; and withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR *[thinking better of his tantrum]*

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

And may be so we shall.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Pray God you do.

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 3. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

HOTSPUR

WORCESTER

DOUGLAS

VERNON

BLUNT

[all but BLUNT are onstage]

HOTSPUR

We'll fight with him to-night.

EARL OF WORCESTER

It may not be.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You give him then the advantage.

VERNON

Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VERNON

So do we.

HOTSPUR

His is certain, ours is doubtful.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

VERNON

Do not, my lord.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Yea, or to-night.

VERNON

Content you.

HOTSPUR

To-night, say I.

VERNON

I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition.

EARL OF WORCESTER

The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I come with gracious offers from the king,

if you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

SIR WALTER BLUNT

The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR *[mockingly]*

The king is kind; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

[angrily] My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR *[furious]*

He deposed the king;

Soon after that, deprived him of his life;

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,

And drove us to seek out

This head of safety; and withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR *[thinking better of his tantrum]*

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

And may be so we shall.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Pray God you do.

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 3. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

HOTSPUR

WORCESTER

DOUGLAS

VERNON

BLUNT

[all but BLUNT are onstage]

HOTSPUR

We'll fight with him to-night.

EARL OF WORCESTER

It may not be.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You give him then the advantage.

VERNON

Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VERNON

So do we.

HOTSPUR

His is certain, ours is doubtful.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

VERNON

Do not, my lord.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Yea, or to-night.

VERNON

Content you.

HOTSPUR

To-night, say I.

VERNON

I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition.

EARL OF WORCESTER

The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I come with gracious offers from the king,

if you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

SIR WALTER BLUNT

The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR *[mockingly]*

The king is kind; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

[angrily] My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR *[furious]*

He deposed the king;

Soon after that, deprived him of his life;

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,

And drove us to seek out

This head of safety; and withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR *[thinking better of his tantrum]*

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

And may be so we shall.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Pray God you do.

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 3. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

HOTSPUR

WORCESTER

DOUGLAS

VERNON

BLUNT

[all but BLUNT are onstage]

HOTSPUR

We'll fight with him to-night.

EARL OF WORCESTER

It may not be.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You give him then the advantage.

VERNON

Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VERNON

So do we.

HOTSPUR

His is certain, ours is doubtful.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

VERNON

Do not, my lord.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Yea, or to-night.

VERNON

Content you.

HOTSPUR

To-night, say I.

VERNON

I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition.

EARL OF WORCESTER

The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I come with gracious offers from the king,

if you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

SIR WALTER BLUNT

The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR *[mockingly]*

The king is kind; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

[angrily] My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR *[furious]*

He deposed the king;

Soon after that, deprived him of his life;

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,

And drove us to seek out

This head of safety; and withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR *[thinking better of his tantrum]*

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

And may be so we shall.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Pray God you do.

Exeunt

ACT 4, SCENE 3. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

HOTSPUR

WORCESTER

DOUGLAS

VERNON

BLUNT

[all but BLUNT are onstage]

HOTSPUR

We'll fight with him to-night.

EARL OF WORCESTER

It may not be.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You give him then the advantage.

VERNON

Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VERNON

So do we.

HOTSPUR

His is certain, ours is doubtful.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

VERNON

Do not, my lord.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Yea, or to-night.

VERNON

Content you.

HOTSPUR

To-night, say I.

VERNON

I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition.

EARL OF WORCESTER

The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I come with gracious offers from the king,

if you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

SIR WALTER BLUNT

The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR *[mockingly]*

The king is kind; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

[angrily] My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR *[furious]*

He deposed the king;

Soon after that, deprived him of his life;

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,

And drove us to seek out

This head of safety; and withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR *[thinking better of his tantrum]*

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

And may be so we shall.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

Pray God you do.

Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 1. KING HENRY IV's camp near Shrewsbury.

KING HENRY IV

WORCESTER

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

KING HENRY IV

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms.
You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Hear me, my liege:

I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING HENRY IV

You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

FALSTAFF [*mockingly*]

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE HENRY

[*to Falstaff*] Peace, chewet, peace!

[*to Worcester and King*]

In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so I hear he doth account me too;

Yet this before my father's majesty--

I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

KING HENRY IV

Good Worcester,

We love our people well; even those we love

That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he and they and you, every man

Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exit WORCESTER

PRINCE HENRY

It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

KING HENRY IV

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Exeunt all but PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF

PRINCE HENRY

Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF

I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE HENRY

Why, thou owest God a death.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day.

What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor puts me on. Yea, but how if honor put me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. or take away the grief of a wound? No. What is honor? A word. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then.

Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

Exit

ACT 5, SCENE 1. KING HENRY IV's camp near Shrewsbury.

KING HENRY IV

WORCESTER

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

KING HENRY IV

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms.
You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Hear me, my liege:

I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING HENRY IV

You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

FALSTAFF [*mockingly*]

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE HENRY

[*to Falstaff*] Peace, chewet, peace!

[*to Worcester and King*]

In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so I hear he doth account me too;

Yet this before my father's majesty--

I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

KING HENRY IV

Good Worcester,

We love our people well; even those we love

That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he and they and you, every man

Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exit WORCESTER

PRINCE HENRY

It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

KING HENRY IV

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Exeunt all but PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF

PRINCE HENRY

Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF

I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE HENRY

Why, thou owest God a death.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day.

What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor puts me on. Yea, but how if honor put me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. or take away the grief of a wound? No. What is honor? A word. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then.

Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

Exit

ACT 5, SCENE 1. KING HENRY IV's camp near Shrewsbury.

KING HENRY IV

WORCESTER

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

KING HENRY IV

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms.
You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Hear me, my liege:

I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING HENRY IV

You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

FALSTAFF [*mockingly*]

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE HENRY

[*to Falstaff*] Peace, chewet, peace!

[*to Worcester and King*]

In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so I hear he doth account me too;

Yet this before my father's majesty--

I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

KING HENRY IV

Good Worcester,

We love our people well; even those we love

That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he and they and you, every man

Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exit WORCESTER

PRINCE HENRY

It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

KING HENRY IV

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Exeunt all but PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF

PRINCE HENRY

Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF

I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE HENRY

Why, thou owest God a death.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day.

What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor puts me on. Yea, but how if honor put me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. or take away the grief of a wound? No. What is honor? A word. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then.

Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

Exit

ACT 5, SCENE 1. KING HENRY IV's camp near Shrewsbury.

KING HENRY IV

WORCESTER

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

KING HENRY IV

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms.
You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Hear me, my liege:

I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING HENRY IV

You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

FALSTAFF [*mockingly*]

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE HENRY

[*to Falstaff*] Peace, chewet, peace!

[*to Worcester and King*]

In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so I hear he doth account me too;

Yet this before my father's majesty--

I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

KING HENRY IV

Good Worcester,

We love our people well; even those we love

That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he and they and you, every man

Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exit WORCESTER

PRINCE HENRY

It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

KING HENRY IV

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Exeunt all but PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF

PRINCE HENRY

Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF

I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE HENRY

Why, thou owest God a death.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day.

What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor puts me on. Yea, but how if honor put me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. or take away the grief of a wound? No. What is honor? A word. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then.

Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

Exit

ACT 5, SCENE 2. The rebel camp.

WORCESTER

VERNON

HOTSPUR

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

VERNON

'Twere best he did.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;

it hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of privilege,

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by spleen:

All his offences live upon my head

And on his father's;

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the king.

VERNON

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

Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

Uncle, what news?

EARL OF WORCESTER

The king will bid you battle presently.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOTSPUR

Did you beg any? God forbid!

EARL OF WORCESTER

I told him gently of our grievances,

Of his oath-breaking;

He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge

With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And challenged you to single fight.

HOTSPUR

O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath today

But I and Harry Monmouth!

VERNON

He gave you all the duties of a man;

Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,

Spoke to your deservings, making you ever better than you are;

HOTSPUR

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends.

Letters are handed to VERNON

VERNON

My lord, here are letters for you.

HOTSPUR

I cannot read them now.

VERNON [*reading one letter*]

My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

HOTSPUR

Let each man do his best:

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on!

The trumpets sound. Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 2. The rebel camp.

WORCESTER

VERNON

HOTSPUR

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

VERNON

'Twere best he did.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
it hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of privilege,

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by spleen:

All his offences live upon my head

And on his father's;

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the king.

VERNON

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

Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

Uncle, what news?

EARL OF WORCESTER

The king will bid you battle presently.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOTSPUR

Did you beg any? God forbid!

EARL OF WORCESTER

I told him gently of our grievances,

Of his oath-breaking;

He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge

With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And challenged you to single fight.

HOTSPUR

O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath today

But I and Harry Monmouth!

VERNON

He gave you all the duties of a man;

Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,

Spoke to your deservings, making you ever better than you are;

HOTSPUR

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends.

Letters are handed to VERNON

VERNON

My lord, here are letters for you.

HOTSPUR

I cannot read them now.

VERNON [*reading one letter*]

My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

HOTSPUR

Let each man do his best:

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on!

The trumpets sound. Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 2. The rebel camp.

WORCESTER

VERNON

HOTSPUR

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

EARL OF WORCESTER

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

VERNON

'Twere best he did.

EARL OF WORCESTER

Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;

it hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of privilege,

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by spleen:

All his offences live upon my head

And on his father's;

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the king.

VERNON

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

Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

Uncle, what news?

EARL OF WORCESTER

The king will bid you battle presently.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOTSPUR

Did you beg any? God forbid!

EARL OF WORCESTER

I told him gently of our grievances,

Of his oath-breaking;

He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge

With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And challenged you to single fight.

HOTSPUR

O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath today

But I and Harry Monmouth!

VERNON

He gave you all the duties of a man;

Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,

Spoke to your deservings, making you ever better than you are;

HOTSPUR

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends.

Letters are handed to VERNON

VERNON

My lord, here are letters for you.

HOTSPUR

I cannot read them now.

VERNON [*reading one letter*]

My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

HOTSPUR

Let each man do his best:

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on!

The trumpets sound. Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 3. Plain between the camps.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

Enter BLUNT and DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER BLUNT [*disguised as King*]

What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

My name is Douglas;

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

They tell thee true.

They fight. DOUGLAS kills SIR WALTER BLUNT. Enter

HOTSPUR

EARL OF DOUGLAS

All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR

Where?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Here.

HOTSPUR

This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;

EARL OF DOUGLAS [*to the dead Blunt*]

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

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR

The king hath many marching in his coats.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

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

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

Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR

Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus

FALSTAFF [*noticing the dead Blunt*]

Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honor for you! Oh,

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not

three of my hundred and fifty left alive . . . But who comes

here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY, panting from battle

PRINCE HENRY

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee,

lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory

never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have

paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE HENRY

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

sword.

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

Give it to me: what, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack

PRINCE HENRY [*angry*]

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

Hal throws the bottle at Falstaff and exits

FALSTAFF

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way,

so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a

carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter

hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes

unlooked for, and there's an end.

Exit FALSTAFF

ACT 5, SCENE 3. Plain between the camps.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

Enter BLUNT and DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER BLUNT [*disguised as King*]

What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

My name is Douglas;

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

They tell thee true.

They fight. DOUGLAS kills SIR WALTER BLUNT. Enter

HOTSPUR

EARL OF DOUGLAS

All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR

Where?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Here.

HOTSPUR

This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;

EARL OF DOUGLAS [*to the dead Blunt*]

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

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR

The king hath many marching in his coats.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

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

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

Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR

Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus

FALSTAFF [*noticing the dead Blunt*]

Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honor for you! Oh,

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not

three of my hundred and fifty left alive . . . But who comes

here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY, panting from battle

PRINCE HENRY

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee,

lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory

never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have

paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE HENRY

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

sword.

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

Give it to me: what, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack

PRINCE HENRY [*angry*]

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

Hal throws the bottle at Falstaff and exits

FALSTAFF

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way,

so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a

carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter

hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes

unlooked for, and there's an end.

Exit FALSTAFF

ACT 5, SCENE 3. Plain between the camps.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

Enter BLUNT and DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER BLUNT [*disguised as King*]

What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

My name is Douglas;

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

They tell thee true.

They fight. DOUGLAS kills SIR WALTER BLUNT. Enter

HOTSPUR

EARL OF DOUGLAS

All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR

Where?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Here.

HOTSPUR

This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;

EARL OF DOUGLAS [*to the dead Blunt*]

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

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR

The king hath many marching in his coats.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

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

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

Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR

Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus

FALSTAFF [*noticing the dead Blunt*]

Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honor for you! Oh,

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not

three of my hundred and fifty left alive . . . But who comes

here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY, panting from battle

PRINCE HENRY

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee,

lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory

never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have

paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE HENRY

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

sword.

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

Give it to me: what, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack

PRINCE HENRY [*angry*]

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

Hal throws the bottle at Falstaff and exits

FALSTAFF

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way,

so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a

carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter

hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes

unlooked for, and there's an end.

Exit FALSTAFF

ACT 5, SCENE 3. Plain between the camps.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

Enter BLUNT and DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER BLUNT [*disguised as King*]

What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

My name is Douglas;

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

They tell thee true.

They fight. DOUGLAS kills SIR WALTER BLUNT. Enter

HOTSPUR

EARL OF DOUGLAS

All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR

Where?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Here.

HOTSPUR

This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;

EARL OF DOUGLAS [*to the dead Blunt*]

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

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR

The king hath many marching in his coats.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

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

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

Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR

Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus

FALSTAFF [*noticing the dead Blunt*]

Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honor for you! Oh,

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not

three of my hundred and fifty left alive . . . But who comes

here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY, panting from battle

PRINCE HENRY

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee,

lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory

never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have

paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE HENRY

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

sword.

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

Give it to me: what, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack

PRINCE HENRY [*angry*]

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

Hal throws the bottle at Falstaff and exits

FALSTAFF

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way,

so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a

carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter

hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes

unlooked for, and there's an end.

Exit FALSTAFF

ACT 5, SCENE 3. Plain between the camps.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

Enter BLUNT and DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER BLUNT [*disguised as King*]

What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

My name is Douglas;

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

SIR WALTER BLUNT

They tell thee true.

They fight. DOUGLAS kills SIR WALTER BLUNT. Enter

HOTSPUR

EARL OF DOUGLAS

All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR

Where?

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Here.

HOTSPUR

This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;

EARL OF DOUGLAS [*to the dead Blunt*]

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

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR

The king hath many marching in his coats.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

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

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

Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR

Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus

FALSTAFF [*noticing the dead Blunt*]

Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honor for you! Oh,

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not

three of my hundred and fifty left alive . . . But who comes

here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY, panting from battle

PRINCE HENRY

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee,

lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory

never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have

paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE HENRY

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

sword.

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY

Give it to me: what, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF

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

PRINCE HENRY draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack

PRINCE HENRY [*angry*]

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

Hal throws the bottle at Falstaff and exits

FALSTAFF

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way,

so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a

carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter

hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes

unlooked for, and there's an end.

Exit FALSTAFF

ACT 5, SCENE 4. Another part of the field.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

KING HENRY IV

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

KING HENRY IV

I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

PRINCE HENRY

Lead me, my lord? I do not need that help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
and rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANCASTER

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

PRINCE HENRY By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*Prince John (LANCASTER) bows to Hal and John and
WESTMORELAND exeunt*

KING HENRY IV

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

Like a warrior.

PRINCE HENRY

O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter DOUGLAS

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY IV

The king himself --

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st like a king.

They fight. PRINCE HENRY enters

PRINCE HENRY

Hold up thy head, vile Scot --

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight: DOUGLAS flies (runs away)

PRINCE HENRY

[to King] Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?

KING HENRY IV

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY

O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

The King exits; enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY

Think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

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

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

HOTSPUR

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

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:

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

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust

And food for--

Dies

PRINCE HENRY

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

He spieth FALSTAFF who is playing dead

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

[Rising up] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing the already dead Hotspur*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Puts a foot on the dead Hotspur

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

PRINCE HENRY

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fought.

LANCASTER

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY

I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Art thou alive?

FALSTAFF

There is Percy: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY [*shocked*]

Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF

Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

LANCASTER

This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE HENRY

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

A trumpet is sounded

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

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

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and LANCASTER

FALSTAFF

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. If I do grow great, I'll grow less, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

The trumpets sound; enter KING and HAL.

KING HENRY IV

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

PRINCE HENRY

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

Fled, and falling from a hill, the pursuers took him. At my tent the Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

KING HENRY IV

With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY

Then, brother John, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

His valor shown upon our crests to-day

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

KING HENRY IV

Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 4. Another part of the field.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

KING HENRY IV

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

KING HENRY IV

I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

PRINCE HENRY

Lead me, my lord? I do not need that help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
and rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANCASTER

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

PRINCE HENRY By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*Prince John (LANCASTER) bows to Hal and John and
WESTMORELAND exeunt*

KING HENRY IV

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

Like a warrior.

PRINCE HENRY

O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter DOUGLAS

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY IV

The king himself --

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st like a king.

They fight. PRINCE HENRY enters

PRINCE HENRY

Hold up thy head, vile Scot --

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight: DOUGLAS flies (runs away)

PRINCE HENRY

[to King] Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?

KING HENRY IV

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY

O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

The King exits; enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY

Think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

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

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

HOTSPUR

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

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:

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

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust

And food for--

Dies

PRINCE HENRY

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

He spieth FALSTAFF who is playing dead

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

[Rising up] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing the already dead Hotspur*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Puts a foot on the dead Hotspur

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

PRINCE HENRY

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fought.

LANCASTER

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY

I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Art thou alive?

FALSTAFF

There is Percy: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY [*shocked*]

Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF

Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

LANCASTER

This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE HENRY

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

A trumpet is sounded

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

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

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and LANCASTER

FALSTAFF

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. If I do grow great, I'll grow less, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

The trumpets sound; enter KING and HAL.

KING HENRY IV

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

PRINCE HENRY

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

Fled, and falling from a hill, the pursuers took him. At my tent the Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

KING HENRY IV

With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY

Then, brother John, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

His valor shown upon our crests to-day

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

KING HENRY IV

Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 4. Another part of the field.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

KING HENRY IV

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

KING HENRY IV

I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

PRINCE HENRY

Lead me, my lord? I do not need that help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
and rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANCASTER

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

PRINCE HENRY By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*Prince John (LANCASTER) bows to Hal and John and
WESTMORELAND exeunt*

KING HENRY IV

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

Like a warrior.

PRINCE HENRY

O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter DOUGLAS

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY IV

The king himself --

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st like a king.

They fight. PRINCE HENRY enters

PRINCE HENRY

Hold up thy head, vile Scot --

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight: DOUGLAS flies (runs away)

PRINCE HENRY

[to King] Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?

KING HENRY IV

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY

O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

The King exits; enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY

Think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

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

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

HOTSPUR

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

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:

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

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust

And food for--

Dies

PRINCE HENRY

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

He spieth FALSTAFF who is playing dead

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

[Rising up] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing the already dead Hotspur*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Puts a foot on the dead Hotspur

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

PRINCE HENRY

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fought.

LANCASTER

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY

I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Art thou alive?

FALSTAFF

There is Percy: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY [*shocked*]

Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF

Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

LANCASTER

This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE HENRY

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

A trumpet is sounded

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

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

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and LANCASTER

FALSTAFF

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. If I do grow great, I'll grow less, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

The trumpets sound; enter KING and HAL.

KING HENRY IV

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

PRINCE HENRY

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

Fled, and falling from a hill, the pursuers took him. At my tent the Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

KING HENRY IV

With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY

Then, brother John, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

His valor shown upon our crests to-day

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

KING HENRY IV

Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 4. Another part of the field.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

KING HENRY IV

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

KING HENRY IV

I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

PRINCE HENRY

Lead me, my lord? I do not need that help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
and rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANCASTER

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

PRINCE HENRY By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*Prince John (LANCASTER) bows to Hal and John and
WESTMORELAND exeunt*

KING HENRY IV

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

Like a warrior.

PRINCE HENRY

O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter DOUGLAS

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY IV

The king himself --

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st like a king.

They fight. PRINCE HENRY enters

PRINCE HENRY

Hold up thy head, vile Scot --

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight: DOUGLAS flies (runs away)

PRINCE HENRY

[to King] Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?

KING HENRY IV

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY

O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

The King exits; enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY

Think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

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

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

HOTSPUR

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

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:

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

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust

And food for--

Dies

PRINCE HENRY

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

He spieth FALSTAFF who is playing dead

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

[Rising up] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing the already dead Hotspur*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Puts a foot on the dead Hotspur

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

PRINCE HENRY

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fought.

LANCASTER

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY

I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Art thou alive?

FALSTAFF

There is Percy: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY [*shocked*]

Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF

Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

LANCASTER

This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE HENRY

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

A trumpet is sounded

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

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

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and LANCASTER

FALSTAFF

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. If I do grow great, I'll grow less, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

The trumpets sound; enter KING and HAL.

KING HENRY IV

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

PRINCE HENRY

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

Fled, and falling from a hill, the pursuers took him. At my tent the Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

KING HENRY IV

With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY

Then, brother John, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

His valor shown upon our crests to-day

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

KING HENRY IV

Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 4. Another part of the field.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

KING HENRY IV

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

KING HENRY IV

I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

PRINCE HENRY

Lead me, my lord? I do not need that help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
and rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANCASTER

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

PRINCE HENRY By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*Prince John (LANCASTER) bows to Hal and John and
WESTMORELAND exeunt*

KING HENRY IV

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

Like a warrior.

PRINCE HENRY

O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter DOUGLAS

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY IV

The king himself --

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st like a king.

They fight. PRINCE HENRY enters

PRINCE HENRY

Hold up thy head, vile Scot --

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight: DOUGLAS flies (runs away)

PRINCE HENRY

[to King] Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?

KING HENRY IV

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY

O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

The King exits; enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY

Think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

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

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

HOTSPUR

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

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:

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

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust

And food for--

Dies

PRINCE HENRY

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

He spieth FALSTAFF who is playing dead

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

[Rising up] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing the already dead Hotspur*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Puts a foot on the dead Hotspur

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

PRINCE HENRY

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fought.

LANCASTER

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY

I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Art thou alive?

FALSTAFF

There is Percy: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY [*shocked*]

Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF

Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

LANCASTER

This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE HENRY

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

A trumpet is sounded

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

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

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and LANCASTER

FALSTAFF

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. If I do grow great, I'll grow less, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

The trumpets sound; enter KING and HAL.

KING HENRY IV

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

PRINCE HENRY

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

Fled, and falling from a hill, the pursuers took him. At my tent the Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

KING HENRY IV

With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY

Then, brother John, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

His valor shown upon our crests to-day

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

KING HENRY IV

Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt

ACT 5, SCENE 4. Another part of the field.

KING HENRY IV

HAL, or PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER

DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR

FALSTAFF

KING HENRY IV

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

KING HENRY IV

I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

PRINCE HENRY

Lead me, my lord? I do not need that help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
and rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANCASTER

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

PRINCE HENRY By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*Prince John (LANCASTER) bows to Hal and John and
WESTMORELAND exeunt*

KING HENRY IV

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

Like a warrior.

PRINCE HENRY

O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter DOUGLAS

EARL OF DOUGLAS

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY IV

The king himself --

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st like a king.

They fight. PRINCE HENRY enters

PRINCE HENRY

Hold up thy head, vile Scot --

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight: DOUGLAS flies (runs away)

PRINCE HENRY

[to King] Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?

KING HENRY IV

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY

O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

The King exits; enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY

Think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY

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

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

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

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

HOTSPUR

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

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:

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

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust

And food for--

Dies

PRINCE HENRY

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

He spieth FALSTAFF who is playing dead

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit PRINCE HENRY

FALSTAFF

[Rising up] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing the already dead Hotspur*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Puts a foot on the dead Hotspur

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

PRINCE HENRY

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fought.

LANCASTER

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY

I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Art thou alive?

FALSTAFF

There is Percy: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY [*shocked*]

Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF

Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

LANCASTER

This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE HENRY

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

A trumpet is sounded

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

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

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and LANCASTER

FALSTAFF

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. If I do grow great, I'll grow less, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

The trumpets sound; enter KING and HAL.

KING HENRY IV

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

PRINCE HENRY

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

Fled, and falling from a hill, the pursuers took him. At my tent the Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

KING HENRY IV

With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY

Then, brother John, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

His valor shown upon our crests to-day

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

KING HENRY IV

Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt